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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

SHAKSPERE,

REVISED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

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WITH

HISTORICAL AND ANALYTICAL INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY;

ALSO

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL, AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.,

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC., ETC.;

AND OTHER EMINENT COMMENTATORS.

ELEGANTLY AND APPROPRIATELY ILLUSTRATED BY

PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL, FROM DAGUERREOTYPES OF THE GREATEST AND MOST INTELLECTUAL ACTORS OF THE AGE,

TAKEN IN THE EMBODIMENT OF THE

VARIED AND LIFE-LIKE CHARACTERS OF OUR GREAT NATIONAL POET.

TRAGEDIES.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

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LONDON AND NEW YORK.

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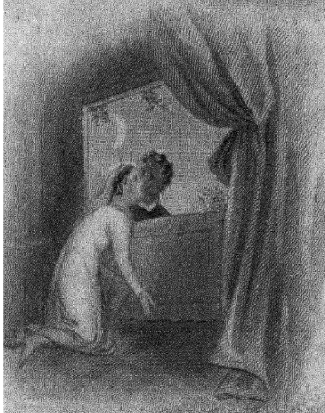

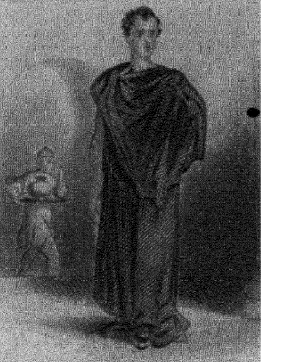

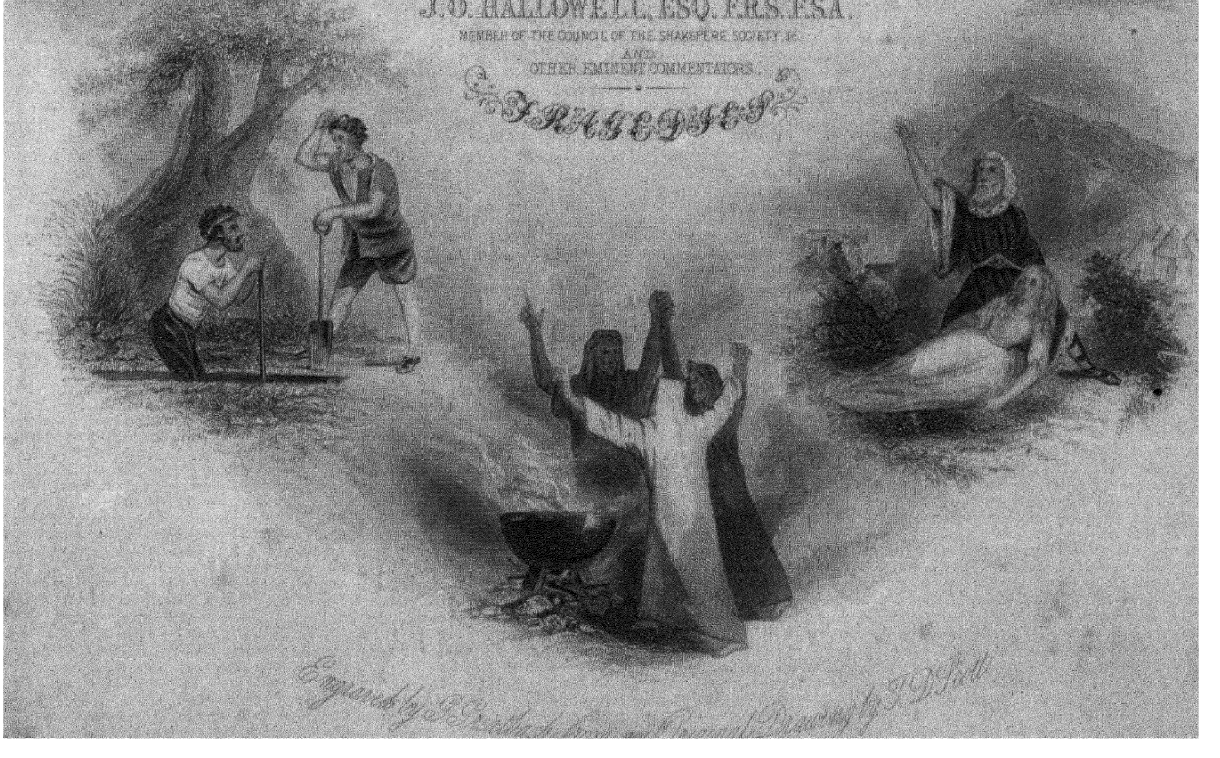

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Engraved by G. Greenhood from a Daguerreotype by Mayall

SERVICE OF SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO G.V. BROOKE,

On the occasion of his Farewell Benefit at the National Theatre, Boston, U.S.

MAY 27TH 1853

MEMOIR OF MR. GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

"I cannot fail With me success is nature"—FESTUS

THE cry that the DRAMA is dying or dead has been so often repeated, that many have come to accept the confident assertion as a truth It is not so A drama based upon the genius of the deep-seeing, universal SHAKSPERE, cannot utterly perish until men and women are insensible to the beauty-robed revelations of truth and poetry Still it must be admitted, that the STAGE—the handmaid and popular exponent of the drama—has long led a spasmodic and feverish existence It has put forth its strength by fits and starts, to day, perhaps, fostered and smiled upon by princes, to morrow, left to pine in neglect and obscurity Now, full of life and vigour, with the warm roseate blood blooming in its face; then, pallid and attenuated, dragging on a seemingly corpse-like life It rose from the dust in the time of the gifted Tudor, Elizabeth, it sank again to the dust in the time of that worthless, profligate Stuart, the second Charles Again and again has it risen and fallen, sometimes sustained by the towering energy of genius, and at others tottering, gasping, and struggling forwards with mediocrity, vanity, and pretence But it has *never* perished, and we believe it never will

A love of the drama—a longing to listen to the eloquent and passionate utterance of the deep and stirring thoughts of the gifted ones of the earth, is based upon our nature, indeed, grafted with and inseparable from it Plodding as men may seem to be—engulphed in a vortex of daily unromantic cares—struggling for bread, or luxury, or fame, amidst the clashing of conflicting interests and the stern din of utilitarianism—they are not lost to beauty and to the glorious inspiring revelations of the gifted dead Poets we have England and America are rich in them Shakspere is the common inheritance and bond of union between the people of the great island and the great continent, whose privilege and glory it is that they are the only lands on the round globe where the goddess of freedom sits proudly unassailable, and breathes congenial air

Yes, they have their poets, for the poet never dies In one sense, Shakspere has a stronger and more universal life in this nineteenth century, than he had when he breathed and lived in the precincts of Playhouse-yard, or personated old Adam on the boards of the Globe at Blackfriars He pleased and astonished the audiences of those days, and there his influence ended, now, his writings are a great instrument of education—startling dramatic homilies which have elevated the character of two illustrious nations But the great actor dies—the creations of his genius perish with him, the grass grows upon his grave, and succeeding generations must be contented with the mere tradition of his vivid impersonations Then the drama languishes until another actor arises to fill the vacancy, but when the son of genius does come, the world is startled from its apathy curiosity is aroused—appreciation is awakened, and the feelings of poetry and affection, which had lain partly dormant in the bosom of a people, stirred into activity

We have been insensibly led into these reflections by the subject before us MR BROOKE is one of those gifted men whose mission, it seems, is to awaken the dramatic taste of the English people; and by his energy, power, and originality, to lead them to the refreshing fountains of intellectual beauty. That is our reason for associating his memoir with our latest edition of the deathless dramas of the player-poet—the pride of England, and the admiration of the civilised world The compliment is an exalted one, certainly—a greater we could scarcely pay; but the appreciative mind and the generous critic will, we believe, admit that it is deserved A few words of introduction of this nature seemed demanded by the subject We will now abandon generalities, and enter more immediately upon our task.

MEMOIR OF MR. GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE was born on the 25th of April, 1818, at Hardwick Place, Dublin His father was a gentleman of property, but he died before Gustavus reached the age of seven Our great actor, therefore, scarcely knew a father's care, but the affection of a tender mother lightened the bereavement The first rudiments of education were instilled into him by his remaining parent, who still lives in Dublin, in the house of her son—that son having, with a due recollection of a mother's love, conveyed to her a life-interest in the whole of his father's estate.

While a mere child, Master Brooke was sent by his mother to Edgeworth's town-school, then conducted by a brother of Miss Edgeworth, the distinguished novelist. There his engaging manners made him quite the pet of the family, who selected him as a companion for Essex Edgeworth. Maria herself (the novelist) took a great interest in the welfare of the little student, and frequently admitted him to dine with her—an honourable notice, which he regarded with a childish but natural pride His progress in the school was very rapid, for his precocity was, as we shall soon see, remarkable His genius not only budded but blossomed in the fresh spring of life Under the care of Lovell Edgeworth he was grounded in the knowledge of the ancient classics, and trained in all those exercises which promote a healthy development of body as well as of mind In running, wrestling, fencing, leaping, he soon became distinguished for his lightness and elasticity of limb, and he retains his proficiency in these manly arts to the present hour In fencing he was the school hero, and, on one occasion, the victor in a contest at single-stick among four hundred and ninety scholars This trial of skill bore a school-boy resemblance to the famous fight between the Horatii and the Curiatii There were three combatants on each side at the commencement of the game, and, at last, Master Brooke was left undisputed champion of the field But he paid dearly for his courage and boyish ambition, as he received so many blows that he suffered for several weeks after the contest

He left the school of the Edgeworths to be placed under the direction of the Rev William Jones, to whom was confided the task of preparing him for college, as his mother intended to have him educated for the Irish bar The young student already felt the promptings of latent genius, and was delighted with the plan of debating and declaiming carried on at this school It is worthy of remark, that although he won no less than *eleven* ! prizes at the public examinations, yet he would not listen to the tutor in elocution, whose rules he treated with impatient disdain Having some knowledge of the art of elocution ourselves, we have but little doubt that he was instinctively right in doing so Elocution, as an *art*, is not generally understood in England, the mode of teaching it usually adopted is an elaborate mistake—a mischievous mistake, too, for it makes a number of passionless, spiritless readers and speakers, whose reason may enable them to reach the understandings of their listeners, but whose elocution never assists them to touch their hearts Men like Mr. Brooke are taught by the instinctive power they possess of instantly discerning every shade and phase of the beautiful, and by that strong physical energy which gives breadth and power to their conceptions

To listen attentively to such an *artiste* as Mr Brooke—to analyze his style, and inquire of your own mind the causes for the constantly-varying tones, gestures, and actions that he adopts, is a finer lesson in elocution than most professors of that neglected and much-abused art can give Young Brooke's elocutionary talent seemed rather to spring up within him than to be acquired by the observation of frigid technicalities, such as "simple series"—"compound series"—"series of serieses"—"emphasis elliptical"—"emphasis antithetical"—"retorted emphasis"—and so on His talent was a spontaneous birth of genius, and his first triumph even astonished himself. It was a recitation of that stirring soliloquy beginning with the line—

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,"

uttered by the noble Swiss patriot, William Tell, in Mr. Knowles's tragedy of that name The same fervent warmth of style and passionate *abandon* carried him to triumph through the obstacles presented by a foreign language, for, at a later day, his recitation of portions of the tragedy of *Regulus* enabled him to take the prize-medal for elocution in the French language.

We may readily suppose that Master Brooke was not a little proud of his juvenile honours, and his pride was fully shared in by his fond and admiring mother During the holidays he was made the "bright particular star" of family parties, where his precocious talent elicited much surprise and commendation. Many friends, indeed, suggested that he should follow the histrionic art as a profession, but his mother entertained a very natural aversion to this course.

Master Brooke, however, burned in secret to enter that seemingly enchanted arena of display—that delusive fairy-land of tinsel glories and painted delights, which has captivated so many a youthful fancy, but,

like the ruddy and tempting apples of Sodom, has turned to bitterness and ashes on the lips. At the time we speak of, that distinguished tragedian, Mr. Macready, was fulfilling a brief engagement in Dublin Gustavus, then fourteen years of age, requested permission to go to the theatre His desire was granted, and that night proved an era in his existence we believe it was the first time he had ever entered a theatre ' Imagine his almost breathless wonder, his delight, his enthusiasm, as he listened to the fervent utterances and intellectual conceptions of that great actor It was a spell of beauty, a vision of hope—something he had dreamed might be—something that he had perhaps, in aspiring moments, believed he might one day realise, but what he had little expected to listen to and behold He left the theatre in a state of excitement bordering upon ecstasy, his mind was made up, and from that hour he resolved to be an actor

The next morning he boldly called upon Mr Macready, and found that gentleman just about to proceed to the theatre to rehearse Rob Roy The distinguished tragedian received him very courteously, and, with a fatherly care, admonished him of the perils, dangers, and hardships of the theatrical profession Gustavus listened with respectful attention, and retired, but, as you may readily suppose, his resolution was unchanged by the warning he had received He had another counsellor within, and, in his case, it proved no delusive one

As nothing resulted from his interview with Mr Macready, our young hero, sustained by a confident feeling that he possessed a more than ordinary talent, called upon Mr J W Calcraft, the respected manager, who for so many years held the reins at the Theatre Royal Dublin. That gentleman received him politely, but was actually startled by young Brooke coolly requesting to be allowed to appear at his theatre in the character of William Tell! Knowing how often both lads and men are deceived in their estimate of their own abilities, and that nine forward schoolboys out of ten fancy they would make wonderful actors if they were only to try, the worthy manager must have thought the request a remarkable instance of unblushing effrontery Those only who are acquainted with theatrical life, and the difficulty which men of acknowledged talent often experience in obtaining a suitable opportunity for the display of their ability, can guess his astonishment A tall youth of fourteen, without any experience in the dramatic art, desiring to make his appearance in a principal character in the first theatre of the Irish metropolis, had in it, at first, an air of absurdity, and the probability was, that the ambitious young aspirant would have been dismissed with a sarcastic smile at his presumption.

Gustavus was not easily repulsed, and, with boyish impetuosity and confidence, he exclaimed, "Please to hear me, sir, and then judge! It was for something that I have taken a dozen prizes" Then, without waiting for a reply, he burst into his favourite recitation of "Ye crags and peaks"

Mr Calcraft soon saw that the manly, handsome lad before him had indeed not obtained his dozen prizes for nothing He was literally astonished that a boy with a brogue, could in an instant divest himself of his nationality, and speak in firm, pure, and musical English He called Mrs Calcraft into the room, and that lady having listened to a repetition of the scene, complimented the juvenile actor with a glass of wine and some bread and jam The manager then gave Master Brooke hopes of a distant engagement, but said he could do nothing for him at present

But the opportunity of the young Roscius was nearer than either he or the manager anticipated Mr Calcraft had made an engagement with the great Edmund Kean, who was to have appeared at the Dublin Theatre only a few days after the interview we have just described A severe illness, however, prevented that surprising delineator of the passions from keeping his engagement What was to be done? Suddenly, the manager thought of his recent visitor, an Irish audience are easily taken by novelty still it was a dangerous experiment He resolved, however, to put it in practice, and, having sent for young Brooke, engaged him for one night as a trial The delighted youth accordingly made his appearance on Easter-Tuesday, 1833, in his coveted character of William Tell That the performance was full of faults may very naturally be expected, and the only wonder is, that, under such circumstances, it was not a total and irredeemable failure But this was by no means the case he evinced considerable histrionic talent, and high hopes were entertained of his ultimate distinction An engagement was the result of this success, and he subsequently appeared as Virginius, Frederic, in *Lover's Vows*, Douglas, and Rolla

Master Brooke's education in the histrionic art now commenced in earnest, and he laboured at his newly-adopted profession with the most untiring assiduity. He next performed at Limerick, then at Londonderry; and, after that, he was engaged at Glasgow for a period of twelve nights So great was his success, that he was immediately re-engaged there, on very favourable terms. From Glasgow he

proceeded to Edinburgh, where, after playing for one night as a trial, he was engaged for the rest of the season.

By this time the fame of the "Hibernian Roscius," as he was called, had reached London, and the young tragedian was engaged to appear at the Victoria Theatre. That transpontine establishment was a very different place from what it is now It was then a high-priced theatre, with a class of entertainment scarcely inferior to that presented at the Adelphi At the Victoria, Master Brooke performed Virginius three times a-week for a month, greatly to the satisfaction of his audiences He was then engaged for the Kent circuit, and advanced in his professional career with remarkable rapidity.

While still a mere youth, he became a member of the company performing at the Birmingham Theatre, where he was concerned in an incident which is worth relating His engagement was prolonged for a considerable period, but, after a short time, the manager treated him in anything but a handsome manner. He not only allowed the young actor but few opportunities of appearing before the public, but omitted paying him his salary during a period of eight weeks On the last night of his engagement he was cast for the comparatively trifling part of Tressel in *Richard the Third*, Mr Charles Kean being to play the blood-thirsty and crafty Glo'ster. During the afternoon, Master Brooke addressed a note of complaint and remonstrance to the manager on the subject of his financial claims, and intimated that he should expect the payment of arrears The manager either would not or could not pay; and in the evening the young actor perceived another person dressed for Tressel, and every wing guarded by the stage carpenters and friends of the manager Determined not to be baffled in this manner, Master Brooke, as soon as he heard the cue given for the entrance of Tressel, vaulted over the head of one of the carpenters at the upper entrance, and made his appearance on the stage, greatly to the astonishment of the King and the audience, who each beheld *two* Tressels in the field

Great confusion ensued, and Brooke, advancing to the foot-lights, explained the circumstance, and threw himself on the indulgence of his audience The sympathy of the spectators was enlisted on behalf of the lad, and he was greeted with thunders of applause, and with—what was equally acceptable—a little shower of money. To the repeated demands made from the wings that he should instantly leave the stage, young Brooke replied by holding out his hand to the side for his arrears of salary At length the money was given to him, and he came down to the foot-lights and leisurely counted it Finding it was not correct, he again stretched out his hand to the wing, and would not withdraw it until he succeeded in obtaining the full amount due to him The play then proceeded, but the next night the theatre remained unopened Master Brooke had ruined the treasury, and the season was closed

During a provincial career of some years, Mr Brooke performed at nearly every theatre of importance in the three kingdoms But it was not for his tragic powers alone that he acquired his well-earned reputation. He is an admirable light comedian, and a humorous representative of Irish peculiarities Indeed, remarkable as it may appear to those who have only heard Mr Brooke's fine voice upon the stage—then so utterly free from even the slightest provincialism or peculiarity—he has a very decided touch of his native brogue when engaged in private conversation

Mr. Brooke, though he seldom played any but leading characters, was frequently engaged, on handsome terms, to support the great theatrical stars who were making their transits through England and Ireland. On one of these occasions he met Mr Edwin Forrest, who assured him that he had only to visit the United States to create a great sensation. But Mr Brooke had no wish to leave his own country until he had reached the highest position in it, in theatrical circles, by the conquest of the dramatic crown in London

He took this step cautiously, refusing no less than *thirteen* promising engagements from time to time. At length, on the 2nd of January, 1848, he made his appearance at the Olympic Theatre in the character of Othello We were present on that occasion, and years will not efface our remembrance of the effect he produced when, in an agony of contending passions, he seized Iago by the throat, and exclaimed—

> "If thou dost slander her and torture me,
> *Never pray more*"

We never listened to anything more fearful in its sublimity of racking passion. A simultaneous emotion ran through the house like an electric shock. The whole audience rose and greeted him with loud and repeated cheers: he had fired them with enthusiastic excitement; and, from that moment, was acknowledged as one of the greatest tragedians of the day. He repeated the character for thirty successiv nights to the most brilliant audiences.

Fortune now seemed disposed to strew his path with roses, a brilliant opportunity was before him;

and he even declined the liberal offer of £15 per night, for one hundred nights certain, from Mr. Webster, the late manager of the Haymarket. He returned to the provinces, and, after a brilliant tour, accepted an invitation to visit the United States of America On his arrival at New York, almost the first person he met was his old friend, Mr Edwin Forrest That gentleman, at the time, was almost overwhelmed with troubles, but he no sooner recognised Mr. Brooke than he hastened to welcome him to the shores of Columbia, and congratulate him on his certainty of success That success Mr Forrest did his utmost to promote He attended nightly at the theatre to witness the performances of his illustrious compeer, and expressed his unqualified approbation of them by most enthusiastic plaudits

Mr Brooke's *debût* in America was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on the 15th of December, 1850 The character selected was Othello—a creation of the great Elizabethan bard's, which Mr Brooke's brilliant talents have made his admirers consider peculiarly his own His representation of it is indeed as complete an *identification* of himself with the character as it is possible for art to effect. The manly, generous, loving, and finally broken-hearted Moor, stands before us: the actor has vanished The performance was well calculated to rouse the sympathy and admiration of the sensitive and intellectual people of America It is but just to lay aside our feelings of nationality, and admit that they have a more rapid perception and appreciation of poetic genius than we colder English possess. Genius may perish unknown in England, it is sometimes appalled by the fierce struggle of matter-of-fact utilitarianism ever going on around it, and falls panting and breathless into the gloomy gulf of obscurity and oblivion Men are too much engaged, or too apathetic, to attend it In America, we must confess, it is otherwise, and young, unrecognised genius, seldom calls aloud in vain

Mr Brooke's success in New York was brilliant and unqualified No audience ever received an actor with more favour, or were excited to greater enthusiasm He was sometimes called before the curtain, to receive their congratulations, even three or four times during a single performance Our tragedian left New York, having won from its citizens a confirmation of the renown he had earned in the mother-country Fame had blown a loud blast upon her trumpet to herald his approach, he had sustained, if not exceeded, the expectations formed of him, and he left that city crowned with the laurels and wreaths of flowers which had been laid at his feet by thousands of admirers

Mr Brooke then visited Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore, to the delight of the lovers of the intellectual drama in those cities Having acquired a large sum of money in America, he was persuaded to invest it in a theatrical speculation, and turn manager So desperate are schemes of this kind, and so few possess the peculiar kind of ability calculated to make a theatre prosperous, that it has become proverbial that the stage-door of a theatre is the surest and swiftest path to a debtor's prison But Mr Brooke, of all men, was the least qualified to succeed as a manager Wrapt up in a devoted study of his profession, he was a mere child in business, and not altogether without those little irregularities which too frequently blight the prospects of the gifted In an evil hour he took the Astor-place Opera House, in New York, and opened it in May, 1852 The result may be anticipated, in a few weeks he was compelled to close the house, being wrecked in pocket and spirits, having lost all his vast earnings, and become deeply involved in debt

He, however, soon recovered heart To those who possess a vigorous mind in a healthy body, misfortunes come like summer storms, which for a short time lay the nodding fields of ripening corn level with the earth, only for them to spring again erect, and rustle playfully in the sunbeams During the hot weather, Mr Brooke made another essay in management, though with but little better success.

On the 6th of September, 1852, he commenced a new campaign upon an entirely new plan. Devoting his attention solely to his art, he associated himself with a gentleman who undertook the entire control of his engagements and finances From that day the tide of fortune turned, the fickle goddess smiled again, and his career of prosperity has since been uninterrupted Re-commencing his tour through the States, he visited Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and St Louis. To record the particulars of his progress would be merely a monotonous chronicle of triumphs. There was, however, one great exception to all this prosperity. At St. Louis an accident happened which nearly brought his career to a sudden and gloomy close. His kindly feelings induced him to attend the funeral of Mr. James Bates, son of the esteemed manager of the theatres of Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and a rapid thaw was proceeding while the last solemn rites were being paid to the dead. As Mr. Brooke stood uncovered by the side of the grave, he felt a sudden chill, and on his return home became extremely unwell. During the night his disorder increased to a serious extent, and soon resolved itself into a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

The most skilful physicians were immediately called in; and although every possible attention was

paid to the suffering tragedian, he grew worse daily. Consultations were held; it was feared that the disease would soon attack the vital organs; and his medical attendants expressed their conviction, that unless a favourable change took place almost immediately, death would rapidly ensue. But Mr. Brooke's fine healthy constitution, developed by the athletic sports he had been so fond of in early life, and braced by the fatigues of travelling and the frequent change of air, finally prevailed over the disease that had for a time laid him prostrate. To the joy of his devoted wife, his numerous circle of friends, and of an excited, sympathizing public, the critical change did take place, and he recovered his health almost as rapidly as he had fallen into sickness.

As soon as he was sufficiently restored to resume his professional labours, he made his appearance at the People's Theatre, St. Louis, where he was greeted by such enthusiastic crowds, that, although his engagement had been made for a week only, it was extended to fifty-two consecutive nights Having visited several other cities, he returned to Boston, and, after fulfilling a short engagement there, took his last benefit, and bade farewell to his admirers in America

The theatre on that occasion was, to use the old-fashioned term, "literally crammed," and after Mr Brooke's exquisite rendering of that highly-wrought gem of Shakspere—Hamlet—the curtain rose, and Mr. Fleming, the stage-manager, at the request of the committee of presentation, led Mr Brooke on the stage, where the audience received him with a tremendous cheer After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Fleming went to a table, where stood a very handsome box, which on being opened displayed a large array of plate, tastefully arranged, and embedded in crimson silk velvet He then took out a parchment scroll, of the contents of which the following is a copy.—

To Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, Esq.

Dear Sir,—With feelings imbued by respect and honour, warranted by the histrionic genius and superior power of delineation portrayed by you in your profession as a representation of Shakspere and the drama, the undersigned, feeling that we express the sentiments of many thousands of your warm admirers, cannot allow you to depart from our shores without conveying to you the high appreciation entertained for you, not only as a great actor, but to testify to your invariable urbanity and gentlemanly demeanour, by which you have "won golden opinions from all sorts of people" It seldom falls to our lot to witness such truthful illustrations of the immortal Bard of Avon, as are so universally and brilliantly given in your truly great rendering of his grand ideas, and we feel it our duty to enable you to carry with you to your country some tangible mark of the high favour your superior talent is held in this. We therefore solicit your acceptance of the accompanying silver service as a slight token thereof, and to add our heartfelt wishes for your continued health, happiness, prosperity and safety, hoping soon to welcome you back to this our native land, but, should we never see you again, we say, "*extinctus amabitur idem.*"

Mr Fleming then handed the tragedian the scroll and the key of the plate-chest, who received them in a manner at once impressive and graceful, amid tremendous cheering and shouts of approbation. After a short pause, during which he seemed somewhat affected, he said —

"Mr Fleming,—I feel inadequate to express at this moment what my heart dictates This is indeed a mark of esteem which, although bearing the immaculate glitter of precious metal, cannot render me more deeply sensible of the honours and kindness I have had conferred upon me by my friends in Boston and Providence. I receive your testimonial in the spirit of a heart overflowing with gratitude—so much so, as to be unable to convey to you the sincerity of its acknowledgment. I hope that this token of your appreciation shall be handed down an heir-loom to posterity, and be valued with pride by those I leave behind me. Now, with your permission, I will take this opportunity of requesting the ladies and gentlemen before us to accept my unalloyed thanks for the patronage I have hitherto been honoured with, as well as their presence on this occasion. I shall leave this country in a few days, and I shall do so with regret—with deep regret Who, having travelled it, could do otherwise? I have visited several important cities of the Union, and I feel much gratification and pride in saying that I have been treated with the greatest degree of hospitality, liberality, and attention—not only professionally, but in private life. I have, traveller-like, made my observations as I went along; and what is the result? 'Tis briefly told. I found a vast and glorious country—a large and powerful nation—proud from industry, independence, and education, imbued with honour, hospitality, and affluence, and—I may use the term—universal equality, forming a grand chain of union, which is strength; each son a link, feeling an individual responsibility for the protection of his country, made invulnerable by a constitution founded on principles of honour, as set forth by its immortal father, Washington. This is the result of my visit; and so deeply am I impressed with admiration of your country, that I hope to return to it—and I have to regret all do not feel as I do. And I have but one maxim to lay down for those who contemplate visiting you—to first divest themselves of all prejudice, and indelible satisfaction must follow. I am unwilling to trespass any further on your patience, and, reiterating my deep sense of gratitude to my donors and to all, I am compelled to utter that impressive word, 'farewell;' but I trust

only for a short time The ties of kindred and home command me, for a time, to leave you. For, as Eliza Cook beautifully expresses it.—

> " 'There's a magical tie in the land of my home,
> Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam;
> Be that land where it may—at the line or the pole,
> It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul'

"May Heaven bless you! And that prosperity and happiness may reign uninterrupted among you, shall often be my prayer, when far away Allow me, then, with every feeling of sincerity, reluctantly but most respectfully, to say, farewell—farewell!"

Mr Brooke's re-appearance in his native land was within the venerable walls of Old Drury, on the 5th of September, 1853 The great question was now to be tried, whether a really legitimate and intellectual performance would ever again fill the walls of that vast theatre? Whether the dramas of Shakspere and other kindred spirits of the past, interpreted by an actor of unquestioned genius, would prove more attractive than the antics of posturers and dumb four-footed performers? That question has been solved, and solved to the honour of humanity Drury Lane is no longer referred to as *Dreary Lane* Its walls were filled, night after night, with such breathing seas of life—such masses of expectant auditors as had not been seen there for many years It was practically shown that the national taste for the drama was not extinct—that English reverence for the name of Shakspere was something more than a habit—and that when his glorious creations were represented by a really gifted artist, our aristocracy could contrive to rise from the dinner-table in time to attend the theatre

Having accomplished the little less than miracle of filling our vast national theatre every evening for nearly seven weeks, Mr Brooke, on the 3rd of October, left London for the provinces On the occasion of his farewell he delivered the following address, which, for its unaffected modesty and simple eloquence, we think deserves to be recorded in some place more durable than the columns of a newspaper —

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I can recall no instance in my whole career when I found it so difficult to give adequate expression to my feelings as on the present occasion The immense crowds that have thronged this vast theatre through a long engagement, at the worst season of the year, and the enthusiastic acclamations that have hailed my appearance in every variety of character, have so completely outstript my expectations and desert, that I find myself at this moment, when I most need it, without the power to convey, in commensurate terms, my fitting acknowledgment or my fervent sense of gratitude

"The applause and honours I was so fortunate to receive at the hands of warm-hearted strangers, whom I so lately left, were most grateful to me, but this glorious welcome back to the stage of my country is doubly dear, not only as a mark of your personal esteem, but as a proof to my American friends that I am not without some small merit in the eyes of my countrymen

"There are considerations, however, connected with this event far beyond my individual success, that touch my heart more nearly My reception in this metropolis at this particular juncture, when the theatrical world is worn out by a variety and excess of amusements that accumulate during the feverish months of a London season, is a sure and consoling sign that the noble art to which I belong is not dead, that, in spite of all seductions, the Bard of Avon still lives in the eternal admiration of my countrymen, and that the wonderful creations of his genius, however feebly pourtrayed, are still followed by congregated thousands

"This is creditable, in the highest degree, to the pure taste of my countrymen It is, besides, a national tribute to that marvellous intellect which has given such elevation to the dramatic literature of England, as to leave it for upwards of two centuries unapproached amid the rivalry of nations

"The dramatists of France, of Spain, of Germany, have sent forth productions that will endure—that shed honour upon themselves, and fame upon their countries, but the glory of our country is still undimmed Nay, it only grows the brighter as we contemplate the immeasurable distance between the height his genius scaled, and that of all his competitors The homage of his countrymen is justified by the universal admiration of all men, for, in every tongue and every land, Shakspere is declared to be the sole heir to immortality I feel it an honour and a privilege to interpret, however unskilfully, the inspirations of this mighty mind, and my vocation is not without its value, if it serve to perpetuate them in all their imperishable beauty This is, indeed, an arduous task

"But if the toils and exertions of my difficult profession required a new stimulant—if my energies demanded a new incentive to greater effort, I could not fail to find them in the crowds that have followed me, in the applause that has been so kindly, so prodigally showered upon me to-night, and week after week, since I first appeared before you.

"It will be a reward beyond my hopes, if, in the estimation of this vast and brilliant assemblage, it shall be decreed that I have contributed something to the revival of a noble entertainment—that I have

earnestly sought to 'hold the mirror up' to the majestic proportions of our national bard—and that, for a time at least, I have aided in restoring to its pristine and loftiest use the lovely temple of art now irradiated by your presence."

After a triumphant series of engagements at Birmingham, Liverpool Sheffield, Belfast, Limerick, and Cork, Mr. Brooke returned to London to fulfil his farewell engagement at Drury Lane, as he was bound by agreement to return to the United States, and also to visit places that were lately deserts, and the sudden rise and gorgeous wealth of which, rival, if they do not exceed, all the wonders of the ancient world—we allude to CALIFORNIA and AUSTRALIA! It is an awe-inspiring reflection, and indicative of the rushing progress of civilisation, that those remote lands which but lately were trodden only by savages, and echoed merely the cries of the denizens of the swamp and the forest, should so soon have been the scenes where crowds of bronzed and bearded gold-diggers, and other children of fortune, were to have the opportunity of listening to the spirit-stirring eloquence of the Bard of Avon, uttered by one of the greatest of living actors! The giant march of Time shows us constantly that Truth indeed *is* stranger than Fiction

Having thus traced Mr Brooke's professional career, it only remains to speak of him as a man and an artist In person, he is tall, dignified, and graceful his features are eminently handsome and expressive; and, on the stage, his walk and presence are majestic We know no other actor who treads the boards with such bold and natural dignity. His attitudes also are highly artistic and statuesque.

As a tragic artist he indisputably stands in the highest rank, if, indeed, he does not occupy the highest position His style is perfectly original—it is derived from no school, but comes fresh from the liberal hand of nature We have heard many express a belief that his striking influence over his audiences is the result of physical acting merely—the product only of power and sudden contrasts. They are mistaken. Mr Brooke certainly possesses a voice of great power, and he often uses it, Rembrandt-like, in producing sunny lights and deep gloomy shadows But he is an actor in whom the watchful critic can detect frequent evidences of profound thought and laborious study Favoured as he is by nature, he has not stumbled on distinction, and become famous by accident Reputations so made endure but for an hour—a brief space, and they have vanished; the place of their glory knows them not Mr Brooke's genius, like refined gold, has passed through the seven-fold fiery ordeal of the criticism of two great nations

Much has been said about his voice, and a magnificent organ it is—a deep chest-voice, full and sonorous, though with something of a nasal tone Powerful as it is, it is his lowest and most tender tones in which Mr. Brooke most delights us His utterance of that bitter self-reproach in *Othello*—"O fool, fool, fool," when he discovers the innocence of his peerless and murdered Desdemona, is one out of a hundred instances of what we mean. It is the low, plaintive breathing forth of a broken heart—a fore-shadowing of his subsequent suicide It is while uttering such heart-subduing tones that we have thought he might, without egotism, repeat the language of an exquisite living poet—

> "'Tis I who breathe my soul into the lips
> Of those great lights, whom death nor time eclipse;
> 'Tis I who wing the loving heart with song,
> And set its sighs to music on the tongue"

In private life Mr. Brooke is a creature of impulse, and utterly without any of the sickening shams of conventionality His manners are simplicity itself, and he has a most unsuspecting generosity. Few would believe that he could be so devoid of ostentation and egotism One virtue that he possesses we should like to see more general—it is his desire to avoid, even in the slightest degree, anything that may give pain to the feelings of others. He is desirous to promote the welfare of men of an ambitious and persevering tone of mind, and has often been known to take an interest in young men of promise, and endeavour, by his advice and influence, to rescue them from obscurity, and place them on the path to distinction and affluence. Another pleasing trait of his character is his fondness for children, and the interest he takes in their infantile ways and gambols. Often, when ignorant of notice, he may be seen taking part in their romps, and helping them to sort and set out their toys.

With one more observation we will conclude, and we have reserved it to the last because it has a moral beauty which we hope will not be lost on his brethren in the histrionic art. When, from unforeseen reverses, Mr. Brooke was compelled to seek the protection of the Insolvent Court, and when a want of patronage compelled him to abandon his theatrical management in America, he unavoidably left many demands unsatisfied. With the first wave of returning prosperity *he honourably paid them all*—even to the last shilling.

H. T.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

THE germ from which sprang this wonderful tragedy, which has occupied the attention of commentators, critics, and metaphysicians, to a much larger extent than any other work of its great author, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From thence it was adopted by Belleforest, and appeared in his collection of novels in seven volumes, entitled *Histoires Tragique*, and this being translated into English, in 1608, with the title of *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, furnished Shakspere with the subject of this reflective yet highly popular drama.

Those, however, who have the curiosity to turn to the story will find merely a plain narrative which has no resemblance in language, and which differs very materially in action from the Hamlet of Shakspere. In it the prince feigns to be an idiot, to save himself from incurring the anger or suspicion of Fengon the usurper, who suspects that he has some intention of revenging the murder of his father (which is effected by open violence, and not by subtlety), and who therefore employs several stratagems to discover whether he is really the harmless fool he appears to be. He first sets a beautiful girl to seduce the prince, and in moments of abandonment to win his confidence, and learn if he has any secret designs to revenge his father, and to recover his kingdom. He then places a courtier behind the arras of the queen's chamber, to report the conversation of the mother and her son, but Hamlet discovering him, kills and cuts him in pieces, and gives them to the hogs. This nameless parasite, who has not a word to utter, is all the hint that our poet received for his excellent character of Polonius. The prince finally destroys the whole court by nailing down the tapestry of the banqueting hall over them when they lay on the ground in a drunken sleep after a bacchanalian revel, and then setting fire to the palace at each corner, so that they all perish in the flames. While the king, who had retired, he seeks in his own chamber, and slays by cutting off his head. Hamlet then governs in his stead, marries two wives, and is at last betrayed by one of them into the hands of a rebellious chief, who is beloved by his queen, and by him put to death. Thus his own fate is not dissimilar to that of his father's.

I have thus briefly mentioned the chief incidents of this story, to show that although it undoubtedly suggested to Shakspere the idea of his tragedy, he was still not greatly indebted to it.

A critical analysis of this drama would be impossible within our necessary limitation, but notwithstanding that there already exist so many acute and eloquent essays upon it, I shall briefly notice its most prominent characters and beauties.

The chief thing which strikes us in the character of Hamlet is his irresolution, everything he does is "sicklied o'er" with doubt and uncertainty, he occupies himself with constant and unsatisfactory meditations upon the great mysteries of life and death, he is in all things sceptical, and in losing his faith in nature he loses much of his love of it also. Man delights him not, and the blue vault of heaven seems to him no other "than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." Compare him with Shakspere's character of Richard the Third, and you perceive the extent of his inertness, Richard is all action, Hamlet all thought. Of Richard it is said "actions but thought by him are half performed," but Hamlet does nothing until he is spurred and goaded on by outward circumstances. He is eaten up with a great woe which shuts out all sympathy with others, and wanders about on the stage of life like a man who has some task to do greater than he can perform. Destiny has proposed to him a riddle which he cannot solve, and because he cannot, like the Sphinx of old, it devours him. Hamlet is no hero, his irresolution is weakness bordering on moral cowardice. He resolves on suicide, and then

reasons himself out of his decision; he dedicates his life to the revenge of his father's murder, then defers taking it until he has further evidence of his uncle's guilt; receives that evidence, and still doubts, deliberates, and does nothing; and his revenge is consummated at last almost by accident, when finding that he has but a few minutes to live, that his mother is poisoned, and his own life destroyed by the treachery of his father's murderer, then lashed by personal agony, and the horror of his situation, into a paroxysm of fury; and knowing that revenge, if delayed but for a moment, is lost for ever, he rushes upon the king with the frantic violence of desperation, and after stabbing him with the anointed weapon forces the contents of the poisoned goblet down his throat.

Mr. Steevens estimates the character of Hamlet very sternly, and considers him not only unamiable but criminal though he admits that the prince assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he states that he deliberately procures the execution of his two schoolfellows, who appear to have been ignorant of the treacherous nature of the mandate they were employed to carry, his conduct to Ophelia deprives her both of her reason and her life, and he then interrupts her funeral, and insults her brother by boasting of an affection for his sister which he had denied to her face, and that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father

This summary of the character of Hamlet, though strongly stated, is not a false one; his conduct is certainly indefensible unless we regard him as a man whose mind was to some extent overthrown by the peculiarity of the circumstances in which he was placed. This brings us to the oft disputed question, whether the madness of Hamlet was real or feigned—an attentive perusal of the tragedy will, I think, lead us to the conclusion that it was both one and the other. His mind at times trembled on the brink of madness, shaken but not overthrown. Not utterly perverted by mental disease, but very far from the exercise of its healthy functions, at times enjoying the perfect use of reason, and at others clouded and confused. Hamlet exaggerates his mental defects, and feeling his mind disordered, plays the downright madman.

He, however, nowhere admits his insanity; and his soliloquies certainly bear no appearance of wildness. So far from believing himself mad, he has great faith in his own intellectual resources · he feels that he is surrounded by spies—by men whom he will trust as he will "adders fanged," but, he adds—

> It shall go hard,
> But I will delve one yard below their mines,
> And blow them at the moon.

This implies great confidence in his own acuteness; and, to his mother, he most emphatically denies that he labours under mental disorder: he is, he says, "not in madness, but mad in craft" But we should not take the word of a madman for evidence respecting his own malady. Hamlet is rather cunning than wise—a quality not unfrequently found in men suffering from a partial mental alienation. It should be recollected, also, that he has no reason for assuming insanity to his friend Horatio, whom he had trusted with his secret, and informed that he might think fit "to put an antic disposition on" Still, when discoursing very gravely with him in the churchyard, he suddenly breaks off from his subject, and asks, abruptly—"Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?" A mind so flighty cannot be justly called sound.

Dr. Johnson says—"of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty." This is true enough, Hamlet's assumed madness in no way assists in working out his revenge, but, on the contrary, nearly prevents its execution, for had the king succeeded in his design in sending him to England, the pretended lunacy would have brought him to his death; or it might very likely have led to his close confinement in Denmark. This absence, then, of a sufficient cause for feigning madness implies that some seeds of absolute insanity were the origin of it.

Hamlet's conduct to Polonius is very unjustifiable, only to be accounted for by supposing that

his mind is somewhat disturbed, though he may also dislike the old courtier because he is the counsellor and companion of the King; but there is no treachery in the talkative old man. Polonius is very just and open, when he discovers Hamlet's love for his daughter, he lays no plot to induce him to marry her; he will not play "the desk or table-book," but discountenances the attachment, and informs the King and Queen of it. Foolishly talkative, he is still a very shrewd man, and though his wisdom is fast falling into the weakness and childishness of age, he has been a very acute observer. Dr Johnson, who has given an admirable delineation of this character, says:—"Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences and gives useful counsel; but as the mind, in its enfeebled state, cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

Ophelia is a gentle affectionate character, drawn in and sucked down by the whirlpool of tragic events which surround her. Hamlet treats her very harshly, but, although this probably proceeds partly from his aberration of intellect, he is also influenced by a suspicion that she is acting treacherously towards him, and is an instrument in the hands of the King and her father for some unworthy purpose.

It has puzzled many of the critics to account for the circumstance, that although Ophelia is so modest in her sanity that she never even confesses her love for Hamlet, we only gather from her actions that she loves him, that when she becomes insane she sings snatches of obscene songs. Some have thought Shakspere erred in this, but in the expression of human passions he never errs. It has been well suggested, that in madness people frequently manifest a disposition the very opposite of that which they possessed while in in a state of sanity—the timid become bold, the tender cruel—and that Ophelia, in like manner, forsook her modesty of demeanour, and became the reverse of her natural character. Mr G Dawson thinks Ophelia, in her sanity, to be warm in her passions—not a coarse sensualist, like the Queen, but what he calls *sensuous*—that way disposed, yet keeping a strict guard upon herself, and that when she becomes mad that restraint is removed, and her character appears in its natural colours

Much controversy also has been expended upon the question whether the Queen was an accessary to the murder of her husband; her surprise on Hamlet's exclamation in her chamber, "As kill a king," has been quoted to exonerate her This supposition is strengthened by the fact, that she exhibits no uneasiness or remorse at the play, as the King does, and that no remark ever takes place between her and her husband in relation to it Her agony of mind when her son compares her two husbands, and so severely censures her, arises from the recollection of her adulterous intercourse with Claudius during the life of the late king, and her hasty and incestuous marriage.

This tragedy is highly interesting, because we have in it so great a revelation of the Poet himself in certain phases of his rich and varied mind; in it he seems also to have made some attempt at dramatic reformation—at one time he instructs the actors, then his remarks have a direction to the audience, and he gives them a lesson upon what they should admire, and what condemn, and in what light they should regard the actors—not as triflers or disreputable men, but as a means of popular education and refinement.

According to the chronology of Mr. Malone, Shakspere produced this tragedy in 1596; it was registered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 26th of July, 1602 On the title-page of the earliest copy now extant, dated 1604 it is stated to be "newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was."

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act II sc 2 Act III sc 1, sc 2, sc 3. Act IV sc 1, sc 3, sc 5, sc. 7. Act V sc. 1, sc 2

HAMLET, *son to the former and nephew to the present* King.

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

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Appears, Act I. sc 2, sc 3. Act II sc 1, sc 2 Act III sc 1, sc. 2, sc 3, sc 4

HORATIO, *friend to* Hamlet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1, sc 2, sc 4, sc 5 Act III sc. 2 Act IV. sc. 5, sc 6 Act V sc 1, sc 2.

LAERTES, *son to* Polonius

Appears, Act I. sc. 2, sc 3. Act IV sc 5, sc 7 Act V. sc. 1, sc 2.

VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, } *Ambassadors returned from Norway*

Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc 2

ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, } *Schoolfellows of* Hamlet

Appear. Act II. sc 2 Act III sc. 1; sc 2, sc 3 Act IV sc 1; sc. 2, sc. 3, sc 4

OSRIC, *a foppish courtier.*

Appears, Act V sc 2.

A GENTLEMAN.

Appears, Act IV sc. 5.

A PRIEST.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1

PLAYERS

Appear, Act II sc 2. Act III. sc. 2

MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } *Officers*

Appear, Act I. sc 1, sc 2, sc 4, the former only appearing in this scene

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

Appears, Act I sc 1

REYNALDO, *a dependant on* Polonius.

Appears, Act II sc 1.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway*

Appears, Act IV. sc 4 Act V sc 2

AMBASSADOR, *from England.*

Appears, Act V sc 2

GHOST *of* Hamlet's *father.*

Appears, Act I sc. 1, sc 4; sc 5 Act III sc 4.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark and mother of* Hamlet

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act II sc 2 Act III sc 1, sc 2; sc 4. Act IV sc 1, sc. 5, sc. 7. Act V sc 1, sc 2

OPHELIA, *daughter of* Polonius.

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

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE—ELSINORE

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore.—*A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his Post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber Who 's there?
Fran Nay, answer me. stand, and unfold Yourself.
Ber Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, Francisco
Fran. For this relief, much thanks 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran Not a mouse stirring
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,[1] bid them make haste

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Fran I think, I hear them —Stand, ho! Who is there!
Hor Friends to this ground
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night
Mar O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran Bernardo hath my place
Give you good night [*Exit* FRAN
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him[2]
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber Last night of all,
When yon same star, that 's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off, look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio
Hor. Most like.—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit* GHOST.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated,
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice[3]
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war,
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,
Who is 't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat, in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,[4]
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,[5]
His fell to Hamlet Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, 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[6] in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
* * * * *
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star,[7]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen —

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me —Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me
Speak to me
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it —stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus
Mar Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar '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.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock cr
Hor And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine and of the truth herein
This present object made probation
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long
And then, they say, no spirit 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 the time
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet. for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar Let 's do 't, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants

King Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole 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,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along.—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the business is We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject —and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty
Cor. Vol In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
King We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* VOL. *and* COR.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit, What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will: —
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.[8]
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is, I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. '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 persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! '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 earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,[9]
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham I shall in all my best obey you, madam
King Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply,
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come:
This gentle and unforc'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 bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POL, *and* LAER.
Ham O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr. so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the 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.

Hor. Hail to your lordship?
Ham. I am glad to see you well
Horatio,—or I do forget myself
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio!—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,——
Ham. I am very glad to see you, good even, sir —
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor A truant disposition, good my lord
Ham I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know, you are no truant
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor My lord, I came to see your father's funeral
Ham I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student,
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding
Hor Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon
Ham Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven[10]
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father
Hor Where,
My lord?
Ham In my mind's eye, Horatio
Hor I saw him once, he was a goodly king
Ham He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again
Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight
Ham Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them. thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them, the third night kept the watch.
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd
Ham Did you not speak to it?
Hor My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham 'Tis very strange.
Hor As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it
Ham Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All We do, my lord.
Ham Arm'd, say you?
All Arm'd, my lord.
Ham From top to toe?
All My lord, from head to foot
Ham Then saw you not
His face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue
I will requite your loves So, fare you well
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you Farewell
[*Exeunt* Hor, Mar, *and* Ber
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Polonius' *House*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd, farewell
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd[11] importunity
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,[12]
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 disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent
Be wary then best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near
Oph I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read[13]
Laer O fear me not.
I stay too long,—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave
Pol Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for There,—my blessing with you; [*Laying his hand on* Laer's *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter[14] 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 hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure,[15] but reserve thy judgment
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be.
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee!

Laer Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord

Pol The time invites you, go, your servants tend

Laer Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you

Oph 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it

Laer Farewell [*Exit* LAER

Pol What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and 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

Oph He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus,) you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I' do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments[16] at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet
Believe so much in him, That he is young:
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you, come your ways.

Oph I shall obey, my lord [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham What hour now?

Hor I think, it lacks of twelve

Mar. No, it is struck

Hor Indeed? I heard it not, it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;[17]
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't·
But to my mind,- -though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,[18]
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often doubt,[19]
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us![20]—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground.
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means
Ham It will not speak, then I will follow it.
Hor Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,[21]
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee
Mar You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve —
[GHOST *beckons.*
Still am I call'd,—unhand me, gentlemen,—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,[22]—
I say, away.—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAM.
Hor He waxes desperate with imagination
Mar Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after —To what issue will this come?
Mar Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar Nay, let 's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V —*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.

Mr MACREADY AS HAMLET
AND
Mr STUART AS THE GHOST

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——
Ham O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:[23]
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,[24]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.[25]
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie![26]—Hold, hold my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,——
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,——
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret,——
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
'Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i'the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;——
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Polonius's *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[28] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him,"—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. "And, in part, him;—but," you may say, "not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,[29]
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As '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.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to say some something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—"Ay, marry;"
He closes with you thus:—"I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) or so forth."—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,——

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;[30]
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,[31]
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him:[32] I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love
Come [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him:
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry,[33] and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,[34]
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* Ros., Guil. *and some* Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt Most fair return of greetings, and desires
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,[35]—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our most consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt* Volt. and Cor.

Pol This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate[36]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time.
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, '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?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads*
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans. but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise: [*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently.—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,——Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,[37]—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;

he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol Though this be madness, yet there 's method in it [*Aside*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham Into my grave?

Pol Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To* POL.—*Exit* POL.

Guil My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. 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.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny.[36] Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* GUIL.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside*] —if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes, so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them[39] on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.[40] What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.[41]

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children,[42] little eyases, that cry out on the top of question,[43] and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?[44] Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?[45] will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains

Ham Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.[46]

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*

Guil There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb,[47] lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw[48]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz![49]

Pol. Upon my honour,——

Ham "Then came each actor on his ass,"——

Pol The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men[50]

Ham. "O Jephthah, judge of Israel,"—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well"

Pol Still on my daughter [*Aside.*

Ham Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham Nay, that follows not.

Pol What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, "As by lot, God wot,"[51] and then, you know, "It came to pass, As most like it was,"—The first row of the pious chanson[52] will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced[53] since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[54] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We 'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1*st Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general:[55] 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 sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' 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 Hyrcanian 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 complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules: horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1*st Play* Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,

A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He 's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1*st Play.* But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen——

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That 's good; mobled queen is good.

1*st Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum;[56] a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. '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 abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* Pol, *with some of the* Players

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago

1*st Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1*st Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends, [*To* Ros. *and* Guil.] I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams,[57] unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,[58]
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds
More relative than this:[59] The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King And can you, by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros Most like a gentleman.

Guil But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. '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 me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
That he, as '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,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* QUEEN.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To* OPH.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,[60]
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden! [*Aside*

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POL.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nob'er in the mind, to suffer
The slings and a rows 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 wish'd. To die,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream,—ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love,[61] 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?[62] 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 enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich. their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.[63]

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness, this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery, Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, 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 earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

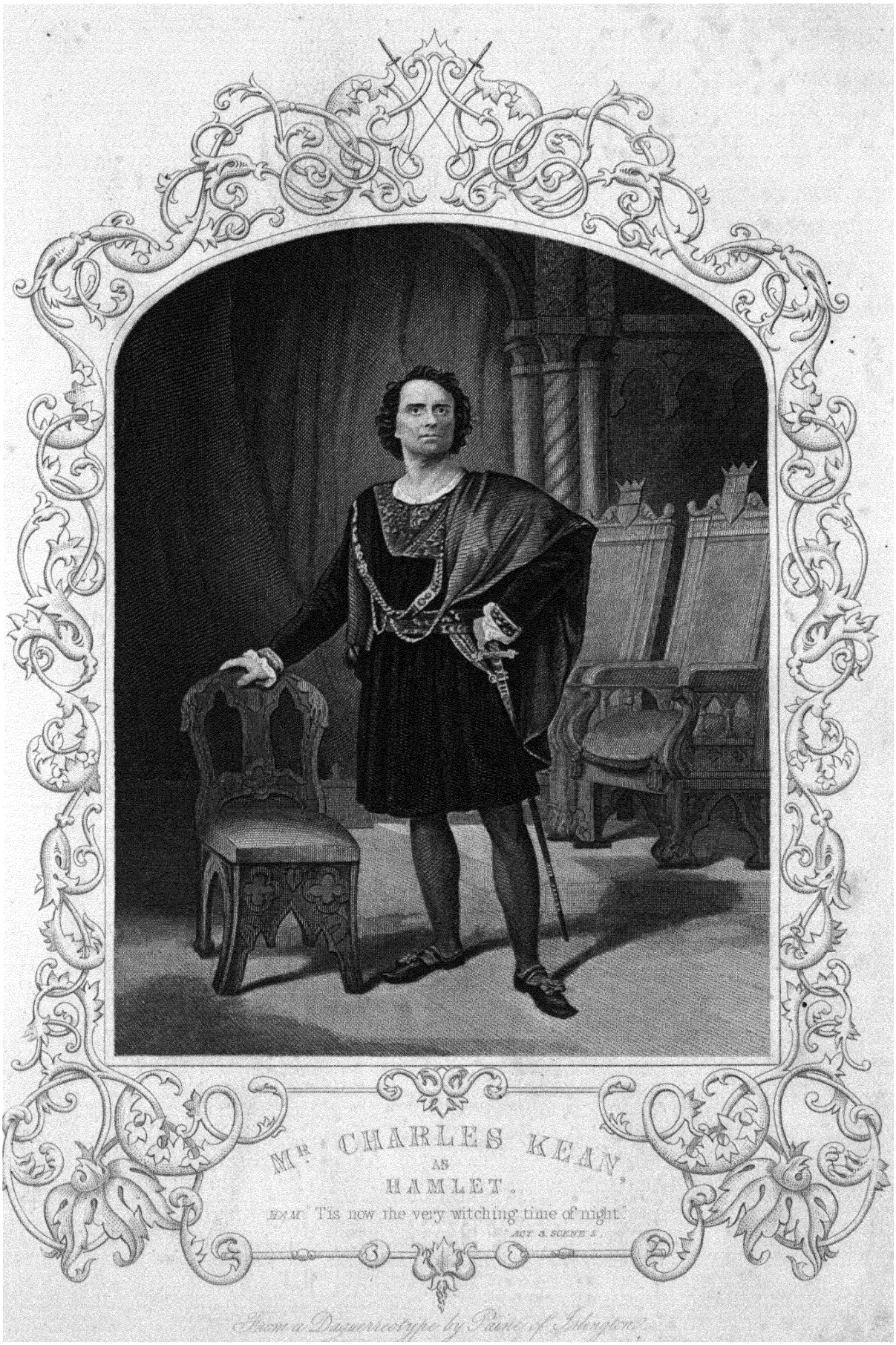
Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough, God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAM



Mr. CHARLES KEAN,

AS

HAMLET.

HAM. 'Tis now the very witching time of night.

ACT 3. SCENE 2.

From a Daguerreotype by Paine of Johnston.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy [64] O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down, He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol It shall do well But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him,
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same*

Enter HAMLET, *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out herod's Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

1*st Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as '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 [65] 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.

1*st Play* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol And the queen too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make haste.—
[*Exit* POL
Will you two help to hasten them?
Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS *and* GUIL.
Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.
Hor. O, my dear lord,——
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-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 hearts,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play, I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed You cannot feed capons so.
King I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet, these words are not mine
Ham No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POL.
Pol That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor
Ham And what did you enact?
Pol I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol, Brutus kill'd me
Ham It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there —Be the players ready?
Ros Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.
Queen Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Ham No, good mother, here's metal more attractive
Pol O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* KING
Ham Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[*Lying down at* OPH.'s *Feet*
Oph No, my lord
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Oph Ay, my lord.
Ham Do you think, I meant country matters?
Oph I think nothing, my lord.
Ham That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs
Oph What is, my lord.
Ham Nothing
Oph. You are merry, my lord
Ham Who, I?
Oph Ay, my lord.
Ham O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Mr G. V. BROOKE as HAMLET.
Will you play upon this pipe?

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck lays him down upon a bank of flowers, she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt*

Oph What means this, my lord?

Ham Marry, this is miching mallecho,[66] it means mischief.

Oph Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue

Ham We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham Ay, or any show that you 'll show him Be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph You are naught, you are naught, I 'll mark the play

Pro For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently

Ham Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph 'Tis brief, my lord

Ham As woman's love

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P King Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there

P King 'Faith, I must leave thee, love and shortly too
My operant powers their functions leave to do.
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

P Queen O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first

Ham That's wormwood

P. Queen The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed

P King I do believe, you think what now you speak,
But, what we do determine, oft we break
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures 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 advanc'd makes friends of enemies
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead

P Queen Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer[67] in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham If she should break it now,——

[*To* Oph.

P King 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P Queen Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham O, but she 'll keep her word

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King What do you call the play?

Ham The mouse-trap Marry, how? Tropically [68] This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista. you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung —

Enter LUCIANUS

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king

Oph You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge

Oph Still better, and worse [69]

Ham So you mistake your husbands [70]—Begin, murderer,—leave thy damnable faces, and begin Come ——

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate His name 's Gonzago the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen How fares my lord?

Pol Give o'er the play

King. Give me some light —away!

Pol Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAM *and* HOR

Ham Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play.
For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away —

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provençal roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord

Ham Upon the talk of the poisoning,——

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham Ah, ha!—Come, some music, come, the recorders —

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy [71]—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you

Ham Sir, a whole history.

Guil The king, sir,——

Ham Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil Is, in his retirement marvellous distempered

Ham With drink, sir?

Guil No, my lord, with choler

Ham Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler

Guil Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham I am tame, sir —pronounce.

Guil The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you

Ham You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother

therefore no more, but to the matter My mother, you say,——

Ros Then thus she says, Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration

Ham O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart

Ros She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros My lord, you once did love me

Ham And do still, by these pickers and stealers

Ros Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham Sir, I lack advancement

Ros How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham Ay, sir, but, "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty

Enter the Players, *with Recorders*

O, the recorders—let me see one—To withdraw with you [72]—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly

Ham I do not well understand that Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil My lord, I cannot.

Ham I pray you

Guil Believe me, I cannot.

Ham I do beseech you

Guil I know no touch of it, my lord

Ham 'Tis as easy as lying govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music Look you, these are the stops

Guil But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently

Ham Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed

Ham Methinks, it is like a weasel

Pol It is backed like a weasel

Ham Or, like a whale?

Pol Very like a whale

Ham Then will I come to my mother by and by—They fool me to the top of my bent—I will come by and by

Pol I will say so [*Exit* POL.

Ham By and by is easily said—Leave me, friends [*Exeunt* ROS. GUIL. HOR., &c.

'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 business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on Soft, now to my mother—
O, heart, lose not thy nature, let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom
Let me be cruel, not unnatural
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites
How in my words soever she be shent,[73]
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN

King I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range Therefore, prepare you
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes

Guil We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty

Ros The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance, but much more

That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it, with it it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things,
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan
King Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed
Ros Guil We will haste us
[*Exeunt* Ros *and* Guil.

Enter Polonius

Pol My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process, I 'll warrant, she 'll tax him home
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'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 liege
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King Thanks, dear my lord
[*Exit* Pol.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect What if this cursed hand,
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I 'll look up,
My fault is past But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe,
All may be well! [*Retires and kneels*

Enter Hamlet

Ham Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying,
And now I 'll do 't,—and so he goes to heaven
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd
A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven·
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes My mother stays
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days [*Exit*

The King *rises and advances*

King My words fly up, my thoughts remain below
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go
[*Exit*

SCENE IV —*Another Room in the same*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius

Pol He will come straight Look, you lay home to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him I'll silence me e'en here
Pray you, be round with him.
Queen I'll warrant you,
Fear me not.—withdraw, I hear him coming
[POL *hides himself*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended
Ham Mother, you have my father much offended
Queen Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue
Ham Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue
Queen Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham What's the matter now?
Queen Have you forgot me?
Ham No, by the rood, not so
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother
Queen Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak
Ham Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge,
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you
Queen What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol [*Behind*] What, ho! help!
Ham How now! a rat?
[*Draws*
Dead, for a ducat, dead
[HAM *makes a pass through the Arras*
Pol [*Behind*] O, I am slain
[*Falls, and dies*
Queen O me, what hast thou done?
Ham Nay, I know not
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth* POL
Queen O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed,—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* POL
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune.
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger—
Leave wringing of your hands Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense
Queen What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue, hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act
Queen Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham Look here, upon this picture, and on this,[74]
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
See, what a grace was seated on this brow
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man
This was your husband—Look you now, what follows
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope [75]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;——

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord.—a vice of kings.[76]
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:[77]
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST.

Queen This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd· bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;

Mr. PHELPS & MISS GLYN

And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POL.
I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you, his mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,[78] in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar [79] and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally; Ham dragging in* POL

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves;
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen Bestow this place on us a little while—
[*To* ROS *and* GUIL, *who go out*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* ROS *and* GUIL.
Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.——Safely stowed.—[ROS *&c within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft,—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! —what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham The body is with the king,[80] but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——
Guil. A thing, my lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?
Ros Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord
We cannot get from him.
King But where is he?
Ros Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table; that 's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some* Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt* Attendants

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness Therefore, prepare thyself,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet

Ham. Good

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them —But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England [*Exit*

King Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair Pray you, make haste
[*Exeunt* Ros *and* Guil
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.[81]

[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Forces, *marching.*

For Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt* For. *and* Forces

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *&c*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap Against some part of Poland.

Ham Who Commands them, sir?

Cap The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies —I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit* Cap

Ros Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit*

SCENE V.—Elsinore.—*A Room in the Castle*

Enter QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen. ——I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There 's tricks i'the world, and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,[82]
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* HOR.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. [*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone

O, ho!

Queen Nay, but Ophelia,——

Oph Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Sings.*

Enter KING.

Queen Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.[83] Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King Conceit upon her father.

Oph Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis,[84] 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 wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou had'st not come to my bed.

King How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.
[*Exit*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HOR

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain,
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In 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 person to arraign
In ear and ear O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A Noise within.*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King Attend.
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave

Dan We will, we will.
[*They retire without the Door*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste 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 incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude —
Speak, man.

Laer Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him

King Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, *fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There 's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [*Exit* Oph.
Laer. Do you see this, O God?
King Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same*

Enter HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

Hor What are they, that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in —
[*Exit* Serv.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1*st Sail* God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1*st Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor [*Reads.*] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did, I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter These good fellows will bring thee where I am Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England of them I have much to tell thee Farewell. He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters,
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same*

Enter KING *and* LAERTES.

King Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears —But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive.
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender[85] bear him.
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say I saw them not,
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us [*Exit* Mess

[*Reads*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—
And, in a postcript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality,
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.[86] But, to the quick o'the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church

King. No place, indeed, should murder 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 o'er your heads he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[87] and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't.
And, for the purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows 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 sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element. but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears But yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, *with Spades, &c.*

1*st Clo* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2*nd Clo* I tell thee, she is, therefore make her grave straight the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial

1*st Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2*nd Clo* Why, 'tis found so.

1*st Clo.* It must be *se offendendo,* it cannot be else For here lies the point If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act. and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2*nd Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver

1*st Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that. but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2*nd Clo* But is this law?

1*st Clo* Ay, marry is 't, crowner's-quest law.

2*nd Clo* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1*st Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folks 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 gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, they hold up Adam's profession.

2*nd Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1*st Clo* He was the first that ever bore arms

2*nd Clo* Why, he had none.

1*st Clo* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged, Could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee. if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——[88]

2*nd Clo.* Go to.

1*st Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2*nd Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1*st Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

2*nd Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1*st Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[89]

2*nd Clo.* Marry, now I can tell

1*st Clo.* To 't.

2*nd Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

1*st Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2nd Clo.

1st Clown *digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,[90]
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1*st Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such

[*Throws up a scull.*

Ham. 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?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's;[91] chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1*st Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a scull.*

Ham. 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 knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow — Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

1*st Clo* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1*st Clo.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine. 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1*st Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1*st Clo* For no man, sir.

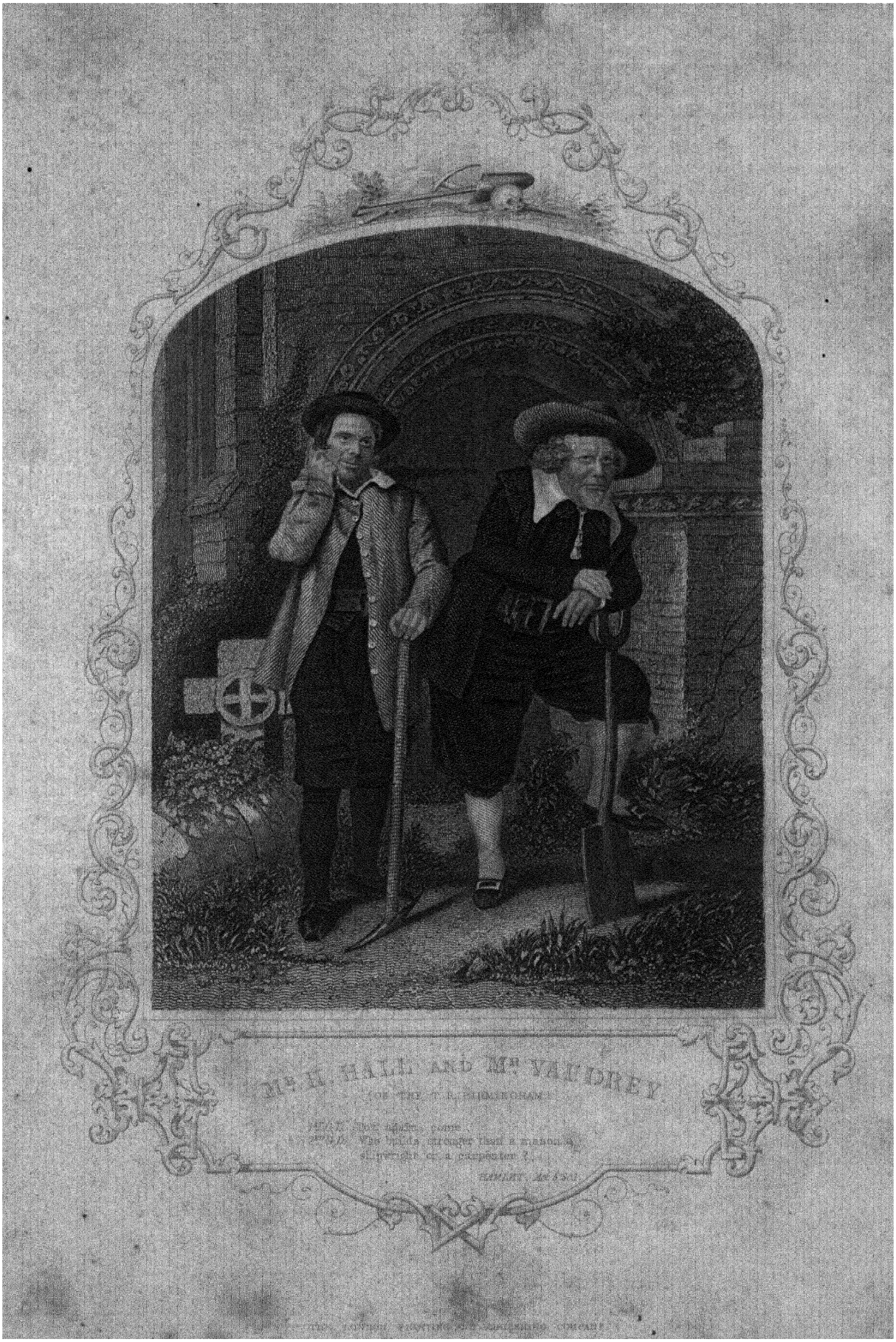
Ham. What woman then?

1*st Clo* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1*st Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have



Mr. H. HALL AND Mr. VAUDREY

(OF THE T. R. BIRMINGHAM)

1st G. Tom Spaim, come.
2nd G. Who builds stronger than a mason, shipwright or a carpenter?

HAMLET, Act 5 Sc.

taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,[92] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1st Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born. he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1st Clo 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he

Ham. How came he mad?

1st Clo Very strangely, they say.

Ham How strangely?

1st Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits

Ham Upon what ground?

1st Clo. Why, here in Denmark, I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st Clo 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham Why he more than another?

1st Clo Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1st Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not

1st Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham This? [*Takes the Scull*

1st Clo E'en that.

Ham Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i'the earth

Hor. E'en so

Ham And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the Scull*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside,—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c, *in Procession; the Corpse of* Ophelia, Laertes *and* Mourners *following;* King, Queen, *their* Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with* Hor.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes
A very noble youth· Mark.

Laer What ceremony else?

1st Priest Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,[93] flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[94]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer Must there no more be done?

1st Priest. No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering flowers*
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham [*Advancing*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and mak s them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the Grave*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thoul'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

Ham. Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit*

King I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit* HOR.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAER.
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.[95] 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.

Hor. That is most certain

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet, and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery, an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor Ay, 'beseech you

Ham Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities:
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience, their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there

Ham It will be short the interim is mine
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his I 'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark

Ham I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice 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,[96] but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAM. *moves him to put on his hat*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article,[97] and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already, all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit

Ham What call you the carriages?

Hor I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham How, if I answer, no?

Osr I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial

Ham Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can, if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits

Osr Shall I deliver you so?

Ham To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will

Osr I commend my duty to your lordship [*Exit.*

Ham Yours, yours —He does well, to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for 's turn

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

Ham He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.[98] Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial. the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to

you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord

Hor You will lose this wager, my lord

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice, I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman

Hor If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit

Ham Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come the readiness is all Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and* Attendants *with Foils, &c*

King Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* KING *puts the Hand of* LAER *into that of* HAM

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so.
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer Come, one for me.

Ham I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham No, by this hand.

King Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side

King I do not fear it: I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play*

Osr Ay, my good lord

King Set me the stoups of wine upon that table —
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,[99]
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well,—again.
King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;[100]
Here 's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*
Ham. I 'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He 's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam,——
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
[*Aside*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[LAER. *wounds* HAM; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAM. *wounds* LAER
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies*
Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAER. *falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother 's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* KING
Osr and Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies*
Laer. He is justly serv'd,
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but 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.
Hor Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here 's yet some liquor left
Ham. As thou 'rt a man,—
Give me the cup, let go! by heaven I 'll have it —
O God!—Horatio,[101] what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and Shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit,[102]

I cannot live to hear the news from England.
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,[103] more or less,
Which have solicited,[104]—The rest is silence [*Dies*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest![105]
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and Others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search
Fort. This quarry cries on havock![106]—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
1*st Amb* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,[107]
Had it the ability of life to thank you,
He never gave commandment for their death
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,[108]
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more[109]
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies —Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot [*A dead March.*
[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after which, a peal of Ordnance is shot off.*[110]

NOTES TO HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

[1] *The rivals of my watch.*

Rivals is here used as partners.

[2] *A piece of him.*

In giving this answer, says Dr Warburton, Horatio extends his hand to the questioner, but Mr Steevens regards it as no other than a cant expression.

[3] *He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.*

Polack was, at that time, the usual name for an inhabitant of Poland. Horatio alludes to the deceased king having slain a prince of that country

[4] *Well ratified by law and heraldry.*

Mr. Upton says, that Shakspere sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means by the herald law.

[5] ——— *By the same co-mart*
And carriage of the article design'd

Co-mart is a joint bargain, carriage of the article is the meaning and import of it.

[6] *Romage*, i.e. tumult, hurry.

[7] *As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,*
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star.

A line is evidently omitted previously to these two "When," says Mr. Malone, "Shakspere had told us that the graves stood tenantless, &c, which are wonders confined to the earth, he naturally proceeded to say (in the line now lost) that *yet other prodigies appeared in the sky*, as stars with trains of fire, &c" He also reads, disasters *dimmed* the sun; by the *moist star* is meant the moon.

[8] *I am too much i' the sun*

Alluding probably to his being kept from the seclusion of his studies to be paraded in the court of his uncle as the "chiefest courtier." Too much in the way of mirth and feasting.

[9] *In going back to school to Wittenburg.*

The university of Wittenburg was not founded until 1502, and consequently did not exist until long after the period to which this tragedy is referable.

[10] *My dearest foe.*

Dearest is most immediate and important.

[11] *Unmaster'd*, i.e. unrestrained, licentious.

[12] *And keep you in the rear of your affection.*

Do not advance so far as your affection and feelings would lead you.

[13] *And recks not his own read.*

That is, heeds not his own lessons.

[14] *And these few precepts in thy memory*
Look thou character

That is, write or infix them in thy memory.

[15] *Take each man's censure.*

By *censure* is not meant reproof, but opinion.

[16] *Set your entreatments.*

Objects of entreaty, favours for which a lover might sue.

[17] *And the swaggering up-spring reels.*

That is, the blustering upstart is intoxicated.

[18] *Complexion*, i.e. temperament, constitution, bias, or characteristic.

[19] *Doth all the noble substance often dout.*

Dout is supposed to be a contraction of *do out*, i.e. efface or obliterate. It is a word of similar construction to *doff* for *do off*, which is frequently used by Shakspere.

[20] *Angels and ministers of grace defend us.*

Dr. Johnson has very judiciously observed that Hamlet's address to the ghost consists of three parts. When he first beholds it he strengthens himself with an invocation; he then deliberates with himself and determines that he will venture to speak to it, and finally, throwing aside his terror, he abandons himself to the impulse of the moment, and calls it, Hamlet, king, father, &c

[21] *Toys of desperation*, i.e. desperate fancies, wild thoughts

[22] *I'll make a ghost of him that lets me*

To *let* is a word which anciently signified to prevent to hinder

[23] *Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd*

Despatched is here used for bereft.

[24] *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd.*

Unhousel'd is without receiving the sacrament, *disappointed* is synonymous with *unappointed*, and means, therefore, unprepared; and *unaneal'd* is without extreme unction.

[25] *His uneffectual fire.*

Fire shining without generating heat.

[26] *And shall I couple hell? O fie!*

These two last words, which not only spoil the mea-

sure of the line, but have an almost ludicrous expression, are suspected of being an interpolation; as they are found only in the two earliest quartos.

[27] *Come bird, come.*

Hamlet, desiring his friends to approach, calls to them in the terms which falconers use to a hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.

[28] *Inquire me first, what Danskers.*

That is, natives of Denmark. In Warner's *Albion's England*, Danske is the ancient name of Denmark.

[29] *You must not put another scandal on him.*

Mr. Theobald reads an *utter* scandal; but Mr. Malone thinks the text to be correct, and that it means a different and more scandalous vice than an accidental error—namely, habitual incontinency

[30] *Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle.*

Down-gyved means, hanging down, like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ankles. A consideration of this passage will show how far many of our distinguished actors have departed from the meaning of Shakspere, when they enter with the stocking rolled half-way down *one* leg. A general neglect of dress and personal appearance is what is implied by the poet.

[31] *Foredoes itself*, i. e., destroys itself.

[32] *I had not quoted him.*

Quoted here means regarded, or observed him.

[33] *To show us so much gentry*

That is, to show us so much kindness or politeness

[34] *And here give up ourselves in the full bent*

With all our ability and power, with the utmost extremity of exertion.

[35] *Was falsely borne in hand*

Trifled with, and deceived; to bear in hand is to delude by fair statements, without any intention of performance.

[36] *To expostulate*, i.e., to inquire or discuss.

[37] *Conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look to't.*

This is the reading of the quarto: the folio has—but *not* as your daughter, &c. With either reading, the meaning is the same—*conception* (i. e., understanding) *is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive*, (i. e., be pregnant), *friend, look to't*—have a care of that.

[38] *My thanks are not too dear a halfpenny.*

The modern editors read, *at* a halfpenny. Mr. Malone thinks the text is correct as it stands—the thanks are not a halfpenny too dear. It is probable that Hamlet intended some obscurity in his speech, to mislead his questioners as to his sanity.

[39] *We coted them on the way*

To *cote* is to overtake. In *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606:—

Marry, we presently *coted* and outstript them.

[40] *The lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.*

The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse: or it may mean, that she shall have liberty to mar the measure, rather than not fully express herself.

[41] *I think their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.*

Shakspere makes Hamlet allude to an occurrence which had lately taken place in England. Several companies of actors, in his time, had their permission to act any longer at an established house taken away, in consequence of their practice of introducing personal abuse into their comedies

[42] *There is, sir, an aiery of children.*

An allusion to the young singing lads of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, who performed plays, to the detriment of the regular actors The former are mentioned in a puritanical pamphlet, entitled, *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*, 1569.—"Plaies will neuer be suppresst while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens They had as well be at their popish seruice in the deuils garments," &c. Also, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601.—

I saw the children of Powles last night;
And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
The apes in time will do it handsomely.

[43] *Little eyases, that cry out on the top of question.*

That is, young nestlings—creatures just out of the egg, who cry out or declaim in that high tone of voice usual in children

[44] *Escoted*, i. e., paid or maintained

[45] *Will they pursue the quality longer than they can sing?*

Hamlet means, what will be their ultimate vocation? will they be actors no longer than they remain singing boys in the choir?

[46] *Hercules and his load too.*

Probably an allusion to the Globe playhouse, on the Bankside, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe Shakspere infers, that the boys carried away much of the patronage of this establishment.

[47] *Let me comply with you in this garb.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads—*compliment* with you; but Mr Steevens says, *comply* is apparently used in the sense of compliment.

[48] *I know a hawk from a handsaw.*

"This," says Dr. Warburton, "was a common, proverbial speech. The Oxford editor alters it to—I know a hawk from a *hernshaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players: whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouth of the people; so that the critic's alteration only serves to show us the original of the expression."

[49] *Buz, buz!*

Mere idle talk—the *bus* of the vulgar. "*Buz*," says Blackstone, "used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a story that was generally known there."

[50] *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*

The law of writ means the rules of writing or composition: *liberty* seems to be here used as freedom, or spirit. Thus the sense is—for the observance of the rules of just composition in their dramas, and the spirit and boldness of these productions, this company of actors are the only, or rather the best men.

[51] *As by lot, God wot.*

Hamlet is here repeating passages from old songs, and says Polonius's answer does not follow his last quotation, but the continuation is—*As by lot, &c.* Mr Steevens says—"The old song from which these quotations are taken I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in his second and third editions of his *Reliques of Antient English Poetry.*

[52] *The first row of the pious chanson*

It is *pons chansons* in the old copies, i. e., old ballads sung on bridges But *pious chansons* are said by Mr. Steevens to be a kind of Christmas carols, containing some scriptural history, thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets by people who solicited charity.

[53] *Why, thy face is valanced.*

That is, fringed with a beard, the *valance* is the fringe or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed. Hamlet immediately after plays upon the word, by saying—"Com'st thou to *beard* (i e, defy) me in Denmark."

[54] *By the altitude of a chopine.*

A *chioppine* is a high shoe, or clog, worn by the Italians. The word, says Mr. Malone, ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chapin*, Spanish, which is defined by Minsheu, in his Spanish *Dictionary*, as a high cork sole.

[55] *'Twas caviare to the general.*

A preparation of the roes of certain fish, esteemed a great delicacy in Russia, but disliked by the people of this country. The meaning is, that the play was a luxury, thrown away upon those who had no taste for it.

[56] *With bisson rheum.*

That is, with blind rheum; her sight obscured by rheum.

[57] *Like John a-dreams.*

John a dreams, or *of* dreams, means only *John the dreamer*, probably a cant name for an ignorant, idle fellow.

[58] *I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench.*

Tent him is probe him, search him thoroughly: *blench* is to shrink, or start. The word is thus used by Fletcher, in *The Night-walker*:—

Blench at no danger though it be a gallows.

[59] *More relative than this.*

Relative is more conclusive—more closely connected.

[60] *Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it.*

That is, the cheek of the harlot is not more ugly in comparison with the artificial tint which adorns it.

[61] *The pangs of despis'd loves.*

The folio reads—of dispriz'd love, i.e, unvalued love—a more appropriate word; as the love of an amiable prince might be unvalued, but it is unlikely that it would be despised.

[62] *With a bare bodkin.*

A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a small dagger; the word *bare* does not signify a mere dagger, but a naked, unsheathed one.

[63] *That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.*

That is, if you are honest, and desire to remain so, you should admit of no discourse or familiarity to your beauty *Discourse to your beauty*, may be compliment to it A different meaning is attributed to the sentence by Dr. Johnson, who quotes the reading of the folio, which is—*your honesty* should admit, &c.

[64] *Blasted with ecstasy.*

That is, struck by madness The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

[65] *The very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.*

Dr Johnson suggests that we should read—*face* and body of the time. Its *pressure* is its resemblance, or impression, as in a print.

[66] *Marry, this is miching mallecho.*

The word *miching* is still used in the west of England for skulking about for some sinister purpose; and *mallecho*, inaccurately written for *malheco*, signifies mischief: so that *miching mallecho* is mischief, on the watch for opportunity.

[67] *An anchor's cheer.*

That is, an anchorite's or hermit's cheer. In our early writers, the word was frequently so abbreviated.

[68] *The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.*

He calls the play the *mouse-trap*, because he hopes by it to trap the king into such a show of agitation, as will confirm his guilt. *Tropically* is figuratively.

[69] *Still better, and worse.*

Better, in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but *worse* in respect to the coarseness of the meaning.

[70] *So you mistake your husbands.*

Probably we should read—so you *must take* your husbands, i.e., for better, for worse.

[71] *He likes it not, perdy.*

Perdy is a corruption of *par dieu*, and is not uncommon in our old plays.

[72] *To withdraw you.*

This is without meaning as it stands. It should be, so withdraw you; or, so withdraw, will you?

[73] *She be shent*, i.e. reproved harshly.

[74] *Look here upon this picture, and on this*

The introduction of miniatures on the stage in this scene appears to be a modern innovation. They were, no doubt, whole-length paintings in the queen's chamber: this supposition is confirmed by the line,

A *station* like the herald Mercury,

which does not mean the spot where he is placed, but the grace and dignity of his figure in the act of standing.

[75] *Could not so mope.*

That is, be so deprived of natural powers, so approach to idiocy and incapability.

[76] *A vice of kings.*

A low mimick of kings, the *vice* was the fool of the old moralities

[77] ——————— *A king*
Of shreds and patches.

Hamlet is carrying out the idea which he started when he called Claudius the *vice* of kings. The vice was dressed as a fool in a coat of party-coloured patches

[78] *To try conclusions*, i.e. experiments.

[79] *For 'tis the sport to have the engineer*
Hoist with his own petar

That is, hoisted or blown into the air by the premature explosion of his own petard.

[80] *The body is with the king, &c.*

This passage is very obscure, and perhaps intentionally so, designed by Hamlet to maintain the impression of his lunacy. Or it may mean, the body is with the king, that is, with the dead (for the rightful king was dead), while the king (*i.e.* the usurper) remains here, and is consequently not with the body.

[81] *Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*

Until I know that Hamlet is dead, whatever may be my successes I shall derive no joy from them.

[82] ——— *It doth move*
The hearers to collection; they aim at it.

The listeners to the disjointed remarks of Ophelia were induced to collect them together and deduce consequences from them; aim or guess at their meaning.

[83] *They say the owl was a baker's daughter.*

This is an allusion to a tradition once current in Gloucestershire which is told thus:—Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon, the baker's daughter cried out, "Heugh, heugh, heugh," which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird. This story, says Mr. Douce, is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people.

[84] *By Gis.*

There is no saint of this name in the *Roman Calendar*, the word is probably only a corruption of *Jesus*, the letters J. H S being anciently all that was set down to denote the sacred name on altars, &c.

[85] *The general gender.*

That is, the common race of the people.

[86] *And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,*
That hurts by easing.

A spendthrift sigh is a sigh that wastes the vital flame. It was a common notion that sighs impaired the strength, and wore out the animal powers.

[87] *A sword unbated.*

A sword not blunted, or protected at the point by a button, to prevent mischief

[88] *If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself*——

The sentence is broken by the interruption of the other clown, or he probably would have said, *confess thyself, and be hanged*, or, *confess thyself an ass.*

[89] *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*

Unyoke is a phrase borrowed from husbandry, meaning to rest, or give over.

[90] *In youth, when I did love, did love.*

The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and who was beheaded in 1547, on a charge of treason.

[91] *And now, my lady Worm's.*

That is, this scull that was my lord Such-a-one's, is now my lady Worm's

[92] *The age is grown so picked.*

That is, so quaint, so sharp; a superficial education is so common, that the peasant treads closely on the heels of the courtier.

[93] *Shards*, i.e. broken pots or tiles.

[96] *She is allow'd her virgin crants.*

"*Crants,*" says Dr. Johnson, "is the German word for garlands, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry garlands before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes."

[97] *Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.*

Mutines is the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes* is described by Dr Johnson, as the ship's prison, and by Mr. Steevens, as a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together.

[98] *A chough*, i.e. a kind of jackdaw.

[99] *I take him to be a soul of great article.*

Probably a soul of great *altitude;* or, it may mean a soul of great comprehension. The meaning is obscure, and the word not well chosen.

[100] *He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.*

That is, the extreme of foppish politeness is so innate in him, that even while an infant, he complimented the breast before he sucked it.

[101] *And in the cup an union shall he throw.*

An *union* is a very precious pearl; to swallow a pearl in a draught, was a piece of extravagance not uncommon in ancient times.

[102] *Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine.*

The king, under pretence of putting a pearl in the cup, drops the poison into the wine, which he intends shall dispatch Hamlet. The prince suspects this, for when he afterwards discovers the cup is poisoned, he says tauntingly to the king, "Is the *union* here?"

[103] *O God—Horatio*

Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—O *good* Horatio.

[104] *The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.*

To *o'er-crow* is to triumph over, overcome, or subdue. Mr. Pope substituted *overgrows*, which reading he took from a late quarto of no authority, printed 1637. To *overcrow*, was a word not unfrequently used by our elder authors. Thus, in Hall's *Satires:*

> Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
> That *over-croweth* all the world beside

Occurrents, i.e., incidents.

[105] *Which have solicited.*

That is, which have excited or induced. The sentence here terminates abruptly, the prince feeling death upon him: he would probably have added—which had excited him to the murder of the king, &c.

[106] *And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.*

Mr Steevens attributes this beautiful line to the friendship of Horatio to the prince, rather than to Hamlet's deserving. He says—"Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play, for, as Maximus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says.—

> "'Although his justice were as white as truth,
> His way was crooked to it; that condemns him'"

[107] *This quarry cries on havock!*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—cries *out* havock; but to cry on was to exclaim against. The same kind of phraseology occurs in *Othello;*—

> What noise is this that *cries on* murder?

[108] *Not from his mouth.*

That is, not from the king's, where they had expected it.

[109] *I have some rights of memory in this kingdom*

Some rights to the sovereignty, which are remembered in this kingdom.

[110] *And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more*

The old quartos read *no* more; but Mr. Theobald, and the modern editors after him, adhere to the elder folio. Hamlet, just before his death, has said that Fortinbras has his voice in the coming election for the sovereignty. Horatio here alludes to that circumstance, and infers that Hamlet's voice will be seconded by others, and influence them in favour of Fortinbras's succession.

[111] *Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies, after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

This conclusion of the tragedy is far more solemn and effective than the manner in which it is terminated upon the modern stage. Critics were, a few years since, loud in their praises of the solemn and gorgeous picture which a distinguished tragedian and manager produced on the conclusion of *Coriolanus* Shakspere has evidently intended a similar termination to this sublime effort of his genius.

H. T.

Macbeth.

THIS dark and terrible drama may, perhaps, be ranked as the most grand and fearful of all Shakspere's tragedies. *Lear* is usually considered as more exquisitely touching and sublime; but in *Macbeth* there is such a rapid march of events, such an extraordinary mingling of both the natural and supernatural, such an entirety of action, such varied scenery—now picturesque, now solemn—such romantic incidents, and such a strong halo of mystic beauty and poetry, as to mark it for one of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind.

The chief incidents of this tragedy our poet found in the history of *Makbeth*, in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, which he has followed without greatly deviating from, in the historical part; but he has given perfect freedom to his bold and powerful imagination in the manner in which he has transformed a few naked facts into the most terrible tragedy which ever engrossed the attention, or appalled the mind of the reader or spectator. A hint was seldom lost upon Shakspere; one single expression in some old romance or chronicle, is often the seed which he matures into some elaborately conceived and grandly executed character, this is singularly the case with that of Lady Macbeth, of whom there is the following mention only in Holinshed:—"But speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning with unquenchable desire to be a queen." And upon these few words does he build that wonderful and fearful character, of whom it is difficult to believe that she is but a creation of the poet's brain. The chronicle, after recording the death of the tyrant, concludes thus.—"This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned seventeen yéeres over the Scotishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplised manie worthie acts, verie profitable to the commonwealth; but afterward, by the illusion of the divell, he defamed the same with the most terrible crueltie He was slaine in the yéere of the incarnation, 1057, and in the sixteenth yéere of King Edward's reigne over the Englishmen."*

Shakspere's tragedy upon this subject was produced in 1606, a period of singular superstition; King James originally published his book on *Dæmonologie* at Edinburgh, in 1597, but after his succession to the throne of Elizabeth, it was reprinted at London, in 1603, with a preface in which he reminds the reader of "the fearefull abounding at this time in this countrey, of these detestable slaves of the Divel, the Witches or Enchanters" This piece of mischievous absurdity was followed in the same year by a new statute against witches, having a clause to this effect, that:—"Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evill or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertaine or employ, feede or reward, an evill or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose; or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charme, or enchantment; or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charme, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed, in his or her body, or any part thereof, such

* A very interesting account of the life and reign of Macbeth will be found in Wright's *History of Scotland*, published by the London Printing and Publishing Company. The author thus dismisses the subject:—"Such is the veritable history of a chieftain who, from the circumstance of his having been made the hero of one of the best known tragedies of Shakspere, has become one of the most celebrated of the earlier Scottish kings It will be seen that most of the incidents of Shakspere's play have no foundation in history, though some of them are taken from the fables of the later chronicles. Instead of being hated by his subjects, the name of Macbeth was long popular in Scotland as that of one of the best of their kings, and the Scottish people felt the indignity of a foreign intervention in their domestic affairs."

offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." Such was the state of the public mind at that time, that a belief in witchcraft was almost universal in this country, and the result of the publication of King James's book was visible in the destruction, in Scotland, of not less than six hundred beings at once, for the supposed commission of a crime which the better judgment of a later age has declared to be impossible. It cannot be doubted that the mind of Shakspere was to some extent influenced by the prevailing superstition, and that to this we probably owe the existence of that masterpiece of dramatic genius, his tragedy of *Macbeth*.

Let us now turn our attention more immediately to the work itself, and give a brief analysis of its principal characters; it may be called a sublime homily on the weakness of human nature—a startling warning, spoken, as it were, in words of thunder, and written in characters of blood, against dallying with temptation. Macbeth is gradually led to do that which he persuades himself he cannot avoid—he consents to become a murderer, because he believes that fate has willed it so; he is not the first or the last great criminal who have cast their sins upon a supposed fatal and indisputable ordinance, and who believe, or profess to believe, that they were predestined to evil. He is brave and just before he is tempted, but when tempted strongly, he yields, and falls from the warrior to the tyrant—timorous, cunning, and bloodthirsty. When he slays the unoffending Duncan he first reasons strongly against the act, tries to escape from its commission—his conscience wrestles with him, and represents the virtues of the meek king pleading like angels "against the deep damnation" of the deed; and when the act is done, it is instantly repented, and the murderer stands aghast at his soul-destroying work. The poet has here presented us with an awful picture of the terrors of conscience—the shuddering murderer trembling at every sound, and peopling the air with avenging voices uttering strange and fearful threatenings; but after Macbeth becomes deeply steeped in blood and familiar with crime, we may observe the savage premeditation of his murders. When giving directions for the death of Banquo, he addresses the assassins thus —"Was it not yesterday we spoke together?" evincing a perfect indifference to the intended destruction of his old associate and fellow soldier; he has altogether got rid of the "compunctious visitings" which shook him when engaged in the murder of Duncan. It has been said that a man who commits one murder, and escapes detection or punishment, seldom remains single in his crime—he is hounded on by his impetuous and savage desires again to imbrue his hands in blood; thus is it with Macbeth, he feels that for him there is no retreat, and he adds crime to crime, until he becomes a mere vulgar tyrant, surrounding his nobility with spies, and, in his fear, devoting to death even the innocent, whom he merely suspected to be dangerous.

Lady Macbeth is such a character as Shakspere alone, of all our dramatists, could have painted—terrible even to sublimity in her determinate wickedness—fiend-like in the savage obduracy of her nature; the bitter scoffer of the irresolute pleadings of departing virtue, and the expiring throes of conscience in her guilty partner: still she is never utterly beyond our sympathy. She urges her husband to the murder of Duncan, but she bears no hatred to the mild old king: he is an obstacle in her path to greatness, and must be removed. When bending over his couch, on the fearful night of his murder, when, amidst the howlings of the storm and the rack of the elements, there were

> Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death
> And prophecying, with accents terrible—

even then, unmoved by all these horrors, she contemplates his destruction by her own hand; but the resemblance between him and her aged father shoots athwart her mind, and she experiences a momentary tenderness for the unsuspecting and defenceless monarch. She is a woman still. But this softening of her stern nature is but transient; it does not last long enough to interfere with her dread resolve; she feels, but smothers human sympathies, and brings them into bondage to her adamantine will. This fearful woman is a faithful and affectionate wife: we view her with none of the abhorrence which is excited in us towards Regan and Goneril, the cruel and unnatural daughters of the aged Lear whom,

with an exquisite probability, Shakspere also makes unchaste and treacherous wives. When, at the banquet, Macbeth raves about the ghost of Banquo, who glares horribly upon him, and points to the

—— Twenty trenchéd gashes on his head,

she dismisses the guests in confusion; but when they are gone, she utters not one word of reproach, but gently tells him that he lacks rest.

She has shown no sign of repentance—spoken no word of compunction, yet we see her punishment is begun; the torture of the mind tells on the fevered frame; the seed which she had sown in blood, though it had grown to be a vigorous plant, had borne no fruit; and when she next comes upon the scene, it is when broken-hearted and dying she utters in her sleep those fearful thoughts which, in her watchful moments, she had kept closed up in the whited sepulchre of her own sad, yet hardened heart.

For his supernatural machinery, Shakspere has taken some broad hints from Middleton's play of *The Witch*, which, with a few bold thoughts, possesses a great deal that is both gross and frivolous: his witches are disgusting and unbridled female libertines. Shakspere has elevated them into wild and malignant essences, who, though possessing no sympathy with human suffering, appear to possess the worst of human passions. The weird sisters of Middleton are of earth, those of Shakspere, of hell—mean instruments of demoniacal power and temptation, and bearing a similar relation to humanity as the plague-winds and the pestilent swamp, from which is ever rising the malaria of death, do to the prolific beauty of an otherwise enchanting and productive land. They meet in thunder and in lightning, to the accompaniment of wild and supernatural music, they answer strange voices in the air—familiars, in the form of cats and toads; they love the midnight, and inhabit the passing storm; they crouch beneath the gibbet of the murderer, and meet in dark caves, amidst convulsions and rockings of the earth; and there they brew their hell-broth, and devise evil suggestions and illusions to ensnare the weak Thay have nothing in common with this world, but are altogether hellish, in the coarse, material sense of the word Shakspere does not create a spirit by merely making it exempt from the customary conditions of humanity—visible or invisible at its own will—dying away on the air, like music in the night, and setting the law of gravitation at defiance No, his spirits have all a diverse, etherial character. Titania, Oberon, and Puck, Ariel and Caliban, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, have characteristics altogether distinct, not from his witches only, but from each other And how finely does he distinguish between palpable, absolute apparitions, and mere spectral delusions The Ghost in *Hamlet* is a reality—a spiritual existence, which is seen by Horatio and the officers on guard, and which communicates with Hamlet, but the Ghost of Banquo is seen by no one but Macbeth it merely comes, gazes upon him, and vanishes—that is, there is no ghost, but a mere delusion, bred from feverish and unnatural excitement.

After Macbeth and his ambitious wife, there are few strongly marked characters in the play. Duncan is a mild and virtuous sovereign; but he calls for little further comment· the softness of his nature is traceable in the timid characters of his two sons, who, by their disgraceful flight, at first incur the suspicion of being his murderers. Banquo is the opposite of Macbeth, being both a brave and virtuous general. The witches solicit him, also, during sleep, to some horrible act, but he prays against a repetition of the temptation, while Macbeth is on the watch for opportunity.

This great tragedy conveys a grand moral precept. poetical justice is dealt out rigidly to its chief actors. Lady Macbeth, as the greatest criminal, is the greatest sufferer: madness, and a supposed suicide, close her career of guilt and gloom; and her husband meets his death by the same violent means as those by which he had attained his regal but wretched eminence, while the punishment of both is brought about by their own evil actions.

Scenes of terror, such as are found in this tragedy, stand alone; otherwise, says Schlegel, "the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the *head of Medusa*."

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2, sc. 4; sc. 6.

MALCOLM, *the eldest son of* Duncan.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DONALBAIN, *younger son of the* King.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.

MACBETH, *a General of the* King's *army.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II sc 1, sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1, sc 2; sc. 4 Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc 5, sc 7.

BANQUO, *also a General in the service of the* King

Appears, Act I. sc 3; sc. 4; sc 6. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3 Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Noblemen of Scotland.—

MACDUFF.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3, sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V sc. 4, sc. 6; sc. 7.

LENOX.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc 6. Act II sc 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc 2 sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

ROSSE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc 4; sc. 6. Act II sc. 4 Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV sc 2, sc. 3 Act V sc. 4; sc 6; sc. 7.

MENTETH.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc 7.

ANGUS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc 6. Act V. sc 2; sc 4, sc. 6; sc. 7.

CAITHNESS.

Appears, Act V sc 2; sc 4, sc. 6; sc 7.

ANOTHER LORD.

Appears, Act III. sc. 6.

FLEANCE, *son to* Banquo.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

SEYTON, *an officer attending on* Macbeth

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

SON TO MACDUFF.

Appears, Act IV. sc 2.

MURDERERS

Appear, Act III. sc 1, sc 3, sc. 4.

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

Appears, Act IV sc 3.

A SCOTCH DOCTOR

Appears, Act V sc 1, sc 3.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Appears, Act I sc 2

PORTER *at* Macbeth's *castle.*

Appears, Act II sc 3

AN OLD MAN

Appears, Act II sc 4

LADY MACBETH.

Appears, Act I sc 5; sc 6, sc 7 Act II sc 2; sc. 3. Act III sc 1, sc 2, sc 4 Act V sc 1.

LADY MACDUFF.

Appears, Act IV sc 2.

GENTLEWOMAN, *attending on* Lady Macbeth.

Appears, Act V sc 1.

HECATE.

Appears, Act III sc 5 Act IV sc 1.

THREE WITCHES.

Appear, Act I sc. 1; sc 3 Act III sc 5 Act IV sc. 1

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo *and other Apparitions.*

SCENE—*In the end of the Fourth Act lies in* ENGLAND; *through the rest of the play, in* SCOTLAND: *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *castle.*

Macbeth.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter three WITCHES

1*st Witch* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2*nd Witch* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:[1]
3*rd Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1*st Witch.* Where the place?
2*nd Witch.* Upon the heath
3*rd Witch* There to meet with Macbeth[2]
1*st Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls.—Anon.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air
[WITCHES *vanish*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near* Fores

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Dun What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully 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;[3]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold Yes·
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell ——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit* Sold, *attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,[4]
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us,——
Dun Great happiness!
Rosse. That now,
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[5]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use
Dun No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest —Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the Three WITCHES

1*st Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2*nd Witch* Killing swine
3*rd Witch* Sister, where thou?
1*st Witch* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd —
"Give me," quoth I.
"Aroint thee, witch!"[6] the rump-fed ronyon[7] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,[8]
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2*nd Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1*st Witch.* Thou art kind.
3*rd Witch.* And I another.
1*st Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid [9]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd
Look what I have
2*nd Witch.* Show me, show me
1*st Witch* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*
3*rd Witch* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come
All The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can,—What are you?
1*st Witch* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2*nd Witch* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3*rd Witch* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Ban Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal, to me you speak not
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.
1*st Witch* Hail!
2*nd Witch.* Hail!
3*rd Witch.* Hail!
1*st Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2*nd Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3*rd Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

Mr. MACREADY as MACBETH.
MACB. Two truths are told as happy prologues to
the swelling act of the imperial theme.
Act I. Sc. 3.

1st Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death,[10] I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you [WITCHES *vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb Into the air, and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind —'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too, went it not so?

Ban To the self-same tune, and words Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS

Rosse The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death As thick as tale,
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb The thane of Cawdor lives, Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not,
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme —I thank you, gentlemen —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban Look, how our partner's rapt

Macb If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour --my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them —Let us toward the king --
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb Till then, enough.—Come friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Fores *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal My liege,
They are not yet come back But I have spoke
With one that saw him die who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it, he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle
Dun. There 's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust —O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,[11]
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave
Dun My worthy Cawdor!
Macb The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside*
For in my way it lies Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant,[12]
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V —Inverness *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M They met me in the day of 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 further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, "Thane of Cawdor," by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way Thou would'st be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,

MISS GLYN AS LADY MACBETH.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; *and shalt be*
What thou art promised.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

And yet would'st wrongly win. thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation
Atten. So please you, it is true, our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit* Atten
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,[13] unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,[14]
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further
Lady M Only look up clear,
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle. Hautboys.* Servants *of* Macbeth *attending.*

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, *and* Attendants

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,[15] but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.[16]—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips He 's here in double trust.
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek,[17] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.[18]—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. He has almost supp'd, Why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[19]
Macb Pr'ythee, peace
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this
Macb. If we should fail,——
Lady M We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only.[20] When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*The Same. Court within the Castle*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a* Servant, *with a torch before them*

Ban How goes the night, boy?

Fle The moon is down, I have not heard the clock

Ban And she goes down at twelve

Fle I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose![21]—Give me my sword,—

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch*

Who's there?

Macb A friend.

Ban What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content

Macb Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought

Ban All's well
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb I think not of them
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—[22] when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb Good repose, the while!

Ban Thanks, sir, The like to you! [*Exit* BAN

Macb Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Serv
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest I see thee still,
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives
[*A bell rings*
I go, and it is done, the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire — Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night He is about it
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores [23] I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die
Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there?—what, ho!
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done —the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us —Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them —Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't —My husband?

Enter MACBETH

Macb. I have done the deed —Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i'the second chamber?
Lady M Donalbain
Macb. This is a sorry sight [*Looking on his hands*
Lady M A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight
Macb There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, "murder!"
That they did wake each other, I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us
Lady M Consider it not so deeply.
Macb But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat
Lady M These deeds must not be thought
After these ways, so, it will make us mad
Macb Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,"—
Lady M What do you mean?
Macb Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things —Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood
Macb. I 'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on 't again, I dare not
Lady M Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures '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*
Macb Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white [*Knock*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry —retire we to our chamber
A little water clears us of this deed
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended —[*Knocking*] Hark! more knocking
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers —Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts

Macb To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself [*Knock*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III —*The same*

Enter a Porter *Knocking within*

Port Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key [24] [*Knocking*] Knock, knock, knock Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty Come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't [*Knocking*] Knock, knock Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven O, come in, equivocator [*Knocking*] Knock, knock, knock Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose Come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose [*Knocking*] Knock, knock Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell I'll devil-porter it no further I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire [*Knocking*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX

Macd Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery it makes him, and it mars him, it sets him on, and it takes him off, it persuades him, and disheartens him, makes him stand to, and not stand to In conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him

Macd I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night

Port That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me. But I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.[25]

Macd Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him, here he comes.

Enter MACBETH

Len Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb Not yet.

Macd He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipp'd the hour

Macb I'll bring you to him

Macd I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one

Macb The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door

Macd I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service [26] [*Exit* MACD

Len Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb He does —He did appoint it so

Len The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night. some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake

Macb 'Twas a rough night

Len My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb Len What's the matter?

Macd Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak,
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACB. *and* LEN
Ring the alarum-bell —Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings*

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,——
Macd O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell ——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where ——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX

Macb Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN

Don What is amiss?
Macb You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted, no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb O, yet I do repent me of my fury
That I did kill them
Macd Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason —Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M Help me hence, ho!
Macd Look to the lady
Mal Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban Look to the lady —
[LADY M. *is carried out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure,[27] let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us
In the great hand of God I stand, and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macb And so do I
All. So all
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles. the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot,
Hath not yet lighted,[28] and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV —*Without the Castle*

Enter ROSSE *and an* Old Man

Old M Threescore and ten I can remember well
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd
Rosse And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M 'Tis said, they eat each other
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't Here comes the good Macduff ——

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd Why, see you not?
Rosse Is 't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd Those that Macbeth hath slain
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd They were suborn'd
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed
Rosse 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth
Macd He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone,
To be invested
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd Carried to Colmes-kill,[29]
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones
Rosse Will you to Scone?
Macd No, cousin, I 'll to Fife
Rosse Well, I will thither.
Macd Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse Father, farewell
Old M God's benison go with you and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. -Fores *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded *Enter* MACBETH, *as King;* LADY MACBETH, *as Queen,* LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants

Macb. Here 's our chief guest

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow
Is 't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast
Ban. My lord, I will not
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly Hie you to horse Adieu,
Till you return at night Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord our time does call upon us,
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs
Farewell.— [*Exit* BAN
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt* LADY M, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word. Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten]
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,[30]
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!——Who 's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1*st Mur* It was, so please your highness
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo
1*st Mur* You made it known to us.
Macb I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,[31]
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1*st Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[32] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs. the valued file[33]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature

Mr. M'KEAN BUCHANAN AS MACBETH.
MAC: ——— "To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus; — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd."
MACBETH Act 3. Sc. 1.
Engraved by J. Sherratt from a Daguerreotype by Brinkerhoff & Co. New York

Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2nd Mur I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1st Mur And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't

Macb Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy

2nd Mur True, my lord

Macb So is he mine and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons

2nd Mur We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us

1st Mur Though our lives——

Macb Your spirits shine through you Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,[34]
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace, always thought,
That I require a clearness [35] And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour Resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you anon

2nd Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight, abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*The same Another Room*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words

Serv Madam, I will [*Exit*

Lady M Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard what's done, is done.

Macb We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further

Lady M Come on,
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb So shall I, love, and so, I pray, be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts
Disguising what they are.

Lady M You must leave this.

Macb O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund Ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight,[36] ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words but hold thee still,
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III —*The same A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace*

Enter Three Murderers

1*st Mur* But who did bid thee join with us?
3*rd Mur.* Macbeth
2*nd Mur* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just
1*st Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
Now spurs the lated[37] traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3*rd Mur.* Hark! I hear horses
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
2*nd Mur* Then it is he, the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.
1*st Mur.* His horses go about
3*rd Mur.* Almost a mile. but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them*

2*nd Mur.* A light, light!
3*rd Mur.* 'Tis he.
1*st Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1*st Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults* Ban.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge —O slave! [*Dies* Flea. *and* Serv. *escape.*
3*rd Mur* Who did strike out the light?
1*st Mur.* Was't not the way?
3*rd Mur.* There's but one down, the son is fled.
2*nd Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1*st Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace*

A Banquet prepared *Enter* Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, *and* Attendants

Macb You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome
Lords Thanks to your majesty
Macb 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 M Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.——
Both sides are even Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth, anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round —There's blood upon thy face.
Mur 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him
Macb Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance. if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil
Mur Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature
Macb. Thanks for that ——
There the grown serpent lies, the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present—Get thee gone, tomorrow
We'll hear, ourselves again [*Exit* Mur.
Lady M My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome To feed, were best at home,
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it
Macb Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place*
Macb Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance![38]
Rosse His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb The table's full
Len Here's a place reserv'd, sir
Macb Where?
Len Here, my lord What is't that moves your highness?
Macb Which of you have done this?
Lords What, my good lord?
Macb Thou canst not say, I did it never shake
Thy gory locks at me
Rosse Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.
Lady M Sit, worthy friends —my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth 'pray you, keep seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion,
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool
Macb Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too ——
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears*
Lady M What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb If I stand here, I saw him
Lady M Fie, for shame!
Macb Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal,[39]
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools This is more strange
Than such a murder is
Lady M My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you
Macb I do forget —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me Come, love and health to all,
Then I'll sit down ——Give me some wine, fill full ——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

GHOST *rises*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all
Lords Our duties, and the pledge
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble, Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit[40] thee, protest me
The baby of a girl Hence, horrible shadow!
[GHOST *disappears*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so,—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,[41]
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse,
Question enrages him. at once, good night —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Atten

Macb. It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood —What is the night?

Lady M Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?[42]

Lady M Did you send to him, sir?

Macb I hear it by the way, but I will send.
There 's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M You lack the season of all natures, sleep

Macb Come, we 'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath.*

Thunder *Enter* HECATE, *meeting the Three* WITCHES

1*st Witch* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly

Hec Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you
But make amends now Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[43]
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air, this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground
And that, distill'd by magic slights,[44]
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] Come away, come away, &c.
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1*st Witch.* Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth marry, he was dead.—
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it So that, I say,
He has borne all things well and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father, so should Fleance
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward
That, by the help of these, (with him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,[45]
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war

Len Sent he to Macduff?

Lord He did and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord My prayers with him! [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the Three WITCHES.

1*st Witch* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd
2*nd Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3*rd Witch* Harper cries [46]—'Tis time, 'tis time
1*st Witch* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw ——
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All Double, double toil and trouble
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2*nd Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3*rd Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[47]
For the ingredients of our cauldron
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn, and, cauldron, bubble
2nd Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other Three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG [48]

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2nd Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.——
Open, locks, whoever knocks

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?
All A deed without a name.
Macb I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1st Witch. Speak.
2nd Witch. Demand
3rd Witch We 'll answer.

1st Witch Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them
1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition *of an armed Head rises* [49]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——
1st Witch He knows thy thought,
Hear his speech, but say thou nought
App Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff,
Beware the thane of Fife —Dismiss me —Enough [*Descends*
Macb Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright —But one word more —
1st Witch He will not be commanded Here 's another,
More potent than the first

Thunder An Apparition *of a bloody Child rises*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee [50]
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth [*Descends*
Macb. Then live, Macduff, What need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder —What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chases, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*

Macb. That will never be,
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom —Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing, Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more

Macb I will be satisfied deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys*

1*st Witch* Show! 2*nd Witch* Show! 3*rd Witch* Show!

All Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order, the last with a Glass in his Hand, BANQUO *following*

Macb Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo, down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls —And thy hair,[51]
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first —
A third is like the former —Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more, and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry [52]
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd[53] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his —What, is this so?

1*st Witch* Ay, sir, all this is so —But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights,
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music The* WITCHES *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len What 's your grace's will?

Macb Saw you the weird sisters?

Len No, my lord.

Macb Came they not by you?

Len No, indeed, my lord

Macb Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse Who was 't came by?

Len 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb Fled to England?

Len Ay, my good lord

Macb Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line No boasting like a fool,
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —Fife *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE

L Macd What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse You must have patience, madam.

L Macd. He had none.
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors

Rosse You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear

L Macd Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch. for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season I dare not speak much further.
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move —I take my leave of you
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before —My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Rosse I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort
I take my leave at once [*Exit* Rosse

L Macd Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son As birds do, mother

L Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son With what I get, I mean, and so do they

L Macd Poor bird thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying

L. Macd Yes, he is dead, how wilt thou do for a father?

Son Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again

L. Macd Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee

Son Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd Ay, that he was.

Son What is a traitor?

L. Macd Why, one that swears and lies.

Son And be all traitors, that do so?

L Macd Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged

Son And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L Macd. Every one

Son Who must hang them

L Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L Macd Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father

L Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect [54]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here, hence, with your little ones
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer [*Exit* Mess

L Macd Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm,
Is often laudable to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur Where is your husband?

L Macd I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him

Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou li'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.[55]

Mur What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you [*Dies.*

[*Exit* L Macd, *crying murder, and pursued by the* Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail,
What know, believe, and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet I am young, but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god
Macd I am not treacherous
Mal But Macbeth is
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge But 'crave your pardon,
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so
Macd I have lost my hopes
Mal Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties —You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think
Macd Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is afeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot
Mal. Be not offended
I speak not as in absolute fear of you
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right,
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd What should he be?
Mal It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms
Macd Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth
Mal I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign
Macd Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny, it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink
We have willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd
Mal With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth
Macd This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own All these are portable,[56]
With other graces weigh'd
Mal But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live —O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king, the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland —O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life. my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel![57] Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal Well, more anon —Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure. their malady convinces
The great assay of art, but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit* Doct.

Macd What's the disease he means?

Mal '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 virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd See, who comes here?

Mal My countryman, but yet I know him not.

Macd My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse Sir, Amen.

Macd Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave. where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile,
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy, the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse Why, well.
Macd And all my children?
Rosse Well too
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse No, they were well at peace, when I did leave them
Macd Be not a niggard of your speech, How goes it?
Rosse When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot
Now is the time of help, your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses
Mal Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out
Rosse 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them [58]
Macd What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone
Macd If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it
Rosse Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard
Macd Humph! I guess at it
Rosse Your castle is surpris'd, your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you
Mal Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break
Macd My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found
Macd And I must be from thence
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse I have said
Mal Be comforted
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief
Macd He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal Dispute it like a man
Macd. I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls Heaven rest them now!
Mal Be this the whetstone of your sword let grief
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it
Macd O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission, front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself,
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physic, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,[59] I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her

Doct. You may, to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut

Doct What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, Two, Why, then 'tis time to do 't ——Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct Go to, go to, you have known what you should not

Gent She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that Heaven knows what she has known

Lady M Here 's the smell of the blood still all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand Oh! oh! oh!

Doct What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct This disease is beyond my practice Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds

Lady M Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale —I tell you yet again Banquo's buried, he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M To bed, to bed, there 's knocking at the gate Come, come, come, come, give me your hand, What 's done, cannot be undone To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit* LADY MACB

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the 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.

Gent Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Country near* Dunsinane

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff
Revenges burn in them for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man [60]

Ang Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming

Cath Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len For certain, sir, he is not I have a file
Of all the gentry, there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood

Ment What does the tyrant?

Cath Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies
Some say, he's mad, others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule

Ang Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands,
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach,
Those he commands, move only in command
Nothing in love now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief

Ment Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us

Len Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants

Macb Bring me no more reports, let them fly all,
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power on thee."——Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir

Macb Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv The English force, so please you

Macb Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough. my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported

Macb I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
Give me my armour

Sey 'Tis not needed yet

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest

Macb. Cure her of that
Canst thou not minister to 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?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself
Macb Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it —
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff —
Seyton, send out —Doctor, the thanes fly from me —
Come, sir, despatch —If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again —Pull 't off, I say —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
Doct Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation
Makes us hear something
Macb. Bring it after me ——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane [*Exit.*
Doct Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Country near* Dunsinane. *A Wood in view*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers, *marching*

Mal Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment We doubt it nothing
Siw What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold It shall be done
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate
Towards which, advance the war
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V —Dunsinane *Within the Castle*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home What is that noise? [*A cry within, of Women.*
Sey It is the cry of women, my good lord
Macb I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me —Wherefore was that cry?
Sey The queen, my lord, is dead
Macb She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing ——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue, thy story quickly
Mess Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb Well, say, sir.
Mess As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mac. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much —
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane,"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane —Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone —
Ring the alarum bell —Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI —*The same A Plain before the Castle*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c, and their Army, with Boughs*

Mal Now near enough, your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are —You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw Fare you well —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight

Macd Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt Alarums continued*

SCENE VII.—*The same Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH

Macb They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo Siw. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb My name's Macbeth.

Yo Siw The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb No, nor more fearful.

Yo Siw Thou liest, abhorred tyrant, with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young* SIW. *is slain.*

Macb Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves, either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw This way, my lord,—the castle's gently render'd
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do

Mal We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight*
Macb. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I 'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough"
[*Exeunt, fighting*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off. and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse Ay, on the front
Siw Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him
Siw. He 's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head on a Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head. the time is free
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!
All. King of Scotland, hail!
[*Flourish.*
Mal We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES TO MACBETH.

[1] *When the battle's lost and won.*

That is, the battle in which Macbeth was then engaged.

[2] *There to meet with Macbeth*

This line is most unmusical, and evidently imperfect, something has been accidentally omitted from it The poet, Pope, reads—there *I go* to meet Macbeth, and Mr Capell inserts the word *brave*, before Macbeth Mr Steevens meets the difficulty by adding the word *whom*, and dividing the line between the three witches, thus —

3rd Witch There to meet with—
1st Witch *Whom?*
2nd Witch. Macbeth

[3] *Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied*

Kernes and *Gallowglasses* were light and heavy armed foot-soldiers From the following passage in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, they appear to have been of a rude and savage nature —

——— The Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yield or not yield, whom so they take, they slay

Of and *with*, are indiscriminately used by our old writers

[4] *Confronted him with self-comparisons*

That is, confronted Norway, and not Cawdor, as it at first appears The Thane of Cawdor was not with the army, but at court, where he is arrested and condemned, his offence consisted in giving secret assistance to the rebels When Macbeth has the title of Cawdor bestowed upon him, he is not aware of that thane's treason and apprehension

[5] *Saint Colme's Inch*

Colme's-inch, now called Inchcolm, is a small island lying in the Firth of Forth, with the ruins of a monastery upon it, which was founded by Alexander I, in 1123, and dedicated to St Colomb *Inch*, or *Inshe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island

[6] *Avaunt thee, witch!*

Avaunt, is a word of Saxon origin, signifying away! run! There is an old drawing in Herne's *Collections*, in which our Saviour is represented visiting Hell, and out of his mouth issues a label, on which is written, *Out, out, arongt.* These words are addressed to Satan, and the last is evidently identical with that used in this passage One of the folio editions reads, *Anoint thee*. but avaunt is, doubtless, the correct word.

[7] *The rump-fed ronyon.*

Rump-fed, means fed on offal; *ronyon*, is a mangy or scrofulous woman.

[8] *And, like a rat without a tail.*

"It should be remembered," says Mr Steevens, "as it was the belief of the times, that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures"

[9] *He shall live a man forbid.*

That is, as one under a curse or interdiction.

[10] *By Sinel's death.*

Sinel, Thane of Glamis, was the father of Macbeth.

[11] *From hence to Inverness.*

Dr Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, states, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing.

[12] *True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant.*

He is quite, or to the full, as valiant as you describe him. While Macbeth was uttering the preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo have been conversing apart on Macbeth's conduct, and to some praise supposed to have been bestowed upon him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers.

[13] *That tend on mortal thoughts*

This does not mean, that attend on the thoughts of mortals, but on deadly or murderous designs.

[14] *Stop up the access and passage to remorse.*

Remorse was anciently often used as identical with pity.

[15] *Coigne of vantage*, i e, convenient corner.

[16] *We'd jump the life to come.*

We would run the risk of eternal punishment, if certain of success and impunity here.

[17] *Hath borne his faculties so meek.*

Faculties is used for office, exercise of power.

[18] *That tears shall drown the wind.*

Alluding to the cessation of wind during a heavy rain. Again, in Shakspere's poem of *Venus and Adonis*:—

Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth.

[19] *Like the poor cat i' the adage.*

The *adage*, or old saying, alluded to, is —the cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.

[20] *A limbeck only.*

The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass in the form of steam into the recipient. Their memory shall be but as a vapour.

[21] *Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature*
Gives way to in repose.

It appears, from what Banquo says immediately afterwards, namely, "I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters," that he had been tempted by them in a dream, to attempt some act which, when waking, he recoiled from. Shakspere finely contrasts his character in this particular, with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt, even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and depriving himself of rest, through impatience to commit the murder he is contemplating

[22] *If you shall cleave to my consent*

Mr. Malone says that *consent*, in this line, appears to him unintelligible, and that it should be *content*, but consent is used as synonymous with will, and the meaning is plain enough, if you concur with my will, and assist my designs, it shall create honour for you

[23] *Do mock their charge with snores.*

By going to sleep, the grooms made light of and mocked their duty which was that of watching the king.

[24] *If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key*

That is frequent, more than enough of. With reference to the whole of this speech, Coleridge says — "This low soliloquy of the Porter, and his few speeches afterwards, I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakspere's consent, and that finding it take, he, with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words, 'I'll devil-porter it no further, I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire' Of the rest, not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakspere."

[25] *Yet I made a shift to cast him*

To cast him up, or ease my stomach of him. An equivocation is intended between cast or throw, as a term in wrestling, and to cast up or throw off the stomach.

[26] *Limited service*, i.e., appointed service.

[27] *And when we have our naked frailties hid*
That suffer in exposure.

That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies, which suffer from exposure to the cold night air.

[28] ——*This murderous shaft that's shot,*
Hath not yet lighted.

That is, the end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained Malcolm feared that the sons also would be involved in the destruction of the father

[29] *Comes-kill.*

This is one of the western isles otherwise known as Iona; it was the burial-place of the ancient kings of Scotland.

[30] *For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind.*

Filed is an abbreviation of defiled So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608 —

> He called his father villain, and me strumpet,
> A name I do abhor to file my lips with

[31] *Are you so gospell'd?*

Are you so exact in your observance of religious principles? Are you so over-scrupulous? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism

[32] *Shoughs*

These are probably what are now called *shocks*, demi wolves, dogs bred between wolves and dogs

[33] *The valued file*

File and list are synonymous, in the last act of this play we have —

> —— I have a file,
> Of all the gentry

[34] *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time*

In this line *with* is used as *by*, acquaint you by the (or a) perfect spy o' the time, and we find a third murderer joins them and directs them where to await the coming of Banquo

[35] ——*Always thought,*
That I require a clearness

That is, always remember that throughout the whole business you must in no way implicate me You must so contrive it, that no suspicion will fall upon me

[36] *His cloister'd flight*

Bats are frequently seen flying round cloisters in the dusk of the evening, Shakspere has associated this fact with the flight of the bat

[37] *Lated*, i e. belated, benighted.

[38] *Than pity for mischance.*

"This," says Mr. Malone, "is one of Shakspere's touches of nature. Macbeth, by these words, discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publicly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by 'hard use,' Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr Whately has observed) 'by an overacted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the

feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause"

[39] *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal.*

In the primitive times, before human laws purged society of its guilty members.

[40] *If trembling I inhibit.*

To *inhibit* is to forbid; thus, in *Othello*, a practiser of arts *inhibited*.

[41] ——*You make me strange,*
Even to the disposition that I owe.

That is, you make me amazed at my own disposition or weakness, when I see that you can see such things without fear.

[42] *How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,*
At our great bidding?

The meaning is not—do you say that Macduff denies himself? but—how say you? what do you infer from that? what think you of it?

[43] *And at the pit of Acheron*

Shakspere has here bestowed the name of *Acheron* on any pit or cavern through which there was superstitiously believed to be a communication with the infernal world The true *Acheron* was a river in Greece, but Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of Amsanctus, in Italy

[44] *Magick slights*, i e, magic arts, or practices

[45] *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives*

That is, free our feasts and banquets from the presence or the fear of assassins Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood—

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives

[46] *Harpier cries*

This appears to be some imp or familiar spirit, of which we have no information Probably it is only a misprint for harpy

[47] *Chaudron*, i e, entrails

[48] *Song.*

This stanza is taken from *The Witch*, by Middleton, a play to which Shakspere was indebted for several hints respecting his witches It is there called *A Charme Song about a Vessel*, but it was, in all probability, traditional, and belonged neither to Middleton or Shakspere.

[49] *An apparition of an armed Head rises*

The *armed head* represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane

[50] *Had I three ears, I'd hear thee*

That is, thou shalt command my most exclusive and entire attention, even were my sense of hearing greater than it is. Had I three ears, thou shouldst engross them all

[51] ——*And thy hair,*
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

We should most probably read—thy *air* but Mr. Mason observes that the old reading may be the true one, as it implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family resemblance than the *air*, which depends on habit

[52] *That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.*

An allusion to the union of the two islands, and the three kingdoms under the rule of James the First.

[53] *For the blood bolter'd*

That is grimed or besmeared with blood In Warwickshire, when a man's head was broken, and the hair matted together with blood, it was said to be *boltered* Such a term was peculiarly applicable to Banquo, who had twenty trenched gashes on his head.

[54] *Though in your state of honour I am perfect.*

That is, though I am perfectly acquainted with your honourable rank

[55] *Thou shag-ear'd villain.*

Perhaps we should read shag-*haired*, a term of abuse very common in our ancient plays

[56] *All these are portable.*

Portable is perhaps here used for supportable. All these vices, balanced by your graces, may be endured.

[57] —— —— *And the chance of goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!

This passage conveys no decided meaning Dr. Johnson inclines to the belief that Shakspere wrote—and the chance, O goodness, &c The sense then will be—may the chance or result of this battle be in accordance with the justice of our cause.

[58] *Where hearing should not latch them*

To *latch* any thing, is to seize or lay hold of it, in the north country, it signifies the same as to catch.

[59] *Since his majesty went into the field*

Mr Steevens very judiciously remarks that this is one of our poet's oversights Macbeth had not gone into the field, but was shut up in his castle of Dunsinane, and surrounded by besiegers.

[60] *Excite the mortified man.*

That is, they would excite a hermit, one whose feelings were subdued and mortified within him, and who could not therefore easily be roused to aggressive actions

H. T

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SHAKSPERE took the hint for this tragedy from a story in the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, the Italian novelist, of which, however, no translation of the time of our poet has been discovered The story by Cinthio is very short, the characters consisting only of the Moor, Desdemona, the lieutenant, the ensign, and the wife of the latter, none of them being called by their names, except the unfortunate victim of treachery and jealousy The incidents also are dissimilar in many respects, especially in regard to the death of Desdemona, who is murdered in a manner so revolting that the good taste of Shakspere instantly discarded it. She is beaten to death by the ensign with a stocking filled with sand, the Moor countenancing this savage murder by his presence Then placing her in bed they pull down the rafters of the room upon it, and the Moor calls for help, saying the house is falling The neighbours on this alarm running there, find Desdemona dead under the beams, and her decease is attributed to accident, and not to design "But," says the novelist, "God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it" The Moor becomes deranged in his mind, and hating the ensign for the part he took against his wife degrades him from his commission, upon which the latter accuses him of the murder of Desdemona, and the general is subjected to the rack, and then condemned to exile, "in which," says the narrator, "he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations." The ensign escaped for a time, but being arrested for some other crime, he also was put to the torture, and racked so severely that he died in consequence

Such are the bare and rude materials (possessing no further interest or literary merit than a modern newspaper narrative of murder) upon which our poet has founded his great tragedy, which Mr Douce contends is inferior "in point of originality and poetic wealth to *Macbeth*, to *Lear*, to *Hamlet*, and *The Tempest*" Its inferiority in point of *originality* I emphatically deny, Shakspere's obligation to Cinthio is so very trifling as to be unworthy of record, if it were not interesting to know from what seed in the garden of fiction so great and noble a tree as *Othello* was generated To carry out the comparison, it reminds me of the mustard seed in the parable, which is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it becometh a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches This tragedy may be inferior in mere poetry to all the plays just enumerated, but in the delineation of the sublime energy of passion, it is superior to them all except *Lear*, and our compassion for Othello is even greater than that which we entertain for the aged monarch.

The Moor is amiable, brave, generous, and firm, with him, what should be, must be. he will not permit his feelings to interfere with what he deems his duty This feature of his character contributes materially to the catastrophe of the tragedy. had he possessed the irresolution of Hamlet, Iago's villany would have been discovered, and Desdemona saved, for Hamlet would always have been desiring more evidence, and even, when convinced of her falseness, would have remained undecided how to act, and probably would have ultimately divorced her But Iago calculates on the hot Moorish blood which runs in Othello's veins; he knows the impetuous fierce passions which lie latent in the soul of the victim of his fiendish deception, and practises upon them accordingly Othello is very philosophical until his mind is poisoned by the insinuations of Iago; he keeps a sort of military guard over his passions; remember his calm even conduct when Brabantio approaches him in the street at night, followed by armed servants and public officers, whom he bids to seize the Moor; he himself addressing him as "vile thief," and with other violent language. And before the Duke he conducts his own cause with the subtilty and readiness of an advocate. What a touch of effective oratorical artifice is that where he tells the assembled senate, that he had been bred in a camp, knew but little of the

world, and therefore could not grace his cause by the arts of eloquence. Thus leading them to the belief that he was incapable of defending himself, and then delivering the most effective oration that could have been uttered in his behalf But when the maddening conviction of his wife's treachery and shame is forced upon him, he breaks out into a paroxysm of frantic passion, his habit of self-government is for a time annihilated, and the hot blood of the savage triumphs over the judgment of the man He tries to escape from this dreadful conviction —

By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

But Iago draws the web gradually closer and more closely around him, and, with fiendish sagacity, keeps the subject in all its most hideous colours perpetually in his mind, until the final perpetration of the terrible catastrophe of the drama How painfully affecting is the anguish of soul with which he exclaims "But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" Well might Coleridge, with the true feeling of a poet, ask, as the curtain drops, which do we pity most, Desdemona, or the heart-broken Moor

Iago is an utter villain, with no redeeming circumstances—love, benevolence, sympathy for his race, every holy and exalted feeling have, in him, no existence, their place is occupied by a satanic selfishness, and an absolute love of malice, it is the fertile activity of his intellect, and the ingenuity of his wickedness, that alone make him endurable, otherwise we should shrink from him with loathing and disgust He is the most villanous character ever drawn by Shakspere, for Richard III is cruel, to serve his ambition, but Iago is cruel and fraudulent, because he finds a pleasure in fraud and cruelty, he has no belief in honesty—does not think there is any such thing in the world, he entertains an obdurate incredulity as to the virtue of women, and has a perfect faith that Desdemona will be seduced by Cassio, if he tempts her He looks upon everything only in a gross and sensual light, and delights in painting the purest feelings in the most repulsive colours, this will explain why Shakspere has put so many coarse and revolting speeches in his mouth No character the great poet ever drew utters so many offensive expressions, and this was, doubtless, intended to exhibit the intense depravity of his mind He has a natural turn for dishonesty and trickery, and would rather gain his ends by deception than by straightforward conduct He is proud of his cunning, and witty also, full of that ill-natured sarcasm which delights in giving pain to others.

The character of Cassio is admirably delineated—he is every way calculated to become an object of suspicion to the Moor—he is young, handsome, and courteous, a scholar, and something of a poet, as his beautiful description of Desdemona will evidence. Even Iago admits, "That he hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after"

Poor Desdemona is the perfection of womanly gentleness and tenderness—a generous, romantic girl, full of kindness to every one, and by the very liberality of her nature, laying herself open to the aroused suspicions of her husband If she has a fault, it is that she is too passive. Observe the wide contrast between her character and that of Emilia, as finely portrayed in the third scene of the fourth act Othello has desired his wife to retire and dismiss her attendant, and the two women are conversing before they separate for the night, Desdemona, in her simple purity, asks —

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind

Note the worldliness of the other's reply, she would not do "such a thing for a joint-ring," *but*, &c.; and Desdemona's sceptical rejoinder, "I do not think there is any such woman" The absolute purity of her mind will not permit her to believe in evil. How sweetly touching is her character, compared with that of Iago—a seraph and a demon.

This tragedy is attributed by Mr. Malone to the year 1611, but on very slender grounds, with which he professes himself to be dissatisfied, but there is no doubt that it was one of Shakspere's latest productions.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act I sc 3

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act I sc 1, sc 2, sc 3.

OTHER SENATORS

Appear, Act I sc 3

GRATIANO, *Brother to* Brabantio

Appears, Act V sc 1, sc 2

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to* Brabantio

Appears, Act IV sc 1, sc 3. Act V sc 1, sc 2

OTHELLO, *a Moor, General of the Venetian Forces.*

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

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant*

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

IAGO, *his Antient*

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

RODERIGO, *a simple Venetian Gentleman*

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

MONTANO, Othello's *predecessor in the Government of Cyprus*

Appears, Act II sc 1 · sc 3. Act V sc 2

CLOWN, *in the service of* Othello.

Appears, Act III sc 1, sc 4

HERALD

Appears, Act II sc 2

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello

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

EMILIA, *Wife to* Iago

Appears, Act II sc 1 Act III sc 1, sc 3, sc 4 Act IV sc 2 sc 3 Act V sc 1, sc 2

BIANCA, *a Courtezan.*

Appears, Act III sc 4 Act IV sc 1 Act V sc 1

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c

SCENE—*For the First Act in* VENICE; *during the rest of the Play at a Seaport in* CYPRUS.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Venice *A Street*

Enter Roderigo *and* Iago

Rod Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me —
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me
Rod Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate
Iago Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him,—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,[1]
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 was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife [2]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls[3] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster,[4]
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation,[5] where each second
Stood heir to the first Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor
Rod I would not follow him then.
Iago O, sir, content you,
I follow him to serve my turn upon him
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves [6] Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself,
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end.
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[7]
If he can carry 't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour
Rod Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud
Iago Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window*

Bra What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd, for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul,
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra Not I, What are you?
Rod My name is—Roderigo
Bra The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet
Rod Sir, sir, sir, sir,——
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[8]
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you

Iago 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians You 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse, you 'll have your nephews neigh to you: you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans
Bra What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra Thou art a villain.
Iago You are—a senator
Bra This thou shalt answer, I know thee, Roderigo
Rod Sir, I will answer any thing But I 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,[9]
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs·
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,[10]
Of here and everywhere. 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
Bra Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people·—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already —
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above*
Iago Farewell; for I must leave you
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him, for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So, farewell
[*Exit*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with Torches*

Bra It is too true an evil gone she is,
And what 's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness —Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers,
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
Rod Truly, I think, they are
Bra O heaven!—How got she out?—O 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?
Rod Yes, sir, I have indeed
Bra Call up my brother —O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another —Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me
Bra. Pray you, lead on At every house I 'll call,
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night —
On, good Roderigo,—I 'll deserve your pains
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II —*The Same. Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs
Oth 'Tis better as it is
Iago Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's,[11] he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable
Oth Let him do his spite
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,[12] 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,[13]
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth But, look! what lights come yonder

Enter CASSIO, *at a distance, and certain Officers with Torches*

Iago These are the raised father, and his friends
You were best go in
Oth Not I I must be found
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly Is it they?
Iago By Janus, I think no
Oth The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant
The goodness of the night upon you, friends
What is the news?
Cas The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
If it prove a lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand
Iago. He 's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers of night, with Torches and Weapons*

Iago. It is Brabantio —general, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor
Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both sides*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled 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 waken motion:—I 'll have it disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke 's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away
Mine 's not an idle cause the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans,[14] 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[15] in these news,
That gives them credit
1*st Sen* Indeed, they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies
Duke And mine, a hundred and forty
2*nd Sen* And mine, two hundred.
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the 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. [*Within*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, *with a* Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1*st Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,[16]
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in —if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless
Duke Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes
Off Here is more news

Enter a Messenger

Mess The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet
1*st Sen* Ay, so I thought —How many, as you guess?
Mess Of thirty sail and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus —Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him
Duke 'Tis certain then for Cyprus —
Marcus Luccheśe, is he not in town?
1*st Sen* He 's now in Florence.
Duke Write from us, wish him post-post-haste despatch.
1*st Sen* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you[17]
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you, welcome, gentle signior;
[*To* BRA.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself
Duke Why, what 's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——
Duke Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action
Bra Humbly I thank your grace
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen We are very sorry for it
Duke What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To* OTH
Bra Nothing, but this is so.
Oth Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true, true, I have married her
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.
Bra A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him

1*st Sen* But, Othello, speak,—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,[18]
And let her speak of me before her father
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place,— [*Exeunt* IAGO *and* Attendants
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke Say it, Othello

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history.[19]
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.[20] These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard
But not intentively [21] I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, '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

Bra I pray you, hear her speak,
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education,
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you, you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,

So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord
Bra. God be with you!—I have done —
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs,
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it —
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them —I have done, my lord
Duke. Let me speak like yourself;[22] and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
But seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief,
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief
Bra So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears.
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words, I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.
Duke The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus —Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you. you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes[23] with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[24]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reverence of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding
Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's
Bra I'll not have it so
Oth Nor I
Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.
Duke What would you, Desdemona?
Des That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes[25]
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence Let me go with him
Oth Your voices, lords.—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,[26]
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it, you must hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honesty, and trust
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me

Duke. Let it be so —
Good night to every one —And, noble signior,
[*To* BRA
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black

1*st Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, *&c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith —Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage —
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTH *and* DES

Rod Iago.

Iago What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago Why, go to bed, and sleep

Rod I will incontinently drown myself

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years[27] and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in virtue to amend it.

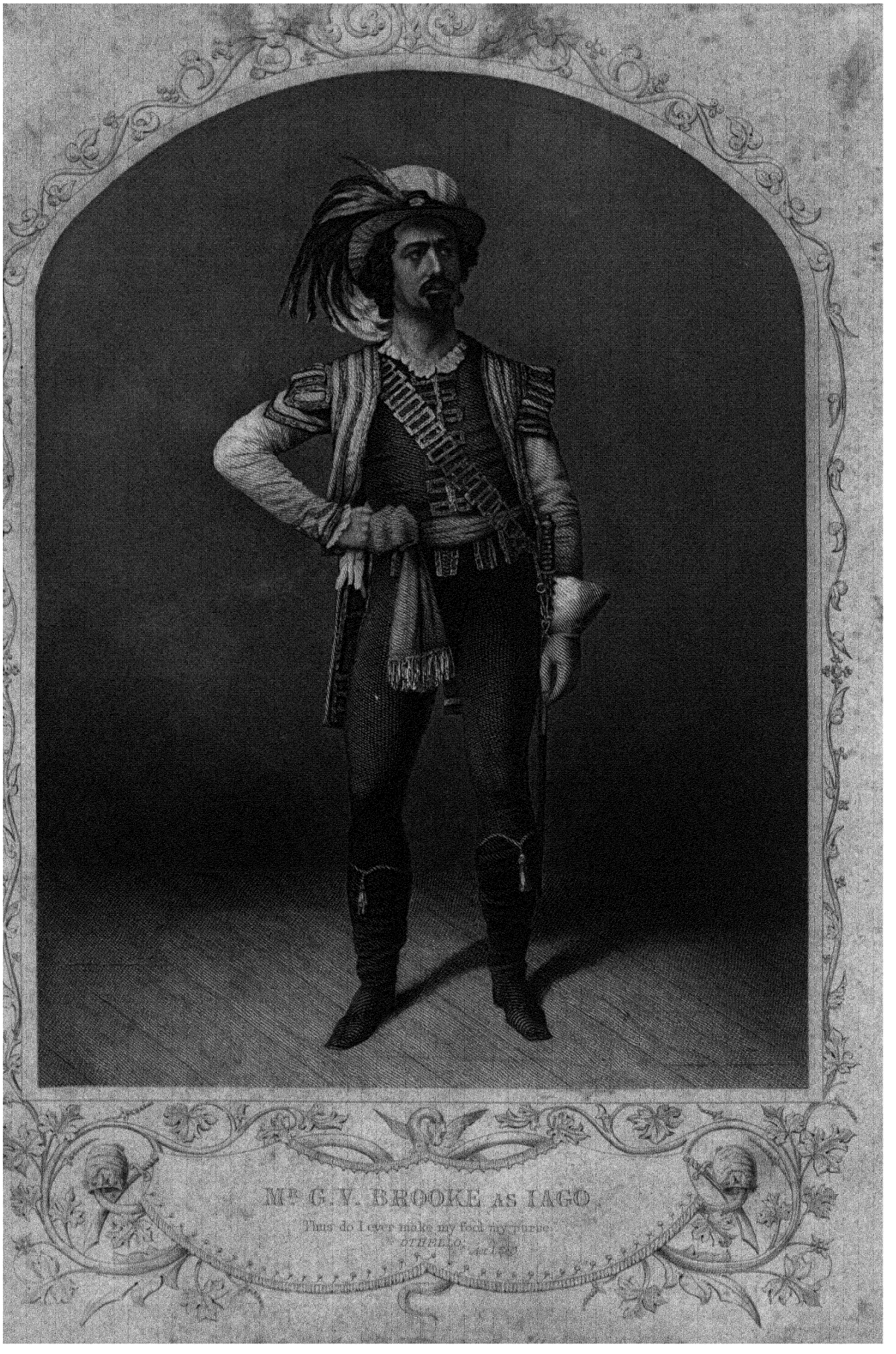
Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous 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.

Rod It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness, I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse, follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;[28] I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her. it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills,—fill thy purse with money. the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,[29] shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice —She must have change, she must. therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning Make all the money thou canst If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her

Rod Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money: —I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.



Mr. G. V. BROOKE AS IAGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.

OTHELLO, Act I. Sc. 3

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?
Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go to, farewell Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear
Rod I am changed I 'll sell all my land
Iago. Go to, farewell. put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* Rod
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife —
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seems to be so
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are
I have 't,—it is engender'd —Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in* Cyprus. *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and Two* Gentlemen

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1*st Gent.* Nothing at all. it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.
Mon Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?
2*nd Gent* A segregation of the Turkish fleet.
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3*rd Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Mon How! is this true
3*rd Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore. the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon I am glad on 't, tis a worthy governor.
3*rd Gent* But this same Cassio,—though to speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.
3*rd Gent.* Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[30]

[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4th Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor

2nd Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy: [*Guns heard*
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2nd Gent. I shall. [*Exit*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2nd Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail

[*Cry within*, A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard*

2nd Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas See for the news— [*Exit* Gent
Good ancient, you are welcome,—Welcome, mistress— [*To* EMIL
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners, 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her*

Iago Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much,
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking

Emil. You have little cause to say so

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a turk,
You rise to play, and go to bed to work

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago No, let me not

Des What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There 's one gone to the harbour?

MR COULDOCK AS IAGO.

IAGO. O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO. Act 2, Sc 1.

Lith. [illegible] from a Drawing [illegible] by Mr Cleer & Germon, Philadelphia.

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Des Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit

Des Worse and worse

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago She never yet was foolish that was fair,[31]
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish there unto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

Des O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—"now I may,"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly·
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind,
She was a wight—if ever such wight were——

Des To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband —How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?[32]

Cas He speaks home, madam, you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper. with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in Very good, well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and* Attendants

Oth O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
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

Des The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth Amen to that, sweet powers
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let 's to the castle —
News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
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, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus
[*Exeunt* OTH, DES, *and* Atten

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard —First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor, very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none· A slippery and subtle knave, a finder out of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after· A pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not,—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod Well

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you· Provoke him that he may for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity

Rod I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity

Iago I warrant thee Meet me by and by at the citadel I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell

Rod Adieu [*Exit*

Iago That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it,
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And, I dare think, he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat. the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife,
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*

Mr. MACREADY, as IAGO.

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.

OTHELLO, Act 1.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, *with a Proclamation*, People *following.*

Her It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph, some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him, for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting,[33] from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! *Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants

Oth Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion
Cas Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't
Oth. Iago is most honest
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To* DES
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you —
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH, DES, *and* Attend

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch

Iago Not this hour, lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago Well, happiness to their sheets! Come lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello

Cas Not to night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you

Cas I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more

Iago What, man! 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door, I pray you, call them in.

Cas I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CAS.

Iago If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep, and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys. [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* ROD.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within*]—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.[84]

Rod. Beat me!

Cas Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* ROD.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* ROD., *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies [35]
Oth. Hold, for your lives
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you, hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light, he dies upon his motion —
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety —What is the matter, 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
Devesting them for bed and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil,
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure, What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me;—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me —What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous —Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier
Iago Touch me not so near
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him —Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting, Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off[36]
[*To* MON, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted —
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CAS

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial — My reputation, Iago, my reputation

Iago As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again You are but now cast in his mood,[37] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an office. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse 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 sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath one imperfectness 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 befallen, but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used, exclaim no more against it And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you

Cas. I have well approved it, sir —I drunk!

Iago You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general,—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces confess yourself freely to her, importune her, she'll help to put you in your place again she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter, and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before

Cas You advise me well

Iago I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here

Iago. You are in the right Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CAS.

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain?
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal[38] 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
As the free elements.[39] And then for her

To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moo
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, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO

Rod I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry My money is almost spent, I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled, and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice

Iago How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio·
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe
Content thyself a while —By the mass, '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* ROD] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on,
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife —Ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I —*Before the Castle*

Enter CASSIO, *and some* Musicians

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that 's brief, and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Music*

Enter CLOWN

Clo Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1*st Mus* How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1*st Mus* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1*st Mus* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1*st Mus* Well, sir, we will not

Clo If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care

1*st Mus* We have none such, sir.

Clo Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away 10 Go, vanish into air, away [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Cas Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you

Cas Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*
Cas. I humbly thank you for 't I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure,[41] 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 saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And, by him, 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.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see 't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never anything but your true servant.
Des O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord.
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service
Des Do not doubt that, before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift,
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance*

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.
Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave
Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak
Cas Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit* CAS.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord. or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you
His present reconciliation take,
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him black.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you
Des Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des To-morrow dinner then?
Oth I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des Why then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,—
I pray thee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,——
Oth Pr'ythee, no more let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des Why, this is not a boon,
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize[48] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come —Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with* EMIL.
Oth Excellent wretch![48] Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
Oth O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Ay, honest.
Iago My lord, for aught I know.
Oth What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst "Indeed?"
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*
Cas. I humbly thank you for't I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure,[41] 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 saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And, by him, 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.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.
Des O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service
Des. Do not doubt that, before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance*

Emil Madam, here comes
My lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave
Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak
Cas Madam, not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit* CAS.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you
His present reconciliation take,
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him black.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des To-morrow dinner then?
Oth I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn,—
I pray thee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,——
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon,
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize[42] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with* EMIL.
Oth. Excellent wretch![43] Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago My noble lord,——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
Oth O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Ay, honest.
Iago My lord, for aught I know.
Oth What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown —Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst "Indeed?"
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem,
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.
Oth Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me,
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You 'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thought.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger,
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor —
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I 'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,[44]
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well,
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me No, Iago;
I 'll see, before I doubt, when I doubt, prove,
And, on the proof, there is no more but this —
Away at once with love, or jealousy
Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me.—I speak not yet of proof
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty,[45] be abus'd, look to 't
I know our country disposition well,
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love,—But, I do see you are mov'd.—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend —
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd —
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point.—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural —
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her. though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,[46]
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,[47]
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base,
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,[48]
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.
Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you do here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, faith, she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.
Iago Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMIL.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,——
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the throat*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see it, or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

Mr. G. V. BROOKE AS OTHELLO,
AND
Mr. JAMES BENNETT AS IAGO.

OTH: If thou dost slander her and torture me
never pray more!

OTHELLO,
Act 3. Sc. 3.

Engraved from a Daguerreotype by B. Hill.

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
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil Now art thou my lieutenant
Iago I am your own for ever [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The same*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown

Des Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo I dare not say, he lies anywhere
Des. Why, man?
Clo He is a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing
Des. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie
Des Can anything be made of this?
Clo I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.
Des Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well
Clo To do this, is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it [*Exit*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil I know not, madam
Des Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking
Emil Is he not jealous?
Des Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him —How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moist This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so,
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you
Oth I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des Here, my lord.
Oth That which I gave you
Des I have it not about me
Oth Not?
Des No, indeed, my lord
Oth That is a fault
That handerchief
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 father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies She dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her I did so: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth 'Tis true: there 's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

I thank you for this profit, and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face —If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it —Would, I were satisfied!
Iago I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you
You would be satisfied?
Oth Would? nay, I will
Iago And may But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth Death and damnation! O!
Iago It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
Oth Give me a living reason[49] she's disloyal
Iago I do not like the office
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs,
One of this kind is Cassio·
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—"O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd,—"Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!"
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.[50]
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces
Iago Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;[51]
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift
Iago I know not that but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs
Oth O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago,
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven;
'Tis gone —
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspick's tongues!
Iago Pray, be content
Oth O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say, your mind, perhaps, may change
Oth Never, Iago Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and 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 yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels*
I here engage my words.
Iago Do not rise yet — [*Kneels*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive
Iago My friend is dead, 'tis done, at your request
But let her live
Oth Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago I am your own for ever [*Exeunt*

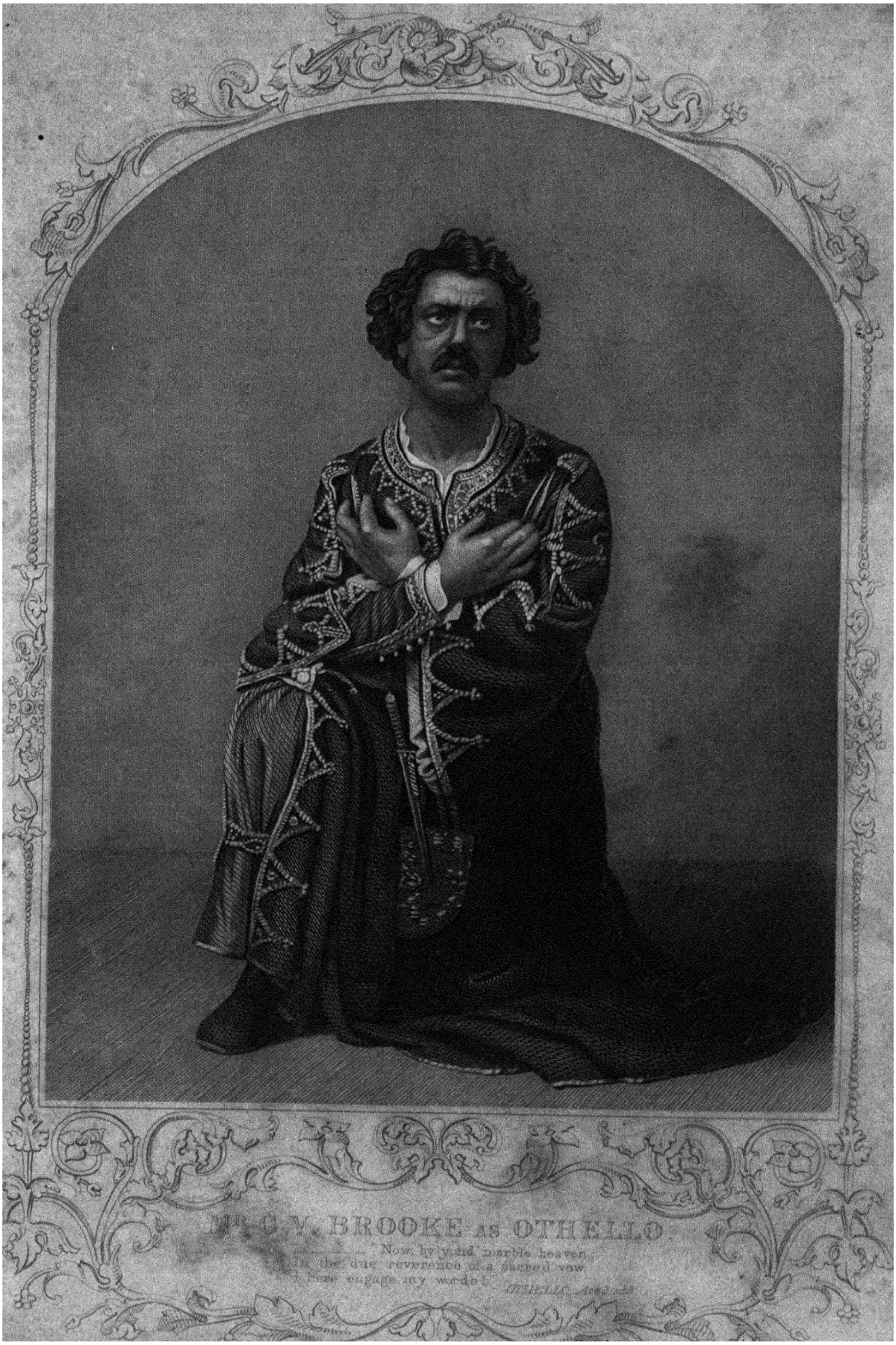
SCENE IV —*The same*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown

Des Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo I dare not say, he lies anywhere
Des Why, man?
Clo He is a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing
Des. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie
Des Can anything be made of this?
Clo I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.
Des Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.
Clo To do this, is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit*
Des Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil I know not, madam
Des Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil Is he not jealous?
Des Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes
Des I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him —How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moist This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart
Oth. A liberal hand The hearts of old, gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des Here, my lord.
Oth That which I gave you
Des I have it not about me
Oth Not?
Des No, indeed, my lord
Oth That is a fault
That handerchief
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 father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies She dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her I did so: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth 'Tis true. there 's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world



MR C.V. BROOKE AS OTHELLO

"Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words."

OTHELLO, Act I Sc III

The sun to make 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
Des Indeed! is't true?
Oth Most veritable, therefore look to't well
Des Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it
Oth Ha! wherefore?
Des Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?
Des Heaven bless us!
Oth Say you?
Des It is not lost, But what an if it were?
Oth Ha!
Des I say, it is not lost
Oth Fetch't, let me see it
Des Why, so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a trick, to put me from my suit,
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again
Oth Fetch me that handkerchief my mind misgives
Des Come, come
You'll never meet a more sufficient man
Oth The handkerchief,——
Des I pray, talk me of Cassio
Oth The handkerchief,——
Des A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,——
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des In sooth,
You are to blame.
Oth Away! [*Exit* Oth
Emil Is not this man jealous?
Des I ne'er saw this before
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief
I am most unhappy in the loss of it
Emil 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us Look you! Cassio, and my husband

Enter Iago *and* Cassio

Iago There is no other way; 'tis she must do't,
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.
Des How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour, I would not be delay'd
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit,
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms
Des Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My 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?
Emil He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness
Iago Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother,—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry
Des I pr'ythee, do so—Something, sure, of state,— [*Exit* Iago
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object 'Tis even so
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal —Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,[52])
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely
Emil Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself
Des Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil Lady, amen.
Des I will go seek him—Cassio walk hereabout.
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uppermost
Cas I humbly thank your ladyship
[*Exeunt* DES *and* EMIL

Enter BIANCA

Bian Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house
Bian And I was going to your lodging, Cassio
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas Pardon me, Bianca,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DES'S *Handkerchief*
Take me this work out
Bian O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause
Is it come to this? Well, well
Cas Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance
No, in good troth, Bianca
Bian Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet I found it in my chamber
I like the work well, ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian Leave you! wherefore?
Cas I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd
Bian Why, I pray you?
Cas Not that I love you not
Bian But that you do not love me
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night
Cas 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here but I'll see you soon
Bian 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I—*The same*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO

Iago Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago What,
To kiss in private?
Oth An unauthoriz'd kiss
Iago Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven
Iago So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——
Oth. What then?
Iago Why, then 'tis hers, my lord, and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man
Oth She is protectress of her honour too,
May she give that?
Iago Her honour is an essence that 's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not
But, for the handkerchief,——
Oth By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it —
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago Ay, what of that?
Oth That 's not so good, now.
Iago What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab——

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago He hath, my lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear

Oth What hath he said?

Iago 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did

Oth What? what?

Iago Lie——

Oth With her?

Iago With her, on her, what you will

Oth Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her lie with her! that's fulsome—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief—To confess, and be hanged for his labour—First, to be hanged, and then to confess—I tremble at it Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction [53] It is not words, that shake me thus—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips [54]—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a Trance*

Iago Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas What is the matter?

Iago My lord is fallen into an epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday

Cas Rub him about the temples

Iago No, forbear
The lethargy must have his quiet course
If not, he foams at mouth, and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness Look, he stirs
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight, when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you—

[*Exit* CAS

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth Dost thou mock me?

Iago I mock you! no, by heaven
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man

Oth A horned man's a monster, and a beast

Iago There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth Did he confess it?

Iago Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar, your case is better
O, '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

Oth O, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

Iago Stand you awhile apart,
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)
Cassio came hither I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face,
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife,
I say, but mark his gesture Marry, patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man

Oth Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience,
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody

Iago That's not amiss,
But yet keep time in all Will you withdraw?

[OTH *withdraws.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one,—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter—Here he comes—

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,
And his unbookish jealousy [55] must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power.
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out [*Aside.*

Iago Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said [*Aside.*

Iago She gives it out, that you shall marry her Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer[156] I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win [*Aside*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out. she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;——

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so hales, and pulls me. ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew![157] marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit*

Iago After her, after her

Cas 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you

Cas. Pr'ythee, come, Will you?

Iago Go to, say no more [*Exit* CAS.

Oth How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth O, Iago!

Iago And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth Was that mine?

Iago Yours, by this hand and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing — A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes —Cuckold me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago That 's fouler.
Oth Get me some poison, Iago, this night — I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again —this night, Iago
Iago Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated
Oth. Good, good the justice of it pleases, very good
Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker You shall hear more by midnight
[*A Trumpet within*
Oth. Excellent good — What trumpet is that same?
Iago Something from Venice, sure 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke and, see, your wife is with him

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod 'Save you, worthy general!
Oth With all my heart, sir
Lod The duke and senators of Venice greet you
[*Gives him a Packet*
Oth I kiss the instrument of their pleasures
[*Opens the Packet, and reads*
Des And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior,
Welcome to Cyprus
Lod I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago Lives, sir
Des Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach but you shall make all well
Oth Are you sure of that?
Des My lord?
Oth "This fail you not to do, as you will"—
[*Reads*
Lod He did not call, he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one, I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio
Oth Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him,
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth Indeed?
Des My lord?
Oth I am glad to see you mad.
Des How, sweet Othello?
Oth Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des I have not deserv'd this
Lod My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps
Oth O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,[58]
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile —
Out of my sight!
Des I will not stay to offend you
[*Going*
Lod Truly, an obedient lady —
I do beseech your lordship, call her back
Oth Mistress,——
Des My lord?
Oth What would you with her, sir?
Lod Who, I, my lord?
Oth Ay, you did wish, that I would make her turn
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again, and she can weep, sir, weep,
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient,—Proceed you in your tears —
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home —Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon —Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice,—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit* DES
Cassio shall have my place And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus —Goats and monkies![59]
[*Exit*
Lod Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago He is much chang'd
Lod Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is, I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech Do but go after,
And mark how he continues
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA

Oth You have seen nothing then?
Emil Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them
Oth What, did they never whisper?
Emil Never, my lord
Oth Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil Never
Oth To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil Never, my lord
Oth That 's strange
Emil I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake if you think other,
Remo'e your thought, it doth abuse your bosom
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander
Oth. Bid her come hither —go —
[*Exit* EMIL.
She says enough,—yet she 's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth Some of your function, mistress;
[*To* EMIL.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry—hem, if anybody come·
Your mystery, your mystery,—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMIL.
Des Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words.
But not the words
Oth Why, what art thou?
Des Your wife, my lord, your true
And loyal wife
Oth Come, swear it, damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest
Des Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell
Des To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me, if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too
Oth Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

Mr. GEORGE BENNETT AS OTHELLO,
AND
MISS JANE BENNETT AS DESDEMONA.

OTH. Come swear it; damn thyself.

Act 4. Sc. 2.

That quicken even with blowing O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee —'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds —What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks,
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des By heaven, you do me wrong

Oth Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none

Oth What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved

Oth Is it possible?

Des O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then,
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello —You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell, You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there 's money for your pains,
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel [*Exit*

Emil Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des 'Faith, half asleep

Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

Des With who?

Emil Why, with my lord, madam

Des Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady

Des I have none Do not talk to me, Emilia,
I cannot weep, nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember,—
And call thy husband hither

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

Des 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO

Iago What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks
He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding

Iago What 's the matter, lady?

Emil Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear

Des Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name, fair lady?

Des Such as, she says, my lord did say I was

Emil He call'd her, whore, a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet

Iago Why did he so?

Des I do not know, I am sure, I am none such

Iago Do not weep, do not weep, Alas, the day!

Emil Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des It is my wretched fortune

Iago Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander, I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago Fye, there is no such man, it is impossible

Des If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow·—
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door

Emil O, fye upon him! some such squire he was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel —
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore,
It does abhor me, now I speak the word,
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me

Iago. I pray you, be content, 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you

Des If 'twere no other,—

Iago It is but so, I warrant you [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay.
Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well

[*Exeunt* DES *and* EMIL.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago, and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago Well; go to; very well.

Rod Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago Very well

Rod I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation, if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you

Iago You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing

Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair

Rod It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life

Rod Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place

Rod Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice

Iago O, no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio

Rod How do you mean—removing of him.

Iago Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him,—he knows not yet of his 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.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thank your ladyship

Des Your honour is most welcome

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona,——

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith dismiss your attendant there, look, it be done

Des. I will, my lord

[*Exeunt* OTH, LOD, *and* Atten

Emil How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did

Des He says he will return incontinent,
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you

Emil Dismiss me!

Des It was his bidding, therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu
We must not now displease him

Emil I would, you had never seen him!

Des So would not I, my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed

Des All's one —Good father! how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets

Emil Come, come, you talk.

Des My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara,
She was in love, and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man

Emil. A very handsome man

Des And he speaks well

Emil I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip

Des The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
[*Singing*
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, &c
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones
Lay by these
Sing willow, willow, willow,
Pr'ythee, hie thee, he 'll come anon —
Sing all a green willow must be my garland
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil It is the wind

Des I called my love, false love, but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men
So, get thee gone, good night Mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des I have heard it said so—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil There be some such, no question

Des Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil Why, would not you?

Des No, by this heavenly light!

Emil Nor I neither by this heavenly light,
I might do it as well i' the dark

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing. 'Tis a great price
For a small vice

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil By my troth, I think I should, and un do 't, when I had done. Marry I would not do

such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil Yes, a dozen, and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is, And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth, Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I —*A Street*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution

Rod Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't

Iago Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword [*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat[60] almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,[61]
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril
No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod I know his gait, 'tis he,—Villain, thou diest

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* CAS.

Cas That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st,
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds* ROD.

Rod. O, I am slain!

[IAGO *rushes from his post, cuts* CAS *behind in the Leg, and exit*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio —Iago keeps his word

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted [*Exit* OTH.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance*

Cas What, ho! no watch? no passage?[62] murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very direful
Cas O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod O wretched villain!
Lod Two or three groans,—it is a heavy night
These may be counterfeits, let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help
Rod No body come? then shall I bleed to death

Enter IAGO, *with a Light.*

Lod Hark!
Gra Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons
Iago Who is there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago Did you not hear a cry?
Cas Here, here, for heaven's sake, help me
Iago What 's the matter?
Gra This is Othello's ancient, as I take it
Lod The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help [*To* LOD *and* GRA
Rod O, help me here!
Cas That 's one of them
Iago O murderous slave! O villain! [IAGO *stabs* ROD
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod He, sir
Iago I cry you mercy, Here is Cassio hurt
By villains.
Gra Cassio?
Iago How is it, brother?
Cas My leg is cut in two.
Iago Marry, heaven forbid—
Light, gentlemen, I 'll bind it with my shirt

Enter BIANCA

Bian What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?
Iago Who is 't that cry'd?
Bian O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas No.
Gra I am sorry to find you thus. I have been to seek you
Iago Lend me a garter So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian Alas, he faints—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury—
Patience a while, good Cassio—Come, come;
Lend me a light—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no—Yes, sure, O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra What, of Venice?
Iago Even he, sir, did you know him?
Gra Know him? ay.
Iago Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon,
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra I am glad to see you.
Iago How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he—O, that 's well said;—the chair.— [*A Chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the general's surgeon—For you, mistress, [*To* BIAN.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?
Cas None in the world, nor do I know the man

Iago. [*To* BIAN] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[CAS. *and* ROD *are borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen —Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well, I pray you, look upon her,
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter, what's the matter, husband?

Iago Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd,
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil Alas good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring —Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night —
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me

Emil. Fye, fye upon the strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale —
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd —
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his Sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:[63]
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more —
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after —One more, and this the last
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love —She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth Ay, Desdemona

Des Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord

Oth If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul

Des Talk you of killing?

Oth Ay, I do

Des Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth Amen, with all my heart!

Des If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth Think on thy sins.

Des They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving —
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal Thou art to die
Des Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen
Des And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life, never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand,
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice [64]
I saw the handkerchief
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him —Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd
Des What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He 'll not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd,
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to night
Oth. Nay, if you strive,——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.[65] [*He smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain —
So, so
Emil [*Within*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth Who's there?
Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you
Oth Yes,—'tis Emilia —by and by —She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death,
The noise was high —Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?
I think, she stirs again —No —What 's the best?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife·
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil [*Within*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee O, come in, Emilia·—
Soft,—by and by,—Let me the curtains draw —
Where art thou? What 's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil O, good my lord, yonder 's foul murder done
Oth What? now?
Emil But now, my lord!
Oth It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.
Emil Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.
Oth Roderigo kill'd
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh
Des O, falsely, falsely murder'd
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth That! what!
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I
Emil She said so; I must needs report the truth
Oth. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil
Oth. She was false as water
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth Cassio did tup her, ask thy husband else
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity, Thy husband knew it all
Emil My husband?
Oth Thy husband
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Emil My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance,[66] woman? I say, thy husband
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband, Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago
Emil If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain
Oth Ha!
Emil Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know, thou didst not, thou art not such a 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
Emil But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue
Emil I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak,
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All O heavens forefend!
Emil And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't,—O villany!
I thought so then;[67]—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!
Iago What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak,
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*
Emil Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side
And fall to reprobation
Oth 'Tis pitiful but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed,[68] Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her, I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago Come, hold your peace
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out,—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak
Iago Be wise, and get you home
Emil I will not
[IAGO *offers to stab his Wife*
Gra Fye!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it
Iago. Villanous whore!
Emil She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband
Iago Filth, thou liest
Emil By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife.
[IAGO *stabs* EMIL, *then runs out*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave [*Exeunt* MON. *and* GRA
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—"Willow, willow, willow"—
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true,
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper,—
O, here it is —Uncle, I must come forth
Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer
Oth Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra What is the matter?
Oth Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop —But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? '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, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a Chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet,[69]—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTH. *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd
Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live,
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth Why, any thing
An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth Ay.
Cas Dear general, I never gave you cause
Oth I do believe it, and I ask your pardon
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing What you know, you know·
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips
Oth Well, thou dost best
Lod Sir, you shall understand what hath 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.
Oth O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state —Come, bring him away.
Oth Soft you, a word or two, before you go
I have done the state some service, and they know it,
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well,
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus [*Stabs himself.*
Lod O bloody period!
Gra All, that's spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee,—No way but this, [*Falling upon* DES.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work. the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

[1] *Evades them with a bombast circumstance.*

That is, with ostentatious circumlocution. In Massinger's *Picture*, we have the word *circumstance* used in the same sense —

And therefore without *circumstance* to the point.

[2] *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.*

This line has puzzled the commentators of Shakspere, Cassio is unmarried, and not, therefore, damned by an unequal or improper alliance Mr Steevens ventures the suggestion that Iago alludes to a report that Cassio should marry Bianca, the courtezan, and infers that Cassio was almost drawn into and damned by such a connection Mr Tyrwhitt's explanation, though it has been much objected to, seems certainly ingenious and reasonable "I am inclined to believe," he says, "that the true reading here is,—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*.

And that Shakspere alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those of whom all men speak well The character of Cassio is certainly such as would be very likely to draw upon him all the perils of this denunciation, literally understood Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured, with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors It may be observed, too, that Shakspere has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival"

[3] *Toged consuls*, i e robed counsellors.

[4] *This counter-caster.*

Iago has previously called Cassio "a great arithmetician;" this is a further allusion to the same idea, as sums were anciently reckoned up with counters.

[5] *Not by the old gradation.*

Not by the gradual and just rise, according to merit, after the ancient practice.

[6] *Whip me such honest knaves.*

Knave is here used for servant, but with a mixture of contempt.

[7] *What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe.*

This line is sometimes quoted to shew that the poet gave Othello all the features of a negro; but this is not intended, Roderigo merely speaks of his successful rival thus, in contempt.

[8] *My house is not a grange.*

Grange is commonly used to signify a lone house standing distant from other habitations, consequently a place where outrage or robbery might easily be committed, but, strictly speaking, it is the farm of a monastery, where the religious deposited their corn

[9] *At this odd-even and dull watch of the night.*

An uncouth and careless expression, but *odd-even* probably meant between twelve at night and one in the morning In *Macbeth* is a similar, though less ambiguous expression, when, in answer to the inquiry, "What is the night?" the lady answers —

Almost *at odds with morning*, which is which

[10] *In an extravagant and wheeling stranger.*

In is used in the sense of *to*, and *extravagant* in its Latin signification for *wandering* *Wheeling* bears a similar sense, signifying moving in circles, unprofitable action, motion without progression.

[11] ——*A voice potential,*
As double as the duke's

From Thomas's *History of Italy*, 4to, 1560, it appears to have been a popular, though false opinion, that the Duke of Venice had two voices or two votes in the ballot, on state matters, but double and single, in some senses, signified strong and weak When Macbeth speaks of his "*single* state of man," he means his weak and nervous state of mind *As double as the duke's*, may, therefore, only mean as influential as the duke's.

[12] *May speak, unbonnetted.*

To speak *un*bonnetted, is to speak with the cap off, which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning. Mr. Theobald says —"Othello means to say that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat *on;* i.e., without showing any marks of deference or inequality. I am therefore of opinion that Shakspere wrote:—

"May speak, *and*, *bonnetted*, &c."

[13] *Unhoused*, i e. free from domestic cares.

[14] *Bond-slaves and pagans.*

Mr. Theobald substitutes *pageants* for *pagans;* but the word is, doubtless, correct as it stands. Brabantio uses the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion, and implies, that if such actions are permitted, the highest offices of the state will be usurped by slaves and heathens.

[15] *Composition*, i.e, consistency, agreement.

[16] *But that it stands not in such warlike brace.*

That is, not in such a state of defence. To arm, was called to brace on the armour.

[17] *Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you.*

It may seem strange that the Venetians should have employed a foreigner, especially a Moor, to command their army; but it was part of the policy of that government never to entrust the command of an army to a native, for fear it might encourage him to any ambitious attempt on the sovereignty.

[18] *Send for the lady to the Sagittary.*

The *Sagittary* means the fictitious creature so called—that is, an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver The Sagittary here was probably the sign of some well-known house of entertainment.

[19] *And portance in my travel's history*

Pope adopted the reading of the old edition, which is—

And with it all my travel's history.

But all the others read—and portance—which appears to mean conduct I told her of my being sold to slavery, and how I conducted myself while in that state.

[20] *The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his *Description of Guiana*, published in 1596, a work which, from its being the topic of general conversation at the time, there is little doubt but that Shakspere had read, thus alludes to these supposed monstrosities —"Next unto the Arvi are two rivers, Atoica and Caora, and on that branch which is called Caoia are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a meere fable, *yet, for my own part, I am resolved it is true*, because every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same. They are called Ewaipanoma: they are reported to have eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward, betweene their shoulders"

[21] *But not intentively.*

This is the reading of the eldest quarto; the first folio has *instinctively;* the second, *distinctively.* The old word, which is significant with attentively, was sometimes used by contemporary authors.

[22] *Let me speak like yourself.*

That is, let me speak to you as you would reason with yourself in your cooler moments, when judgment is not disturbed by passion.

[23] *To slubber the gloss of your new fortunes.*

To *slubber* is an inelegant and obsolete word, meaning to do imperfectly, to neglect or obscure.

[24] *Agnize*, i e., acknowledge, or avow.

[25] *My downright violence and storm of fortune.*

That is, breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has—*scorn* of fortune.

[26] *My speculative and active instruments.*

Speculative instruments are the eyes; and active instruments, the hands and feet

[27] *I have looked on the world for four times seven years.*

"From this passage," says Dr Johnson, "Iago's age seems to be ascertained; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakspere is, however, of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation But it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years, or to account for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind commenced"

[28] *Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.*

That is, change thy appearance, or disguise thyself, by putting on an artificial beard

[29] *As luscious as locusts*

At Tonquin locusts are considered a great delicacy not only by the poor but by the rich, and are sold in the market as larks and quails are in Europe. By the Levitical law, four sorts of them are permitted to be eaten. Mr Steevens is, however, of opinion that it is the fruit of the locust tree which is here alluded to, a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice, of much the same consistency as fresh honey

[30] *Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure.

Dr Johnson says he cannot understand these lines, and purposes to read,

Stand bold, not sure.

But the meaning is intelligible —Cassio's hopes not being sick to death, he is bold in a belief of their recovery His hopes are not destroyed by despondency.

[31] *She never yet was foolish that was fair.*

"The law," says Dr. Johnson, "makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural;* therefore, since the most foolish woman, if pretty, may have a child, no pretty woman is ever foolish."

[32] *A most profane and liberal counsellor*

A wicked and licentious adviser.

[33] *All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting.*

That is, all rooms, or places, in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared, or served out.

[34] *A twiggen bottle.*

A twiggen bottle is a bottle covered with wicker-work. The quarto reads a wickered bottle.

[35] *I bleed still, I am hurt to the death :—he dies*

He dies, i.e. he shall die. I will be revenged by killing him, he may be supposed to say this, as he is offering to renew the fight.

[36] *Lead him off.*

These words were, doubtless, originally but a marginal direction in the prompter's book, which, by negligence, have been incorporated with the text.

[37] *Cast in his mood*, i e discharged in his anger.

[38] *Probal*, a graceless contraction of probable

[39] ——— *She 's framed as fruitful*
As the free elements.

She is as liberal as the elements, out of which all things are produced

[40] *Then put your pipes into your bag, for I'll away.*

This is probably a corruption, as his presence was neither desired nor cared for Sir T Hanmer reads—and hie away.

[42] *Full of poise*, i e. of weight.

[43] *Excellent wretch*

Wretch, as applied to a woman, is not a mere term of fondness, but, says Johnson, "it expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection"

[44] *To such exsufflicate and blown surmises*

Mr Malone thinks exsufflicate means swollen The sense appears to be, I will not regard any such exaggerated and whispered rumours

[45] *Self-bounty*, i e. inherent generosity

[46] *If I do prove her haggard.*

A *haggard* is a species of wild hawk, but from a passage in Webster's *White Devil*, it appears that it was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton woman, "Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews"

[47] *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings.*

A comparison borrowed from falconry, *jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.

[48] *Even then this forked plague is fated to us.*

An allusion to the supposed forked horns of the cuckold.

[49] *Give me a living reason.*

A reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise or conjecture. Something more than a probability.

[50] *'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.*

The old quarto gives this line, as well as the two following, and I think rightly, to Iago.

[51] *Nay, but be wise yet we see nothing done.*

Dr. Warburton finely says, that this is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying, "Give me the *ocular* proof."

[52] *Unhandsome warrior as I am*

That is, unfair assailant, she believes she had been guilty of an injustice to Othello

[53] *Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction.*

The meaning is, this terrible passion that now shakes me, cannot be without a real cause, a fancied jealousy alone could not produce such excitement. It is not words that shake me thus. This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words, it is one of those supernatural notices which men have of unseen calamities.

[54] *Noses, ears, and lips.*

Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposed to have passed between Cassio and his wife; the whispering in ears, conjunction of lips, &c.

[55] *Unbookish jealousy*, i e ignorant jealousy.

[56] *What! a customer?*

A courtezan, one that invites custom.

[57] *'Tis such another fitchew.*

A *fitchew* is a pole-cat, which is supposed to be a singularly lewd animal.

[58] *If that the earth could teem with woman's tears.*

If women's tears could impregnate the earth By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter.

[59] *Goats and monkeys.*

"In this exclamation," says Mr Malone, "Shakspeare has shown great art. Iago in the first scene, in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it were impossible to have occular demonstration of it, though they should be 'as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*:' these words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—Iago's words were but too true; now, indeed, I am convinced that they are as hot as goats and monkeys."

[60] *I have rubb'd this young quat.*

There has been much controversy about this passage. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a gudgeon, because a man grossly deceived is often called a gudgeon. Mr. Upton reads *quail*: Dr. Warburton retains *knat*, which is found

.n the early quarto; Mr. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a small bird of that name, and Dr. Johnson says, that in he midland counties a *quat* is the term for a pimple.

[61] *That I bobb'd from him.*

That is, fooled or cheated him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock or jeer

[62] *No passage*, i.e. no passengers.

[63] *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*

Dr. Warburton says this line should be punctuated thus:—

Put out the light, and then—put out the light.

The expression of putting out the light, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and, with a hesitation very natural in his situation, questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction.

[64] *A murder which I thought a sacrifice.*

This and the two preceding lines are difficult of explanation, one of the elder quartos reads:—thou dost stone *thy* heart, which, if it is correct, the passage would bear the following meaning — thou dost harden thy heart, and so force me to send you out of the world in the state of the murdered, without preparation for death, when I intended that thy punishment should have been a sacrifice atoning for thy crime. If this alteration is inadmissible, we must accept the following interpretation of the passage: — Thou hast hardened my heart by this obstinate denial of thy guilt, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when I thought to have *sacrificed* thee with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

[65] *It is too late.*

In the elder quarto, after this speech of Othello, Desdemona thrice repeats the name of the Almighty. "As this," says Mr. Steevens, "must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of superogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies"

[66] *Iterance*, thus the folio; the quarto reads, *iteration*.

[67] *I thought so then.*

That is, at the time when Iago had snatched the handkerchief from her hand.

[68] *That she with Cassio hath the act of shame*
A thousand times committed.

This is a passage which seems to imply that a longer space of time is comprised in the action of this play, than the scenes include. A jealous person, however, will exaggerate all he speaks or thinks of, and might use *a thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure; nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. Othello may also suppose that Desdemona had been guilty of criminal familiarity with Cassio before her marriage.

[69] *I look down towards his feet.*

To see if, according to the vulgar opinion respecting the devil, his feet were cloven.

H. T.

King Lear.

PARENTAL affection is the most noble and least selfish feeling of our nature, and the wanton outrage of it by monstrous ingratitude would not unnaturally suggest itself to a poet as a fit subject for a great drama; and Shakspere, in working out this idea, has produced the most harrowing and painful tragedy extant.

Lear is an incorporation of two distinct stories, that of Gloster and his sons (which is an episode not strictly connected with the dotage and death of the aged monarch) is borrowed from *The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kind Son*, in the second book of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*,* a work which there is sufficient evidence to prove that Shakspere had read, if even he could have been supposed ignorant of a production of so much celebrity. That of the aged monarch himself, and his unnatural children, was built upon a relation of the circumstance in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, who, in his turn, copied Geoffrey of Monmouth, who says that Lear was the eldest son of Bladud, that he governed his country for sixty years, and died about eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. Shakspere, though he doubtless read the *Chronicle* history, probably derived the incidents more immediately from a previous play on the same subject, entitled, *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, which play, although it was republished the same year when Shakspere produced his Lear, appears to have been laid aside in favour of our own poet's later and infinitely superior production. There is also an historical ballad printed without date, and contained in *Percy's Reliques of Antient English Poetry*, which Dr. Johnson considered might have supplied Shakspere with that part of his fable relating to the king and the ingratitude of his children, but it possesses no particular merit, and it is even doubted whether it was not subsequent to the play, and founded upon it, rather than that it furnished incidents to the poet. The story, however, seems to have been a traditional and popular one, and therefore open both to the ballad-maker and the dramatist

Shakspere's play was produced in 1605, or, according to Mr Douce, in 1604, when the poet was in the very midsummer of existence, and the full maturity of his strength, when his powers of observation had been confirmed by experience, and the spirit of poetry, having gone beyond the beautiful, had ascended to the sublime, for of this tragedy it may be justly said, that the genius of antiquity bows before it, and moderns gaze upon it with awe It contains so many strongly-drawn characters, so much worldly wisdom, and so many passages of an exquisite and sublime poetry, that it would seem as if the bard had, in the production of it, attempted to dazzle and confuse the minds of men with floods of mental beauty. The listening mind pants breathless after the fiery muse of the poet, and conception stands trembling and aghast Yet it is not without its errors, Mr. Coleridge has thought it necessary to apologize for the improbability of the first scene, which he excuses merely because he says "it was an old story rooted in the popular faith." Beautiful as the character of Cordelia afterwards appears, she does not attract us at the first; her answer to her father is cold and unpleasing; her reiterated *nothing* smacks of the obstinacy of her parent's nature, but she is, perhaps, influenced by a disgust at the hypocritical pretensions and fulsome adulations of her sisters.

Most critics have lauded the poet for his construction of this tragedy, and the subtilty he has evinced in weaving the two plots together; indeed, assimilating them to each other; but—heresy as it may be—I could have spared the episode of Gloucester and Edmund; it draws our attention too much

* Sir Philip Sidney was killed in 1586, the *Arcadia* was a posthumous work which first appeared in 4to, in 1590, under the direction of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

from the passionate sublimity of Lear, on whom the mind is so concentrated, that we are apt to become indifferent when he is not present or referred to. The incident of tearing out the eyes of the aged Duke, and thrusting him forth with the yet bleeding sockets, to wander in darkness and misery, is the only unmitigatedly repulsive scene in all Shakspere's works, (omitting *Titus Andronicus*, the authenticity of which is considered doubtful,) an action the relating of which in its revolting detail is productive rather of sickness and disgust than of tragic interest. Such is the horror of this savage cruelty that it wrings from the wretched sufferer a doubt of the justice and mercy of the universal providence, and he utters that dark and fearful expression:—

> As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport.

The character of Lear is grand in the extreme, the choleric yet affectionate old king, jealous of his dignity, brooking no insult, rash and impetuous, blind to every thing but momentary feeling, and heedless of all results—casts from his bosom his only affectionate child, and bestows his kingdom upon his two treacherous daughters, whose fiendish ingratitude rob him of the little which he had reserved to himself, and drive him forth to meet the midnight storm, and expose his white head to the "oak-cleaving thunderbolts;" he wanders about in his pathless way until his mind is disturbed, and the impetuous, dishonoured king, and broken-hearted father, becomes by degrees mad, from dwelling too intently on the monstrous ingratitude of his children. He is at length rescued from the frightful destitution and misery to which he had been abandoned, but it is too late, the blow has been inflicted, the shock was too great to permit of his recovery, and, as Schlegel eloquently observes, "all that now remains to him of life is the capability of loving and suffering beyond measure."

Some critics, amongst whom was Doctor Johnson, contended that the termination was too tragical for endurance, and that poetical justice was violated by the ultimate death of Lear and his daughter Cordelia; the sublime tragedy of Shakspere was therefore banished from the stage, and Tate's corrupt version, in which the scenes are most unnecessarily transposed, altered, and interspersed with silly bombast, and vapid puerility, was substituted in its stead, Lear was saved, and Cordelia retired with victory and happiness. A modern critic in allusion to this, exclaims "a happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that he had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation? why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station, as if at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die."

Tate also cut out of his adaptation of Shakspere's tragedy the character of the Fool, which was much the same as if some modern dauber should paint out the sunlight from a landscape of Claude's. We feel more than a common interest for this jester on account of his strong attachment to Lear and his family; he is also a great favourite of the aged king, is a wise counsellor, and, though a bitter satirist, is faithful to the old man through all his persecutions, and is hanged at last for his adherence to the cause of his deposed master. He never forgets his character; reverse of fortune makes him satirical, but never serious; he talks with a purpose, and strives to arouse the old monarch to re-assert his rank and condition, and enforce the respect due to it. The fourth scene in the third act is extremely grand, the real madness of Lear, the assumed madness of Edgar, and the quaint pithy sayings of the Fool, make a strange and almost startling picture; the very idea of bringing such characters together is a fine one, and would scarcely have occurred to any other author. The assumed insanity of Edgar is grandly contrasted with the real mental disorder of Lear. The latter never loses sight of the real causes of his misfortunes; when Edgar first enters, personating the bedlamite, the aged king exclaims in tones of pity—

> What, have his *daughters* brought him to this pass?
> Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

And when the Fool asks him whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? with a vivid sense of his own rashness, he answers "a king, a king!" But Edgar never alludes to the cause of his supposed madness, never forgets that he has a part to play, and the poet, with an exquisite observance of nature, makes him in his anxiety to preserve his disguise rather over-act the part; he is too learned; we see something of the gentleman through all the rags and mouthing of the assumed idiot. He is familiar with quaint traditions and odd tales of fiends and witches, which the real wandering idiot would never have thought of. Lear in the disorder of his mind is struck with the strange disparity in human fortunes and sufferings, he had been somewhat despotic in his sanity, but he turns reformer in his madness and babbles about the abuses of authority.

Kent is a very noble character, in every respect faultless, his love for his royal master endears him to us, while his rough energy and bluntness of speech claim our admiration. He is a plain truth-teller either to king or peasant, a quaint humourist, a lover of justice and liberty, who sacrifices his rank and his estate rather than flatter the rash monarch in his course of angry injustice. His excuse for his boldness of speech also is admirable, "To plainness honour's bound, when majesty stoops to folly."

Of the bastard Edmund, the poet Coleridge says finely, "it is a profound moral, that shame will naturally generate guilt, the oppressed will be vindictive" Shakspere seems not unfrequently to rough-hew a character in one play which he matures and perfects in another, thus Birón reappears as Benedick, and Edmund as Iago. Shakspere, who has made Edmund a man of acute intellect, has no doubt through him expressed his own opinion of the follies of astrological studies

No where has Shakspere drawn characters so alike as the two unnatural daughters of Lear; both selfish, ambitious, and overbearing, both guilty of the blackest ingratitude to their aged father, and even seeking his life, both, by a natural sequence, false to their husbands, both attached to the same paramour, and both dying by violence and in despair

Shakspere always vindicates the justice of God's providence; tyrants live hated and in fear, and die unpitied and in blood. The crafty perish by craft; the murderous and the treacherous live in a hell on earth; the wicked are heaven's instruments against themselves, and nature is eternally at war with sin. Thus with Regan and Goneril, they lead a life of conjunctive wickedness, carry on a partnership of devilry, and then growing jealous each of the other, Goneril poisons Regan, and then stabs herself

Shakspere's philosophy is a stern one, he is an impressive preacher of the doctrine of compensation—compensation to all, and for all deeds—evil for evil, good for good. Edgar, though a pagan, recognises this in these lines,

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us,

And the dying villain Edmund admits its truth, and exclaims,

> The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

We can never escape this, it is a law of our being which we cannot evade or shake off; if in any way we disturb another's peace we murder our own. It has been said, the dice of God are always loaded, there are no chance casts, and this doctrine our Shakspere never loses sight of, it is indeed wonderfully prominent in Lear, and the aged monarch himself, much as we sympathise with him, is but suffering the punishment, a dreadful one it is true, for his unjust partiality to his elder daughters and his passionate and cruel desertion of his youngest child

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc 4, sc 5 Act II sc 4. Act III. sc 2; sc. 4, sc 6. Act IV. sc 6, sc 7. Act V sc 2, sc. 3

KING OF FRANCE

Appears, Act I sc. 1

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Appears, Act I. sc 1

DUKE OF CORNWALL

Appears, Act I. sc. 1 Act II sc 1, sc. 2, sc 4 Act III sc 5, sc 7.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

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

EARL OF KENT

Appears, Act I. sc. 1, sc 4; sc 5. Act II sc 2, sc 4 Act III. sc. 1, sc. 2; sc 4, sc 6 Act IV. sc 3. sc 7 Act V. sc. 3.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

Appears, Act I. sc 1, sc. 2. Act II sc 1, sc 2; sc 4 Act III sc. 3; sc. 4, sc. 6; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1, sc 6 Act V. sc 2.

EDGAR, *Son to* Gloucester.

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

EDMUND, *Bastard Son to* Gloucester

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2 Act II. sc. 1, sc 2 Act III sc 3; sc 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc 1, sc 3

CURAN, *a Courtier.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

OSWALD, *Steward to* Goneril.

Appears, Act I sc. 3; sc 4. Act II sc 2; sc 4. Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2, sc. 5, sc. 6.

FOOL, *in the service of* Lear.

Appears, Act I sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4 sc. 6.

OLD MAN, *a Tenant of* Gloucester's.

Appears, Act IV sc 1

PHYSICIAN.

Appears, Act IV sc 4, sc 7

GENTLEMAN, *Attendant on* Cordelia.

Appears, Act III sc 1. Act IV sc 3, sc. 6, sc. 7.

AN OFFICER, *employed by* Edmund.

Appears, Act V sc 3

A HERALD

Appears, Act V sc 3

GONERIL, *eldest Daughter of the* King.

Appears, Act I sc 1, sc 3, sc 4 Act II sc. 4 Act III sc 7 Act IV sc 2 Act V sc 1, sc 3.

REGAN, *the second Daughter of the* King

Appears, Act I sc 1 Act II sc 1; sc 2, sc 4 Act III sc 7 Act IV. sc 5, Act V. sc 1; sc. 3.

CORDELIA, Lear's *youngest Daughter*

Appears, Act I sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4, sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc 3.

Knights attending on the King, *Officers, Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE—BRITAIN.

King Lear.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in King* Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us. but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could. whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[1]

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLO. *and* EDM

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.[2]
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will devest 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 merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love,
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,[3]
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside*
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.[4]—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing. speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond, nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, good my lord
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,[5] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite,[6] shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!— [*To* Cor
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France,—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours. which to confirm,
This coronet part between you [*Giving the Crown*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness 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 those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain
Lear. O vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword*
Alb Corn Dear sir, forbear.
Kent Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with stram'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency make good, take thy reward
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd
Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* COR
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REG *and* GON
That good effects may spring from words of love —
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new [*Exit*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,[8]
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur I know no answer
Lear Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur Pardon me, royal sir
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear Then leave her, sir, for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth —For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers
France This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me
Cor I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, 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. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,[9] that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest 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 benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BUR, CORN., ALB, GLO, *and* Attend

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms,[10] I commit him.
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* COR.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg 'Tis the infirmity of his age. yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash, then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[11] but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them

Reg Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* Earl of Gloster's *Castle*

Enter EDMUND, *with a Letter*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess, to thy law
My services are bound Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power![12]
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad![13]——Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the Letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord

Glo What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord

Glo No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself Let's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read, for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo Let's see, let's see.

Edm I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue

Glo. [*Reads*] This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered Come to me, that of this I may speak more If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR

Humph — Conspiracy! — "Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo It is his.

Edm It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm Never, my lord. But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him, I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm I do not well know, my lord If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo Think you so?

Edm If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo He cannot be such a monster.

Edm Nor is not, sure

Glo To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him —Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.[14]

Edm I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction;

there 's son against father the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing Edgar—

Enter EDGAR

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heart of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there 's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit* Edg

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit
All with me 's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* Steward.

Gon Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it I 'll answer.

Stew. He 's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please
You and your fellows; I 'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

Not to be over-rul'd. 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 abus'd.
Remember what I have said.
Stew. Very well, madam.
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV —*A Hall in the same*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness — Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within *Enter* LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants

Lear Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attend] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir

Lear. What dost thou profess? What 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.[15]

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

Stew So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back —Where 's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep — How now? where 's that mongrel?

Knight He says, my lord, your daughter is not well

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would nót.

Lear. He would not!

Knight My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there 's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,[16] then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. —But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away [17]

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his Heels*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry. but away. go to, Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the* Stew *out*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. there 's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving* KENT *Money*

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* KENT *his Cap*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly.[18] There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine, beg another of thy daughters

Lear. Take heed, sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,[19] 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,[20]
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 unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear Why, no, boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not believe a fool [*To* KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear No, lad, teach me

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there

Lear Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't [21] and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy 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 apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie, I would fain learn to lie

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying, and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool and yet I would not be thee, nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing —Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue, so your face [*To* GON.] bids me, though you say nothing Mum, mum

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some —

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[22]

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.[23]

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking? —Ha! sure '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?

Gon Come, sir,
This admiration is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and 'squires;
Men so disordered, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn, epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,[24]
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses, call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To* ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster![25]

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* GON.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears[26] fret channels in her cheeks
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To* GON.
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever, thou shalt, I warrant thee
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attend.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master
[*To the* Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far

Gon. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew Ay, madam.

Gon Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear Ay, boy

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell

Lear Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.[27]—

Fool Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns 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 wouldest 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 should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper, I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent Ready, my lord

Lear Come, boy

Fool She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter[28] [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of* Gloster

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN *meeting*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I, 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,[29]
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.[30]

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me.—
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother!—Torches! torches!—So, farewell—
[*Exit* EDG.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit* Serv.
By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch[31] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would, ay, though thou did'st produce
My very character,[32]) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that, besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please —For you, 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.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave,[33] a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue for, though it be night, the moon shines, I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you· Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger,[34] draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Stew Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter [135]—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him —Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger has a privilege

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels,
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot [36]

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?
Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What 's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, '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

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth·
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent To go out of my dialect, which you discommend 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 it.

Corn What was the offence you gave him?

Stew Never any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction,
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I 've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg Till noon! till night, my lord; and a'll night too

Kent Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low 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's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs—

[KENT *is put in the Stocks*

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt* REG *and* CORN

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard,
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know, '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 shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That every penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[37] 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* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent No, my lord

Fool Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck, monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear What 's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't; '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 usage,
Coming from us.

Kent My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there, a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[38] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor —
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[39] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I 'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on* KENT
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I 'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I 'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—" Sleep to death."

Glo. I 'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, " Down, wantons, down :" 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[KENT *is set at liberty*

Reg I am glad to see your highness

Lear. Regan, I think you are, I know what reason
I have to think so. if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlch'ring 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,—

[*Points to his heart*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience, I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you mark how this becomes the house:
" Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hested nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou did'st not know of it.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—[*To* GON.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom [*Looking on the* Steward
Gon. At your choice, sir
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child, farewell,
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another.—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou can'st, be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.
Lear I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak it again, my lord, no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I 'll go with thee;
[*To* GON.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![40]
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOS, KENT, *and* FOOL.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm
[*Storm heard at a distance*

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon 'Tis his own blame, he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly

Reg For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon So am I purpos'd
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth —he is return'd

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

Reg O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear

Corn Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night,
My Regan counsels well. come out o 'the storm
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath*

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting*

Kent. Who 's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly

Kent. I know you; Where 's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,[41]
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and 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.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* FOOL

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks![42] rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[43] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made 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 Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day

Lear. True, my good boy —Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan —I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go
When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors,
When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight,
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build,—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time. [*Exit*

SCENE III —*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND

Glo Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this 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.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. 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 privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you. be careful [*Exit*

Edm This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall [*Exit*

SCENE IV —*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* FOOL.

Kent Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent Good my lord, enter here.

Lear Wilt break my heart?

Kent I 'd rather break mine own· Good my lord, enter.

Lear Thou think'st '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 Thoud'st shun a bear
But if thy flight lay toward the raging 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 way madness lies, let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease,
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the* FOOL.] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—
[FOOL *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The* FOOL *runs out from the Hovel*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit Help me, help me!

Kent Give me thy hand —Who's there?

Fool A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a Madman.*

Edg Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor —Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de —Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there

[*Storm continues*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

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 subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill,—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen

Edg Take heed o' the foul fiend Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, commit not with man's sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear What hast thou been?

Edg A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap,[44] served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend —Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind. Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa, let him trot by [*Storm still continues.*

Lear Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume — Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art —Off, off, you lendings —Come, unbutton here — [*Tearing off his Clothes.*

Fool Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented, this is a naughty night to swim in —Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,[45] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip, mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![46]

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower — Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman, Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg Poor Tom's a-cold

Glo Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear First let me talk with this philosopher — What is the cause of thunder?

Kent Good my lord, take his offer,
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues*
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,——

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg Tom's a-cold

Glo In, fellow, there, to the hovel. keep thee warm.

Lear Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord

Lear With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent Good my lord, sooth him, let him take the fellow

Glo Take him you on.

Kent Sirrah, come on; go along with us

Lear Come, good Athenian.

Glo No words, no words. Hush

Edg Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND

Corn I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house

Edm How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn Go with me to the duchess

Edm If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand

Corn True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, *and* EDGAR

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLO

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them —

Edg The foul fiend bites my back

Fool He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,[47] a boy's love, or a whore's oath

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer,——
[*To* EDG.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here [*To the* FOOL]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy to me [48]

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—
[*To* EDG.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* FOOL. Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn,
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool Come hither, mistress, Is your name Goneril?

Lear She cannot deny it

Fool Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool

Lear And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg Bless thy five wits!

Kent O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting [*Aside*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me

Edg Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite,
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled
Do de, de de Sessa Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*To* EDG.

Kent Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the

curtains: So, so, so: We 'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent Here, sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms,
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready, lay him in 't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection Take up thy master
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct

Kent Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure —Come, help to bear thy master,
Thou must not stay behind [*To the* FOOL

Glo Come, come, away

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLO, *and the* FOOL, *bearing off the King*

Edg When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow,
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away.
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk [*Exit*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter.—the army of France is landed —Seek out the villain Gloster

[*Exeunt some of the* Serv.

Reg. Hang him instantly

Gon Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure —Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation, we are bound to the like Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us Farewell, dear sister, —farewell, my lord of Gloster

Enter Steward

How now? Where 's the king?

Stew My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questerists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn Get horses for your mistress.

Gon Farewell, sweet lord, and sister

[*Exeunt* GON *and* EDM

Corn Edmund, farewell —Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us

[*Exeunt other* Servants

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER

Reg Ingrateful fox! 'tis he

Corn Bind fast his corky arms.[49]

Glo What mean your graces?——Good my friends, consider
You are my guests do me no foul play, friends.

Corn Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him*

Reg Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [REG *plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover
Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—
Corn Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children
Corn See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[GLO. *is held down in his Chair, while* CORN. *plucks out one of his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?
Corn. My villain![50] [*Draws, and runs at him*
Serv Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws They fight* CORN. *is wounded.*
Reg Give me thy sword—[*To another* Serv
A peasant stand up thus,
[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*
Corn Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[*Tears out* GLOSTER'S *other Eye, and throws it on the Ground*
Glo All dark and comfortless—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act
Reg Out, treacherous villain
Thou call'st on him that hates thee it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee
Glo O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover—How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady—
Turn out that eyeless villain,—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill—Regan, I bleed apace
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm
[*Exit* CORN, *led by* REG, *Servants unbind* GLOS, *and lead him out.*
1*st Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2*nd Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1*st Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.
2*nd Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,[51]
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts —But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age
Old Man O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years
Glo Away, get thee away, good friend, be gone
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt
Old Man Alack, sir, you cannot see your way
Glo I have no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I stumbled when I saw Full oft '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?
Edg [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst?"
I am worse than e'er I was
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom,
Edg [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet The worst is not,
So long as we can say, "This is the worst"
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm· My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others [*Aside*]—Bless thee, master!
Glo Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man Ay, my lord.
Glo Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me
Old Man Alack, sir, he's mad
Glo '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 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit*
Glo Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg Poor Tom's a-cold —I cannot daub it further[52] [*Aside*
Glo Come hither, fellow
Edg [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed
Glo Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness, *Mahu*, of stealing, *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women[53] So bless thee, master!
Glo Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier —Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough —Dost thou know Dover?
Edg Ay, master
Glo There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me from that place
I shall no leading need
Edg Give me thy arm,
Poor Tom shall lead thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*Before the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND, Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way —Now, where's your master?
Stew Madam, within, but never man 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 treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out —
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him,
What like, offensive
Gon Then shall you go no further [*To* EDM
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake. he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects Back, Edmund, to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands This trusty servant
Shall pass between us ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command Wear this, spare speech; [*Giving a Favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air,—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death
Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit* EDM
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* Stew

Enter ALBANY.

Gon I have been worth the whistle
Alb O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face —I fear your disposition.
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself,
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap,[54] perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use
Gon No more, the text is foolish
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
Filths savour but themselves What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep
Gon Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering, that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
"Alack! why does he so?"
Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman
Gon O vain fool!
Alb Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,[55] for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after

Alb This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye!

Mess Both, both, my lord —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer,
'Tis from your sister.

Gon [*Aside*] One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life Another way,
The news is not so tart —I 'll read, and answer
[*Exit.*

Alb Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess Come with my lady hither

Alb He is not here

Mess No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb Knows he the wickedness?

Mess Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes —Come hither, friend,
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near* Dover

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent The mareschal of France, monsieur le Fer

Kent Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her

Kent O, then it mov'd her

Gent Not to a rage patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once her smiles and tears
Were like a better day Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd —In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it

Kent Made she no verbal question?

Gent 'Faith, once or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart,
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"[56]—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?

Gent No

Kent Was this before the king return'd?

Gent No, since.

Kent Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town.
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile,
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he, why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[57] and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn —A century send forth,
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye [*Exit an* Officer —
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth

Phy There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks, that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it

Enter a Messenger.

Mess Madam, news,
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

Reg But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam

Reg. Himself
In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live, where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life, moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy

Stew I must needs after him, madam, with my letter

Reg Our troops set forth to-morrow, stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.

Stew I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business

Reg Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what —I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew Madam, I had rather——

Reg I know, your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,[58] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it.
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*The Country near* Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR, *dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now look how we labour.
Glo Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg Horrible steep
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo No, truly
Edg Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish
Glo So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst
Edg You are much deceiv'd, in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo Methinks, you are better spoken
Edg Come on, sir, here's the place —stand still —How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg Give me your hand. You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.[59]
Glo. 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 further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go*
Glo. With all my heart
Edg Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along*
Edg Gone, sir? farewell —
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past —Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed —Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?
Glo Away, and let me die
Edg Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life 's a miracle Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg From the dread summit of this chalky bourn[60]
Look up a-height,—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes —
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg Give me your arm:
Up —So,—How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well
Edg. This is above all strangeness
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea,[61]
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo I do remember now. henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and, "die." That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend" he led me to that place
Edg Bear free and patient thoughts -- But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed up with Flowers*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining,
I am the king himself
Edg O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect — There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper [62] draw me a clothier's yard —Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace,—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't —There 's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant —Bring up the brown bills —O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg Sweet marjoram
Lear Pass
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard![63]— They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words. they told me I was every thing, 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof
Glo The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king.
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
"Adultery."—
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No·
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does 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, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,[64] goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there 's hell, there 's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption,—Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination there 's money for thee
Glo O, let me kiss that hand!
Lear Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality
Glo O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
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 Cupid, I'll not love —Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it
Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one
Edg I would not take this from report,—it is,
And my heart breaks at it
Lear Read
Glo What, with the case of eyes?
Lear O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes
Glo I see it feelingly.
Lear What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief!— Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog 's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it
None does offend, none, I say, none, I 'll able 'em
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not —Now, now, now, now
Pull off my boots —harder, harder, so
Edg O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!
Lear If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster
Thou must be patient, we came crying hither
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry —I will preach to thee, mark me
Glo Alack, alack the day!
Lear When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools, —This a good block?[65]—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt I 'll put it in proof,
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill

Enter a Gentleman, *with* Attendants,

Gent O, here he is, lay hand upon him —Sir,
Your most dear daughter——
Lear No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune —Use me well,
You shall have ransome Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains
Gent You shall have any thing,
Lear No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.
Gent. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom What?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear Then there's life in it Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running Sa, sa, sa, sa.
[*Exit, running;* Attend. *follow*
Gent A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg Hail, gentle sir
Gent Sir, speed you What's your will?
Edg Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gent Most sure, and vulgar. every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound
Edg But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought
Edg I thank you, sir that's all
Gent Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on
Edg I thank you, sir [*Exit* Gent
Glo You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg Well pray you, father.
Glo Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding
Glo Hearty thanks.
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward

Stew A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes —Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember.—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glo Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it [Edg *opposes*
Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion
Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,[66] or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and* EDG. *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me —Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party.——O, untimely death!
[*Dies*

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg Sit you down, father; rest you —
Let's see his pockets. these letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead, I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see —
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts,
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour

Your wife (so I would say), and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit* EDG, *dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A tent in the* French *Camp* LEAR *on a bed, asleep;* Physician, Gentleman, *and Others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited.[67]
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off

Kent Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Phys.

Phys Madam, sleeps still.

Cor O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam, in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all —He wakes, speak to him
Phys Madam, do you, 'tis fittest
Cor How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave —
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead
Cor Sir, do you know me?
Lear You are a spirit, I know, When did you die?
Cor Still, still, far wide!
Phys He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile
Lear Where have I been? Where am I?— Fair day-light?
I am mightily abus'd —I should even die with pity,
To see another thus —I know not what to say —
I will not swear, these are my hands —let's see,
I feel this pin prick 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition
Cor O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel
Lear. Pray, do not mock me
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent In your own kingdom, sir
Lear Do not abuse me.
Phys Be comforted, good madam. the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in, trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive I am old, and foolish
[*Exeunt* LEAR, COR, Phys., *and* Attend.
Gent Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent Most certain, sir.
Gent Who is conductor of his people?
Kent As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.
Gent They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about, the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace
Gent The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir [*Exit.*
Kent My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near* Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold,
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure
[*To an Officer, who goes out*

Reg Our sister's man is certainly miscarried

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam

Reg Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers

Edm No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her

Edm Fear me not
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me [*Aside.*

Alb Our very loving sister, well be met —
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg Sister, you 'll go with us?

Gon No.

Reg 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon O, ho, I know the riddle. [*Aside*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, *disguised*

Edg If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word

Alb I 'll overtake you —Speak
[*Exeunt* EDM, REG, GON, Offi, Sold, *and* Attend

Edg Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases Fortune love you!

Alb Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again [*Exit.*

Alb Why, fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy paper

Re-enter EDMUND

Edm The enemy's in view, draw up your powers
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery,—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love,
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps*

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their Forces, and exeunt*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER

Edg Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host, pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort
Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit* EDG

Alarums, afterwards a Retreat Re-enter EDGAR

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away,
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en
Give me thy hand, come on
Glo No further, sir, a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither
Ripeness is all. Come on
Glo And that's true too [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near* Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND, LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as prisoners,* Officers, Soldiers, &c

Edm Some officers take them away good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them
Cor We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down,
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown —
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out,—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm Take them away
Lear Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes,
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep we'll see them starve first
Come [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* COR, *guarded.*
Edm Come hither, captain, hark.
Take thou this note, [*Giving a Paper*] go, follow them to prison
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword —Thy great employment
Will not bear question, either say, thou it do't,
Or thrive by other means
Off I'll do't, my lord
Edm About it, and write happy, when thou hast done
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so,
As I have set it down.
Off I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats,
If it be man's work, I will do it [*Exit* Off

Flourish Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife.
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine
Edm Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen,
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed. the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.[69]
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint
Reg Lady, I am not well; else I should 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.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To* EDM.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to* GON]—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]
I 'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg Sick, O, sick!
Gon. If not, I 'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*
Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REG, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald *reads*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound [1*st Trumpet.*
Her Again. [2*nd Trumpet*
Her. Again. [3*rd Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

Alb Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever —Trumpets, speak
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDM *falls.*

Alb O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it —Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil —
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it
[*Gives the Letter to* EDM.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
Who shall arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit* GON.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund,
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale,—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair,
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody Knife*

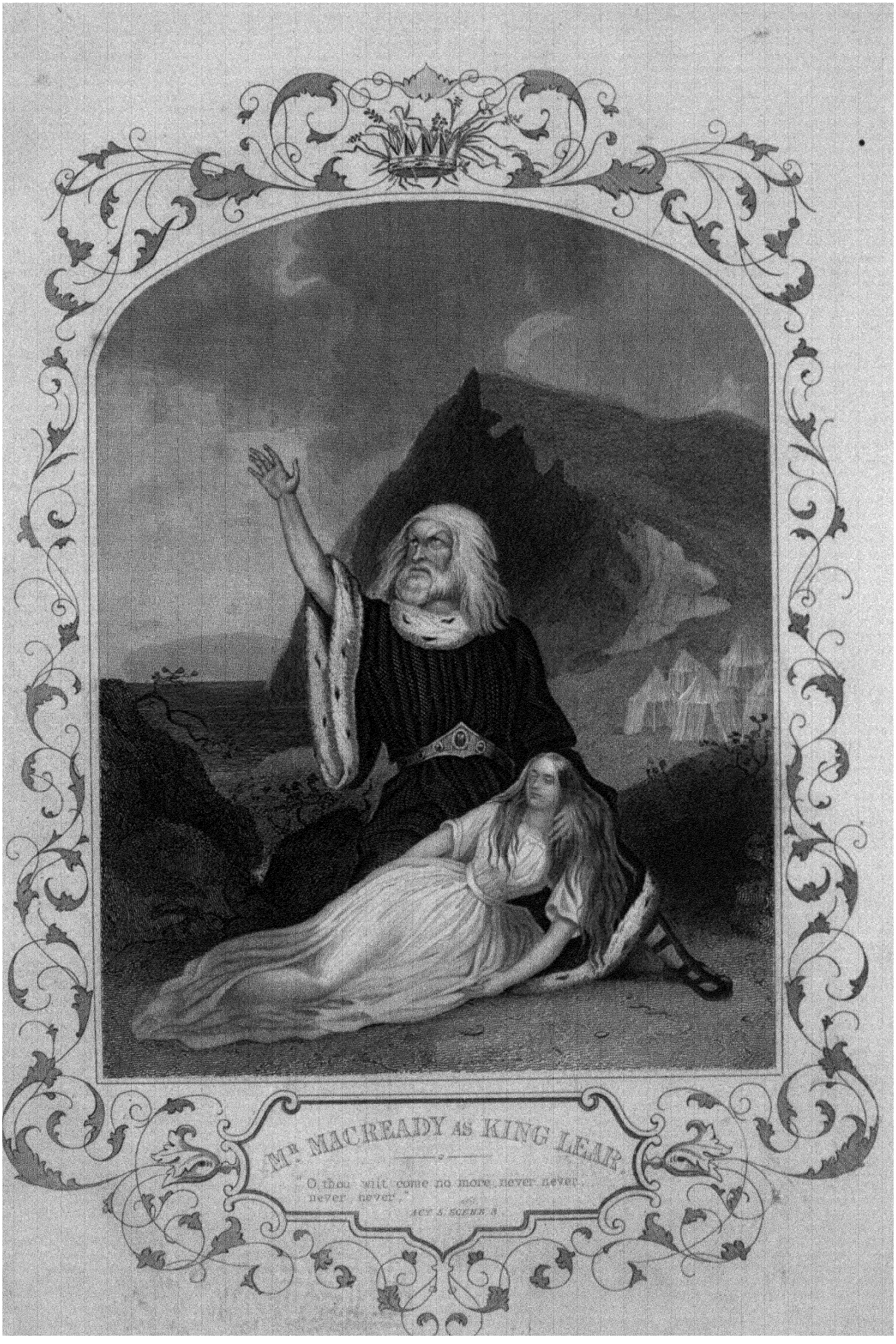
Gent. Help! help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent 'Tis hot, it smokes,
It came even from the heart of—
Alb. Who, man? speak
Gent Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd, she confesses it.
Edm I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity [*Exit* Gent

Enter KENT

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir
Alb O! it is he[71]
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night,
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The Bodies of* GON *and* REG *are brought in*
Kent Alack, why thus?
Edm Yet Edmund was belov'd.
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself
Alb Even so—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life.—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDG.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself
Alb The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [EDM. *is borne off*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms,*[72] EDGAR, Officer, *and* Others.

Lear Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth —Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives
Kent Is this the promis'd end?
Edg Or image of that horror?[73]
Alb Fall, and cease![74]
Lear This feather stirs, she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt
Kent O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear Pr'ythee, away
Edg 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee
Off 'Tis true, my lords, he did
Lear Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me —Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best — I'll tell you straight
Kent If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent The same:
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.


Mr. MACREADY AS KING LEAR.
"O thou wilt come no more, never never, never never!"
ACT 5. SCENE 3.

Lear. You are welcome hither
Kent Nor no man else,[75] all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly —
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead
Lear Ay, so I think
Alb He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him
Edg Very bootless

Enter an Officer

Off Edmund is dead, my lord
Alb That 's but a trifle here —
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied For us we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power — You, to your rights,
[*To* EDG *and* KENT
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited —All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings —O, see, see!
Lear And my poor fool is hanged[76] No, no, no life
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,— look,— her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies*
Edg He faints!—My lord, my lord,—
Kent Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break![77]
Edg Look up, my lord
Kent Vex not his ghost O, let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer
Edg O, he is gone, indeed
Kent The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long
He but usurp'd his life
Alb Bear them from hence —Our present business
Is general woe Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDG
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain
Kent I have a journey, sir, shortly to go,
My master calls, and I must not say, no[78]
Alb The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say
The oldest hath borne most we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long
[*Exeunt, with a dead March*

NOTES TO KING LEAR.

[1] *Being so proper*, i.e. handsome.

[2] *We shall express our darker purpose.*

Darker is here used as more secret, and not in its usual sense of sinister.

[3] *Which the most precious square of sense possesses.*

Square of sense is full compass or comprehension of the senses.

[4] *Than that confirm'd on Goneril.*

The folio reads *conferred*, which is certainly a better word. We confer a gift on, but we confirm it *to* him.

[5] *Hold thee from this.*

That is, from this time for ever.

[6] *Or he that makes his generation messes*
To gorge his appetite.

He that is so unnatural as to feed upon his own children.

[7] *To shield thee from diseases of the world.*

The folio reads *disasters*, but Mr. Malone thinks diseases to be the correct word, as it was anciently used for the slighter inconveniences, troubles, or distresses of the world.

[8] *That little seeming substance.*

Seeming is specious, deceitful.

[9] ——— *Love is not love*
When it is mingled with respects.

That is, when it is mingled with cautious and prudential considerations.

[10] *To your professed bosoms.*

Thus all the old copies, but Pope reads *professing* bosoms; certainly a more appropriate word, though the text is not inconsistent with the peculiar phraseology of our poet.

[11] *The imperfections of long-engrafted condition.*

That is, of failings confirmed by long habit.

[12] *Subscrib'd his power.*

That is, he has transferred his power by subscribing a deed to that effect.

[13] ——— *All this is done*
Upon the gad!

Upon the whim, upon the sudden suggestions of caprice. Done suddenly.

[14] *I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.*

I would give my estate to be convinced either of his guilt or his innocence.

[15] *And to eat no fish.*

Shakspere gives to all ages and countries the customs of his own; in his time for a man to say he "ate no fish," was equivalent to saying that he was a protestant, and a friend to the government.

[16] *Which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity.*

That is, as an over-jealous exaction of attention on my part, a punctilious jealousy resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity.

[17] *Since my young lady's going away into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.*

"The Fool," says Coleridge, "is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspere's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly, the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play.'

[18] *Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly.*

If you do not fawn upon the most powerful, you will be turned out of doors and risk catching cold from the inclemency of the weather.

[19] *When lady the brach.*

Brach is a bitch of the hunting kind, and *lady* is a common name for a hound. Thus, Hotspur says,

I had rather hear *lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

[20] *Learn more than thou trowest.*

To *trow* is an old word signifying to believe.

[21] *If I had a monopoly out they would have part on't.*

A satire on the avarice of the courtiers of Shakspere's time, who lent their assistance in obtaining patents, on agreement of their receiving a share of its profits. So, in Decker's *Match Me in London*, 1631, "Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a monopoly."

[22] *So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.*

This line is, no doubt, a fragment of some old song; Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that though the Fools of the time from whom Shakspere copied his, "were licensed to say anything, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that everything they said should have a play

ful air: we may suppose, therefore, that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech, by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspere often finishes this fool's speeches."

[24] *Whoop Jug! I love thee.*

This also, as Mr. Steevens says, is a quotation from the burden of an old song.

[25] *And the remainder that shall still depend*

That shall still depend upon you, continue in your service.

[26] *Than the sea monster.*

Mr. Upton says, that by the sea-monster is meant the Hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.

[27] *Cadent tears*, i. e. falling tears.

[28] *I did her wrong*

The repenting king is musing on Cordelia.

[29] *Unless things be cut shorter.*

"This idle couplet," says Mr. Steevens, "is apparently addressed to the females present at the performance of the play, and, not improbably, crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who 'spoke more than was set down for him'"

[30] *And I have one thing, of a queasy question.*

That is, something of a delicate, unsettled, and suspicious nature.

[31] *Advise yourself*, i.e. consider, recollect yourself.

[32] *My worthy arch.*

That is, worthy chief, the word is now only used in conjunction with some other, as arch-angel, arch-duke.

[33] ——— *Though thou didst produce*
My very character.

Though you produced my own handwriting against me.

[34] *A lily-liver'd action-taking knave.*

That is, a cowardly fellow, who, if beaten, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

[35] *Barber-monger*, i. e. a fop, a finical fellow.

Thou whorson zed, thou unnecessary letter.

Zed was, I believe, a cant name for eunuch.

[36] *I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.*

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors where great quantities of geese are bred.

[37] *Lunatic bans*, i.e. lunatic curses.

[38] *Mojny*, i.e. people.

[39] *O, how this mother.*

Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, which arises from indignation and grief, for the disease commonly called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which was regarded as not peculiar to women.

[40] *Give me that patience, patience I need.*

The repetition of the word *patience*, which encumbers the metre, was, no doubt, an error of the printers of the early copies.

[41] *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.*

The cub-drawn bear, is the she-bear sucked dry by her cubs; the storm was such, that even hunger and natural affection could not induce the animal to go forth in it.

[42] *Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!*

Shakspere was here, doubtless, thinking of the common representations of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time, of faces with cheeks violently distended by the act of blowing.

[43] *Court holy-water.*

Court holy-water is defined by Ray, in his *Proverbial Phrases*, to mean fair words, flattering speeches.

[44] *Wore gloves in my cap.*

That is, his mistress's favours, according to the fashion of the times. It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three different occasions, viz.:—as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy.

[45] *Gives the web and the pin.*

The *web* and the *pin* were vulgar names for certain diseases of the eye.

[46] *And, aroint thee, &c.*

Dr. Warburton says that we should arrange this verse thus —

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee *right*.

The meaning is, that St. Withold, in traversing the wold, or downs, met the nightmare, who, having told her name, he obliged her to alight from those persons whom she rides, and plight her troth to do no more mischief.

[47] *A horse's health.*

We should read *heels*—trust not a horse's heels: *health* in this sentence, has little or no meaning.

[48] *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*

Both the quartos and the folio read—o'er the *brooms* The correction was supplied by Mr. Steevens. A *bourn* in the north, signifies a rivulet, or brook.

[49] *His corky arms*, i. e., his dry, withered arms.

[80] *My villain.*

Villain is here used in its original sense of servant.

[81] *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd.*

This line is obscure. Should it not be—*unknown* to be contemn'd.

[82] *I cannot daub it further.*

That is, I cannot dissemble or disguise myself further.

[83] *Who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*

Shakspere has, in this play, several times alluded to a work published in 1603, and at that time the subject of general conversation. It was called, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c.* The substance of it was this:—While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were busy to promote it by making converts; and one method which they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people The principal farce of this kind was acted in the family of one Mr Edmund Peckham, where three chamber-maids came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline was so long and severe, that the plot was discovered, and the contrivers of it very justly punished The devils mentioned in the text are the names of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*, and they were generally so ridiculously named, that Dr. Harsnet, the author of the report, says, "you mistake them for the names of tapsters and jugglers."

[84] *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*
From her material sap.

That is, she who alienates, or rudely tears herself from the bonds of affection and duty, will wither and perish like a branch separated from that sap which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the matter of which it is composed.

[85] *Thou changed and self-cover'd thing.*

This line has no very clear meaning as it stands, though Mr. Malone says, "The poet, I think, means—thou who hast put a *covering on thyself*, which nature did not give thee The covering which Albany means is, the semblance and appearance of a fiend" But I rather incline to the following conjectural reading:—

Thou chang'd and *self-converted* thing.

[86] *Let pity not be believed!*

Let it not be supposed that such a thing as pity exists, since such things can be acted.

[87] *Crown'd with rank fumiter.*

Fumitory. By the old herbalists written *fumitery*.

[88] *She gave strange œillades.*

Œillade is from the French—a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

[89] ——— *For all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.

There would have been no danger in leaping upright, that is, perpendicularly erect, if such a leap were possible; for he would, of course, fall on the same spot The sense requires that we should read *outright*.

[90] *From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.*

Shakspere has here used the word *bourn* to signify hill or cliff; but its common signification is a brook.

[91] *Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea*

Whelk'd signifies varied with protuberances, according to Mr. Steevens; but Mr Malone says it means twisted, convolved, after the manner of the shell of the welk, or whilk The *enridged sea* may be the troubled and uneven sea, but the folio reads *enraged* sea.

[92] *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*

Pope, in his last edition, reads *cow*-keeper, but it would seem that crow-keeper was the proper word, as in some counties they still call a stuffed figure set up in a field, to keep the birds from the corn, a crow-keeper, as well as a scare-crow.

[93] *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*

Thus the folio; the quarto reads—"Ha! Goneril, ha Regan," &c This latter reading has been adopted by several editors, as the sense then appears to be improved, but we are not to look for sense and connexion in the abrupt utterances of madness

[94] *The fitchew, nor the soiled horse*

The *fitchew* is another name for the pole-cat; a *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass. This makes him full of strength and spirit.

[95] *This is a good block*

This obscure passage, of which I fear no satisfactory explanation can be given, Mr. Steevens endeavours to elucidate thus—"Upon the King's saying *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good hat or block was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse, with a substance soft as that which he held, and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment." To this, however, it may be objected that Lear is always, and I think correctly so, introduced bareheaded, and he is previously described as wandering about,—

Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds.

[96] *Keep out, che vor'ye,*

That is, I warn you. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect.

[67] *Be better suited.*

That is, be better dressed, give up this disguise.

[68] *I am mightily abused.*

That is, strangely deceived by appearances; in a mist of uncertainty.

[69] *That were the most, if he should husband you.*

If he was your husband, you could say no more.

[70] *O save him, save him.*

All the copies attribute this speech to Albany, but Mr. Theobald gives it, with great propriety, to Goneril.

[71] *O! it is he.*

The folio reads, and with more propriety, *is this he?*

[72] *Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

According to the old historians, Cordelia retired with victory from the battle, and replaced her aged father upon the throne; but in a subsequent one, fought after the death of the old king, she was defeated by the sons of Goneril and Regan, and, being taken, died in prison, or, according to Geoffry of Monmouth, there destroyed herself. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after.

[73] ——— *Is this the promised end*
Or image of that horror?

By *the promised end*, is not meant the conclusion which their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. Kent, contemplating the terrible and unnatural events of the tragedy, inquires whether they are but heralds of the final destruction of all things, to which Edgar adds—or only a resemblance of that horror.

[74] *Fall and cease.*

Albany seeing that Cordelia is dead, and feeling the misery to which Lear must survive, when the wretched father is aware of it, exclaims spontaneously—fall and die at once, rather than linger in thy misery.

[75] *Nor no man else*

The sense is,—no, neither am I welcome or any other man. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.

[76] *And my poor fool is hang'd*

Mr. Steevens says that this is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, not for his fool, as some have thought, as *poor fool* was in the age of Shakspere an expression of endearment. "That the thoughts of a father," he continues, "in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair." Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, maintains the other side of the question, and says: "I confess, I am one of those who have thought that Lear means his fool, and not Cordelia. If he means Cordelia, then, what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam. Lear's affectionate remembrance of the fool in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspere, and in him only. Lear appears to have a particular affection for this fool, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness. '*Poor fool and knave,*' says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm, '*I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*' It does not, therefore, appear to me to be allowing too much consequence to the fool, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cockered spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestic affections, which would ill become a more heroic character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III."

The meaning of this line has been much debated, Mr. Malone coinciding with the view of it taken by Mr. Steevens.

[77] *Break heart; I pr'ythee, break.*

This line is in the quartos given to Lear, but I think erroneously.

[78] *My master calls and I must not say no.*

Some have supposed Kent to expire on the delivery of these words, and the second folio has the word *dyes* in the margin, at the end of the speech; but such an incident would be a very abrupt ending of the stout-hearted Kent; and his language is that of a despairing rather than a dying man. The old copies contain no marginal direction.

H. T.

Romeo and Juliet.

SCHLEGEL, in his consideration of this tragedy, rises in his enthusiasm from the critic to the poet, and eloquently exclaims:—"All that is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, all that is languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, all alike breathe forth from this poem." But the touching story of the young and unfortunate lovers was not invented by Shakspere; he has told it beautifully, indeed, but it had been long popular in England, and a play upon that subject held possession of our stage before the appearance of his tragedy.

There has been considerable discussion which it is needless to investigate (as it merely relates to the choice of but slender probabilities), concerning the date of this play; but I will accept the chronology of Mr. Malone, and refer it to the year 1595. It is one of our poet's earliest productions, and derives a more than ordinary degree of interest from the highly credible supposition that it was his first effort in tragedy.

The story is to be found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a work which Shakspere had read; but he seems to be indebted for his materials rather to Arthur Brooke's poem of *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italien by Bandell, and now in English by Ar. Br.* In the preface to this poem, published in 1562, Brooke mentions a play which he had seen upon the subject, and, according to his judgment, one of no mean merit, from which also it is probable that Shakspere derived some assistance. "I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation, than I can looke for; (being there much better set foorth than I have or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good mindes to consider it, which hath the more incouraged me to publishe it suche as it is." There was, therefore, a play on this subject upon the stage thirty years before the appearance of Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet*, but it appears to have been permitted to sink into utter oblivion, and will, perhaps, never be discovered.

As it is, however, evident that Shakspere was largely indebted to Brooke for the materials of this tragedy, and as the poem is of considerable merit, it may be interesting to relate the few facts which have been ascertained concerning him. He was the author of many pieces in "divers kindes of style;" this poem seems to be but one of several, of it he says:—

> The eldest of them loe
> I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
> Which one reprocheful mouth might overthrowe:
> The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
> Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight
> With Slaunder's whelps. Then shall they tell of stryfe
> Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might;
> And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.

From this poem also we learn that he was unmarried, and in some introductory verses to a work published in 1568, called *An Agreement of sundry places of Scripture, collected by Arthur Brooke*, we are told that the author had perished by shipwreck. In a collection of epitaphes, &c., 1567, by George

Tuberville, there is the following, *On the death of Maister Arthur Brooke, drownde in passing to Newhaven:* —

Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
And of the never-fading baye did make
A laurrell crowne, about his browes to cling
In proufe that he for myter did excell,
As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*
For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
When he the tale to English did translate.
But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd,
More speedie death than such one did deserve.

Few can fail to admire the admirable construction of this tragedy of our poet's; had it been merely a love story, it would have run the risk of becoming tedious; how artfully this is obviated. The broils of the rival factions of Capulet and Montague, extending even to their humblest retainers; the high spirits of Mercutio, with his lively wit and florid imagination; the unconquerable pugnaciousness of Tybalt, "the very butcher of a silk button;" the garrulous coarseness of the Nurse, and the peevishness of old Capulet; all these give a briskness and rapidity to the early scenes of the play, while the latter ones are, as they should be, almost confined to the afflictions of the two lovers.

Romeo is an idealization of the early youth of genius, he is, in truth, a poet in his love. I fancy that Shakspere wrote it with a vivid recollection of some early attachment of his own; and that Romeo utters the intense and extravagant passion which a gifted, but affectionate nature, such as Shakspere might have given way to, before the judgment of maturer years had calmed down this frantic tyranny of love.

The poet has been censured for making Juliet Romeo's second love, and Garrick, in his adaptation of the play, cut out all allusion to Rosaline, whom Romeo first loves, with as much earnestness, and even more extravagance than that which he displays in his subsequent passion for Juliet. But his love for Rosaline was a mere creation of fancy, the feverish excitement of a nature, to which love was a necessity; in her he worshipped an ideal of his own warm imagination, which painted her as an angel amongst women. Shakspere also indulges a gentle satire on the too positive convictions of youth. Romeo declares his unalterable fidelity to Rosaline, and trusts that when his eyes admit that they have seen her equal, his tears will turn to fire, and burn the "transparent heretics;" and yet, in one brief hour from this time, even at the first glance, he transfers his love to Juliet. But we can easily forgive this fickleness; we feel angry at the haughty Rosaline, who "hath forsworn to love," for her cold rejection of the passionate affection of Romeo, and pleased that he has found one who receives and returns his passion. His poetic and fervent affection deserves the love which the generous Juliet bestows upon him; and how tender, how devoted, how utterly unselfish is her passion; how modestly beautiful and delicate is her apology for the immediate confession of it.

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!

There is no affected coyness, no frigid conventionality in her demeanour; she is a child of nature yielding to the sweet impulses of a first love, and proclaiming her passion to the object of it with the unrestrained sincerity of an innocent and confiding spirit. Her impatience for the arrival of her husband on the evening of their nuptuals has been censured as inconsistent with a becoming modesty, and not to be reconciled with the natural timidity of a young maiden, even of Juliet's warm and impetuous nature. Mr. Hazlitt has finely answered this objection; he says—"Such critics do not

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perceive that the feelings of the heart sanctify, without disguising, the impulses of nature. Without refinement themselves, they confound modesty with hypocrisy." How admirably also does Shakspere provide for every improbable circumstance, and not only takes away their improbability, but renders them highly consistent and natural; thus when Juliet drinks the potion which is to consign her, a living woman, to a loathsome tomb, she is made to work upon her own imagination by a vivid picture of the horrors of her incarceration in the vault where the festering remains of all her 'buried ancestors are packed," and at length swallows the potion in a paroxysm of terror.

The naturalness of the incident is also heightened by the first introduction of the Friar gathering medicinal herbs, and descanting upon their nature and properties. It is likely that he who was so well acquainted with the uses of "baleful weeds and precious juic'd flowers" would employ them to carry out a difficult and dangerous stratagem Shakspere seldom omits an opportunity for the utterance of any instructive truth or moral maxim; he was the educator of his audiences, and it gives us a higher opinion of the playgoers of his time to know that they were pleased with the introduction of severe moral truths into their amusements The language of this Friar is full of them, how fine is the reflection which crosses his mind when going forth in the early dawn to gather his medicinal herbs, and how naturally it arises out of the situation.—

> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some special good doth give,
> Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use.
> Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse

Mercutio is one of Shakspere's peculiarities, one of the favourite children of his sportive fancy, bred in the sunshine of his finely balanced mind. The mercurial and brilliant nature of the Veronese gentleman is full of that natural gladness, that "overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity," which few authors besides Shakspere impart to their creations. Well might Dr. Johnson say that his comedy seems to be instinct

It may certainly be wished that the language given to Mercutio was less coarse and sensual than it frequently is, but this licentiousness of conversation is consistent with the probable humour of a man in the summer of life, in perfect health, and devoid of all anxiety; and, however repugnant to modern ideas of delicacy and gentlemanly breeding, is perhaps a picture of the discourse of the young nobles and gallants of Shakspere's own time.

An instance of our poet's power of strongly delineating a character in a few lines, is to be seen in his introduction of the poor apothecary, who is as original a conception, and during his brief scene, wins upon the sympathy of the audience, as much as the hero of the story himself.

This, like most of our poet's tragedies, preaches a stern moral, it shews like a beacon-fire, to warn the young from unsanctioned love and idolatrous passion. Shakspere probably intended to punish the lovers for the deception they both practise upon indulgent parents, while the parents are, through their children, scourged for their vain feuds and unreasonable hatred. The young die after the first brief hour of joy, the old live on, childless and desolate, to repent the blind malignity which has wrecked the happiness of them all.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona*
Appears, Act I sc 1 Act III. sc 1. Act V sc 3

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the* Prince
Appears, Act I. sc 2 Act III sc 4 Act IV. sc 1, sc 5 Act V sc 3

MONTAGUE, *the head of a noble Family of Verona*
Appears, Act I sc 1 Act III sc 1 Act V sc 3

CAPULET, *the head of a noble house at variance with the* Montagues.
Appears, Act I sc. 1; sc 2, sc 5 Act III sc 4, sc 5 Act IV. sc 2, sc 4, sc 5. Act V sc 3

AN OLD MAN, *Cousin to* Capulet
Appears, Act I sc 5

ROMEO, *Son to* Montague
Appears, Act I sc 1, sc 2, sc 4, sc 5 Act II sc 1; sc. 2, sc 3, sc 4; sc 6. Act III sc 1, sc 3, sc 5. Act V. sc 1; sc. 3

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the* Prince, *and Friend to* Romeo
Appears, Act I sc. 4, sc 5 Act II sc 1, sc 4 Act III sc 1

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to* Montague, *and Friend to* Romeo
Appears, Act I sc. 1, sc 2, sc 4, sc 5 Act II sc 1 sc 4 Act III sc 1

TYBALT, *Nephew to* Lady Capulet
Appears, Act I. sc 1, sc 5. Act III sc. 1.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan*
Appears, Act II sc 3, sc 6 Act III sc 3. Act IV sc 1; sc 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc 3

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

BALTHASAR, *Servant to* Romeo.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V sc. 1; sc. 3.

SAMPSON, GREGORY, } *Servants to* Capulet
Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

PETER, *also a Servant of the House of* Capulet.
Appears, Act II sc. 4; sc. 5 Act IV. sc. 5.

ABRAM, *Servant to* Montague.
Appears, Act I sc 1

AN APOTHECARY.
Appears, Act V. sc 1.

THREE MUSICIANS
Appear, Act IV sc 5.

CHORUS
Appears at end of Act I.

PAGE *to* Paris
Appears, Act V sc. 3

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to* Montague.
Appears, Act I sc. 1. Act III. sc 1.

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to* Capulet.
Appears, Act I sc 1, sc 3; sc 5 Act III. sc 1; sc. 4, sc 5. Act IV sc. 2; sc. 3, sc 4, sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

JULIET, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Appears, Act I sc 3, sc 5 Act II sc 2, sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III sc 2, sc 5 Act IV sc 1; sc 2, sc. 3; sc. 5 Act V sc 3

NURSE *to* Juliet.
Appears, Act I sc 3; sc 5 Act II sc. 4; sc 5. Act III. sc 2; sc 3; sc 5 Act IV sc 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Partizans of the Houses of CAPULET *and* MONTAGUE, *Citizens, Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants*

SCENE—*During the first four Acts at* VERONA; *in the fifth at* MANTUA.

Romeo and Juliet.

PROLOGUE.[1]

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals[2]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.[3] Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.[4]

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a Distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.[5]

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords*

Enter TYBALT

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death

Ben. I do but keep the peace, put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight*

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with Clubs*

1st Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his Gown, and* LADY CAPULET

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt* PRIN, *and* Attend.; CAP., LA. CAP., TYB, Cit, *and* Serv.

Mon Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind 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 affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends.
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let 's away.
[*Exeunt* MON. *and* LADY.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben At thy good heart's oppression

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.[6]
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being 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 [*Going*

Ben Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here,
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.

Ben Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair
She hath forsworn to love, and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben By giving liberty unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Rom 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair,
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget
Ben I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*A Street*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant

Cap And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace
Par Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap But saying o'er what I have said before
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride
Par Younger than she are happy mothers made
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part,
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, here all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me,—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a Paper.*]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAP *and* PAR.

Serv Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets, but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ I must to the learned —In good time

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO

Ben Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be 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.
Rom Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben For what, I pray thee?
Rom For your broken shin
Ben Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
Serv God gi' good e'en —I pray sir, can you read?
Rom Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom Ay, if I know the letters. and the language.
Serv Ye say honestly, Rest you merry!
Rom Stay, fellow, I can read [*Reads*

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters, The lady widow of Vitruvio, Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and

his brother Valentine, Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters, My fair niece Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio, and the lively Helena

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note*] Whither should they come?

Serv Up

Rom Whither?

Serv To supper; to our house.

Rom Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit*

Ben At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow

Rom When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun

Ben Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best

Rom I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La Cap Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La Cap This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age

Nurse 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La Cap She's not fourteen,

Nurse I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La Cap A fortnight and odd days

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age—Well, Susan is with God,
She was too good for me But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen,
That shall she, marry, I remember it well,
'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 dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua —
Nay, I do bear a brain —but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug
Shake, quoth the dove-house 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow.
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man,—took up the child
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it, "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Jul 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
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish

La Cap Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul It is an honour that I dream not of

Nurse An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I 'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat

La Cap Well, think of marriage now, younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid Thus then, in brief,—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love

Nurse A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he 's a man of wax

La Cap Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse Nay, he 's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

La Cap What say you? can you love the 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 another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover
The fish lives in the sea, and '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.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight

La Cap We follow thee — Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-Bearers, *and* Others.

Rom What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben The date is out of such prolixity:[7]
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,[8] and be gone.

Rom Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom Not I, believe me · you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing

Rom Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a Mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?[9]
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

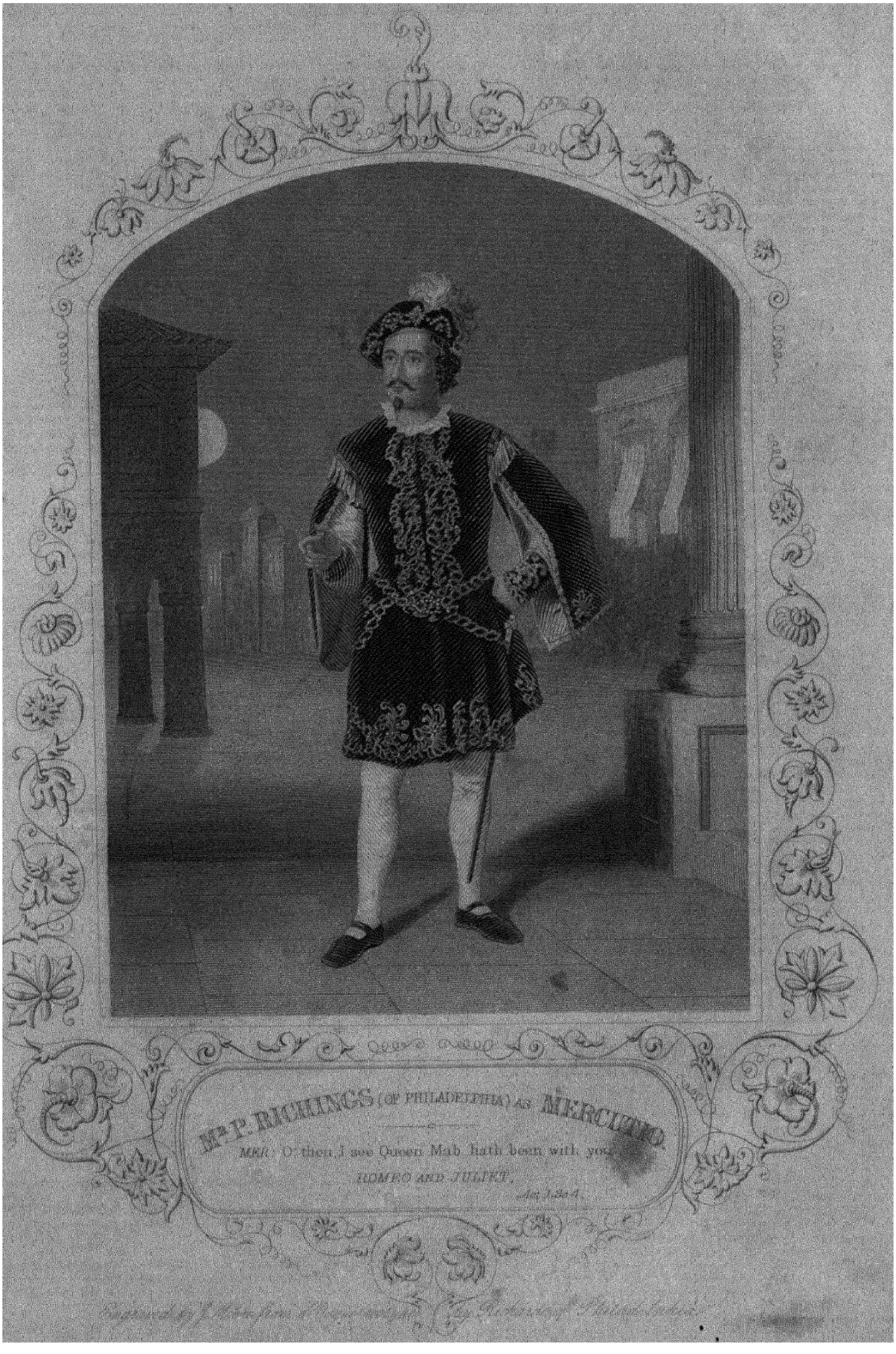
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom A torch for me. let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,[10]
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done[11]
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.[12]
If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire[13]
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears —Come, we burn day-light, ho.[14]
Rom. Nay, that 's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night
Mer. And so did I
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;[15] and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[1]
Athwart's men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces, of the smallest spider's web,
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams.
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film.
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees.
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she—
Rom Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.
Thou talk'st of nothing
Mer True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south
Ben This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I fear, too early for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum[17] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* Capulet's *House*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

1st. Serv. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2nd Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too 'tis a foul thing.


Mr. P. RICHINGS (OF PHILADELPHIA) as MERCUTIO.
MER. O then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
Act 1. Sc 4.

1st Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,[18] look to the plate.—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane,[19] and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2nd Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1st Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber

2nd Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind*

Enter CAPULET, *&c with the* Guests, *and the* Maskers

Cap Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you —
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns, Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please,—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone·
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls
[*Music plays, and they dance*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot·—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2nd Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1st Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much·
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2nd Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1st Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night

Tyb This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1st Cap Why, how now kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1st Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1st Cap Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast

Tyb It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him

1st Cap He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall,—Go to,—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1st Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you,—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go.[20]
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To* JUL.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1st Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To 2nd* CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JUL. *and* NURSE.
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse I know not.
Jul Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy
Nurse What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon —
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS [22]

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she has much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An open Place, adjoining* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO

Rom Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out
[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO

Ben Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed
Ben He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall
Call, good Mercutio
Mer Nay, I'll conjure too —
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied,
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove,
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid —[23]
He heareth not, 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
Ben An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him
Mer This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down,
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night.[24]
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound —
[JUL *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but 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 eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul Ah me!
Rom She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night,[25] being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet
Rom Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy,—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague [26]
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo
Jul What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would tear the word
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound,
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike
Jul How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out.
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me [27]
Jul If they do see thee, they will murder thee
Rom Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords, look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom By love, who first did prompt me to inquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise
Jul Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke, But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word yet, if thou swear'st
Thou may'st prove false, at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but, else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my '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
Rom Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable
Rom What shall I swear by?
Jul Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee
Rom If my heart's dear love—
Jul Well, do not swear although I joy in thee
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite
[Nurse *calls within*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit*
Rom O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:
Nurse [*Within*] Madam
Jul. I come, anon —But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within*] Madam.
Jul. By and by I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks
[*Retiring slowly*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom I would, I were thy bird.
Jul Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a Basket.*

Fri The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will,
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant

Enter ROMEO

Rom Good morrow, father!
Fri *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a 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 reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature,
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night
Rom That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline
Rom With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no,
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe
Fri. That 's my good son. But where hast thou been then?
Rom I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set,
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.
Fri Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men
Rom Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom And bad'st me bury love
Fri Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have
Rom I pray thee, chide not she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom O, let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.
Fri Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mr. WILLIAM FARREN AS ROMEO,
AND
Mr. HOSKINS AS MERCUTIO.

MER. Signor Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.

ROMEO & JULIET.

Act 2 Sc. 4.

Engraved by [illegible] from Papier-mâché by Mayall.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house

Mer. A challenge, on my life

Ben. Romeo will answer it

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared

Mer Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot 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?

Ben Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you O, he is the courageous captain of compliments He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, 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 passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben The what?

Mer The pox of such antick, 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,[28] that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,[29] who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO

Ben Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo

Mer Without his roe, like a dried herring —O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in Laura, to his lady was but a kitchen-wench,—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her Dido, a dowdy, Cleopatra, a gipsy, Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,[30] but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there 's a French salutation to your French slop[31] You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom Meaning—to court'sy

Mer Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom A most courteous exposition

Mer Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy

Rom Pink for flower.

Mer Right

Rom Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer Well said Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular

Rom O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail

Rom Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match

Mer Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose?

Mer I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce

Rom And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer O, here 's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose

Mer Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole

Ben Stop there, stop there.

Mer Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my

tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said,—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* MER. *and* BEN.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I 'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:[32]—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny

Rom Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when '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 properer man, but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R

Nurse Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name R is for the dog No, I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times —Peter!

Pet Anon?

Nurse Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V —Capulet's *Garden*

Enter JULIET

Jul The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse,
In half an hour she promis'd to return
Perchance, she cannot meet him —that 's not so —
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PET

Jul Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak

Nurse Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb —Go thy ways, wench, serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!
"Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nurse O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

Jul. I have.

Nurse Then hie 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 bear the burden soon at night
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady —O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
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

Fri Come, come with me, and we will make short work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot-days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling.

Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and-a-quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, *and* Others

Ben By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them — Gentlemen, good den a word with one of you

Mer And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow

Tyb You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords here 's my fiddlestick, here 's that shall make you dance 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men. Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I

Enter ROMEO

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I 'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery·
Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower,
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?[33] make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb I am for you. [*Drawing*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up

Mer. Come, sir, your passado [*They fight.*

Rom Draw, Benvolio,
Beat down their weapons —Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage,—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets —hold, Tybalt,—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* TYB. *and his* Partizans.

Mer I am hurt,—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough —
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page

Rom Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer 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.

Rom I thought all for the best.

Mer Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint —A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!
[*Exeunt* MER *and* BEN

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman —O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that
[*They fight,* TYB. *falls.*
Ben Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROM

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1*st Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben There lies that Tybalt
1*st Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended,* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and* Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O Cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel[34] was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live
Prin Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend,
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt
Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt*

MISS VANDENHOFF AS JULIET.

JUL. 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.

ROMEO AND JULIET.
Act 3. Sc 2.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter JULIET

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion, such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back —
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo. and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, *with Cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence —
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[35]
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*
If he be slain, say—*I*, or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood,—I swounded at the sight.

Jul O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![36] wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin,
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banished
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me, banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell,
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom O, thou wilt speak again of banishment

Fri I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears

Rom How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate

Rom Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. [*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[*Knocking*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knocking*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand,
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk

Nurse O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering —
Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom Nurse!

Nurse Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady[39] to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman —O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where 's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort, Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished,"
That—"banished," that one word—"banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts [37] Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd? [38]
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead.—"Romeo is banished,—"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I 'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity
Rom Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Fri A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. do not say—banishment.
Fri Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. '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;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me, banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell,
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom O, thou wilt speak again of banishment

Fri I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears

Rom How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri Let me dispute with thee of thy estate

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. [*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes
[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[*Knocking*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knocking*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand,
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE

Nurse O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Fri There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering —
Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death 's the end of all.

Rom Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady[39] to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence [40]
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead,
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile, there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* NURSE

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state,—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I,—Well, we were born to die —
'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender [41]
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by:—Good night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *Chamber.*[43]

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:[43]
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'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.
Jul. It is, it is, hie 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![44]
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.[45]
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit* NURSE.
Jul. Then, window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend. [ROM. *descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROM.
Jul O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle!
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands[46]
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet! and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
La. Cap Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La Cap Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate:
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not,—
And yet not proud,—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so
Cap And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go
Nurse. I speak no treason
Cap O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not
La Cap You are too hot
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me,"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend,
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn [*Exit*
Jul Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies
La Cap Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word,
Do as thou wilt for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him, an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,[47]
As Paris hath Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both
Jul Amen!
Nurse. To what?
Jul Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd
Nurse Marry, I will, and this is wisely done [*Exit*
Jul Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit* PAR.
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give 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 distilled liquor drink thou off
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit, for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st,
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life,
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy,[48] nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and* Servant.

Cap So many guests invite as here are writ—
[*Exit* Serv.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd Serv You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap How canst thou try them so?

2nd Serv Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap Go, begone— [*Exit* Serv.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse Ay, forsooth.

Cap Well, he may chance to do some good on her
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap Send for the county, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love[49] I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap Why, I am glad on't, this is well,—stand up
This is as't should be—Let me see the county,
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La Cap No, not till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her—we'll to church to-morrow [*Exeunt* JUL. *and* NURSE.

La Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night,—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best.—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin

Enter LADY CAPULET

La. Cap What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business

La Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* LA CAP *and* NURSE

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me,—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it.—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort,—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad,—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the Bed*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.[50]
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,[51]
But I will watch you from such watching now
[*Exeunt* La Cap *and* Nurse

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What 's there?

Enter Servants, *with Spits, Logs, and Baskets*

1*st Serv.* Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste [*Exit* 1st Serv]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are

2*nd Serv* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter [*Exit*

Cap 'Mass, and well said, A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head—Good faith, '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—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on the Bed*

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now,
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed,
He 'll fright you up, i'faith—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady 's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La Cap What noise is here?
Nurse O lamentable day!
La Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse Look, look! O heavy day
La Cap O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help

Enter Capulet

Cap For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come
Nurse She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead, alack the day!
La Cap Alack the day! she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead
Cap Ha! let me see her—Out, alas! she 's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurse O lamentable day!
La Cap O woful time!
Cap Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris, *with* Musicians.

Fri Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all, life leaving, all is death's.
Par Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La Cap Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead,
And, with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But she's best married, that dies married young
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment
Cap All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral.
Our instruments, to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him,—
And go, sir Paris,—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAP., LA. CAP., PAR, *and* FRI

1*st Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* NURSE.

1*st Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, heart's ease," O, an you will have me live, play—"heart's ease"

1*st Mus* Why "heart's ease?"

Pet O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me [52]

2*nd Mus.* Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet You will not then?

Mus No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1*st Mus* What will you give us?

Pet No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel [53]

1*st Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature

Pet Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1*st Mus* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2*nd Mus* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit

Pet Then have at you with my wit, I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger —Answer me like men·

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"
What say you, Simon Catling?

1*st Mus* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2*nd Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver

Pet Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3*rd Mus* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding —

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*

1*st Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2*nd Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well
Bal Then she is well, and nothing can be ill
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives,
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses, I will hence to-night
Bal Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord
Rom No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight
[*Exit* BAL.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night
Let 's see for means.—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom I pay thy poverty, and not thy will
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John —
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter
John Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,[54]
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it strait
Unto my cell.
John Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Church-Yard, in it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it. whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure
[*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed.
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!
[*The Boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a Torch, Mattock, &c*

Rom Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
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 I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face.
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment. therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship —Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument*
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him —
[*Advances*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither —
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me,—think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury —O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself
Stay not, be gone,—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here

Rom Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight*

Page. O lord! they fight. I will go call the watch [*Exit* Page

Par O, I am slain! [*Falls*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face,—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[55] full of light
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd[56]
[*Laying* Par. *in the Monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again, here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick —Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who 's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri Bless 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.

Bal It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo?—
[*Advances*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the Monument*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [JUL. *wakes and stirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming,
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1st Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* ROM'S. *Dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die.
[*Falls on* ROM'S. *Body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1st Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

2nd Watch. Here 's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard
1st Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3rd Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side
1st Watch A great suspicion, Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

Prince What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?
1st Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1st Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom [57]
La. Cap O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Others

Prince Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down
Mon Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prince Look, and thou shalt see
Mon O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death Meantime forbear
And let mischance be slave to patience —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion
Fri I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder,
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd
Prince Then say at once what thou dost know in this
Fri I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead that Romeo's faithful wife
I married them, and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd
You—to remove that siege of grief from her —
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris.—Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was 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 aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law
Prince We still have known thee for a holy man —
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
Bal I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault
If I departed not, and left him there
Prince Give me the letter, I will look on it —
Where 's the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by, my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch
Prince This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.[58]
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt*

NOTES TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

[1] *Prologue*

Under the word *Prologue*, in the copy of 1599, is printed the word *chorus*, from which we may infer that it was spoken by the same party who represented the chorus at the end of the first act In the folio it is omitted.

[2] *We 'll not carry coals.*

To *carry coals* was a proverbial phrase signifying to put up patiently with injury or insult In *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610 "Now my antient being a man of an un-coal-carrying spirit," and in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his humour*,—"Here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog"

[3] *Thou hadst been Poor John*

Poor John, is hake, dried and salted

[4] *I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it*

In a pamphlet by Dr Lodge, called *Wit's Miserie*, &c, 1596, we have the following reference to this custom —"Behold next I see contempt marching forth, giving me the fico with his thombe in his mouth" This mode of quarrelling seems to have been not uncommon in this country in Shakspere's time, for Decker, in *The Dead Term*, 1608, describing the groups that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church, says — "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, *what biting of thumbs to beget* quarrels!"

[5] *Say-better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen*

Some mistake appears to have happened here, for Benvolio was of the Montague faction. Mr. Steevens says there is no error, as the servant might have seen Tybalt, who afterwards enters, in the distance.

[6] *Why, such is love's transgression.*

Such is the consequence of ill-regulated and extravagant affection

[7] *The date is out of such prolixity.*

Such tedious customs are now out of fashion.

[8] *We 'll measure them a measure*, i e a dance

[9] *What curious eye doth quote deformities.*

To *quote*, is to regard or observe. Thus, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says:—

> I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
> had not quoted him.

[10] *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*

Before carpets came into use, it was the custom to strew rooms with rushes, the stage also was anciently strewed with rushes, an allusion to this practice is contained in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 —"On the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce."

[11] *The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done*

An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which recommends the reveller to give over or retire when the game is at the best, before fatigue or disgust begin.

[12] *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.*

Dun's the mouse, is a proverbial phrase which may be met with in many of our old comedies, its exact meaning appears to have been lost, Mr Malone hazards the following conjecture —"*Dun is the mouse*, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace, be still!* and hence it is said to be the constable's own word, who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise, So in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603·—'What Babulo! say you Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens, yet *dun is the mouse, he still* What, Babulo! says Grissel Anone, say I, and then this eye looks up, yet doune I snug againe'"

[13] *If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire*

An allusion to some old forgotten game which probably gave rise to the proverbial expression, *Dun is in the mire*, used when a person was at a stand, or in any difficulty Dun is, no doubt, the name of a horse or ass. In an old collection of satires, epigrams, &c., there is the following allusion to this game —

> At shove-groate, venter point, or crosse and pile,
> At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,
> Or at the *drawing dun out of the mire.*

[14] *Come, we burn day-light, ho.*

An expression of reproof used when candles are lighted in the day-time. Mercutio means they are wasting their torches by burning them in the street, where they are not needed, instead of using them at the ball of the Capulets; as before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux held in the hands of attendants, and, sometimes, even by the guests themselves

[15] *She is the fairies' midwife.*

Queen Mab is styled the fairies' midwife, because it was her supposed custom to steal new-born babes in the night, and to leave others in their place. Her

illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep, for she not only haunted women in child-bed, but is here represented by Shakspere as the incubus or night-mare The sense would be more clearly expressed, if we read the *fairy midwife.*

[16] *Drawn with a team of little atomies.*

Atomy is merely an obsolete term for atom In Drayton's *Nimphidia*, there is the following remarkably similar description of Queen Mab's chariot, but it is believed that the *Nimphidia* was written several years after this tragedy —

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting
Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterfly,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming
The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle down they shod it

[17] *Strike drum.*

Here adds the folio "They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with their napkins" The intention, no doubt, was, that they should quit the stage marching in a frolicsome manner, as Prince Henry and Poins enter the tavern in Eastcheap See *Henry IV, Part I.*

[18] *Remove the court-cupboard*

A *court-cupboard* was a piece of furniture put to the same use as the modern sideboard In *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman —"Here shall stand my court-cupboard with its furniture of plate"

[19] *Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane.*

Marchpane was a confection in high esteem in Shakspere's time. They were a kind of cake or biscuit made of filberts, almonds, pistachio-nuts, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour.

[20] *You are a princox, go*

A *princox*, is a coxcomb or conceited person.

[21] *Kissing her.*

To kiss a lady was, in Shakspere's time, merely a form of salutation; an act of courtesy, not of affection

[22] *Enter chorus.*

This *Chorus*, which was written since the first edition, is a very superfluous addition. It conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but merely relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show; and the relation contains no moral sentiment or poetical beauty.

[23] *When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid*

An allusion to an old ballad entitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, it is preserved in the first volume of *Percy's Reliques* —

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed

[24] *The humorous night*

Humorous was used by Chapman, Drayton, and other contemporaries of Shakspere, in the sense of humid.

[25] *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night.

Mr Theobald proposes to read, as glorious to this *sight*, as the simile is then more consistent, but Dr Johnson objects to the alteration.

[26] *Thou art thyself though, not a Montague*

Mr Malone has altered the punctuation of this line, placing the accent after though, instead of after thyself, the meaning then is —thou art thyself, then, well-disposed to me, and not one of the Montagues, *i.e.* enemies to my house.

[27] *No let to me*, i.e no stop or hindrance to me

[28] *Is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire?*

The word *grandsire* is, of course, not addressed to Benvolio, but is a whimsical apostrophe to his ancestors

[29] *These fashion mongers, these pardonnez-moy's*

Shakspere here makes Mercutio ridicule the affected use of French phrases among people of fashion The poet appears always to have entertained a great contempt for foppery Dr Johnson says that the words *pardonnez moi*, became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour had grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

[30] *Thisbé, a grey eye or so*

In Shakspere's time a grey eye was considered very beautiful, but a grey eye undoubtedly meant what we now call a *blue* eye Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*·

Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth.

That is, the windows or lids of her blue eyes, and yet, in the same poem, the eyes of Venus are called grey.

[31] *There's a French salutation to your French slop.*

Slops are large loose trowsers, we must presume that Romeo wore loose trunks, and that Mercutio indulges in a sarcasm at wearing dresses made from French fashions.

[32] *I am none of his skains-mates.*

Skains-mates is supposed to mean cut-throat companions, from skein, a knife or dagger

[33] *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*

Pilcher is probably a corruption of pilch, which means a covering or scabbard

[34] *How nice the quarrel*

That is, how slight, unimportant, trivial

[35] *Say thou but I*

In Shakspere's time the affirmative particle *ay*, was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling, in order to preserve the quibble.

[36] *Dove-feather'd raven.*

In the old editions — "Ravenous dove, feather'd raven"

[37] ——— *That one word—banished,*
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts

That is, Romeo's banishment affects me more than the loss of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt

[38] *Which modern lamentation might have mov'd*

Modern is used by Shakspere as synonymous with common or slight It was, probably, in his time, confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*

[39] *My conceal'd lady*

The word *conceal'd* has reference not to the person, but to the condition of the lady

[40] *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence*

That is, torn to pieces with thine own weapons

[41] *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

That is, a bold offer, I will at once promise you my child's love

[42] *Juliet's chamber*

The stage direction in the first edition is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window" In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft" They probably appeared on the balcony or platform which was erected at the back of the old English stage.

[43] *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree*

"This," says Mr Steevens, "is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that if undisturbed, she sits and songs upon the same tree for many weeks together"

[44] *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,*
O, now I would they had changed voices too!

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, gave rise to a common saying that *the toad and the lark had changed eyes* Juliet's meaning is, I wish it was the voice of the toad we hear, for it would then be night and you could remain; but as it is the voice of the lark, it denotes morning, and your safety requires that you must leave me. Dr. Johnson says, "this tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustic rhyme —

To heav'n I'd fly
But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye"

[45] *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*

The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to awaken the hunters, and to collect them together, a *hunts-up* also signified a morning song to a new-married couple the day after their marriage, and is here used in that sense In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th,—

But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing

Again in the play of *Orlando Furioso*,

To play him *hunts-up* with a point of war,
I'll be his minstrelle with my drum and fife

[46] *Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.*

Dr Johnson says that Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover

[47] *Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye*

Sir T Hanmer reads *keen* for green

[48] *Unconstant toy*, i e caprice, or wavering resolution

[49] *Becomed love*, i e becoming love.

[50] *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica*

"Shakspere has here," says Mr Steevens, "imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house, concerning a provincial entertainment To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home, but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if Angelica be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper"

[51] *Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time*

A *mouse-hunt* is a term used in the midland counties for a weasel, whose intrigues, like those of the cat-kind, are usually carried on during the night Lady Capulet alludes to her husband's early gaieties "Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt," is a proverb in Heywood's *Dialogue*, 1598

[52] *O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*

A *dump* was usually a mournful song, in this scene we have—

And doleful dumps the mind oppress.

But as a *merry dump* is mentioned, some commentators have supposed that dump was a name for any kind of melody think it probable that Peter, in his blundering way, says, play me some *merry sad* music in the same manner as the mechanics' play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is called merry and tragical! tedious and brief. There is no doubt whatever that dumps meant serious tunes At the end of *The Secretaries' Studie* by Thomas Gainsford, 1616, is a poem of forty

seven stanzas, called *A Dumpe or Passion.* It begins thus,—

I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,
Nor is my minde nor matter musicall;
My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce;
Nor is my tale or talesman comicall.

[55] *No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.*

To *gleek*, is to scoff or mock: to give the minstrel is a punning phrase for giving the gleek; minstrels and jesters being anciently called *gleekmen* or *gligmen.*

[56] *One of our order, to associate me.*

When a friar went abroad from his convent, he had a companion assigned by the superior, and they were thus a witness of each other's conduct, and a check upon any impropriety.

[56] *This vault a feasting presence.*

A *feasting presence* is a banqueting-room. A presence also denoted any public room that was honoured by royalty. In *The Two Noble Gentlemen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, a servant speaking of his master, says —

His chamber hung with nobles like a presence.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, "the king sent for the wounded man into the *presence.*"

[56] *Lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.*

Romeo having resolved on self-destruction, alludes to himself as already dead. This extravagant conceit might have been suggested to Shakspere by Middleton, who in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, thus expresses the same idea:—

The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre.

[57] *This dagger hath mistaken,—for, lo! his house*
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

This passage is apparently corrupt, for old Capulet is made to say that the house of the dagger (i. e. the scabbard,) is both empty on the back of Romeo, and sheathed in his daughter's bosom If we read, *it* mis-sheathed, instead of *is* mis-sheathed, we make the passage intelligible. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back; in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:—

Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,
And thy dagger handsumly at thy backe.

[58] *Some shall be pardon'd and some punished.*

This line refers to the judgments the prince intended to pronounce on the parties implicated in the tragical event which had just occurred, and in Arthur Brooke's poem we learn that the Nurse was afterwards banished for concealing the marriage, Romeo's servant pardoned because he only obeyed the orders of his master, the poor Apothecary hanged for selling the poison, and the Friar pardoned and permitted to retire to a hermitage two miles from Verona, where.—

Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.

H. T.

Cymbeline.

CYMBELINE appears to have been written in the full strength of our poet's maturity; it is attributed to the year 1605, and supposed to have been composed immediately after *King Lear*, and just before *Macbeth*. At such a period of Shakspere's life, he could scarcely give to the world any feeble production, and we consequently find this play to be full of exquisite poetry, and also to contain the sweetest and most tender female character ever drawn, even by his pen. Still there is, in *Cymbeline*, a singular confusion of times and customs, and the play is full of anachronisms. The rude ancient Britons of the time of Augustus Cæsar are pictured as possessing the manners and luxuries of the Elizabethan period. The polished court of Cymbeline is altogether out of place in Britain at such a time—it is an incredibility; so also is the description of Imogen's chamber, with its tapestry of silk and silver so "rarely and exactly wrought;" and the chimney-piece, with its carving of "chaste Diana bathing," its ornaments of silver, and the golden cherubins with which the roof is fretted. Such things were seen in England in Shakspere's time; but were never dreamed of in Augustus Cæsar's. In the fifth act also, Posthumus, when condemned to death, is told by his gaoler that "he shall fear no more tavern bills" Schlegel makes a graceful apology for these errors, but it does not greatly mend the matter to argue the poet's faults into beauties. In Shakspere, as a poet and philosopher, we have implicit faith; but very little, as an antiquarian or historian. He has too luxuriant and wild an imagination to be bound by the rigid fetters of historic truth. It may be said that *King Lear* is equally open to these objections; but Lear is scarcely more than a creature of the poet's imagination, only connected with history by dim and remote traditions; and the time of Cymbeline is one of which we have more ample and far more certain records. It is not worthy of the critic, or honourable to the memory of the illustrious poet, to point out his beauties only, and remain for ever silent respecting the blemishes in his great works; by following such a course, a false school of criticism and feeling is nursed into active being, and the errors of the dead are reproduced in the writings of the living; for men are gradually led to imitate that which they have been taught blindly to reverence. The vision of Posthumus in his prison is not only inconsistent with the rest of the play, but feebly written, and not worthy of the genius of Shakspere. Let those who would accuse me of heresy in this remark, turn to and peruse it at once; it is, however, just to the poet to say, that it has been suspected of being an interpolation by some other hand, and Mr. Collier thinks it possible that the vision is part of some older play upon the same subject, which Shakspere adopted and placed in his production entire.

Our poet's object, however, in writing this play was a noble one; the vindication of the character of woman from the lewd aspersions of thoughtless and unprincipled men. It is not Imogen alone, whom the Italian profligate, Iachimo, slanders—it is her whole sex; of his attempt upon her chastity, he says to her husband:—"I durst attempt it against any lady in the world." Impossible as it may appear to pure and innocent minds, men still live who are ignorant and sensual enough to make the same vile boast. Among the pleasure-seeking gallants of that lascivious age, when seduction and duelling were by a large number of that class considered mere venial vices, if not graceful accomplishments, such unbelievers in the purity of woman were, perhaps, not uncommon; and in this play the bard read them a stern reproof from the stage.

Imogen is a personification of woman; woman enthroned in the holy temple of her pure and chaste affections, rejecting the tempter of her honour with the bitterest scorn and loathing, and enduring wrong and suffering with the most touching patience and sweetness. The gentler sex should be always grateful to the memory of our great Shakspere, for his genius did sweet homage to their character; he invests his female creations with all that is most pure and generous in humanity picturing them, indeed, as beautiful to the eye, but a thousand times more acceptable to the heart. There is a moral dignity about his women, a holy strength of affection, which neither suffering nor death can pervert, that elevates them above the sterner nature of man, placing them on an equality with angels. The adventures of Imogen are like a beautiful romance, her flight after her banished husband, her wretchedness and forlorn condition when informed that he believes her false and has given order for her death; her assumption of boy's attire, in which disguise she wanders among the mountains, at point to perish from hunger; her meeting with her disguised brothers in the cave, her supposed death, and recovery, and finally, her discovery of her repentant husband, and throwing herself, without one reproach, upon his bosom—are all beautifully portrayed. Imogen is, indeed, a pattern of connubial love and chastity.

Posthumus is an irritable and impatient character, his love for Imogen is rather a selfish one, or he would not have been so easily persuaded that she was false, it undergoes some purification in his trouble, and we scarcely sympathise with him until his repentance of his rashness. He then doubts his own worthiness, and feeling that he has wickedly presumed to direct the wrath of Heaven and punish its offenders, exclaims.—

> Gods! if you
> Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
> Had lived to put on this

A reflection we all might advantageously make, when contemplating revenge for any real or supposed injury.

Iachimo is an unconfirmed villain, as dishonest as Iago, but not so devilish, for he has the grace to repent of his treachery; he tries to compound with his conscience, and satisfy it with jesuitical sophistries. He is ready to attest the truth of his false assertions with an oath, and does absolutely swear to Posthumus that he had the jewel from the arm of Imogen, which is literally true, but morally a perjury, because he stole the bracelet, and led the husband to suspect that it was given him in the gratification of an infamous affection. Iachimo equivocates, Iago would have had no compunction about the matter, but have sworn to any falsehood, however injurious and diabolical, without mental reservation Iachimo's confession in the last scene is too wordy and tediously prolonged, and the humility of it is scarcely in accordance with his character, as portrayed in the earlier scenes of the play,

These three characters are the principal ones of that group to which the attention is chiefly attracted; Cymbeline, himself, is represented as weak and vacillating—a mere tool of his wicked queen, who says. "I never do him wrong, but he does buy my injuries," rewards her for them, as if they were benefits: this woman is utterly villanous without any redeeming quality, unless affection for her foolish and unprincipled son be called one; it is seldom that Shakspere draws such characters, for he loves rather to elevate than to depress humanity, and to paint in sunbeams, than to people twilight with forms of darkness. Perhaps she is introduced to bring the sweet character of the pure and loving Imogen into greater prominence, by the power of contrast. The conduct of Cymbeline is unaccountable, save in a timid and wavering mind, having beaten the Romans by accident, he is amazed at his own temerity, and, in the very triumph of victory, makes a peace, and promises to pay to Cæsar the tribute which he had gone to war to avoid.

Cloten has been said to be so singular a character, and possessed of qualities so contradictory that he has been supposed to form an exception to Shakspere's usual integrity in copying from nature.

I cannot see in what particular he is irreconcilable to humanity, he is a knave, a braggart, and a fool in most matters, but that is no reason why he should not possess some shrewd common sense ideas occasionally. Nothing can be happier than his defiance of the Roman ambassador —"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" Quaintly expressed, certainly, but unanswerable as an argument, it is not Cloten's want of sense, but his outrageous vanity, that makes him ridiculous. He is not half so great a contradiction to himself, as is Polonius, in *Hamlet*, and yet we can easily understand the peculiarities of that character, the weakness of age consuming the strength of maturity, folly encroaching on wisdom, in Cloten, it is folly consuming common sense Shakspere requires no justification to the observing mind; few men are either all wisdom or all folly, the writings of the wisest man of whom we have any record, are bitter condemnations of his own actions, eloquent laments for time mis-spent in voluptuous abandonment I doubt not that the poet drew Cloten from a living model, singularities, in works of fiction, are generally copied from life—they are flights too bold for most authors to take without precedent Respecting the character of Cloten, Hazlitt has remarked.—"that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiments, as to a want of understanding"

In the delineation of the two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, Shakspere propagates a doctrine which will find many opponents in the present day he infers that there is an innate royalty of nature, a sovereignty in blood in those born of a kingly stock, and the young princes brought up as simple rustics, and born of a weak uxorious father, are represented as feeling their high birth so strongly, that it impels them to acts of heroism. Belarius says —

> Their thoughts do hit
> The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them,
> In simple and low things, to prince it much
> Beyond the trick of others

Their old protector is a courtier, turned hermit from an acute sense of wrong and a consequent disgust of civilised life, and his language is that of one who has seen the world to satiety he is full of bitter reflections on princes and their courts, where oft a man gains ill report for doing well, and "must court'sey at the censure" He bears some resemblance to the moralising Jaques, all natural objects suggest to him lofty and religious reflections and the low-roofed cave which makes him bow as he issues from it to greet the rising sun, instructs him to adore its great Creator Jaques had been a libertine in his youth, and Belarius is guilty of a dishonourable and wicked revenge, by bringing up the sons of Cymbeline as rustics, the father had injured him, but he had robbed the children of their birthright

That part of the plot which relates to the adventures of Imogen was suggested to Shakspere by "the tale told by the fishwife of Stand on the Green," in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*, in which the story is given in an English dress, and the original of Imogen is a Mrs. Dorrill, who, in the language of the author, was "a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her,) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body she was not onely so rare, and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her." This story was in its turn taken from the *Decameron* of the Italian novelist Boccacio

According to Holinshed, Cymbeline, or Kimbeline, began his reign in the nineteenth year of that of Augustus Cæsar, and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second of that of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

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

CLOTEN, *Son to the* Queen *by a former Husband*

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

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman of Britain, Husband to* Imogen.

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

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan

Appears, Act III sc 3, sc 6 Act IV sc 2, sc 4 Act V. sc. 2, sc 3, sc 5

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, } *Sons of* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of* Polydore *and* Cadwell, *supposed Sons to* Belarius

Appear, Act III. sc. 3, sc 6 Act IV sc 2, sc 4 Act V sc 2, sc 3, sc 5

PHILARIO, *a Roman Gentleman and Friend to* Posthumus

Appears, Act I. sc. 5 Act II sc. 4

IACHIMO, *an Italian Gentleman and Friend to* Philario.

Appears, Act I sc 5, sc. 7. Act II sc 2, sc 4 Act V sc 2, sc 5

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, *Friend to* Philario

Appears, Act I sc 5

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome, afterwards General of the Roman forces.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1, sc 5 Act IV sc 2 Act V sc 2, sc 5.

A SOOTHSAYER, *attending on* Lucius

Appears, Act IV. sc 2 Act V sc 5.

A ROMAN CAPTAIN

Appears, Act IV sc 2

TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.

Appear, Act V. sc 3

PISANIO, *Servant to* Posthumus.

Appears, Act I sc 2, sc 4, sc 6, sc 7 Act II. sc. 3. Act III sc 2, sc 4, sc. 5. Act IV sc 3 Act V. sc 3, sc. 5.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Appears, Act I sc 6. Act V sc 5

TWO GENTLEMEN.

Appear, Act I sc. 1.

TWO LORDS, *Companions to* Cloten.

Appear, Act I sc 3 Act II sc 1, sc 3.

ANOTHER LORD.

Appears, Act IV sc 3 Act V sc 3.

TWO ROMAN SENATORS *and* TRIBUNES

Appear, Act III sc 7

TWO GAOLERS

Appear, Act V sc 4

JUPITER, *and other Apparitions.*

Appear, Act V sc 4

QUEEN, *Wife to* Cymbeline

Appears, Act I. sc 2, sc 6 Act II. sc. 3 Act III sc. 1, sc 5.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*

Appears, Act I sc 2, sc 4; sc 7 Act II sc 2, sc 3 Act III. sc 2, sc 4, sc 6 Act IV sc 2 Act V sc 2 sc 5

HELEN, *an Attendant on* Imogen

Appears, Act II sc 2, sc 3.

Lords, Ladies, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *Sometimes in* BRITAIN, *sometimes in* ITALY.

Cymbeline.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind* Cymbeline's *Palace*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem, as does the king's[1]
2nd Gent But what's the matter?
1st Gent His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman She's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart
2nd Gent None but the king?
1st Gent He, that hath lost her, too so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at
2nd Gent And why so?
1st Gent He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2nd Gent You speak him far
1st Gent I do extend him, sir, within himself,[2]
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly
2nd Gent. What's his name, and birth?
1st Gent I cannot delve him to the root His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, 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,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and
In his spring became a harvest Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,
A glass that feated them, and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue,
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
2nd Gent I honour him
Even out of your report But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1st Gent His only child
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went
2nd Gent How long is this ago?
1st Gent Some twenty years
2nd Gent That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1st Gent Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2nd Gent. I do well believe you.
1st Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you
Post. 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 barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* QUEEN
Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love!
This diamond was my mother's take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death![3]—Remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring*
While sense can keep it on? And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so, in our trifles
I still win of you For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords

Post Alack, the king!
Cym Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood
Post The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me![4]
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[5]
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together. you have done
[*To the* QUEEN.
Not after our command Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace,—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice[6]
Cym Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way.
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard for this time, leave me
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two* Lords.

1*st Lord* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt, the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent
Clo If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?
2*nd Lord* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*
1*st Lord* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt. it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt
2*nd Lord* His steel was in debt; it went o'the backside the town [*Aside.*
Clo The villain would not stand me.
2*nd Lord* No, but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside*
1*st Lord* Stand you! You have land enough of your own but he added to your having; gave you some ground.
2*nd Lord* As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! [*Aside.*
Clo. I would, they had not come between us.
2*nd Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground [*Aside*
Clo And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!
2*nd Lord* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*
1*st Lord* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
2*nd Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside*
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You 'll go with us?

1st Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2nd Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail. if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.[7] What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, "his queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,[8] for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company

Imo Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd —
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach Believe it, sir I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items

Phi You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within

French I have seen him in France we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he

Iach This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter[9]

French And then his banishment ——

Iach Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:

How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did 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.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences [10] but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French Safely, I think: '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 fell in praise of our country mistresses This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France

Iach That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post She holds her virtue still, and I my mind

Iach You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual, a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress,[11] if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signor, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first

Iach With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress. make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no

Iach I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[12] in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse. Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.[13] If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. *and* IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'm. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1st Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [*Presenting a small Box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal, upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you madam;
But you shall do no harm [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PIS.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

THE LATE

MISS LAURA ADDISON AS IMOGEN.

IMO: So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed 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.

CYMBELINE
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Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,[14]
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 depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The* QUEEN *drops a Box,* PISA *takes it up*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy labour
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death I do not know
What is more cordial —Nay, I pr'ythee, take it,
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her, do't, as from thyself
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire, and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly Call my women
Think on my words [*Exit* PISA]—A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd. the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord —I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taste of too —So, so,—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself. there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd,—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort —Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly
[*Presents a Letter*
Imo Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo [*Reads*]—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest,

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady —
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?[15] and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite. Nor i' the appetite,
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach Thanks, madam, well.—'Beseech, you, sir, desire [*To* Pis
My man's abode where I did leave him he
Is strange and peevish [16]
Pis I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* Pis
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach Well, madam
Imo Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is
Iach Exceeding pleasant, none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me, 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do For certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop [17]
Iach Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon, this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty, this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here. should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour,) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach And himself Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,[18]
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition[19]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo What ho, Pisanio!

Iach Let me my service tender on your lips

Imo Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee —If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike —What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all —What ho, Pisanio!

Iach O happy Leonatus! I may say,
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo You make amends

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless Pray, your pardon

Imo All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours

Iach My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business

Imo Pray, what is 't?

Iach Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France 'Tis plate, of rare device, and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange,[20]
To have them in safe stowage, May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber

Iach They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I —*Court before* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two* Lords.

Clo Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away![21] I had a hundred pound on 't And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure

1*st Lord* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl

2*nd Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside*

Clo When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths Ha?

2*nd Lord* No, my lord, nor [*Aside*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2*nd Lord* To have smelt like a fool[22] [*Aside*

Clo I am not more vexed at anything in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am, they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2*nd Lord* You are a cock and capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on.[23] [*Aside*

Clo Sayest thou?

1*st Lord* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to

Clo No, I know that. but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors

2*nd Lord* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo Why, so I say.

1*st Lord* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo A stranger! and I not know on 't!

2*nd Lord* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not [*Aside*

1*st Lord* There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends

Clo Leonatus! a banished rascal, and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1*st Lord.* One of your lordship's pages

Clo Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1*st Lord* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo Not easily, I think.

2*nd Lord* You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2*nd Lord* I'll attend your lordship

[*Exeunt* CLO *and first* Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II —*A Bed-chamber, in one Part of it a Trunk*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed, a* Lady *attending*

Imo Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady Please you, madam.

Imo What hour is it?

Lady Almost midnight, madam

Imo. I have read three hours then mine eyes are weak —

Fold down the leaf where I have left To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning,
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly

[*Exit* Lady

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACH, *from the Trunk.*

Iach The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded —Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows.[24] White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct —But my design?
To note the chamber —I will write all down —
Such, and such, pictures.—There the window —
Such
The adornment of her bed,—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such —And the contents o'the
story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off,—
[*Taking off her Bracelet*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'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 rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late
The tale of Tereus,[25] here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up,—I have enough.
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that
dawning
May bare the raven's eye I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here
[*Clock strikes*
One, two, three,—Time, time![26]
[*Goes into the Trunk The Scene closes*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber adjoining* Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1*st Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1*st Lord* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough It's almost morning, is 't not?

1*st Lord* Day, my lord

Clo I would this music would come I am advised to give her music o' mornings, they say, it will penetrate

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so, we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain, but I'll never give o'er First, a very excellent good-conceited thing after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies,[27]
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise

So, get you gone If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend [*Exeunt* Musicians

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN

2*nd Lord* Here comes the king,

Clo I am glad, I was up so late, for that 's the reason I was up so early He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly —Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother

Cym Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him. some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season. make denials

Increase your services. so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends.
And therein you are senseless.

Clo Senseless? not so

Enter a Messenger.

Mess So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now,
But that 's no fault of his We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice —Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman —Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM., QUEEN, Lords, *and* Mess

Clo If she be up, I 'll speak with her, if not,
Let her lie still, and dream —By your leave ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer, and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief,
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself
By your leave. [*Knocks*

Enter a Lady

Lady. Who 's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman

Lady. No more?

Clo Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That 's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What 's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There 's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo Good-morrow, fairest sister. Your sweet hand

Imo Good-morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them

Clo Still, I swear, I love you

Imo If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not

Clo This is no answer

Imo But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak I pray you, spare me. i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness, one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin
I will not

Imo Fools are not mad folks.

Clo Do you call me fool?

Imo As I am mad, I do.
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none.
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues,[28] to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well

Clo The south-fog rot him!

Imo He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the airs above thee,
Were they all made such men — How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO

Clo His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently —

Clo His garment?

Imo I am sprighted with a fool,[29]
Frighted, and anger'd worse —Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm, it was thy master's 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe I do think,
I saw 't this morning confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he

Pis 'Twill not be lost

Imo I hope so go, and search. [*Exit* PIS

Clo You have abus'd me —
His meanest garment?

Imo Ay, I said so, sir
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo I will inform your father

Imo. Your mother too
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent [*Exit*

Clo. I 'll be reveng'd.—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—Rome *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO

Post Fear it not, sir. I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor

Phi Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly. And, I think,
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief

Post I do believe,
(Statist[30] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war, and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,[31] they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi See! Iachimo?

Post The swiftest harts have posted you by land
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi Welcome, sir.

Post I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post And, therewithal, the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you

Post Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd

Post. All is well yet —

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not.
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport. I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe. whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not
Post. Proceed
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver, the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value, which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——
Post. This is true,
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves. the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb, outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap:
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet*
Be pale,[32] I beg but leave to air this jewel See!—
And now 'tis up again It must be married
To that your diamond, I 'll keep them
Post Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach Sir, (I thank her,) that
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She prized it once.
Post May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me
Iach She writes so to you? doth she?
Post O, no, no, no, 'tis true Here, take this too, [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't —Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty, truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again, 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it, or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.
Post Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring;—

Rende to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen
Iach By Jupiter, I had it from her arm
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
She would not lose it her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable —They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly —
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi Sir, be patient
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——
Post Never talk on 't,
She hath been colted by him
Iach If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging By my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post Spare your arithmetic never count the turns,
Once, and a million!
Iach I 'll be sworn,——
Post No swearing
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie,
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold
Iach I will deny nothing
Post O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father.—I 'll do something—— [*Exit*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach With all my heart
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V —*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd, some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this —O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance, did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn, that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow —O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first Perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part Be it lying, note it,
The woman's, flattering, hers, deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all, but, rather, all
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them —Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I —Britain. *A Room of State in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one Door, and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less,
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd

Queen And, to the marvel,
Shall be so ever

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again —Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters,
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten, and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,[33]
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo Come there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars other of them may have crooked noses, but, to owe such straight arms, none

Cym Son, let your mother end

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan I do not say, I am one, but I have a hand —Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's 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 Mulmutius, 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,) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king

Luc I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy
Receive it from me, then —War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee look
For fury not to be resisted —Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself

Cym Thou art welcome, Caius
Thy Cæsar knighted me, my youth I spent
Much under him, of him I gather'd honour,
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance, I am perfect,[34]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc Let proof speak

Clo His majesty bids you welcome Make pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you

seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle if you beat us out of it, it is yours, if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you, and there's an end

Luc So, sir

Cym I know your master's pleasure, and he mine
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*Another Room in the same*

Enter PISANIO

Pis How of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,[35]) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue —O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes —How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? "Do't The letter [*Reading*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity"—O, damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act,[36] and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes

Enter IMOGEN

I am ignorant in what I am commanded[37]

Imo How now, Pisanio?

Pis Madam, here is a letter from my lord

Imo Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters,
He'd lay the future open —You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable,) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love,—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike,
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You 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 not even renew me with your eyes Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS

O, for a horse with wings?—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven Read, and tell me
How far '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,[38]
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse —but first, how get hence
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too

Imo Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.——But this is foolery —
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father and provide me, presently,
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife[39]

Pis Madam, you're best consider.

Imo I see before me, man, nor here, nor here
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through Away, I pr'ythee:

Do as I bid thee There 's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III —Wales *A mountainous Country, with a cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Bel A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on,[40] without
Good morrow to the sun —Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now, for our mountain sport Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young, I 'll tread these flats Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check,
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe,[41]
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd no life to ours
Gui Out of your proof you speak we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit[42]
Arv What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly, subtle as the fox, for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat
Our valour is, to chace what flies, our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely
Bel How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly the art of the court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
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'sey at the censure —O, boys, this story
The world may read in me My body 's marked
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui Uncertain favour!
Bel My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans so,
Follow'd my banishment, and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time —But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language —He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* GUI *and* ARV.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king:

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive
They think, they are mine and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom,
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story say,—"Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on his neck," even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou resist'st me of my lands Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father The game is up
[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Near* Milford Haven

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN

Imo Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand —Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now —Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before. if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still —My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point —Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me
Pis Please you, read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune

Imo [*Reads*] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me I speak not out of weak surmises, from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers Let thine own hands take away her life I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven she hath my letter for the purpose Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal

Pis What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already —No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters —What cheer, madam?

Imo False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis Alas, good lady!

Imo I false? Thy conscience witness —Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain, now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough —Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[43] hath betray'd him
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd —to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany, not born, where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies
Pis Good madam, hear me

Imo True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false and Simon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness So, thou, Posthúmus,
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 honest
Do thou thy master's bidding When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience Look!
I draw the sword myself take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart
Fear not; '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

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand

Imo Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart,
Something's afore't —Soft, soft, we'll no 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 betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on,[41] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me — Pr'ythee, despatch
The lamb entreats the butcher Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo Do't, and to bed then

Pis I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis But to win time
To lose so bad employment in the which
I have consider'd of a course, Good lady,
Hear me with patience

Imo Talk thy tongue weary, speak
I have heard, I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that But speak

Pis Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again

Imo Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me

Pis Not so, neither
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury

Imo Some Roman courtezan

Pis 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 miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it

Imo Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis If you'll back to the court —

Imo No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege

Pis If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it,

In a great pool, a swan's nest, Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,[45] and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves
Imo O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure
Pis Well then, here's the point
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience, fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry
Imo Nay, be brief
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already
Pis First, make yourself but like one
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,[46] (which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you, for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy Your means abroad
You have me, rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with Pr'ythee, away
There 's more to be consider'd, but we 'll even
All that good time will give us This attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage Away, I pr'ythee
Pis Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court My noble mistress,
Here is a box I had it from the queen,
What 's in 't is precious, if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper —To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood —May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo Amen I thank thee [*Exeunt*

SCENE V —*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords

Cym Thus far, and so farewell
Luc Thanks, royal sir
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy
Cym Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike
Luc So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven —
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you![47]
Cym My lords, you are appointed for that office
The due of honour in no point omit —
So, farewell, noble Lucius
Luc Your hand, my lord
Clo Receive it friendly but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy
Luc Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner Fare you well
Cym Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn —Happiness!
[*Exeunt* LUC *and* Lords
Queen He goes hence frowning but it honours us,
That we have given him cause
Clo 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it
Cym Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it —Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance
[*Exit an* Attend.
Queen Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been, the cure whereof, my lord,
'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.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king
Clo That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days
Queen. Go, look after —[*Exit* CLO
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king, he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better. May
This night forestall him of the coming day![48]
[*Exit* QUEEN
Clo I love, and hate her. for she 's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman,[49] from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore, But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what 's else rare, is chok'd, and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends
Pis O, good my lord!
Clo Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome
Clo Where is she, sir? Come nearer,
No further halting. satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
Pis O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*
Clo. Let 's see 't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. } *Aside*

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
[*Aside*

Clo Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think

Clo It is Posthúmus' hand, I know't —Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthúmus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will

Clo Give me thy hand, here's my purse Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither let it be thy first service, go

Pis I shall, my lord [*Exit*

Clo Meet thee at Milford-Haven —I forgot to ask him one thing, I 'll remember 't anon —Even there thou villain, Posthúmus, 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 Posthúmus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities With that suit upon my back will I ravish her First kill him, and in her eyes, there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis She can scarce be there yet

Clo Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. the third is, that thou shalt 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*

Pis Thou bidd'st me to my loss for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true —To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness, labour be his meed!
[*Exit*

SCENE VI —*Before the Cave of* Belarius

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me —Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be relev'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 lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars —My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food —But what is this?
Here is a path to it '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 anything that 's civil, speak, if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter
Best draw my sword and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't
Such a foe, good heavens!
[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; '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 restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard —Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary

Arv I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite

Gui There is cold meat i' the cave, we 'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd

Bel. Stay, come not in [*Looking in*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui What 's the matter, sir?

Bel By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN

Imo Good masters, harm me not
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took Good troth,
I have stolen nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here 's money for my meat
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider

Gui Money, youth?

Arv All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods

Imo I see, you are angry
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo To Milford-Haven, sir

Bel. What is your name?

Imo Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks, to stay and eat it —
Boys, bid him welcome

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom —In honesty,
I bid for you, as I 'd buy

Arv I 'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man, I 'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours —Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends

Imo 'Mongst friends
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus [59] *Aside.*

Bel He wrings at some distress

Gui 'Would I could free 't!

Arv Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel Hark, boys [*Whispering*

Imo Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false [53]

Bel It shall be so
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt —Fair youth, come in
Discourse is heavy, fasting, when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it

Gui Pray, draw near

Arv The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome

Imo Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII —Rome

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1*st Sen* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;

And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission [52] Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2nd Sen. Ay
Tri Remaining now in Gallia?
1st Sen With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch
Tri We will discharge our duty [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I—*The Forest, near the Cave*

Enter CLOTEN

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits Therein I must play the workman I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer, in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his, no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions yet this imperseverant thing[53] 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 mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face [54] and all this done, spurn her home to her father who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me [*Exit*

SCENE II—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel You are not well. [*To* IMO.] remain here in the cave;
'll come to you after hunting.
Arv Brother, stay here: [*To* IMO.
Are we not brothers?
Imo So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike I am very sick.
Gui Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo So sick I am not,—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick So please you, leave me
Stick to your journal course the breach of custom
Is breach of all I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me Society is no comfort
To one not sociable I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly
Gui I love thee, I have spoke it
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father
Bel What? how? how?
Arv If it be a sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason, the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth"
Bel O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base
Nature hath meal, and bran, contempt, and grace
I am not their father, yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me —
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv Brother, farewell
Imo I wish ye sport.
Arv. Your health.—So please you, sir

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all 's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate,
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest

Arv. Thus did he answer me. yet said, hereafter
I might know more

Bel. To the field, to the field —
We 'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest

Arv. We 'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you

Bel. And so shalt be ever [*Exit* IMO.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh. as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away —Who 's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* BEL. *and* ARV.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
"A slave" without a knock.

Clo Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, villain Yield thee, thief.

Gui To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather, he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,
I am loath to beat thee

Clo Thou injurious thief
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui What 's thy name?

Clo Cloten, thou villain

Gui Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were 't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner

Clo To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the queen

Gui I 'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel No company's abroad

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head*

Gui This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect, what cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town
Bel. We are all undone
Gui Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law
Protects not us Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel I had no mind
To hunt this day the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth
Gui With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten
That's all I reck. [*Exit*
Bel I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer
Bel Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit I pr'ythee, to our rock
You and Fidele play the cooks I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him. To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit*
Bel O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother, his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but I,
Thou diedest, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see.
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed,
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse
Gui Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv Say, where shall 's lay him?
Gui By good Euriphile, our mother
Arv Be 't so.
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother, use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui Cadwal,
I cannot sing I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie
Arv We 'll speak it then
Bel Great griefs, I see, medicine the less for Cloten
Is quite forgot He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low Our foe was princely
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax
When neither are alive.
Arv If you 'll go fetch him.
We 'll say our song the whilst —Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BEL
Gui Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv Fear no more the frown o' the great
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe, and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust

Gui Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone,

Gui Fear not slander, censure rash,

Arv Thou hast finished joy and moan

Both All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust

Gui No exorciser harm thee!

Arv Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the Body of* CLOTEN

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come lay him down

Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but about midnight, more
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves ——Upon their faces —
You were as flowers, now wither'd even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow —
Come on, away apart upon our knees
The ground, that gave them first, has them again
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain
[*Exeunt* BEL., GUI., *and* ARV

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven, Which is the way?—
I thank you —By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'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 was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still. even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me, not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules. but his Jovial face[55]—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,[56] Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord —To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthúmus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on —How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten 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
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships.
They are here in readiness.

Luc But what from Rome?

Cap The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
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And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but I,
Thou diedest, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at. his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
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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.
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Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
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The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
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Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
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Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse
Gui Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt —To the grave.
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Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
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Than priests and fanes that lie
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Is quite forgot He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax
When neither are alive.
Arv If you 'll go fetch him.
We 'll say our song the whilst —Brother, begin.
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Gui Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east,
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

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Nor the furious winter's rages,
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Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,
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Arv Fear no more the frown o' the great
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Care no more to clothe, and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak
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Come on, away apart upon our knees
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I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'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 was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
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Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
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His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh;
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And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
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Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
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Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on—How should this be? Pisanio?
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Which chance to find us O, my lord, my lord!

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After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to 't —Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision.
(I fast, and pray'd,[57] for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams. which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building —How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead —
Let 's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body —Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing or if not,
Nothing to be were better This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding Say his name, good friend
Imo Richard du Champ[58] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside*
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me
Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig. and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep, and sigh,
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee —
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave Come, arm him[59]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III —*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, *and* PISANIO

Cym. Again, and bring me word, how '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
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
1st Lord. Good, my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To* PIS.
Does yet depend.
1st Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Sym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.
1st Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of come more, for more you're ready
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym I thank you. Let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here—Away. [*Exeunt*
Pis I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king,[60] or I 'll fall in them
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd.
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither. What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and 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 asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve

My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A field between the* British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee,[61] for I wish'd
Thou should'st be coloured thus You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands
No bond, but to do just ones —Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults, that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress! peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman Army, *at the other Side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it, like a poor Soldier They march over, and go out. Alarums Then enter again in skirmish* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't,
Revengingly enfeebles me, Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods
[*Exit.*

The Battle continues, the Britons *fly,* CYMBELINE *is taken, then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground,
The lane is guarded nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arv Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons. *They rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself.
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers

Lord. I did

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame

Lord Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country,—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,[62] 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 Britain's harts die flying, not our men
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown stand, stand"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word "stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd, that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o' the need, having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before, some, dying, some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord This was strange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post Nay, do not wonder at it You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one.
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane."

Lord Nay, be not angry, sir

Post 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend:
For if he 'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post Still going?—This is a lord! O, noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck Being an ugly monster,
'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 Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransome '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.

1*st Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2*nd Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,[63]
That gave the affront with them.
1*st Cap.* So 'tis reported
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2*nd Cap.* Lay hands on him, a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note bring him to the king

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended*, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, 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

1*st Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2*nd Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout. since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd. to satisfy,
If of my freedom '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.
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen.
I'll speak to thee in silence.
[*He sleeps.*

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *Father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old Man, attired like a Warrior, leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with Music before them Then, after other Music, follow the Two young* Leonati, *Brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with Wounds, as they died in the Wars They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies.
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1*st Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?
2nd Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,[64]
With honour to maintain
1st Bro Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici Thy crystal window ope, look out,
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici Peep through thy marble mansion, help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2nd Bro Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle he throws a Thunder-bolt The Ghosts fall on their Knees*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing, hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*
Sici He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell. the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,[65]
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof —Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*Ghosts vanish.*
Post [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a 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 fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself known, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace an plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not. either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. you come in faint for 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 debitor and creditor but it, of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows

Post I am merrier to die, than thou art to live

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then, I have not seen him so pictured you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Post. *and* Mess.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[66] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* Bel, Guid, *and* Arv.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are.—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this.
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes, repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected, so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming, it 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;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, 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.
Cym I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me —
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own —I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo I humbly thank your highness.
Luc I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt
Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand, I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What 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?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page,
I 'll be thy master. Walk with me, speak freely
[CYM *and* IMO *converse apart*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv One sand another
Not more resembles That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele —What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel Peace, peace! see further, he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike. were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further
Pis. It is my mistress.
[*Aside*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
[CYM *and* IMO *come forward*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud — Sir, [*To* IACH] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What 's that to him [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva
Postures beyond brief nature. for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye ——
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly —This Posthúmus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage, excellent,
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post Ay, so thou dost [*Coming forward*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious. it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am 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, yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me. every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo Peace, my lord, hear, hear—

Post Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her. she falls*

Pis O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym Does the world go round?

Post How come these staggers on me?

Pis Wake, my mistress!

Cym If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis How fares my mistress?

Imo O, get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison. dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym The tune of Imogen!

Pis Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the queen.

Cym New matter still?

Imo It poison'd me.

Cor O Gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym What's this, Cornelius.

Cor The queen, sir, very oft 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?

Imo Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel My boys,
There was our error.

Gui This is sure, Fidele.

Imo Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him*

Post Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling*

Bel Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't. [*To Gui. and* Arv.

Cym My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo I am sorry for't, my lord

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story.
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head,
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger is
Ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then —
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age. indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you '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 sweet'st companions in the world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son, he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more —Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord,
I have got two worlds by 't—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies.
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother, So we 'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BEL.
Imo You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming, 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd,—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again:
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym Nobly doom'd:
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.
Arv You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows
Of mine own kindred when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing

Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,— -

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning

Sooth. [*Reads*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYM.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify, seal it with feasts —
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

[1] *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem as does the king's.

This passage is very obscure, the sense appears to be, our bloods and dispositions no longer are influenced by the seasons, but, like our courtiers, take their cue from the temper of the king Mr. Tyrwhitt says we should omit the *s* in the word kings, the sense is then certainly clearer.

[2] *I do extend him, sir, within himself*

My praise, however great, is less than, or within, his merits.

[3] *And sear up my embracements from a next*
With bonds of death!

To sear up, is strictly to close up with burning, and may here mean to solder up in a lead coffin, some of the commentators are, however, of opinion that it merely meant to close up in grave clothes, or otherwise.

[4] ——— *O disloyal thing,*
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!

This passage is probably corrupt; for Cymbeline to say that his daughter's conduct had made him exactly one year older would be ludicrous Sir T. Hanmer reads:—

Thou heapest *many*
A year's age on me!

And Dr. Johnson alters the last line thus:—

Years, ages on me.

[5] *And did avoid a puttock.*

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

[6] *Out of your best advice.*

Out of your reflection or consideration

[7] ——— *'Twere a paper lost*
As offer'd mercy is.

The meaning appears to be, that the paper is to the speaker as valuable as offered mercy to a condemned criminal, and that the loss of it would be as much to be regretted as the loss of such a pardon.

[8] *To encounter me with orisons.*

That is, meet me with reciprocal prayers.

[9] *Words him, I doubt not, a good deal from the matter.*

Gives rise to very exaggerated descriptions of him.

[10] *Rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences.*

Posthumus admits himself to have been a presumptuous young man, and implies, that he rather studied to *avoid* conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.

[11] *To convince the honour of my mistress.*

To convince is used for to overcome.

[12] *You are a good deal abused.*

That is, deceived.

[13] *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*

Dr Warburton reads—you are *afraid*, &c. Dr. Johnson interprets it thus—you are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard.

[14] *To shift his being.*

That is, to change his abode.

[15] ——— *And the twinn'd stones*
Upon the number'd beach.

In what sense can the beach be called numbered? who can number the sands of the sea shore? We might read—

Upon th' unnumber'd beach,

with more propriety Twinn'd stones, says Dr. Johnson, I do not understand, but twinn'd shells, or pairs of shells, are very common. The pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that twinned may mean as like as twins.

[16] ——— *He*
Is strange and peevish.

Strange is shy, or backward; *peevish* may be used in its modern acceptation as irritable, but it anciently meant silly.

[17] *What both you spur and stop.*

What is it that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it? what is it that you seem anxious to utter and yet withhold.

[18] *And fastened to an empery.*

That is allied to royalty; *empery* is an obsolete word which signified sovereign command.

[19] *With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition*
Which your own coffers yield.

That is, with strumpets hired with the pension which you allow your husband. It would appear that the ladies of pleasure in the time of Shakspere often went

habited as young men, hence, probably, the name of tomboy. In W. Warren's *Nurcerie of Names*, 1581:—

> She comes not unto Bacchus' feastes,
> Or Flora's routes by night,
> Like *tomboyes*, such as live in Rome
> For every knave's delight.

[20] *Being strange*, i.e., being a stranger.

[21] *When I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*

He is describing a game at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed, he who throws the nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is an expression denoting a state of great advantage in the game.

[22] *To have smelt like a fool.*

A poor quibble is intended on the word *rank* in the preceding speech.

[23] *And you crow, cock, with your comb on.*

The intention of the speaker is to call Cloten a coxcomb; the allusion is to the cap worn by a fool or jester having on it a comb like a cock's.

[24] *Under these windows*, i e her eyelids.

[25] ——— *She hath been reading late*
The tale of Tereus.

Tereus and Progne is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, 1576 The same tale is related in Gower's poem, *De Confessione Amantis*, and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

[26] *One, two, three,—Time, time.*

Mr. Malone has very truly observed that Shakspere is hardly ever exact in his computation of time Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed that it was *almost midnight*. Immediately after she has fallen asleep, Iachimo comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have occupied more than a few minutes; yet we are now told that it is *three* o'clock.

[27] *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

A poetical allusion to the morning sun drying up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. We should read *lie* instead of *lies* in the last line, but inaccuracies of this character are frequent in our poet's writings, and in this instance, we cannot rectify the grammar without spoiling the rhyme.

[28] ——— *If were made*
Comparative for your virtues.

If it were to be considered as a compensation adequate to your deserving; a reward for merit.

[29] *I am sprighted with a fool.*

That is, haunted by a fool as by a spright.

[30] *Statist*, i.e. statesman

[31] *To their approvers*, i.e. to those who try them.

[32] ——— *Then if you can,*
Be pale.

That is, if you can be patient; forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

[33] *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword.

Shakspere has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historie," says Holinshed, "also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died within fifteen dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt, he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."

[34] *I am perfect*, i e. I am well informed.

[35] ——— *What false Italian*
As poisonous tongu'd, as handed.

In the time of Shakspere, the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the art carried t great perfection by certain villanous physicians.

[36] *Art thou a feodary for this art.*

That is, art thou a confederate or accomplice. So i: *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes says of Hermione;—

> More, she 's a traitor, and Camillo is
> A federary with her.

[37] *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*

That is, I am ignorant of, or unpractised in the arts of murder.

[38] *Say and speak thick*

Crowd one word upon another as fast as possible; speak rapidly, even "to the smothering of the sense."

[39] *A franklin's housewife.*

A franklin is, literally, a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

[40] ——— *That giants may jet through*
And keep their impious turbands on.

The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

[41] *Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.*

This is evidently a corruption Sir T. Hamner substitutes the word *bribe* for that of *babe*, and Dr. Warburton reads *bauble*, that is, vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *brabe*, and says that *Brabium* is a badge of honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity.

[42] *To stride a limit*, i.e. to overpass his bound.

[43] ——— — *Some jay of Italy,*
Whose mother was her painting.

Some abandoned woman made by art, the creature

not of nature, but of painting. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have a similar expression —

——— Whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments.

[46] —— *When thou shalt be disedg'd by her*
That now thou tir'st on.

That is, when you shall be satiated by her who now attracts you. A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she peeks; from *tirer*, French.

[45] ——— *Now, if you could bear a mind*
Dark as your fortune is.

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. Darkness, applied to the mind is *secrecy*: applied to the fortune is obscurity

[46] *Wherein you are happy.*

That is, in what you are accomplished

[47] *Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you*

This is but a senseless repetition, we should read *his* grace and you; or your grace and *yours*, i e, your kindred.

[48] ——————— *May*
This night forestall him of the coming day

May his grief to-night urge him to some act of premature destruction, so that he may never see the morrow.

[49] *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady, ladies, woman.

The passage is rendered obscure by its brevity, but Cloten means to say that, she has all accomplishments more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

[50] ——— *Then had my prize*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus

If these youths had been my brothers I should not be heir to the throne, not so great a prize as I now am, but more the equal of my husband.

[51] *I'd change my sex to be companion with them,*
Since Leonatus' false.

Mr. Mason would read—*is* false, but this addition clogs the metre. Shakspere, who takes many freedoms in this way, doubtless used the word *false* for *falsehood*, or want of faith.

[52] ——— *And to you the tribunes,*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.

That is, he commands the commission to be given to the tribunes, arms them with his authority to raise the levy.

[53] *This imperseverant thing.*

Sir T Hanmer reads *ill-perseverant*, but imperseverant may mean no more than perseverant; like *im*bosomed, *im*passioned, *im*masked.

[54] *Thy garments cut to pieces before thy face.*

It could not injure or annoy Posthumus to have his garments cut to pieces before his face after he was dead. We should read before *her* face, i e Imogen's.

[55] *But his jovial face*

Jovial face here signifies not a merry but a noble face, such a one as belongs to Jove.

[56] *Conspir'd with that irregulous devil.*

Perhaps we should read *irreligious* devil, but irregulous may be a word of Shakspere's own coinage, intended for lawless, licentious.

[57] *I fast and prayed.*

Fast is here improperly used for fasted

[58] *Richard du Champ*

The use of this name to denominate an ancient Briton is one of the numerous anachronisms which occur in this play In the fifth act Cymbeline is made to knight Bellarius and his sons on the field of battle by dubbing them according to the fashion of the middle ages.

[59] *Come arm him.*

That is, raise him in your arms

[60] *Even to the note of the king*

I will so distinguish myself that the king shall remark it.

[61] *Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee.*

This *bloody cloth* is the token of Imogen's death, which in the foregoing act Pisanio had determined to send

[62] *The country base.*

A rustic game called *prison-bars*, or *prisoners-base.*

[63] *In a silly habit*

Silly is simple or rustic

[64] *Our fealty, and Tenantius' right*

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline According to some authorities Tenantius paid to Rome the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan, but other accounts say that he refused it, and warred against the Romans.

[65] *And cloys his beak.*

Perhaps we should read *claws* his beak, which is a frequent action with hawks and eagles.

[66] *I never saw one so prone*, i e so forward

[67] *How come these staggers on me?*

This delirious agitation; the *staggers* is a disease of the horse, resembling apoplexy.

H. T.

Coriolanus.

IN *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Roman tragedies of Shakspere, the poet introduces his readers to a new mode of life and feeling, times past are revivified, the heroes of the elder ages of the world recalled from their oblivious graves, ruined cities rebuilt, and Rome, in all its ancient glory, with its palaces, columns, and statues, its walks and fountains, its patricians and its people, appear as on some magic orb before us. The busy hum of life is over all, and the heroes of Plutarch seem to live and breathe again; and we analyze their actions and penetrate their motives, as critically as if they were no more remote from us than Cromwell or Napoleon. The great poet throws a bridge over time, and brings us face to face with antiquity, this is peculiarly the case with Shakspere's Roman dramas, he has given us better and far more accurate pictures of life in the eternal city—

> "That sat on her seven hills
> And from her throne of beauty ruled the world"

Than he has done of the early history of his own country. Coriolanus, Antony, Brutus, Cæsar, and Cassius, are all poetical Daguerreotypes, in which it is almost difficult to say whether poetry or history are most indebted to our bard.

Coriolanus is, in my estimation, the least interesting of the three tragedies I have named; it displays less variety of character than is contained in *Julius Cæsar*, and less beauty and poetry than the story of the Roman Antony and his voluptuous Egyptian Queen. It has been highly popular in the present age, certainly, but that is partially attributable to the excellence of the late John Kemble in the character of the unbending Marcius, whose perfect identification of himself with it, made this tragedy attractive at the theatre; and has, since his time, roused a spirit of emulation in other tragedians, who have courted comparison with Kemble in a character for which nature had eminently fitted him. The character of Marcius is unamiable almost to repulsiveness; his stern and tyrannical disposition is shewn on his first entrance, when, because the starved citizens complain of hunger and presume to call in question the wisdom of their governors, he exclaims, had he permission, he would slay as many of them as would make a heap as high as he could hurl his lance. He is praised constantly in the play, but surely the poet never wished to excite our sympathy for this insolent and unfeeling man, but rather intended to show that such a nature could not live in peace with men of any order. He wishes to slay the people, because they offend the patricians, then he would destroy the patricians, because they have offended him; and that he may execute his hate on Rome, having fled to the Volcians, who protect and honour him, he finally quarrels with them. He has no patriotism, but a mere selfish love of glory; he is the mercenary of his own feelings, and fights for or against Rome, as it offends or pleases him. It is himself he worships, not his country or his kind; "being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods." His love to his mother arises from the similarity of their natures, and because she is as haughty and arrogant as he. Menenius truly says, "there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger;" the only act of kindness which he does, is to beg the freedom of the poor Volcian at whose house he had lodged; but even this grace he mars by forgetting the name of the man whom he would benefit. His scorn and contempt of the common people is more than he can give utterance to; in his language they are rats, crows, curs, and the "musty superfluity" of the city. He would govern them most absolutely, pluck out their

"multitudinous tongue," and take from them all political power. The tribune, Brutus, reproves him justly, by saying.—

> You speak o' the people
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

He would realize despotism in its most hateful shape, and looks upon the people as a mass of bones and muscles, born only to toil and be despised.

Such a man is unfit for peace: he is a brand in the hands of those who lead him: his actions are the death of order—

> Before him
> He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears

By blood he flourishes, and in blood he falls.

Coleridge says—"This play illustrates the wonderfully philosophic impartiality of Shakspere's politics." The poet, however, shows himself something of an aristocrat, both here and in *Julius Cæsar*. He seems to entertain a contempt for the common order of people, and places them in a very ridiculous light. The citizens are made mere creatures of fear and contradiction, wafted about by every wind, and won by every suppliant More stress is laid on the folly of the plebeii than on the vices of the patricians, and if history has recorded the former as fickle, it has not left the latter stainless. Their courage and self-denial sometimes made them regarded as demi-gods, but their vices sunk them below the brutes. The Roman satirists give pictures of life in the great city which fill modern readers with disgust and loathing Shakspere laughs at the people; but if he intended Coriolanus to represent the principle of aristocracy, he places that in no very attractive light.

Some apologists for the turbulent character of Marcius have been found who urge the prejudices he had derived from birth and education, from the fact that he was a spoiled child of fortune; and because that, in his day, there were no connecting links between the higher and lower classes, by which they might become known to and respect each other, but these excuses fall very short of a reasonable defence of his haughtiness.

Volumnia, also, has been much praised as a noble character, but she possesses too much of the pride and arrogance of her son, though his nature is certainly softened in her. she is an Amazonian scold, that holds the lives of the Roman citizens in less estimation than a mere whim of her son's; when they have irritated him, she wishes that they may all hang and burn too. She has more experience and wisdom than he, and though she despises and hates the people as much, she truly vaunts she has a brain "that leads her use of anger to better advantage" The softer character of Virgilia shows pale beside her, but it is far more pleasing, the sound of flutes is sweeter than the clang of trumpets; and the tender solicitude of the wife more interesting than the stately ambition of the mother.

Menenius is something between a patrician and a buffoon; his connexions are aristocratic, but his sympathies are with the people: out of his love for Coriolanus he becomes his parasite, and is, in the end, treated by that proud and selfish man with insolence and ingratitude. His application of the fable of the belly and its members to the mutiny of the citizens is apt enough; but we see that, after all, he loves the poor rogues whom he traduces. His great objects of abuse are the tribunes; but they show far more sense than he: they were chosen guardians of the liberty of the people; and in opposing Coriolanus in his attempt at arbitrary power, they but performed their duty. To have done less, would have proved them unworthy of their great trust.

This tragedy, says Mr. Malone, "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer*, in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus A.U.C. 266." It is attributed to the year 1608 or '9, and the historical events are copied with singular fidelity, and even some of the language borrowed from *The Life of Coriolanus*, in Plutarch.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a Roman Patrician.*

Appears, Act I. sc 1, sc 4, sc 5, sc 6, sc 8, sc 9 Act II sc. 1; sc. 2, sc 3. Act III sc 1, sc 2, sc 3 Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4, sc 5. Act V. sc. 2, sc 3, sc 5.

COMINUS, *the Roman General.*

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

TITUS LARTIUS, *joined with* Cominius *in the Command.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc 4, sc 5; sc 7, sc 9 Act II. sc. 1. Act III sc. 1

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* Coriolanus.

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

SICINIUS VELUTUS, *a Tribune of the People.*

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

JUNIUS BRUTUS, *also a Tribune*

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

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to* Coriolanus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

NICANOR, *a Roman in the service of the Volcians.*

Appears, Act IV. sc 3.

A ROMAN HERALD.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volces.*

Appears, Act I sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5, sc. 7 Act V sc. 2, sc. 3, sc 5.

LIEUTENANT *to* Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV sc. 7.

CONSPIRATORS *with* Aufidius.

Appear, Act V sc 5.

ADRIAN, *a Volcian Citizen.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TWO VOLCIAN GUARDS.

Appear, Act V sc 2

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

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

VIRGILIA, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

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

VALERIA, *Friend to* Virgilia

Appears, Act I sc 3 Act II sc 1 Act IV. sc 1. Act V. sc. 3, sc. 4.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians and Soldiers, Ladies, Ædiles, Lictors, Citizens, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Partly in* ROME, *and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.*

Coriolanus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1st Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once*

1st Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1st Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

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

Cit. No more talking on 't, let it be done. away, away.

2nd Cit One word, good citizens.

1st Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely, but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the 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

2nd Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

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

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

2nd Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1st. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

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

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

Cit. Come, come.

1st Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2nd Cit Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1st Cit He 's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1st Cit Our business is not unknown to the senate, they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1st Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1st Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers. repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more [1]

1st Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments [2]
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,[3] did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1st Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

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

1st Cit. Your belly's answer. What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other munuments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1st Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,——

Men. Well, what then?

1st Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

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

1st Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—

1st Cit. Ay, sir, well, well

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

1st Cit It was an answer: How apply you this?

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

1st Cit I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.[4]—Hail, noble Marcius

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1st Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.[5] Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol. who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines. side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there 's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[6]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.[7]

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd · Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs,—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only —With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,[8]
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

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

Men This is strange.

Mar Go, get you home, you fragments;

Enter a Messenger.

Mess Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar Here What 's the matter?

Mess The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms

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

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators, JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1st Sen Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volces are in arms[9]

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

Com. You have fought together.

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

1st Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1st Sen. Your company to the Capitol, where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Lartius!
1st Sen. Hence! to your homes, be gone
[*To the* Citizens
Mar. Nay, let them follow.
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow
[*Exeunt* Senators, Com, Mar, Tit, *and* Men. Citizens *steal away.*
Sic Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,——
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.[10]
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[11]
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *and certain* Senators.

1st Sen So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence, these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it"
1st Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns,[12] ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2nd Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.

Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1*st Sen.* Farewell.

2*nd Sen.* Farewell

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

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

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

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

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

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol Sweet madam,——

Vir I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith —How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

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

Val O' my word, the father's son. I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I 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 mammocked it!

Vol One of his father's moods.

Val Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam [13]

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

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreason

ably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

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

Vol. Why, I pray you?

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

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

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

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

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is.—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

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

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

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

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

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

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, *and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1*st Sen* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [*Other Alarums*
There is Aufidius, list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces *enter and pass over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine age.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting The* Romans *are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't. Come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *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.*

1*st Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.
2*nd Sol.* Nor I.
3*rd Sol.* See, they
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues*
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Martius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless
1*st Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it blows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes,[14] but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1*st Sol.* Look, sir.
Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.[15]
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with Spoils.*

1*st Rom* This will I carry to Rome.
2*nd Rom.* And I this.
3*rd Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius, *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours[16]
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* Mar
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* Cominius.

Enter Cominius *and* Forces, *retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

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

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

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

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's

Mar. Come I too late?

Com Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

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

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

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

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

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

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust. o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour

Com Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar Those are they
That most are willing —If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand*] to express his disposition,
And follow 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 Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other sight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon* Corioli, *going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a Party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout

Lart So, let the ports[17] be guarded. keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries[18] to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town
Lieu Fear not our care, sir
Lart Hence, and shut your gates upon us —
Our guider, come. to the Roman camp conduct us
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII —*A Field of Battle between the* Roman *and the* Volcian *Camps*

Alarum *Enter* MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker
Auf. We hate alike,
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot
Mar Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny
Thou should'st not scape me here —
[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* AUF.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* MAR.

SCENE IX.—*The* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum *A Retreat is sounded* *Flourish.* *Enter at one side,* COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at the other* side, MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, and other* Romans.

Com If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire, where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——
Mar Pray now, no more. my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me I have done,
As you have done, that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been, that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act
Com You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
The value of her own 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.
Mar I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth

Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[*A long Flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COM. *and* LART. *stand bare.*
Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here 's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you —Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS —
Bear the addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd —
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the* Volces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with Two or Three* Soldiers.

Auf The town is ta'en!
1*st Sol* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me,
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I 'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1*st Sol.* He 's the devil.
Auf Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[19] even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1st Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:[20]
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1st Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib Well, sir

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru What then, sir?

Men Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion. one that converses more with the buttock of the night,[21] 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 gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs,[22] you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and

party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience;[23] 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

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you

[BRU. *and* SIC *retire to the back of the Scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: —Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men I will make my very house reel to-night: —A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick,[24] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:— Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go —Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him

Men Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing

Vir The gods grant them true!

Vol True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:— Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud —Where is he wounded?

Vol I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,— there 's nine that I know

Vol He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men Now it 's twenty-seven every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and Flourish*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken Garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother,——
Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up,
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon [*To* VAL
Vol. I know not where to turn —O welcome home;
And welcome, general,—And you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome.
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on. yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors.
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor Menenius, ever, ever
Her. Give way there, and go on
Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,[25]
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,[26]
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him. seld-shown flamens[27]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep
Sic He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.
Bru In that there 's comfort
Sic Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he 'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.[28]

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd. the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol*

Enter Two Officers, *to lay Cushions.*

1*st Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2*nd Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1*st Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2*nd Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see 't.

1*st Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waived indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2*nd Off.* 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, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury, to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1*st Off* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *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.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1*st Sen.* Speak, good Cominius
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly.
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow —
Worthy Cominius, speak —Nay, keep your place
[COR *rises, and offers to go away*
1*st Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus, never shame to hear
What you have nobly done
Cor. Your honours' pardon,
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not.[29] But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* COR
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?— Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin[30] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee.[31] in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,[32]
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers:
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took, from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all 's his.
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he, where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men Worthy man!
1*st Sen* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world. he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Men. He 's right noble,
Let him be call'd for.
1*st Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:——

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt* Sen.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens

1st Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him

2nd Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3rd Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do. for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1st Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3rd Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2nd Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3rd Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out at another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2nd Cit Why that way?

3rd Cit To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife

2nd Cit You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3rd Cit Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All Content, content. [*Exeunt*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——Look, sir,——my wounds,—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.[38]

Men. You 'll mar all;
I 'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner [*Exit.*

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean —So, here comes a brace,
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2nd Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1st Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1st Cit. You must think, if we give you anything,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2nd Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir

Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd —
I have your alms, adieu.

1st Cit. But this is something odd.

2nd Cit. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt Two* Citizens.

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3rd Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3rd Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, 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 practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul

4th Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3rd Cit. You have received many wounds for your country

Cor I will not seal your knowledge with showing them I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer —Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus,—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices, for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd, battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of, for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5th Cit He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice

6th Cit Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Amen, amen ——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice; Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.——
Men. Do not stand upon 't—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour
Sen To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish Then exeunt* Sen.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens

1st Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2nd Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3rd Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1st Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3rd Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2nd Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3rd Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out at another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head. but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2nd Cit Why that way?

3rd Cit To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife

2nd Cit. You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may

3rd Cit Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars. wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done it?
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——Look, sir;——my wounds,—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.[38]

Men. You 'll mar all;
I 'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner [*Exit.*

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace,
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2nd Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1st Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1st Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha 't. I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2nd Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—
I have your alms, adieu.

1st Cit. But this is something odd.

2nd Cit. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt Two* Citizens.

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3rd Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3rd Cit You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, 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 practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul

4th Cit We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3rd Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus,—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices, for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd, battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of, for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5th Cit He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice

6th Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Amen, amen.——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice; Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet, anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic There, Coriolanus

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll go straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people

Sic. Fare you well

[*Exeunt* COR *and* MEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1*st Cit.* He has our voices, sir

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2*nd Cit* Amen, sir To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices

3*rd Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right

1*st Cit* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2*nd Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*

3*rd Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me,[34]
Your voices therefore:" When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:"—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught, so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

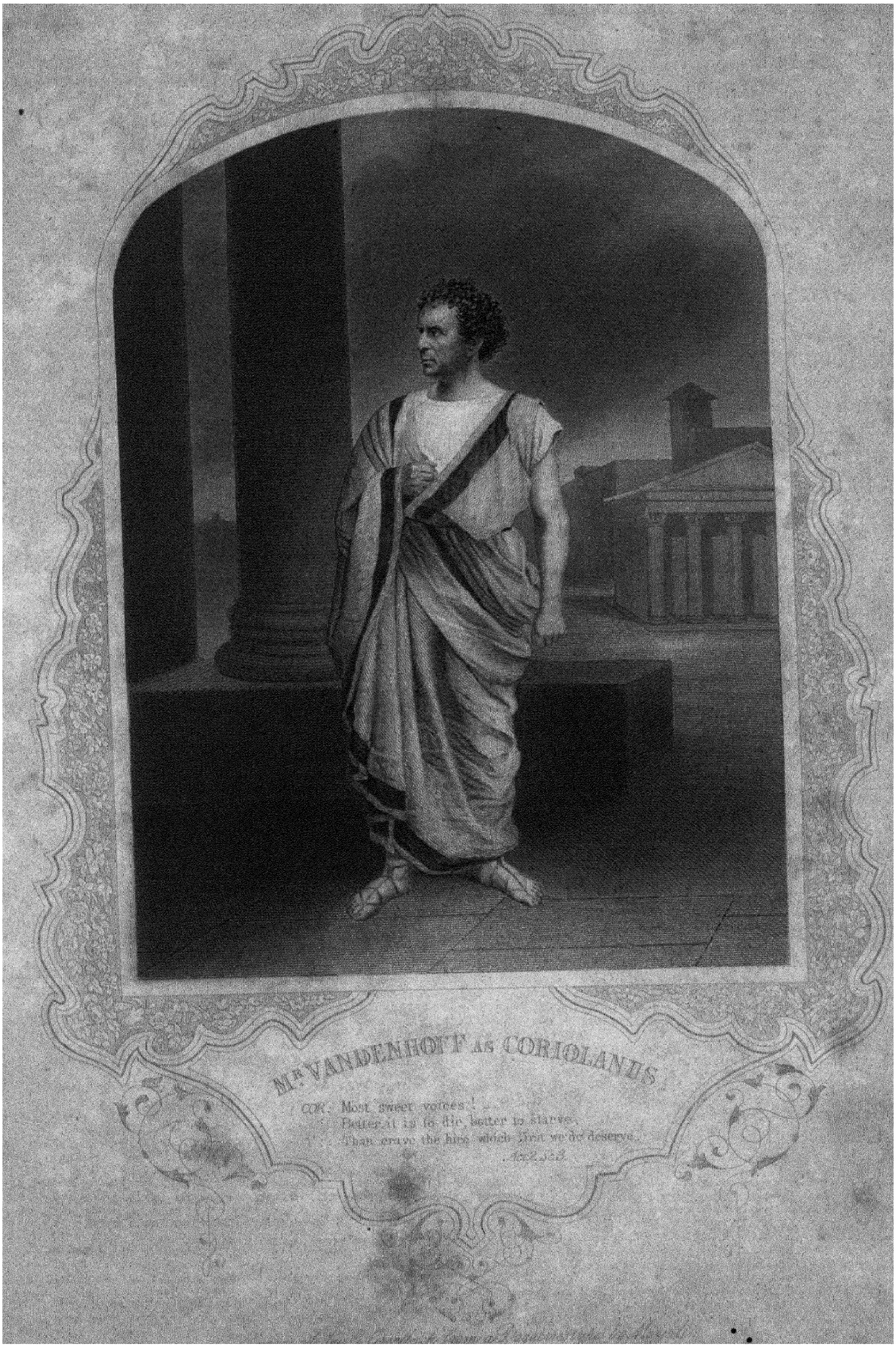
3*rd Cit* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet

2*nd Cit* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1*st Cit* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;



Mr. VANDENHOFF as CORIOLANUS

COR. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Act 2. Sc 3.

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us
Bru. Ay, spare us not Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances. but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election [*Exeunt* Cit.
Bru Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic To the Capitol:
Come; we 'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me;[35] and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most. that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* LART.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1*st Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm,
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot
The people cry, you mock'd them, and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit:
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1*st Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1*st Sen* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lung
Coin words till their decay, against those measels,[36]
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them
Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor Choler!
Were I patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind
Sic It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you You are plebeians,
If they be senators and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd
They would not thread the gates.[37] this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words —"We did request it,
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body[38] with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru He has said enough.

Sic He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do

Cor Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru Manifest treason

Sic This a consul? no.

Bru The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people, [*Exit* BRU.,] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com Aged sir, hands off

Cor Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the* Ædiles, *and a Rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*Several speak.*
2nd Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* Cor.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath
Confusion's near. I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience.—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune.—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul
Men. Fye, fye, fye!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench
1*st Sen* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates
Cit You so remain
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his Sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword,—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru Lay hands upon him.
Men Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit Down with him, down with him!
[*In this Mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the* People, *are all beat in.*
Men Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2nd Sen. Get you gone.
Cor Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men Shall it be put to that?
1*st Sen* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause
Men For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us
Cor I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—
Men. Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them, yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Cor. Com, *and Others.*
1*st Pat.* This man has marred his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent·
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within*
Here 's goodly work!

2nd Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes ——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought

1st Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands

Cit. He shall, sure on 't [*Several speak together*

Men Sir,—

Sic. Peace

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant

Sic Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men Hear me speak —
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults ——

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men The consul Coriolanus

Bru He a consul!

Cit No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I 'd crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then.
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic He 's a disease, that must by cut away.

Men O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal to cut it off, to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country,
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic This is clean kam [39]

Bru Merely awry When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru We 'll hear no more·—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further

Men One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels Proceed by process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru If it were so,—

Sic What do ye talk?
Have we had not a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come.—

Men Consider this,—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language, meal and bran together
He throws without distinction Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1st Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there.
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*To the* Sen] He must
come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1*st Sen* Pray you, let 's to him [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*A Room in* Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians

Cor Let them pull all about mine ears, present
me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses's heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA

1*st Pat* You do the nobler.
Cor I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you, [*To* VOL
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor Let go
Vol You might have been enough the man you
are,
With striving less to be so Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you
Cor Let them hang
Vol Ay, and burn too

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough,
You must return, and mend it
1*st Sen.* There 's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsel'd
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men Repent what you have spoke
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
Vol You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak I have heard you say,
Honour and 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.
Cor Tush, tush!
Men A good demand.
Vol If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor Why force you this?
Vol Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people, not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your 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 louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin
Men Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I 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 business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather,
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence, all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,[41] into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The* Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have, 'tis ready, here
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd I have
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine," if death, cry "death,"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause
Æd I shall inform them
Bru And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence
Æd. Very well
Sic Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru Go about it — [*Exit* Æd
Put him to choler straight He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance, then he speaks
What 's in his heart, and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians

Sic Well, here he comes
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you
Cor Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume —The 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!
1st Sen Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens

Sic Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience. Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say —Peace, ho
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor I am content.
Men Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard
Cor Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only
Men Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you
Com Well, well, no more
Cor What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us
Cor Say then 'tis true, I ought so
Sic We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical,
For which, you are a traitor to the people
Cor How! Traitor?
Men Nay, temperately Your promise
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods
Sic Mark you this, people?
Cit To the rock with him, to the rock with him!
Sic Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge.
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru I talk of that, that know it
Cor. You?
Men Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,——
Cor I 'll know no further·
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it, In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so
Cit It shall be so,
It shall be so, let him away he 's banish'd
And so it shall be
Com Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,——
Sic He 's sentenc'd no more hearing.
Com Let me speak
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins, then if I would
Speak that——
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.
Cit It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the 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,[42] to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back
There is a world elsewhere
[*Exeunt* Cor, Com, Men, Sen, *and* Pat.
Ædl The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps*
Sic Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite,
Give him deserv'd vexation Let a guard
Attend us through the city
Cit Come, come, let us see him out at gates, come —
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same Before a Gate of the City*

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu —Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes —My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles, tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them —My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous[43] baits and practice
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee
Cor. O the gods!
Com I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well —
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still: and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand —
Come. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further —
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength
Bru. Dismiss them home
[*Exit* Æd

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS

Here comes his mother.
Sic Let 's not meet her
Bru Why?
Sic. They say, she 's mad
Bru They have ta'en note of us.
Keep on your way
Vol. O, you 're well met The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud
Vol If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some —Will you be gone? [*To* BRU
Vir You shall stay too [*To* SIC] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool —
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for Rome's good —I 'll tell thee what,—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too —I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand
Sic What then?
Vir What then?
He 'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol Bastards, and all —
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men Come, come, peace.
Sic I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru I would he had
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know
Bru Pray, let us go.
Vol Now, pray, sir, get you gone
You have done a brave deed Ere you go, hear this
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all
Bru Well, well, we 'll leave you
Sic Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol Take my prayers with you —
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't
Men You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause You 'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger 's my meat, I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding —Come, let 's go
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like Come, come, come.
Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III —*A Highway between* Rome *and* Antium

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them Know you me yet?
Vol Nicanor? No
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.
Rom There hath been in Rome strange insurrection the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.
Vol Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division
Rom The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out
Vol Coriolanus banished?
Rom Banished, sir.
Vol You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor
Rom The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.
Vol He cannot choose I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home
Rom I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?
Vol A most royal one the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning
Rom I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.
Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours
Rom. Well let us go together. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows, many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.
Cit And you.
Cor Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night
Cor Which is his house, 'beseech you?
Cit This, here, before you
Cor Thank you, sir, farewell [*Exit* Cit
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And 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

1*st Serv* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit*

Enter another Servant

2*nd Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well. but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1*st Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.
Cor I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant

2*nd Serv* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.
Cor Away!
2*nd Serv.* Away? Get you away.
Cor Now thou art troublesome
2*nd Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant *The first meets him*

3*rd Serv* What fellow's this?
1*st Serv* A strange one as ever I looked on I cannot get him out o'the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him
3*rd Serv* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.
3*rd Serv.* What are you?
Cor A gentleman.
3*rd Serv* A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am
3*rd Serv* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you, pray you, avoid come
Cor Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits [*Pushes him away.*
3*rd Serv* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
2*nd Serv* And I shall [*Exit.*
3*rd Serv* Where dwellest thou?
Cor Under the canopy.
3*rd Serv* Under the canopy?
Cor Ay
3*rd Serv* Where's that?
Cor I' the city of kites and crows.
3*rd Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy master.
3*rd Serv.* How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?
Cor. 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

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2nd Serv. Here, sir, I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within

Auf Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man What's thy name?

Cor If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

Cor A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't, though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown Know'st thou me yet?

Auf I know thee not —Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief, thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname, a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me only that name remains,
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee. but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
"'Tis true," I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius —O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword,[44] and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married, never man
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 Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot, and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways·
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, "yea," to thy desires A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much Your hand! Most welcome! [*Exeunt* COR *and* AUF

1*st Serv* [*Advancing*] Here's a strange alteration!

2*nd Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind 'gave me, his clothes made a false report of him

1*st Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2*nd Serv* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it

1*st Serv* He had so, looking as it were,—— 'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2*nd Serv* So did I, I 'll be sworn He is simply the rarest man i' the world

1*st Serv* I think, he is but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2*nd Serv.* Who? my master?

1*st Serv* Nay, it 's no matter for that

2*nd Serv.* Worth six of him.

1*st Serv.* Nay, not so neither, but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2*nd Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1*st Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too

Re-enter third Servant

3*rd Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news, news, you rascals.

1*st and* 2*nd Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3*rd Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations, I had as lieve be a condemned man

1*st and* 2*nd Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3*rd Serv.* Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1*st Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3*rd Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2*nd Serv* Come, we are fellows, and friends he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1*st Serv* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado

2*nd Serv* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1*st Serv* But, more of thy news?

3*rd Serv* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars set at upper end o' the table, no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with 's hand,[45] and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table He 'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears [46] He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled

2*nd Serv* And he 's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine

3*rd Serv* Do 't? he will do 't For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends whilst he 's in directitude

1*st Serv* Directitude! what 's that?

3*rd Serv* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him

1*st Serv* But when goes this forward?

3*rd Serv* To-morrow, to-day, presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips

2*nd Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers

1*st Serv* Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace, as far as day does night, it 's sprightly waking, audible, and full of vent Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible· a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men

2*nd Serv* 'Tis so and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1*st Serv* Ay, and it makes men hate one another

3*rd Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Rome *A Public Place*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic 'Tis he, 'tis he O, he is grown most kind
Of late —Hail, sir!

Men Hail to you both!

Sic Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends, the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men All 's well, and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic Where is he, hear you?

Men Nay, I hear nothing, his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit The gods preserve you both!

Sic Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1*st Cit* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both

Sic Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Cit.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,——

Sic And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance

Men I think not so

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them

Men 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out

Sic Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded

Sic Tell not me;
I know, this cannot be

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?
Mess It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them

Enter COMINIUS

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,——
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me —Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame, the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "'Beseech you, cease"—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men How! was it we? We lov'd' him, but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com But, I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer —Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip, as many 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.
Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1st Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2nd Cit And so did I

3rd Cit And so did I, and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt* COM *and* MEN

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not 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.

1st Cit The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him

2nd Cit So did we all. But come, let 's home
[*Exeunt* Cit

Bru I do not like this news

Sic Nor I.

Bru Let 's to the Capitol —'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic Pray, let us go [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII —*A Camp, at a small distance from* Rome

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end,
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own

Auf I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended

Lieu Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely

Auf I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his
The senators, and patricians, love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence I think, he 'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish,[47] who takes it
By sovereignty of nature First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man, whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of, or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war, but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done
One fire drives out one fire, one nail, one nail,
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others*

Men No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
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[48]
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home
Com He would not seem to know me
Men Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap A noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected; He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd
Men. Very well
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle
Sic I pray you, go to him.
Men What should I do?
Bru Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?
Sic Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men I'll undertake it.
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive, but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts, therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit*
Com He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise," dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.[49]
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An advanced Post of the* Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1*st G.* Stay. Whence are you?

2*nd G.* Stand, and go back

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1*st G.* From whence?

Men From Rome

1*st G* You may not pass, you must return our general
Will no more hear from thence

2*nd G* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus

Men Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears it is Menenius

1*st G* Be it so, go back. the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified,
For I have ever 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, stamp'd the leasing [50] Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass

1*st G* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly Therefore, go back

Men Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general

2*nd G* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass Therefore, go back.

Men Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1*st G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men I am as thy general is.

1*st G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived, therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution, you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon

Men Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here he would use me with estimation.

2*nd G* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men I mean, thy general

1*st G.* My general cares not for you Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,— back,—that 's the utmost of your having —back.

Men Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS

Cor What 's the matter?

Men Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you, you shall know now that I am in estimation, you shall perceive that a Jack guardant[51] cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee —The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular 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 your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here, this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee

Cor Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much —Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a Letter*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak —This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome yet thou behold'st——
Auf. You keep a constant temper.
[*Exeunt* COR *and* AUF

1*st G* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2*nd G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power You know the way home again.

1*st G* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2*nd G* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight He that hath a will to die by himself,[52] 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*

1*st G* A noble fellow, I warrant him

2*nd G* The worthy fellow is our general He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken [*Exeunt*

SCENE III —*The Tent of* Coriolanus

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others*

Cor We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host —My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only then ends
You have respected, stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me, indeed Their latest refuge
Was to send him for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shouts within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not —

Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate —
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others —My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not"—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin
Vir My lord and husband!
Cor These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome
Vir The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so
Cor Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans"—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since —You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple Dear Valeria!
Vol This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol Your knee, sirrah
Cor That 's my brave boy
Vol Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,
The things, I have foresworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics —Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural Desire not
To ally my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons
Vol O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already Yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness therefore hear us
Cor Aufidius, and you Volces, mark, for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private —Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital. thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world
Vir Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time
Boy He shall not tread on me,
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.
Cor Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long [*Rising.*
Vol Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour. No, our suit
Is, that you reconcile them while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd," the Romans,
"This we receiv'd," and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end o' war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses.
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd" Speak to me, son;
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy.
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour Say, my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back. But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs —He turns away
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers Down, An end
This is the last,—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours —Nay, behold us
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't —Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother,
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance —Yet give us our despatch
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I 'll speak a little

Cor O mother, mother!
[*Holding* VOL *by the hands, silent*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal

Cor I dare be sworn, you were
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou has set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to* COR

Cor Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOL, VIR, *&c.*
But we will drink together;[53] and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol, yond' corner-stone?

Sic Why, what of that?

Men If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him, But I say, there is no hope in 't, our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub This Marcius is grown from man to dragon. he has wings, he 's more than a creeping thing

Sic He loved his mother dearly

Men So did he me and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in

Sic Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

Men. I paint him in the character Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger, that shall our poor city find. and all this is 'long of you.

Sic The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be

good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches

Enter another Messenger

Sic What's the news?
Mess Good news, good news,—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins
Sic Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Mess As certain, as I know the sun is fire
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates Why, hark you,
[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together Shouting also within*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance Hark you! [*Shouting again*
Men This is good news
I will go meet the ladies This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full, of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day,
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and Music.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings. next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter
Sic We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the Stage.*

1*st Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome.
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words Despatch
[*Exeunt* Attend.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

Most welcome!
1*st Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain
2*nd Con* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3*rd Con* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference, but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all
Auf I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3*rd Con* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——
Auf That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the same,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1st Con So he did, my lord
The army marvell'd at it And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf There was it,—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People*

1st Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2nd Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3rd Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc d shall bury
His reasons with his body

Auf Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City*

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have

1st Lord. And grieve to hear it
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge;[54] making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours, a Crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates.
Than shame to the Romans and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf Read it not noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor Traitor!—How now?—

Auf Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor Marcius!

Auf Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius, Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'the war, but, at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor Hear'st thou, Mars?

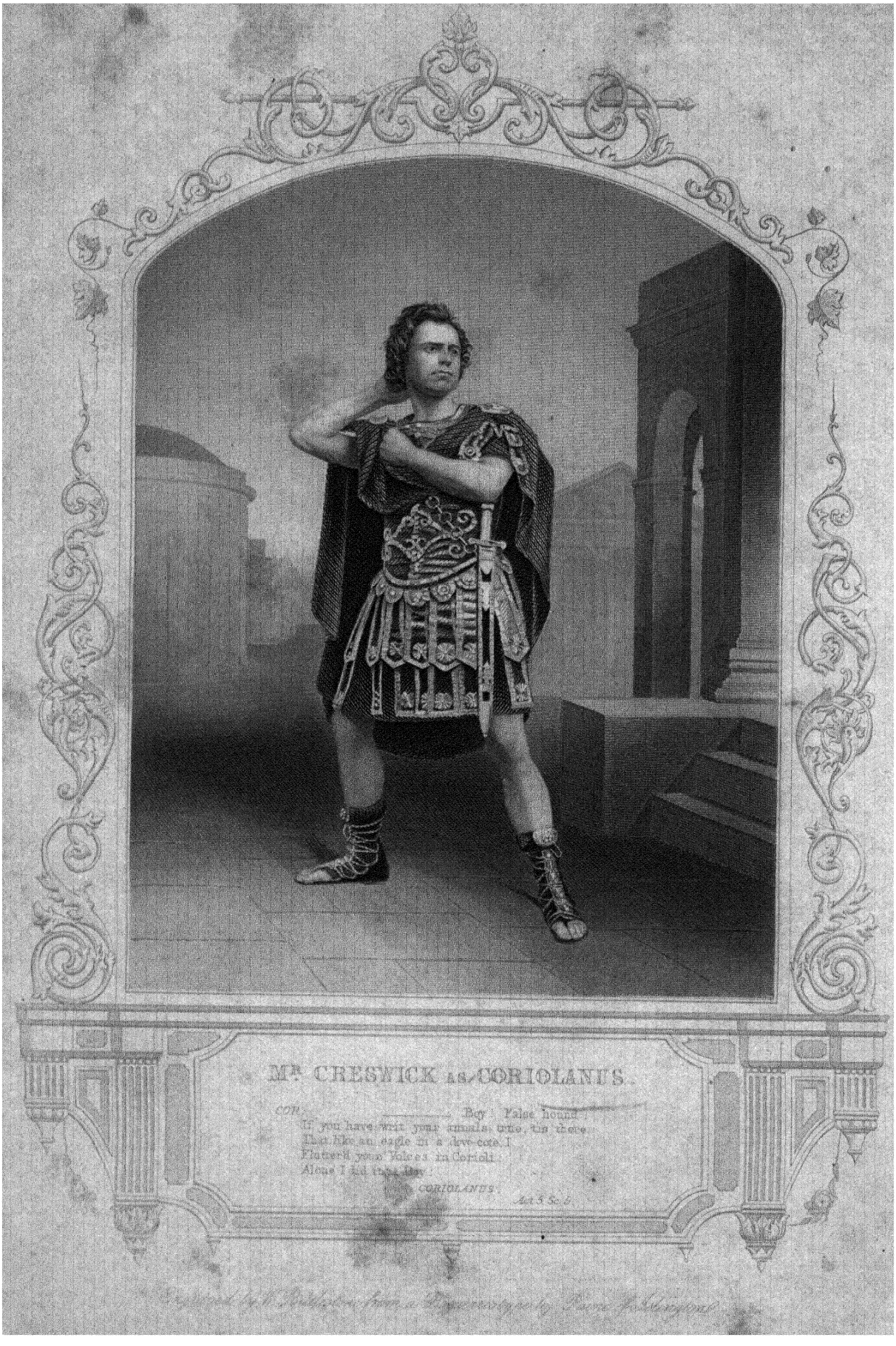
Auf Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie. and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave,) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1st Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.


Mr. CRESWICK as CORIOLANUS.
COR. ——— Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, tis there
That like an eagle in a dove-cote I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it, Boy!
CORIOLANUS.
Act 5 Sc 5.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, 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 Volces in Corioli
Alone I did it —Boy!
Auf Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con Let him die for't [*Several speak at once*
Cit [*Speaking promiscuously*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently He killed my son,—my daughter,—He killed my cousin Marcus,—He killed my father —
2nd Lord Peace, ho,—no outrage,—peace
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing [55]—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf Insolent villain!
Con Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[AUF. *and the* CON *draw, and kill* COR, *who falls, and* AUF *stands on him*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf My noble masters, hear me speak.
1st Lord. O Tullus,—
2nd Lord Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3rd Lord Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1st Lord Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn
2nd Lord His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame
Let's make the best of it
Auf My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow —Take him up.—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* CORIOLANUS.
A dead March sounded.

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS

[1] *To scale it a little more*

To *scale*, is to disperse. The meaning of the whole passage is, though many of you may have heard the story, still I will venture to repeat it, to spread a knowledge of it still wider.

[2] *Where the other instruments.*

Where is here used as *whereas*, *instruments* are limbs or members

[3] *Mutually participate.*

Participate is used for participant, or participating.

[4] *The one side must have bale*

Bale is an old Saxon word for misery or calamity Mr Mason observes, that *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified poison, in Shakspere's time Mr Malone says the word was antiquated in our poet's age; still, it is to be found in Spencer's *Fairy Queen*,—

For light she hated as the deadly *bale*

[5] ——— *Your virtue is*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it

This is an obscure passage, but the meaning appears to be, your virtue consists in speaking well of the vicious man, and in cursing the justice that condemns him

[6] *Their ruth*, i e their pity, compassion

[7] *As high as I could pick my lance.*

Pitch my lance, is the meaning, but *pick* is correct, and was anciently synonymous with *pitch* Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, "and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche squyer dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym through bothe the thyes"

[8] *To break the heart of generosity.*

To give the final blow to the nobles. Marcius uses *generosity* to signify high birth.

[9] *Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,*
The Volces are in arms.

Marcius had himself only been just told that the Volces were in arms, and could not therefore have told the senate. The meaning is —you were right in your opinion as to what they would do, for they are now ready for the war which you anticipated.

[10] *Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.*

To *gird*, is to taunt, or sneer at. Mr Malone says that an anonymous correspondent informs him, that in some parts of England, it means to *push vehemently*. To *gird*, likewise signified to pluck or twinge; hence, probably, it was metaphorically used in the sense of, to taunt or annoy by sarcasm.

[11] *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*

Merits and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. Thus, in *Othello* —

——— And my *demerits*
May speak unbonnetted

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle, Henry VI*, fol 69 — "This noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good Duke of Gloucester."

[12] *To take in many towns*

To *take in*, signified to overcome, to take possession of

[13] *A crack madam.*

A *crack*, literally means a boy, it is here used in answer to the assertion of Valeria, that he is a noble child, to imply that he will do—he will pass muster.

[14] ——— *Thou wast a soldier*
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes.

Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, has this passage "For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and the grimness of his countenance" This passage led Shakspere into a great chronological error—that of making Cato anterior to Coriolanus.

[15] *Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike*

To *make remain* is an ancient and obsolete mode of speaking, which merely means—to remain Time has pruned our language of many redundancies of expression.

[16] *See here these movers, that do prize their hours.*

Pope reads—prize their *honours* an ingenious alteration, but the text is doubtless correct. *Hours* is used as time.

[17] *The ports*, i.e, the gates.

[18] *Those centuries.*

Centuries were companies of soldiers, consisting each of a hundred men. Hence the military title of Centurion, a commander of one of these regiments.

[19] *At home, upon my brother's guard.*

Even were he in my own house, and with my brother stationed to protect him, still would I slay him.

[20] *I am attended at the cypress grove.*

That is, waited for there.

[21] *One that converses more with the buttock of the night, &c.*

That is, one that often goes to bed late, but seldom rises early.

[22] *You are ambitious for poor men's caps and legs.*

Anxious for their obeisance and respect, shown by bowing and humility

[23] *Set up the bloody flag against all patience.*

That is, declare war against patience Dr Johnson truly observes, that there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.

[24] *The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick.*

This sentence contains an anachronism of near six hundred and fifty years Menenius flourished about four hundred and ninety years before Christ, and Galen was born in the hundred and thirtieth year of the Christian era. *Empiricutick* is an adjective arbitrarily formed by our poet from the word *empiric*, a quack.

[25] *Into a rapture lets her baby cry*

Possibly into a *rupture*, to which children are liable from extreme fits of crying, or, a *rapture* may signify a fit, as we still say, that a child will cry itself into fits

[26] ——— *The kitchen malkin pins*
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck

The *kitchen malkin* is the kitchen wench, a *maukin* or *malkin*, is properly a sort of mop, made of clouts, for the use of sweeping ovens thence a figure of rags, dressed up, was so called, and from thence the name was transferred to any negligent, dirty woman *Lockram* was a kind of cheap linen, and *reechy* is sweaty, greasy

[27] *Seld-shown flamens*

That is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view

[28] *It shall be to him, then, as our good wills*
A sure destruction.

Mr Tyrwhitt says *wills* should be written *will is*, that is, it shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him—deadly.

[29] *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not.*

You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.

[30] *When with his Amazonian chin.*

That is, his chin smooth as a woman's; a chin on which there was no beard.

[31] *And struck him on his knee.*

That is, *to* his knee. he did not give Tarquin a blow on the knee, but such a blow as made him fall upon his knee

[32] *When he might act the woman in the scene.*

Shakspere was here thinking of the theatre, where the characters of women were represented by boys, but he falls into a great anachronism, as there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus

[33] *I would they would forget me, like the virtues*
Which our divines lose by them

That is, I wish they would forget me as effectually as they do the virtuous precepts which the divines preach to them, and by so doing, lose their labour.

[34] ——— *Aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me.

Shakspere is seldom particular about time and dates the Romans had but lately changed the regal for the consular government, for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

[35] *On safe-guard he came to me.*

That is, with a convoy—a guard appointed to protect him

[36] *Against those meazels*

Meazel is a scurvy or low fellow In *The London Prodigal*, Oliver, the Devonshire man, says—"I wad you were ysplit, and you let the *mezel* have a penny." *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper

[37] *They would not thread the gates*

That is, pass them, go through them So in *King Lear*—

——— *Threading* dark-ey'd night

[38] *To jump a body*

To *jump* is not unfrequently used by the old writers for *jolt*. therefore to *jump* a body may mean to put it in a violent agitation or commotion Shakspere appears to have used the word elsewhere in the sense of risk or hazard, thus in *Macbeth*—

We 'd *jump* the life to come.

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra*—

—— Our fortune lies
Upon this *jump*

It may also fairly have this meaning attributed to it in the present passage

[39] *This is clean kam.*

Kam is crooked, awry; a crooked stick is called a *cambrel*, and the Welsh word for crooked is *kam*. Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, which phrase occurs several times in the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache*, of which the following is an

instance —"All goes topsie turvy, all *kim, kam;* all is tricks and devices; all riddles and unknown mysteries."

[40] ——————*I am in this,*
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.

That is, in thus persuading you I act as your wife, your son, as these senators and nobles, who all join with me in a desire for your welfare, and whose interests you sacrifice by a refusal.

[41] *Which quired with my drum.*

That is, played in concert with it My spirits sympathised with warlike sounds

[42] *Abated captives,* i e. dejected, subdued captives.

[43] *Cautelous,* i.e. wily, cunning, cautious

[44] ——————*Here I clip*
The anvil of my sword

To *clip* is to embrace. Aufidius calls Coriolanus the *anvil* of his sword, because he had struck as heavy blows at him, as a smith strikes on his anvil

[45] *Sanctifies himself with his hand*

That is, considers the touch of his hand as holy, and clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would the hand of his mistress

[46] *He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears*

That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt Skinner says the word is derived from *sow,* i e to take hold of a person by the ears as a dog seizes one of those animals So Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress,* 1636 —

Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, lugging, and dragging, in the west of England.

" Whatever," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, " the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr Garrard, uses it as Shakspere does *Strafford's Letters,* vol ii, p. 149—' A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears,* and drew him by the hair about the room.' "

[47] *As is the osprey to the fish*

An *osprey* is a kind of eagle, or a large and rare species of hawk, it hovers over streams, and feeds on fish. In Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion,* song twenty five, is the following account of the osprey, which shows the appropriateness of Shakspere's simile —

The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.

[48] *Nay if he coy'd*

Unwillingly condescended, acted with reserve and coldness.

[49] *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions*

This is obscure, and apparently corrupt, we might read, to yield *no new* conditions.

[50] ——— *And in his praise*
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing

In his praise I have told falsehoods so plausibly, that they have passed as current, as if they had the stamp of truth

[51] *A jack guardant*

An insolent officer, it is equivalent to a term still in use, namely, a *Jack in office*

[52] *He that hath a will to die by himself*

He that is tired of life, and desires to die by his own hands

[53] *But we will drink together.*

This would represent the wife and mother of Coriolanus as rather jovial than delicate; *drinking* together was certainly used as a sign of amity, but I am inclined to adopt Dr Farmer's emendation, and read—*think* together.

[54] ——————*Answering us*
With our own charge

Rewarding us with our own expenses, throwing away the victory, and making the mere cost of war its recompense

[55] *Judicious hearing*

Judicious is here either a corruption of *judicial,* i e. such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature; or the word was anciently used in the same sense, as imperious is used by our author for imperial.

H. T.

Julius Cæsar.

THE whole life of a hero is too comprehensive a subject, and usually embraces far too many incidents, to be effectively treated within the limits of a single tragedy. Many a dark and fearful act has required but an hour for its perpetration, and with the greatly active mind every year is equivalent to an ordinary life. We are made strongly sensible of this, in perusing the present tragedy; its subject is, not the life and deeds of Cæsar, but his death, and the punishment of his assassins: not Cæsar, but Brutus is the hero of the drama. But vigorously as Shakspere has delineated the character of the great warrior and historian, the brilliant and noble military despot, during the brief time that he appears upon the scene, still, we are disappointed that he disappears so soon, and would willingly that the play had commenced with an earlier period of his life, and that he had remained the hero to its conclusion. The subsequent adventures of Brutus and Cassius would have afforded the great poet ample materials for another tragedy, the first terminating with the death of Cæsar, and the second with the defeat and suicide of his chief assassins.

Julius Cæsar was a character worthy of the closest analytical investigation by the master-mind of Shakspere, his attainment of power, and his great influence with the Roman people, was entirely attributable to his lofty talents and indomitable courage, his patience under toil, his industry in the pursuit of success, his wise deliberation, and the unshaken steadiness with which he carried out his wonderful resolutions, were the terror of his adversaries, and the astonishment of the world.

Slender and feeble in person, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits, he never suffered these natural imperfections to interfere with his plans, or allure him into effeminacy; on one occasion, being out upon an excursion with some friends, they were overtaken by a violent storm, and sought for shelter in a mean hut, consisting of a single room, and that only large enough for one man to sleep in. This was, of course, offered to Cæsar, but he declined it, and saying, "Honours for the great, and necessaries for the infirm," gave it up to his friend Oppius, and himself, and the rest of the company, slept under a shed at the door.

His lofty ambition was shown in many acts of early life. When passing the Alps, he and his friends came to a little town, when one of them said, jestingly, "Can there here be any disputes for offices, any contentions for precedency, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?" To this, Cæsar replied proudly—"I assure you, I had rather be the first man here, than the second man in Rome." When in Spain, he bestowed his leisure time in reading the history of Alexander, and once, after sitting over it for a long time in a pensive attitude, he burst into tears. His friends inquired the reason of his distress; "Do you think," he replied, "I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast."

Plutarch apologises for Cæsar's attempt at sovereignty, and says that his tyranny was merely nominal, for no tyrannical act could be laid to his charge, and he adds—"Nay, such was the condition of Rome, that it evidently required a master, and Cæsar was no more than a tender and skilful physician appointed by Providence to heal the distemper of the state. Perhaps the darkest spot upon his character was his treatment of his son-in-law, Pompey the Great, upon whose destruction he had resolved, for the consolidation of his own power, and whose treacherous murder by the Egyptians formed a dark and fearful close to a brilliant career, spent chiefly in promoting the true interests of mankind. Almost the last words spoken by Pompey were these lines from Sophocles:—

> Seek'st thou a tyrant's door? then farewell freedom!
> Though free as air before

Shakspere has very artistically alluded to the greatness and the fall of Pompey in the first scene of his tragedy, but he in no way points out Cæsar as the cause of Pompey's ruin and cruel death.

Brutus is delineated with great subtlety; his lofty integrity and wonderful self-denial, the purity of his life, his gentleness to his dependents, (so touchingly shown in his fatherly consideration for the boy Lucius,) and his noble patriotism, all are exquisitely pictured by the poet. His humanity also appears prominently even at the moment that he is consenting to the death of Cæsar, and he deplores that they cannot destroy him painlessly—come at his spirit without shedding his blood. Brutus is chiefly blamed for his ingratitude to Cæsar, against whom he had fought in conjunction with Pompey, and Cæsar had not only pardoned him, and sought his friendship, but also forgave all for whom he interceded Brutus says—

> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for the general He would be crowned,

and the unbending republican sacrifices his friend to his country, and sheds the blood of Cæsar, not for what he had done, but, for what he feared he would ultimately do This is an act of injustice, for which Brutus is punished by the failure of his cause, and his own premature and violent death

"Brutus," says Mr. Drake, "the favourite of the poet, is brought forward, not only adorned with all the virtues attributed to him by Plutarch, but, in order to excite a deeper interest in his favour, and to prove that not jealousy, ambition, or revenge, but unalloyed patriotism, was the sole director of his conduct—our author has drawn him as possessing the utmost sweetness and gentleness of disposition, sympathising with all that suffer, and unwilling to inflict pain, but from motives of the strongest moral necessity He has most feelingly and beautifully painted him in the relations of a master, a friend, and a husband, his kindness to his domestics, his attachment to his friends, and his love to Portia, demonstrating that nothing but a high sense of public duty could have induced him to lift his hand against Cæsar It is this struggle between the humanity of his temper, and his ardent and hereditary love of liberty, now threatened with extinction, by the despotism of Cæsar, that gives to Brutus that grandeur of character, and that predominancy over his associates in purity of intention, which secured to him the admiration of his contemporaries, and to which posterity has done ample justice, through the medium of Shakspere, who has placed the virtues of Brutus, and the contest in his bosom between private regard and patriotic duty, in the noblest light, wringing, even from the lips of his bitterest enemy, the fullest eulogium on the rectitude of his principles and the goodness of his heart"

Cassius is a man of more worldly wisdom than Brutus his great tact and knowledge of human nature is displayed in his remark to Antony, to reconcile him to the murder of Cæsar —

> Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities

Many touches of this worldliness appear in him he is eminently fitted for a conspirator; but is still noble. We feel that Mark Antony, in his hour of triumph, slanders the memory of Cassius, in attributing his conspiring against Cæsar merely to envy The scene in the streets of Rome, where Cassius walks through the storm at night, amid the prodigies that foretell the death of the ambitious dictator, and bares his "bosom to the thunder-stone," is the sublime of tragedy it raises our expectations to the highest pitch, and is a fitting prelude to the approaching catastrophe, when Cæsar, surrounded by fierce looks and glittering swords, and gashed with three-and-twenty hideous wounds, falls dead on the base of his rival's statue, which is bespattered with his blood, and is supposed to look down, with grim satisfaction, on the death of his destroyer. The following scene, where Brutus, in his orchard, meditates the death of Cæsar, is finer still. his struggle between tenderness and duty—his love for his friend, and his love for his country—his high bearing to his fellow-conspirators, where he deprecates the necessity of an oath to bind just men "that have spoke the word, and will not palter"—and his generous yielding of the secret to his heroic and noble wife—are all pregnant with the vivid fire of genius—all

point to Shakspere as the master-bard, who, with exquisite and unerring colouring, has filled up the spirited sketches of Plutarch.

The speech of Brutus, in justification of his conduct, is a cold and feeble oration, but perhaps consistent with the stoical calmness of his temper. the fiery and eager Cassius would have made an infinitely better one. Antony's oration is a master-piece of eloquence—appealing, convincing, and then urging his listeners to vengeance. Shakspere treats the Roman people with too much levity. He certainly makes them very amusing, and brings them in, in admirable contrast to the serious characters and events of his tragedy. But they did not deserve this sarcasm any people would have been affected by the brilliant and touching speech of Antony; and the Romans were, in reality, disposed to side with him, rather than with the conspirators They only wanted reminding of the benefits Cæsar had conferred upon them, to break out into lamentation for his fall Plutarch tells us—"The people lamented his death, and were implacably enraged against his assassins" But Shakspere forcibly points out the fatal consequences of popular excitement and fury, by representing the people, in the wildness of their ungoverned passion, tearing to pieces the unfortunate poet, Cinna, because he had the misfortune to possess the same name as one of the conspirators

The parting of Brutus and Cassius on the eve of the battle at Philippi is beautifully touching, a cloud of sadness hangs over them, an ominous feeling that this is their "everlasting farewell," appears to strike them both, and despondency struggles with natural courage and determination Cassius meets with a reverse of fortune, and then doubt of his partner's success—doubt, that "hateful error, melancholy's child," overcomes his failing heart, and urges him to the Roman hero's last refuge—suicide. The death of Brutus is melancholy in the extreme, the painful loss of his beloved Portia first shakes his heart, then follows the death of his friend Cassius, the defeat of his army, and with it the destruction of the republican cause He recognises the hand of fate in it, and believing the gods to be adverse to his enterprise, exclaims.—

> O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails

The cold and selfish character of Octavius is strongly traced; his first act of power is one of cruelty, that of the proscription of the senators, the rest of his conduct is marked by littleness and cunning In the early part of the tragedy, Shakspere introduces one of that class of characters that are almost peculiar to his pen, Casca, whose humorous bluntness lends variety and contrast to the opening scenes, "his rudeness" is truly, "a sauce to his good wit" It would have been interesting to the readers of the Roman classics, if Shakspere had introduced the orator Cicero more prominently; at present he is lost in the crowd of illustrious men who fill the scene and support the action, and when brought forward, is treated rather contemptuously than otherwise, but the great mass of materials the poet had in hand would not permit any further elaboration. Indeed, those who will trouble themselves to trace the history of the period will be astonished at the consumate art which Shakspere has used in the arrangement of events, and in the manner in which he has thrown the less important ones into perspective.

This tragedy, which Shakspere founded on events related by Plutarch, is attributed to the year 1607; in the same year, a tragedy upon the fate of Cæsar was published by William Alexander, afterwards Earl Sterline, but was not adapted for representation, and Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play by an anonymous author, entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey.* It does not appear that Shakspere was indebted to either of these tragedies for any hint for his own, although in Earl Sterline's drama, some passages are found bearing a feeble resemblance to others in Shakspere; but these, probably, have proceeded only from the two authors writing upon the same subject, and both borrowing their materials from the same source.

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act II sc 2 Act III sc 1

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1 Act V. sc 1, sc 5

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *a Triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act II sc 2 Act III. sc 1, sc 2 Act IV sc 1 Act V sc 1, sc 4, sc 5

M ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar

Appears, Act III sc 1. Act IV sc 1

CICERO, *a Senator*

Appears, Act I. sc 2, sc 3

PUBLIUS, *a Senator*

Appears, Act II sc 2 Act III sc 1.

POPILIUS LENA, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act III sc 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a Conspirator against* Julius Cæsar

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

CASSIUS, *a Conspirator against* Julius Cæsar

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

CASCA, *also a Conspirator*

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

TREBONIUS, *also a Conspirator*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III sc 1

LIGARIUS, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act II sc 1; sc. 2.

DECIUS BRUTUS, *also a Conspirator*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II sc 1; sc 2 Act III sc 1

METELLUS CIMBER, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act II. sc 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *also a Conspirator.*

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

FLAVIUS, MARCELLUS, } *Tribunes*

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

Appears, Act II. sc 3. Act III. sc. 1

A SOOTHSAYER

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act II sc 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a Poet.*

Appears, Act III sc 3

A POET

Appears, Act IV sc 3

LUCILIUS, *Friend to* Brutus *and* Cassius

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

TITINIUS, *Friend to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Appears, Act IV sc 2, sc 3 Act V sc 1, sc 3.

MESSALA, *Friend to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

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

YOUNG CATO, *Friend to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Appears, Act V sc 3, sc 4

VOLUMNIUS, *Friend to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Appears, Act V sc 3, sc 5

VARRO, CLAUDIUS, } *Servants to* Brutus.

Appear, Act IV sc 3

CLITUS, *Servant to* Brutus

Appears, Act V sc 5.

STRATO, *Servant to* Brutus.

Appears, Act V. sc 3; sc 5.

LUCIUS, *Servant to* Brutus.

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

DARDANIUS, *Servant to* Brutus.

Appears, Act V. sc 5.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

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

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to* Cæsar.

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

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE —*During a great part of the Play, at* ROME, *afterwards at* SARDIS, *and near* PHILIPPI.

Julius Cæsar.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a Rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home,
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

1st Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience, which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

2nd Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2nd Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2nd. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone,
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[1]

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Fla. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets.

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,[2] CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great Crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.[3]—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord,
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out [*Music.*
Sooth Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear
Sooth Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him,—pass [*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:[4]
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,[5]
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru No, Cassius for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things
Cas 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish, and Shout.*

Bru What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so
Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death
Cas I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour
Well, honour is the subject of my story —
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself
I was born free as Cæsar so were you
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow so indeed, he did
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake 'tis true, this god did shake
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre I did hear him groan
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*
Bru Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are,
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings
Brutus, and Cæsar What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name,
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy, conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
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,[6] that would have brook'd
The eternal devil[7] to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king
Bru That you do love me, I am nothing jealous,
What you would work me to, I have some aim,
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter, for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd What you have said,
I will consider what you have to say,
I will with patience hear. and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this,
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train*

Bru The games are done, and Cæsar is returning

Cas As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs Antonius.

Ant Cæsar.

Cæs Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men,[8] and such as sleep o' nights
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much such men are dangerous.

Ant Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous,
He is a noble Roman, and well given

Cæs 'Would he were fatter.—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music.
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆS *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas Who offered him the crown?

Casca Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca

Casca I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown,—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it Then he offered it to him again, then he put it by again. but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it And then he offered it the third time, he put it the third time by and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar, for he swooned, and fell down at it And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless

Bru 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas No, Cæsar hath it not, but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness

Casca I know not what you mean by that, but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man

Bru What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut —An I had been a man of any occupation,[9] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues.—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said, anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there 's no heed to be taken of

them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca Ay

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca Ay, he spoke Greek

Cas. To what effect?

Casca Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me I could tell you more news too Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence Fare you well There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca No, I am promised forth

Cas Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating

Cas Good, I will expect you

Casca Do so Farewell, both [*Exit* CASCA

Bru What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite

Bru And so it is For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you

Cas I will do so.—till then, think of the world [*Exit* BRU
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes.
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III —*The same A Street*

Thunder and Lightning Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his Sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic Good even, Casca Brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca A common slave (you know him well by sight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,—They are natural,"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the capitol to-morrow?

Casca He doth, for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca. this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CIC.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca Your ear is good, Cassius, what night is this?

Cas A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is. for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits,
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong,
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman then I know
My answer must be made But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent

Casca You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale Hold my hand
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest

Cas There 's a bargain made
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an 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,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste

Cas 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait,
He is a friend —Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CIN.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts.
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness
Cas Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I —*The same* Brutus's *Orchard*

Enter BRUTUS

Bru What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars.
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc Call'd you, my lord?
Bru Get me a taper in my study, Lucius
When it is lighted, come and call me here
Luc I will, my lord. [*Exit*
Bru It must be by his death. and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general He would be crown'd —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face.
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented
Would run to these, and these extremities
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up, and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed
Bru Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc I know not, sir
Bru Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc I will, sir [*Exit.*
Bru The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st, awake and see thyself
Shall Rome, &c Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st, awake,——"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c" Thus must I piece it out,
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe. What Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome,
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days
[*Knock within*
Bru. 'Tis good Go to the gate, somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUC
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius[11] at the door,
Who doth desire to see you
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter [*Exit* LUC.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability
For if thou path thy native semblance on,[12]
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru He is welcome hither.
Cas This Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas This, Casca, this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber
Bru They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper*
Dec Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca No
Cin O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day
Casca You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here
Bru Give me your hands all over, one by one
Cas. And let us swear our resolution
Bru No, not an oath If not the face of men,[13]
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed,
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery[14] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out
Cin. No, by no means
Met O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity
Bru O, name him not, let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas Then leave him out
Casca Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd —I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all which to prevent,
Let Anthony, and Cæsar, fall together
Bru Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully,
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.[15]
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb There is no fear in him, let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter
[*Clock strikes*
Bru Peace, count the clock.
Cas The clock hath stricken three
Treb 'Tis time to part
Cas But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no.
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec Never fear that If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru By the eighth hour Is that the uttermost?
Cin Be that the uttermost, and fail not then
Met Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him
Bru Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
Cas The morning comes upon us. We 'll leave you, Brutus —
And, friends, disperse yourselves. but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRU
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have 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 ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it

Bru. Why, so I do —Good Portia, go to bed

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk 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,[16]
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you. for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart

Por If this were true, then should I know this secret
I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within*
Hark, hark! one knocks Portia, go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows [17]—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* POR

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Luc Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of —
Boy, stand aside —Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now, bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru That must we also What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done

Lig Set on your foot,
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — *The Same. A Room in* Cæsar's *Palace*

Thunder and Lightning Enter CÆSAR, *in his Night-gown*

Cæs Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Serv My lord?

Cæs Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success

Serv I will, my lord [*Exit*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day

Cæs Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished

Cal Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch
A lioness hath whelped in the streets
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes

Cæs Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant

What say the augurers?

Serv They would not have you to stir forth to-day
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast

Cæs The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth

Cal Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this

Cæs Mark Antony shall say, I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so

Dec Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar
I come to fetch you to the senate-house

Cæs And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams"
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable
Cæs How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashaméd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:——
Good-morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar
Cæs Bid them prepare within —
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna —Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius:
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you
Treb Cæsar, I will —and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further
Cæs Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together
Bru That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — *The same A Street near the* Capitol

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper*

Art Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust not 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 Cæsar If thou be'st not immortal, look about you Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of* Brutus.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam

Por I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc I hear none, madam

Por Pr'ythee, listen well
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol

Luc Sooth, madam, I hear nothing

Enter Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady

Por What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand.
To see him pass on to the Capitol

Por Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth That I have, lady. if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance
Good morrow to you Here the street is narrow.
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por I must go in —Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me —Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant [18]—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord,
Say, I am merry come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I —*The same The Capitol. the Senate sitting*

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol, among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule

Dec Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first, for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs What, is the fellow mad?

Pub Sirrah, give place.

Cas What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the* Capitol, *the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop Fare you well

[*Advances to* CÆS.

Bru What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive
I fear, our purpose is discovered

Bru Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,[19]
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* TRE. CÆS *and the* Senators *take their Seats*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar
Bru He is address'd.[20] press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas Pardon, Cæsar, Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,[21]
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion [22] and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,——
Cæs Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec Great Cæsar,——
Cæs Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca Speak, hands, for me
[CASCA *stabs* CÆS *in the neck* CÆS *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other* Conspirators, *and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS
Cæs *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar
[*Dies. The* Sen *and* People *retire in confusion*
Cin Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets
Cas Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru People, and senators! be not affrighted,
Fly not, stand still —ambition's debt is paid
Casca Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec And Cassius too
Bru Where's Publius?
Cin Here, quite confounded with this mutiny
Met Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——
Bru Talk not of standing,—Publius, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else so tell them, Publius
Cas And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief
Bru Do so,—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas Where's Antony
Tre Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death —Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas Stoop then, and wash —How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty

Dec What, shall we forth?

Cas Ay, every man away
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome

Enter a Servant

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's

Serv Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel,
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest,
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him,
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith So says my master Antony.

Bru Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit* Serv.

Bru I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony

Ant O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well! —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us,
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful,
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence

Cas Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities

Bru Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded

Ant I doubt not of your wisdom
Let each man render me his bloody hand
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand,—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus,
Yours, Cinna,—and, my valiant Casca, yours.—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground.
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.
Either a coward or a flatterer —

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall: and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe [23]
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius.
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this,
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous

Bru Or else were this a savage spectacle
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you [24]—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
[*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission:
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rights, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar:
And say you do 't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more

Bru Prepare the body then, and follow us
[*Exeunt all but* ANT

Ant O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; [25]
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc," [26] and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

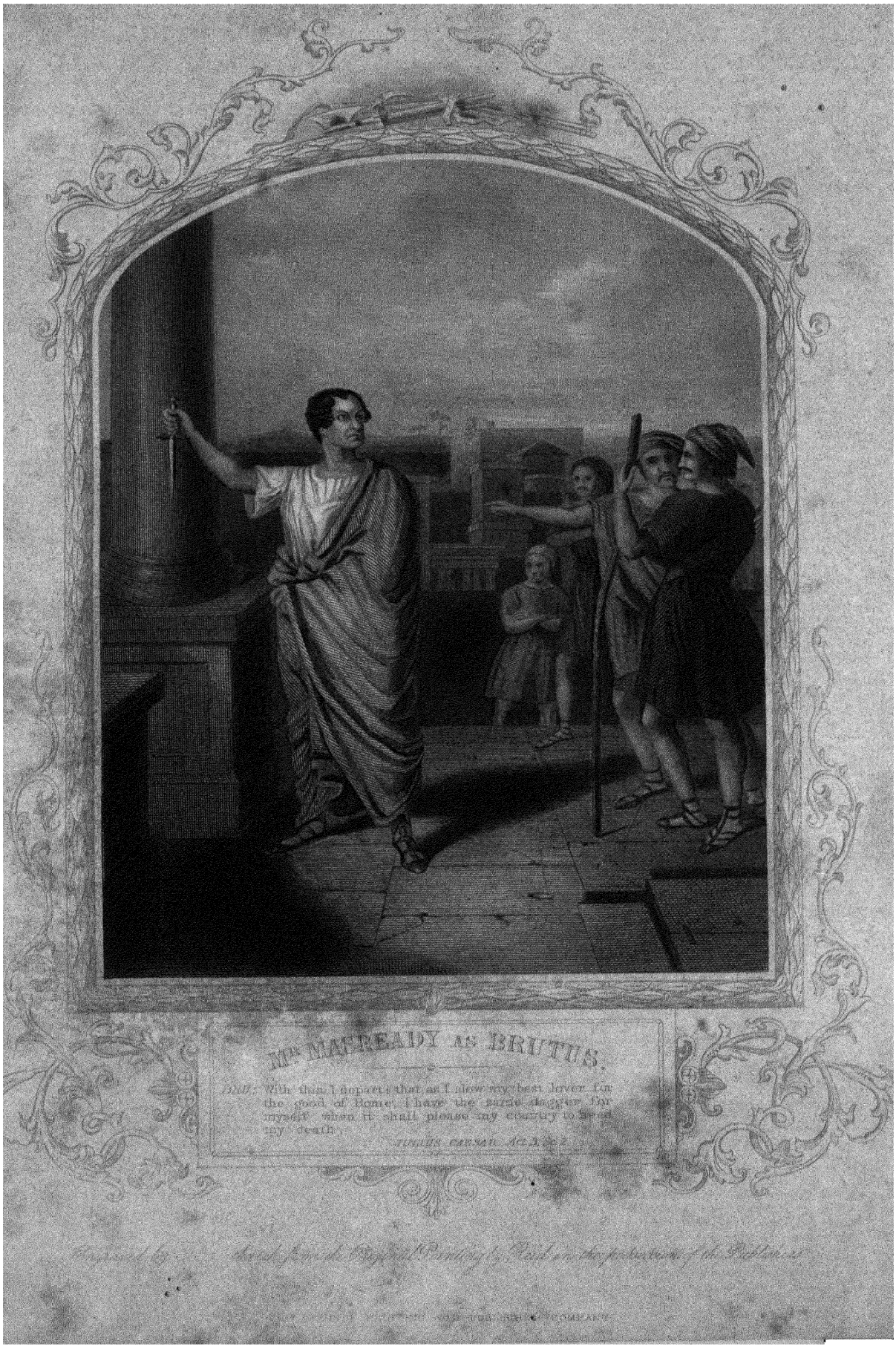
Serv I do, Mark Antony

Ant Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome

Serv He did receive his letters, and is coming
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!—— [*Seeing the Body*

Ant Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.



Mr MACREADY AS BRUTUS.

BRU: With this I depart; that as I slow 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.

JULIUS CAESAR. Act 3. Sc 2.

Engraved by [illegible] Sketch from the Original Painting by Reid in the possession of the Publishers.

[illegible] COMPANY

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet,[27]
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CÆS *Body*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a Throng of* Citizens.

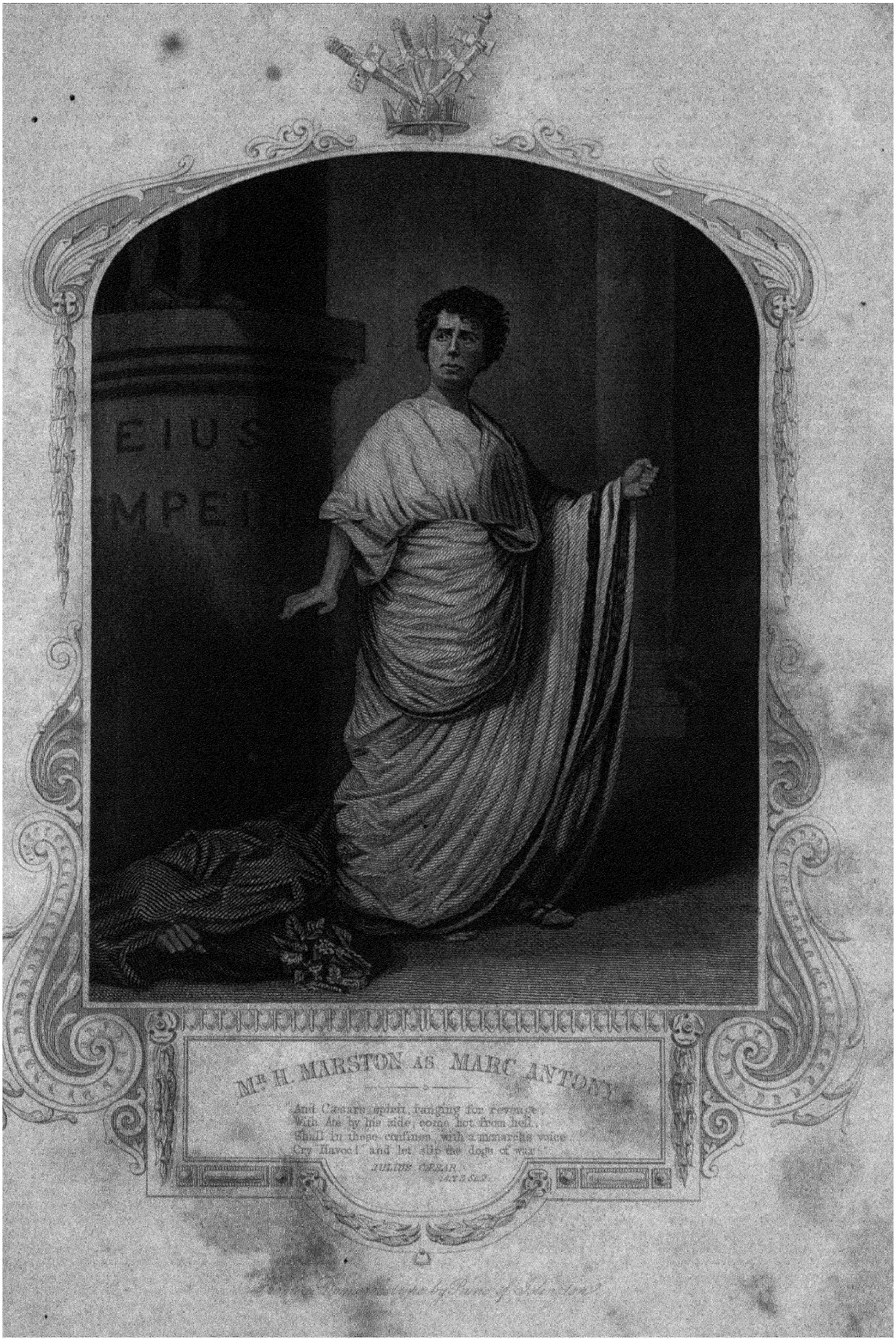
Cit We will be satisfied, let us be satisfied
Bru Then follow me, and give me audience, friends—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here,
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death
1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak
2nd Cit I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered
[*Exit* CAS, *with some of the* Cit BRU *goes into the Rostrum*
3rd Cit The noble Brutus is ascended Silence!
Bru Be patient till the last
Romans, countrymen, and lovers![28] hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply
Cit None, Brutus, none
[*Several speaking at once.*
Bru Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, As which of you shall not? With this I depart, That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.
Cit Live, Brutus, live! live!
1st Cit Bring him with triumph home unto his house
2nd Cit Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3rd Cit Let him be Cæsar
4th Cit Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1st Cit We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours
Bru My countrymen,—
2nd Cit Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
1st Cit Peace, ho!
Bru Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allow'd to make
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke [*Exit*
1st Cit Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony
3rd Cit Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up
Ant For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you
4th Cit What does he say of Brutus?
3rd Cit He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4th Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1st Cit This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3rd Cit Nay, that's certain:
We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
Cit Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it,
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me
1st Cit Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
2nd Cit If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3rd Cit Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4th Cit Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious
1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it
2nd Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3rd Cit There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4th Cit Now mark him, he begins again to speak
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong, I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, '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 Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue
4th Cit We'll hear the will Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will
Ant Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it,
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4th Cit Read the will, we will hear it, Antony,
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.
Ant Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar, I do fear it
4th Cit. They were traitors· Honourable men!
Cit. The will! the testament!
2nd Cit They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Cit. Come down.
2nd Cit Descend.
[*He comes down from the Pulpit*
3rd Cit. You shall have leave
4th Cit. A ring; stand round.



Mr H. MARSTON as MARC ANTONY.

"And Cæsars spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarchs voice
Cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ACT 3. SCE.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no,
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him?
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood,[29] great Cæsar fell
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors

1st Cit O piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit O noble Cæsar!

3rd Cit O woeful day!

4th Cit O traitors, villains!

1st Cit O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit We will be revenged: revenge, about, — seek, — burn,—fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do 't; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit We'll mutiny.

1st Cit We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit Away then, come, seek the conspirators

Ant Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak

Cit Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony

Ant Why, friends, you go to do you know not what
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of

Cit Most true.—the will,—let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death

3rd Cit O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit Peace, ho!

Ant Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private harbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber,[30] he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1st Cit Never, never:—Come, away, away;
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3rd Cit. Pluck down benches.

4th Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing

[*Exeunt* Cits, *with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

1st Cit. What is your name?
2nd Cit. Whither are you going?
3rd Cit. Where do you dwell?
4th Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2nd Cit. Answer every man directly.
1st Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4th Cit Ay, and wisely.
3rd Cit Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly.—wisely I say, I am a bachelor
2nd Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry —You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral
1st Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin As a friend.
2nd Cit That matter is answered directly
4th Cit For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3rd Cit Your name, sir, truly.
Cin Truly, my name is Cinna.
1st Cit Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator
Cin I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4th Cit Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses
2nd Cit It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going
3rd Cit Tear him, tear him Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Antony's *House* [31]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house:
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEP
Ant This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way

And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant So is my horse, Octavius, and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so,
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,[32]
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property[33] And now, Octavius,
Listen great things —Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers we must straight make head
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered
Oct Let us do so for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*Before* Brutus' *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and* Soldiers Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them*

Bru. Stand here
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[Pind. *gives a Letter to* Bru
Bru. He greets me well —Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone. but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd,
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him

Enter Cassius *and* Soldiers.

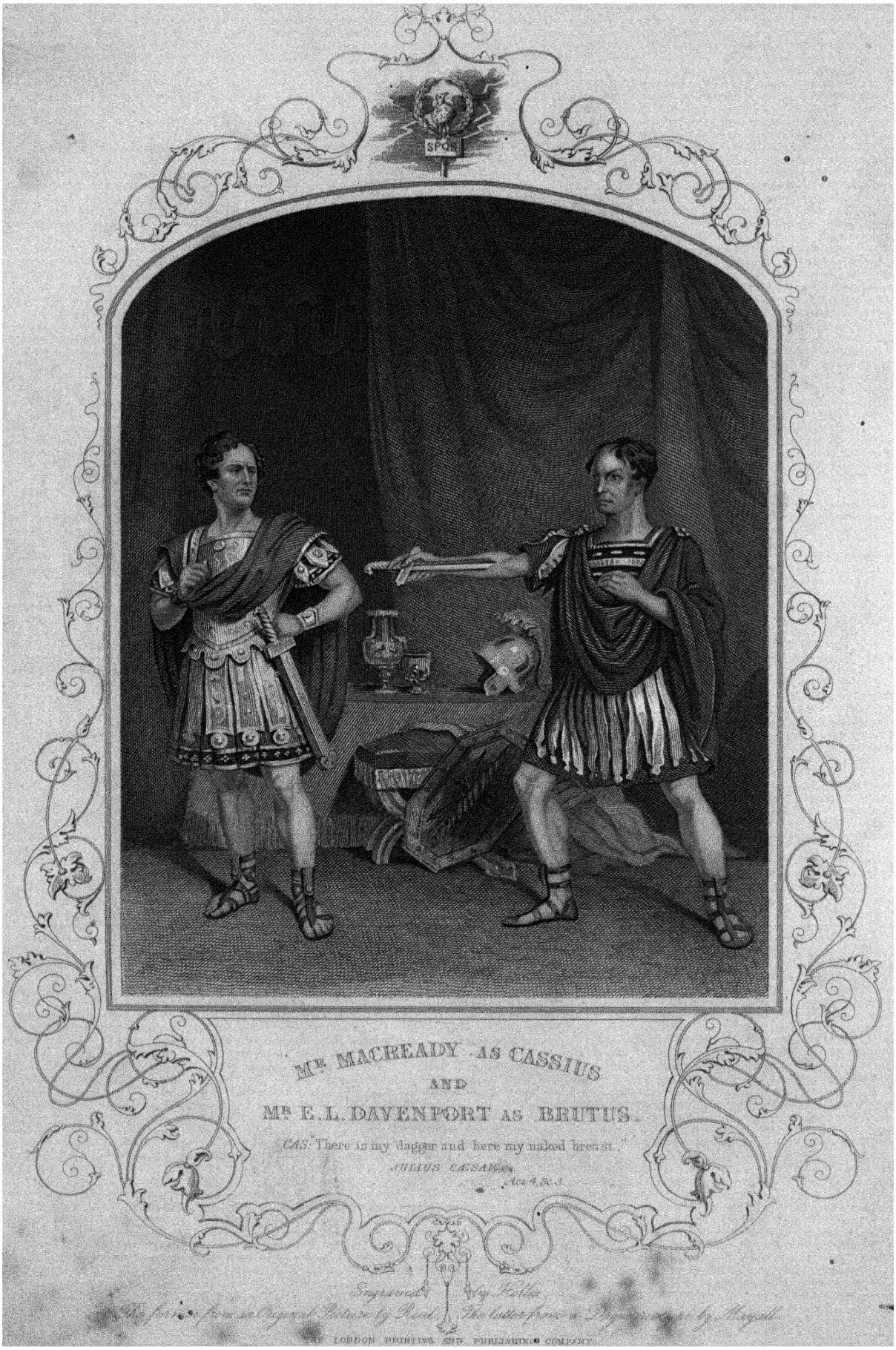
Cas Stand, ho!
Bru Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within Stand
Within Stand.
Within Stand
Cas Most noble brother, you have done me wrong
Bru Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle Bid them move away,
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III —*Within the Tent of* Brutus. Lucius *and* Titinius *at some distance from it*

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case
Cas In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment
Bru Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last
Bru The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head
Cas Chastisement!
Bru Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman
Cas Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it you forget yourself,
To hedge me in, I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions
Bru Go to, you're not, Cassius
Cas I am
Bru I say, you are not
Cas Urge me no more, I shall forget myself,
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further
Bru Away, slight man!
Cas Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish
Cas Is it come to this?
Bru You say, you are a better soldier
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men
Cas You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say, better?
Bru If you did, I care not
Cas When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me
Bru Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him
Cas I durst not?
Bru No
Cas What? durst not tempt him?
Bru For your life you durst not.
Cas Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for
Bru You have done that you should be sorry for
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,—
For I can raise no money by vile means
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas I denied you not
Bru You did
Cas I did not —he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back —Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not
Bru. I do not like your faults



MR. MACREADY AS CASSIUS
AND
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT AS BRUTUS.

CAS: "There is my dagger and here my naked breast."
JULIUS CÆSAR.
Act 4, Sc. 3.

Engraved by Hollis.
The former from an Original Picture by Reid. The latter from a Daguerreotype by Mayall.

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Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus
Cas Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast, within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth,
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar, for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius
Bru Sheath your dagger
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too
Cas Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru And my heart too.
Cas O Brutus!—
Bru What 's the matter?
Cas Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so
[*Noise within*
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals,
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone
Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET [34]

Cas. How now? What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence
Cas Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.
Bru I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence.
Cas Away, away, be gone
[*Exit* POET

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us [*Exeunt* LUC *and* TIT
Bru Lucius, a bowl of wine
Cas I did not think, you could have been so angry
Bru O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs
Cas Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils
Bru No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead
Cas Ha! Portia?
Bru She is dead
Cas How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong,—for with her death
That tidings came,—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire [35]
Cas And died so?[36]
Bru Even so
Cas O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with Wine and Tapers*

Bru Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine —
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks*
Cas My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius—Welcome, good Messala,—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour
Bru. With what addition?
Mes That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree,
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange
Bru Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia —We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,[37]
But yet my nature could not bear it so
Bru Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd.
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru Under your pardon —You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest
There is no more to say?
Cas No more Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence
Bru Lucius, my gown [*Exit* Luc] Farewell,
good Messala,—
Good night, Titinius —Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose
Cas O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus
Bru Everything is well.
Cas Good night, my lord
Bru Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes Good night, lord Brutus
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* Cas, Tit, *and* Mes

Re-enter Lucius, *with the Gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc Here in the tent.
Bru What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Serv *lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me
Bru Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing
Luc It is my duty, sir.
Bru I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest
Luc I have slept, my lord already
Bru It is well done, and thou shalt sleep again,
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee [*Music, and a Song*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,[38]
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night,
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I 'll take it from thee and, good boy, good night
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think
[*He sits down*

Enter the Ghost *of* CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost Thy evil spirit, Brutus
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru Well,
Then I shall see thee again?[39]
Ghost Ay, at Philippi.
[Ghost *vanishes*
Bru Why, I will see thee at Philippi then —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee —
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!
Luc The strings, my lord, are false
Bru He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake
Luc My lord!
Bru Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc My lord, I do not know that I did cry
Bru Yes, that thou didst Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord
Bru Sleep, again, Lucius —Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake
Var My lord
Clau My lord
Bru Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau Did we, my lord?
Bru Ay, Saw you any thing?
Var No, my lord, I saw nothing
Clau Nor I, my lord
Bru Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius,
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The plains of* Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,[40]
Answering before we do demand of them
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down

With fearful bravery,[41] thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage,
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show,
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left
Ant Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct I do not cross you, but I will do so[42]
[*March*

Drum *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army*, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others*

Bru They stand, and would have parley.
Cas Stand fast, Titinius, We must out and talk
Oct Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge
Make forth, the generals would have some words
Oct Stir not until the signal
Bru Words before blows Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius
Ant In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown,
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant Not stingless too
Bru O, yes, and soundless too:
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds[43]
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors
Bru Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope,
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword
Bru O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable
Cas A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller
Ant Old Cassius still!
Oct Come, Antony, away —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field,
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCT, ANT, *and their Army*
Cas Why now, blow, wind, swell, billow, and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru Ho!
Lucilius, hark, a word with you.
Luc My lord.
[BRU *and* LUC *converse apart*
Cas Messala,—
Mes What says my general?
Cas Messala,
This is my birth-day,[44] as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[45]
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us,
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which,
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru 'Even so, Lucilius
Cas Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together
What are you then determined to do?
Bru Even by the rule of that philosophy,[46]
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.
Cas Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru No, Cassius, no think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome
He bears too great a mind But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun,[47]
And whether we shall meet again, I know not
Therefore our everlasting farewell take —
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile,
If not, why then this parting was well made
Cas For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed,
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made
Bru Why then, lead on —O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known —Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*The same. The Field of Battle*

Alarum *Enter* BRUTUS *and* MESSALA

Bru Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[48]
Unto the legions on the other side [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow
Ride, ride, Messala let them all come down
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field*

Alarum *Enter* CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS

Cas O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him
Tit O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly, his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd

Enter PINDARUS

Pin Fly further off, my lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off
Cas This hill is far enough[49] Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit They are, my lord
Cas Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit I will be here again, even with a thought
[*Exit*
Cas Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick, regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field —
[*Exit* PIN
This day I breathed first time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end,
My life is run his compass —Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas What news?
Pin Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur,—yet he spurs on —
Now they are almost on him, now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light —O, he 'lights too —he 's ta'en,
—and, hark! [*Shout.*
They shout for joy
Cas Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah·
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*

Pin So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come, our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed

Mes Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while [*Exit* MES.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius —
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart
[*Dies.*

Alarum *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain

Bru O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums*

Cato Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body,
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us —Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato, let us to the field —
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on —
'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try our fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter fighting,* Soldiers *of both Armies, then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others*

Bru Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the Enemy.*

Bru And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus, my country's friend, know me for Brutus
[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls*
Luc O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son
1*st Sold.* Yield, or thou diest
Luc Only I yield to die
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight,
[*Offering Money*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death
1*st Sold* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2*nd Sold* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en
1*st Sold* I'll tell the news—Here comes the general—

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord
Ant Where is he?
Luc Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself,
Ant This is not Brutus, friend but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd [*Exeunt*

SCENE V—*Another Part of the Field*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS

Bru Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli Statilius show'd the torch-light,[90] but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world
Bru Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself
Bru Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him*
Dar I do such a deed?
Cli O, Dardanius!
Dar O, Clitus!
Cli What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar To kill him, Clitus Look, he meditates
Cli Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes
Bru Come hither, good Volumnius list a word
Vol What says my lord?
Bru Why, this, Volumnius
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come
Vol Not so, my lord.
Bru Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it
Vol That 's not an office for a friend, my lord
[*Alarum still*
Cli Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru Farewell to you,—and you;—and you, Volumnius—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep,
Farewell to thee too, Strato—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto
So, fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly.
Cli Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru Hence; I will follow thee.
[*Exeunt* CLI, DAR, *and* VOL.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect,
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord
Bru Farewell, good Strato—Cæsar, now be still.
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will
[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their* Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

[1] *If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.*

Ceremonies were ceremonious ornaments, trophies, or crowns placed upon the statues of Cæsar So Plutarch:—"A few days after, his statues were seen adorned with royal diadems, and Flavius and Marullus, two of the tribunes, went and tore them off" In the next scene Casca says:—"Marullus and Flavius for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence."

[2] *Decius*

Shakspere followed Plutarch in calling this character Decius, but his proper name was *Decimus* Brutus See Appian and Suetonius Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted, being suspicious of the tendency of Cæsar's ambition, and also remembering that he had fought with Pompey against Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia

[3] *Stand you directly in Antonius' way*
When he doth run his course

This passage alludes to a singular superstition which is explained in the following passage from Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*:—"In the *Lupercalia*, which, according to most writers, is an ancient pastoral feast, and which answers in many respects to the *Lycæa* amongst the *Arcadians*, young men of noble families, and indeed many of the magistrates, ran about the streets naked, and, by way of diversion, strike all they meet with leathern thongs with the hair upon them Numbers of women of the first quality put themselves in their way, and presented their hands for stripes (as scholars do to a master), being persuaded that the pregnant gain an easy delivery by it, and that the barren are enabled to conceive"

[4] *Brutus, I do observe you now of late.*

Mr. Steevens, with his usual ingenuity, proposes to omit the words *you now*, which as they encumber the metre, he suspects of being an interpolation The measure would then become regular, thus:—

I'll leave you.
Brutus, I do observe of late.

[5] *I have much mistook your passion.*

Passion is here used to imply mental disturbance, commotion of the mind. The meaning is—I have misunderstood the disturbed state of your feelings.

[6] *There was a Brutus once.*

He alludes to the ancestor of Brutus, Lucius Junius, who freed Rome from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and to whom the ancient Romans erected a statue of brass, and placed it in the capitol amongst their kings. "He was," says Plutarch, "represented with a drawn sword in his hand, to signify the spirit and firmness with which he vanquished the Tarquins, but hard-tempered as the steel of which that sword was composed, and in no degree humanised by education, the same obdurate severity which impelled him against the tyrant, shut up his natural affection from his children, when he found those children conspiring for the support of tyranny."

[7] *The eternal devil.*

Dr Johnson says, "I think our author wrote *infernal* devil, Mr Steevens says, in support of the present reading (which if an error, is one that by no means enfeebles the line), that Cassius infers that "Lucius Junius Brutus would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king"

[8] *Let me have men about me that are fat,*
Sleek-headed men.

Cæsar was a close observer of men, and, according to Plutarch, actually made this observation —"Ceasar too, had some suspicion of him (Cassius), and he even said one day to his friends, 'What think you of Cassius? I do not like his pale looks' Another time, when Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against his person and government, he said, 'I have no apprehensions from those fat and sleek men, I rather fear the pale and lean ones,' meaning Brutus and Cassius"

[9] *An I had been a man of any occupation*

That is, had he been a mechanic, one of the common people.

[10] *Brought you Cæsar home?*

That is, did you attend him home?

[11] *Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius.*

Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

[12] *For if thou path thy native semblance on.*

Dr Johnson endeavours to explain this line, by saying, to *path* thy native semblance, is to walk in thy true form; but this is not very satisfactory; should it not read *put* instead of *path*.

[13] *No, not an oath If not the face of men.*

Face is probably a misprint for *faith*. The sense is then clear; if an honourable sense of fidelity will not bind men, oaths also will be without effect.

oint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius, Mr Theobald altered as in the text

[44] *This is my birth-day, &c*

Our poet was largely indebted to Plutarch for both the incidents and language of this tragedy; the reader can compare this speech of Cassius with the following from the *Life of Brutus*.—"Messala says that Cassius supped in private with some of his most intimate friends; and that, contrary to his usual manner, he was pensive and silent. He adds, that after supper, he took him by the hand, and pressing it close, as he commonly did, in token of his friendship, he said in Greek, 'Bear witness Messala, that I am reduced to the same necessity with Pompey the Great, of hazarding the liberty of my country on one battle Yet I have confidence in our good fortune, on which we ought still to rely, though the measures we are resolved upon are indiscreet' These, Messala tells us, were the last words that Cassius spoke, before he bade him *farewell*, and that the next day, being his birthday, he invited Cassius to sup with him."

[45] *Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign*

Former, is used as *foremost*. Shakspere sometimes uses the comparative, instead of the positive or superlative.

[46] *Even by the rule of that philosophy.*

It has been very justly pointed out, that there is an apparent inconsistency between the sentiments of Brutus in this and the following speech given to him In the first he reiterates his condemnation of suicide, but from the second we may infer, that if the day is lost, he will commit it. Mr M Mason observes, that "there is no real inconsistency Brutus had laid down to himself, as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it."

Plutarch represents Brutus as renouncing his former condemnation of suicide, and thus replying to the question of Cassius, "In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, and to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, *I am of a different opinion*. so that if heaven should now be unfavourable to our wishes, I will no longer solicit my hopes or my fortune, but die contented with it such as it is. On the ides of March I devoted myself to my country; and since that time, I have lived in liberty and glory."

[47] *Must end that work, the ides of March begun.*

Shakspere should have written *began*, it is an error for which he himself is probably answerable.

[48] *Ride, and give these bills.*

Bills were written instructions, containing directions for the captains, &c.

[49] *This hill is far enough.*

Shakspere has here also closely followed Plutarch — "At length he was obliged to retire, with a very small number, to a hill that overlooked the plain. Yet here he could discover nothing, for he was short-sighted, and it was with some difficulty that he could perceive his own camp plundered His companions, however, saw a large detachment of horse, which Brutus had sent to their relief, making up to them These Cassius concluded to be the enemy that were in pursuit of him; notwithstanding which, he dispatched Titinius to reconnoitre them When the cavalry of Brutus saw this faithful friend of Cassius approach, they shouted for joy His acquaintance leaped from their horses to embrace him, and the rest rode round him with clashing of arms, and all the clamorous expressions of gladness This circumstance had a fatal effect Cassius took it for granted that Titinius was seized by the enemy, and regretted that, through a weak desire of life, he had suffered his friend to fall into their hands When he had expressed himself to this effect, he retired into an empty tent, accompanied only by his freed-man, Pindarus, whom, ever since the defeat of Crassus, he had retained for a particular purpose. In that defeat he escaped out of the hands of the Parthians; but now, wrapping his robe about his face, he laid bare his neck, and commanded Pindarus to cut off his head, this was done, for his head was found severed from his body; but whether Pindarus did it by his master's command, has been suspected, because he never afterwards appeared."

[50] *Statilius show'd the torch-light.*

Statilius was a messenger whom Brutus had sent to the camp to know if many were slain in the battle; when he arrived there, if all was well, he was to lift up a lighted torch in the air. From the text it appears he did this, but was slain in returning.

H. T

Antony and Cleopatra

THIS varied and gorgeous historical tragedy, though perfect in itself, may yet be regarded as a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*, in the commencement of that play absolute power is lodged in one man, a wide circle of terrible events roll on, every effort is made by the republican party, and much noble blood spilt, to preserve the political freedom of Rome, but the wheel comes round, and the conclusion of *Antony and Cleopatra* sees a second Cæsar in possession of that absolute power which the first met his death in attempting to consolidate, and the three divisions of the Roman world are at length united under one imperial ruler How true is it that the history of most men's lives is merely a record of wasted energy!

In *Julius Cæsar* the character of Antony is but slightly sketched, but it is here elaborated with a truthful and powerful pen, there Antony is shown only as the orator, whose words have robbed their honey from the Hybla bees, here as the magnificent triumvir, the heroic soldier, and the imitator, in his dissipation, of his patron gods, Bacchus and Hercules

Antony is a singular mixture of contending qualities, brave and generous, yet selfishly luxurious in his habits, a hardy soldier, yet an effeminate man, condescending and affable so far as to drink and jest with his soldiers, yet so proud and imperious as to make princes his vassals, and to bestow upon his sons the vain-glorious title of "the kings of kings" His virtues and his vices seemed to wrestle for the possession of the man, and although the latter triumphed, yet Antony so sinned that men often admired while they condemned His enormous prodigality blinded the popular judgment; such was his liberality that while at Ephesus he gave his cook the estate of a Magnesian citizen for dressing one supper to his taste; and while there he was constantly attended by women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys habited like Pan and the Satyrs marched before him, besides this, he entertained almost an army of players, dancers, and buffoons After the death of Cæsar, Antony, from motives of policy, made his peace with the conspirators, and on the same evening supped with Cassius. In his oration at the funeral, he was not only influenced by his personal affection for that distinguished man, but also by an ambitious longing, which induced him to believe that if Brutus were slain or banished, he would become the greatest man in Rome That his motives were largely selfish in this transaction is shown by Antony retaining Cæsar's will, of which he made some unjust uses, giving legacies to his personal friends and supporters, and for some time he refused to acknowledge Octavius as his partner either in the wealth or power left by Julius, but Octavius not being easily repulsed, he at length admitted him.

The blackest spot on his character is his proscription and murder of Rome's greatest orator, Cicero, with whom, notwithstanding his vanity, we, at the present day, will cordially exclaim:—

> Let arms revere the robe, the warrior's laurel
> Yield to the palm of eloquence

Cicero, who had great influence with the people, incensed them against Antony, and prevailed on the senate to declare him an enemy of the state, when, therefore, Cæsar and Lepidus had consented to the death of the aged orator, Antony, with a revolting malignity which the most partial historian must blush to record, had his head and hands struck off, and when they were brought to him, laughed and triumphed at the sight, and ordered them to be stuck up on the *rostra* in the forum, as though he was still addressing the people

The personal appearance of Antony is thus described by Plutarch, from whom Shakspere borrowed the materials for this tragedy: "Antony had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard,

a large forehead, an aquiline nose; and upon the whole the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules. There was, indeed, an ancient tradition, that his family was descended from Hercules, by a son of his, called Anteon, and it was no wonder if Antony sought to confirm his opinion, by affecting to resemble him in his air and in his dress."

Generous but rapacious, a great general but a greater voluptuary, "such was the frail, the flexible Antony, when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin This awakened every dormant vice, inflamed every guilty passion, and totally extinguished the gleams of remaining virtue." His first meeting with the captivating Egyptian occurred thus he sent her his commands to meet him in Cilicia to answer some accusations laid against her of assisting Cassius in his war against Antony and Octavius. The messenger, seeing the great beauty and fascination of Cleopatra, immediately concluded that she had nothing to fear from the gallant Antony —

Whom ne'er the word of 'No,' woman heard speak

and therefore paid great court to her, and solicited her to go "in her best attire." This hint was not lost upon the quick-witted Egyptian she went, but it was not to sue, but to conquer

Shakspere has closely followed Plutarch in his gorgeous description of Cleopatra sailing to meet Antony down the river Cydnus, though he has certainly beautified that exquisite narrative, throwing a soft voluptuous languor into it, singularly consistent with the scene, and breathing the very soul of beauty. Cleopatra was the widow of King Ptolemy, and had been the paramour of Cæsar, the early spring of youth was therefore past, but she was still in the summer of her beauty, nay, she had not yet reached the full meridian of womanly maturity; her vivacity was even beyond her personal attractions, and her conversational powers were remarkably varied and brilliant, while her voice was singularly melodious, and had the softness of music. Her beauty, we are told, was not so remarkable as her manners were fascinating and irresistible Her accomplishments also were very great, and she spoke most languages freely, giving audience herself, without the aid of interpreters, to the ambassadors of the Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians Besides, she had the gift of flattering in a very delicate and subtle manner thus in the famous anecdote of Antony's fishing excursion, when one of her divers placed a salt fish on his hook, and he drew it up amidst general merriment (an incident which Shakspere makes use of in the play), her comment was an instance of consummate tact in this direction—"Go, general!" said she, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharus and Canopus your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces"

Cleopatra completely enslaved the affections of Antony, and carried him in triumph with her to Alexandria, where they passed their time in feasts and revels, and established a society of their friends, whom they called the *Inimitable Livers*

Antony's marriage with Octavia after the death of his first wife, Fulvia, was merely an act of political expediency; we feel that Enobarbus is right, when he says, Antony "will to his Egyptian dish again." In the play the incidents are drawn closely together, and Antony's desertion of Octavia seems immediately to follow his marriage, but this was not the case; he had lived with her long enough to become the father of three children, before he left her for the embraces of Cleopatra, to whom, on his return, he bestowed kingdoms for presents, and in his inordinate vanity, gave the names of the sun and the moon to the twins she bore him Octavius Cæsar was glad of a pretext to quarrel with Antony; he had disposed of his colleague, Lepidus, and could he also dispose of Antony, the whole Roman Empire would be under his authority; he therefore availed himself of the insult offered to his sister, and made war upon Cleopatra; the final result of which was the ruin and suicide both of her and her princely paramour. The superstition of the times heralded in this event with omens and prodigies, in the same manner as they did the assassination of Julius Cæsar; Pisanrum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic was swallowed by an earthquake, and his statue at Alba was said to have been covered with sweat for many days, although it was frequently wiped off; the statue thus shewing a sympathy for the coming fall of its original.

Antony's power was sufficient to have made him conqueror of the civilised world; he had five hundred

armed vessels, each with eight or ten banks of oars, a hundred thousand foot soldiers, and twelve thousand horse; and Shakspere has in the play, enumerated the kings and princes who fought under his banner But his affection for Cleopatra had subdued both his judgment and his valour, and he fled disgracefully before Cæsar, for a time he was deeply dejected, and lived in melancholy retirement, but he soon returned to Alexandria, and again gave way to festivity and enjoyment. In conjunction with Cleopatra, he now established a society which they called *The Companions in Death*, into which they admitted their immediate adherents, and spent their time in continual feasting and diversions.

After Octavius had returned a haughty refusal to Antony's challenge to single combat, the latter determined to risk all on one last battle, he did so, and lost it, for his fleet and cavalry deserted him, while his infantry were defeated. The rest of the story is both faithfully and elaborately told in Shakspere's tragedy.

In the play there are four characters which stand out prominently from the canvass—Cleopatra, Antony, Cæsar, and Enobarbus. Of Cleopatra, as painted by the pencil of history, I have already spoken; how exquisitely she is depicted by Shakspere, what a soft glow of voluptuous languor is thrown around her, and with what irresistible fascinations she is invested, the reader of the tragedy can alone feel and appreciate Great as her faults are, for her life is but a tissue of refined and poetical sensuality, such is her devotion to Antony, and so winning is the gigantic extravagance of her affection for him, that we not only forgive her errors, but admire and applaud the actor of them

Antony and Cæsar are placed in strong contrast to each other, the one brave, reckless and prodigal, the other cool, prudent, and avaricious. "Cæsar gets money," says Pompey, "where he loses hearts." Antony is a warrior and a prodigal, and Octavius a statesman, whose feelings are strictly under command. Something of predestination reigns through this play; everything tends towards the downfall of Antony and the advancement of Cæsar.

Enobarbus, although an historical character, and to be found in Plutarch, does not there appear very prominently, and may, to no small extent, be called a creation of the pen of Shakspere. He found the name in history, but not the man he pictured. Enobarbus forms one of the rich sunlights of the picture, his plain bluntness has all the cheering hilarity of comedy But his jocularity would be out of place in the latter scenes of the tragedy how admirably does Shakspere obviate this The dotage and ill-fortune of Antony transform Enobarbus to a serious man, and finally corrupt this hitherto faithful soldier, he deserts his master, and flies to the service of Cæsar The munificent Antony sends after him his chests and treasure, which, in the hurry of flight, he had left behind, this act of kindness strikes the penitent fugitive to the heart, and wasting in grief, he goes forth to die, and alone, without the camp, breathing his deep sorrow to the cold moon, does Enobarbus end his life in the bitterness of despair.

As his final ruin draws on, Antony is alternately "valiant and dejected," looking upon his high rank and qualities, his unbounded but dazzling dissipation, his imperial generosity, great personal courage, and his gorgeous career; when hearing of his death, we feel inclined to say with Cæsar—

> The death of Antony
> Is not a single doom in the name lay
> A moiety of the world

That of Cleopatra follows, it is consistent with her brilliant and luxurious life; she robs death of its hideousness, and, enveloped in her royal robes and crown, still radiant in that seductive beauty which subdued Cæsar and ruined Antony, she applies to her bosom the envenomed instrument of death, and falls into an everlasting slumber "as sweet as balm, as soft as air," where she yet looks:—

> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.

This tragedy is attributed to the year 1608. H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1, sc 2; sc 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc 6; sc 7 Act III sc 2, sc. 4, sc 7, sc 8, sc 9, sc 11. Act IV sc. 2; sc. 4, sc. 5, sc 7, sc. 8, sc. 10, sc. 12, sc. 13.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc 4. Act II sc 2, sc 3; sc. 6; sc 7 Act III sc. 2, sc. 5; sc. 8, sc 10. Act IV. sc 1, sc 6; sc. 9, sc. 10 Act V sc. 1, sc. 2

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I sc 4 Act II sc. 2, sc 4, sc 6; sc. 7 Act III sc 2

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, *the Son of* Pompey the Great.

Appears, Act II sc 1; sc 6, sc. 7.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, *a Friend of* Antony.

Appears, Act I. sc 2. Act II sc 2, sc 6, sc. 7 Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc 7, sc. 8, sc 11. Act IV sc 2, sc. 6, sc. 9

VENTIDIUS, *a Friend of* Antony.

Appears, Act II sc 2, sc 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, *a Friend of* Antony.

Appears, Act III sc 5, sc 9 Act IV sc. 4, sc. 5; sc. 7, sc 12.

SCAURUS, *a Friend of* Antony.

Appears, Act III sc 8 Act IV sc 7; sc. 8, sc. 10.

DERCETAS, *a Friend of* Antony.

Appears, Act IV sc 12. Act V sc 1.

DEMETRIUS, PHILO, } *Friends of* Antony.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

MECÆNAS, *a Friend of* Cæsar.

Appears, Act II sc 2, sc 4, sc 6; sc 7. Act III sc 6 Act IV sc 1. Act V sc. 1, sc 2.

AGRIPPA, *a Friend of* Cæsar.

Appears, Act II sc, 2, sc. 4; sc. 7 Act III. sc 2; sc. 6. Act IV sc 1, sc 6; sc 7. Act V. sc. 1

DOLABELLA, *a Friend of* Cæsar.

Appears, Act III sc. 10. Act V. sc 1, sc 2.

PROCULEIUS, *a Friend of* Cæsar

Appears, Act V. sc 1, sc 2

THYREUS, *a Friend of* Cæsar

Appears, Act III. sc 10; sc. 11.

GALLUS, *a Friend of* Cæsar.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, *a Friend of* Pompey.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1, sc. 6, sc. 7.

MENECRATES, VARRIUS, } *Friends of* Pompey.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-general to* Cæsar.

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CANADIUS, *Lieutenant-general to* Antony.

Appears, Act III sc. 7, sc 8.

SILIUS, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*

Appears, Act III sc 1.

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.

Appears, Act III sc 10, sc 11.

ALEXAS, *an Attendant on* Cleopatra.

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

MARDIAN, *an Attendant on* Cleopatra.

Appears, Act I sc 5. Act II. sc 5 Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12.

DIOMEDES, *an Attendant on* Cleopatra.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 11.

SELEUCUS, *Treasurer to* Cleopatra.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A SOOTHSAYER

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

CLOWN.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

Appears, Act I sc 1, sc. 2, sc. 3, sc 5. Act II sc. 5. Act III. sc 3, sc 7, sc 9, sc 11 Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc 8, sc 10, sc. 11, sc. 13. Act V. sc 2.

OCTAVIA, *Sister of* Cæsar, *and Wife of* Antony.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, IRAS, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Appear, Act I. sc 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2, sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13, Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Dispersed; in several Parts of the* ROMAN EMPIRE.

Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I.

SCENE 1—Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure. those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[1] all temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains,* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world[2] transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. behold and see
Cleo If it be love indeed, tell me how much
Ant There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth[3]

Enter an Attendant

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome
Ant. Grates me.—The sum
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry. Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that,
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process;[4] Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay. our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus, when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,[5]
We stand up peerless.
Cleo Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not, Antony
Will be himself
Ant But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—[6]
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep, whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their Train*
Dem Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[7] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands![8]

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly, wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune

Sooth. I make not, but foresee

Char. Pray then, foresee me one

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved

Char I had rather heat my liver with drinking

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all. let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:[9] Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth I have said.

Iras Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras Not in my husband's nose

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras Amen Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded, Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char Amen.

Alex Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't

Eno Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEO, ENO, ALEX, IRAS, CHAR., Sooth, *and* Attendants.

Mess Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them [10]

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller

Ant When it concerns the fool, or coward —On
Things, that are past, are done, with me —'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd

Mess Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates,[11]
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia,
Whilst——

Ant Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue,
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still,[12] and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess At your noble pleasure [*Exit*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there

1*st Att.* The man from Sicyon —Is there such an one?

2*nd Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2*nd Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2*nd Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit* Mess.

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again, the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word

Ant I must be gone.

Eno Under a compelling occasion, let women die It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying

Ant She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno Alack, sir, no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears, they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report this cannot be cunning in her, if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove

Ant 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant Fulvia is dead.

Eno Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock

brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[13] to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier. whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison[14] Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence. [*Exeunt*

Eno. I shall do 't.

SCENE III

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since

Cleo See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing, if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you, hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted

Ant Cleopatra —

Cleo Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven.[15] They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,[16]
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant She's dead, my queen
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?[17] Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant, making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st

Cleo Cut my lace, Charmian, come,—
But let it be—I am quickly ill, and well
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood, no more

Cleo You can do better yet; but this is meetly

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends,
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[18] does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten[19]

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Cæsar's *House*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor From Alexandria
This is the news, He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd, what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar,[20] to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind Many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle[21]
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond.[22] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V —Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo Charmian,—

Char Madam

Cleo Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora

Char Why, madam?

Cleo That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char You think of him
Too much

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo Not now to hear thee sing, I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Clo O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.[23]—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee —
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl,—His speech sticks in my heart
Cleo Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,[24]
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, '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?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you
Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment.—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper. he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina *A Room in* Pompey's *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness —How now Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear —Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war. his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar,
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House* of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.
Lep 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it
Lep But small to greater matters must give way
Eno Not if the small come first.
Lep Your speech is passion
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS

Eno And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius
Cæs I do not know,
Mecænas, ask Agrippa
Lep Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter
Ant 'Tis spoken well
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus
Cæs. Welcome to Rome
Ant Thank you
Cæs Sit.
Ant Sit, sir.
Cæs Nay,
Then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war [25]
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act [26] I did enquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? [27] Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses
Ant Not so, not so,
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife
Eno 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet for that, you must
But say, I could not help it
Cæs I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep Soft, Cæsar.
Ant No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—
Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied
Ant Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep 'Tis nobly spoken
Mec If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye. to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep Worthily spoke, Mecænas.
Eno Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do
Ant Thou art a soldier only, speak no more.
Eno That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot
Ant You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno Go to then; your considerate stone [28]
Cæs I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths. her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us.
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. And where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What 's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together? Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Ant Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish* *Exeunt* CÆS, ANT, *and* LEP
Mec Welcome from Egypt, sir
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Agr Good Enobarbus!
Mec We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt
Eno Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there, Is this true?
Eno This was but as a fly by an eagle we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting
Mec She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her
Eno When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus [29]
Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her
Eno I will tell you
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so 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 Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd

Eno I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless, power breathe forth

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly

Eno Never, he will not,
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish [30]

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go —
Good Enobarbus make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III —*The same A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them;* Attendants *and a* Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant Good night, sir —My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square: but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady —

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night [*Exeunt* CÆS. *and* OCTA.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither![31]

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see 't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth Cæsar's
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not, but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd, therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant Speak this no more.

Sooth To none but thee, no more, but 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 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit* Sooth.

He shall to Parthia —Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true; The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails even
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[32] I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Meo. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about,
You 'll win two days upon me.
Meo. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo Let it alone; let us to billiards.[33]
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—We 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man
Mess Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee
Mess Madam, he 's well
Cleo Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess But yet, madam,—
Cleo I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He 's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian
Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

MISS GLYN AS CLEOPATRA.

I'll name now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say "Ah, Ah! you're caught."

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA. Act 2. Sc 5.

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Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match
Cleo Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess He 's married, madam.
Cleo Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long
[*Draws a Dagger*
Mess Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent
Cleo Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.
Char He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause —Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you.
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Mess.
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEX.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he 's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MAR
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me —Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*Near* Misenum.

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine,
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,[34]
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house.[35]
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That 's our offer

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That c. ll'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom We 'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir

Ant And fair words to them.

Pom Then so much have I heard.—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno No more of that.—He did so.

Pom What, I pray you?

Eno A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom I know thee now, How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno Well;
And well am like to do, for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP., Sold., *and* Attend.

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety. you have been a great thief by sea

Men And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing

Men All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are

Eno But there is never a fair woman has a true face

Men No slander, they steal hearts

Eno We came hither to fight with you

Men For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men You have said, sir We looked not for Mark Antony here, Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia

Men True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus

Eno But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true

Men Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together

Eno If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties

Eno. I think so too But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation

Men Who would not have his wife so?

Eno Not he, that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony He will to his Egyptian dish again then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let 's away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—*On Board* Pompey's *Galley, lying near* Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, *with a Banquet.*

1*st Serv* Here they 'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already,[36] the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2*nd Serv* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1*st Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink[37]

2*nd Serv* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more," reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink

1*st Serv* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion

2*nd Serv* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave

1*st Serv* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænus, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other* Captains

Ant Thus do they, sir [*To* Cæs] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid, they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest

Lep You have strange serpents there

Ant Ay, Lepidus

Lep Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun so is your crocodile

Ant They are so.

Pom Sit,—and some wine—A health to Lepidus

Lep I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out

Eno Not till you have slept, I fear me, you 'll be in, till then

Lep Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*
Pom. Say in mine ear: What is 't?
Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside*
And hear me speak a word.
Pom. Forbear me till anon —
This wine for Lepidus.
Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.
Lep. What colour is it of?
Ant. Of its own colour too
Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so And the tears of it are wet,
Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure
Pom. [*To* MEN. *aside*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you —Where 's this cup I call'd for?
Men If for the sake of merit thou will hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside*
Pom I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside*
Men I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world
Pom Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove.
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't
Pom. 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.
Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. For this, [*Aside*
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant Bear him ashore —I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno Here 's to thee, Menas
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom Fill, till the cup be hid.
Eno There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the* Attend., *who carries off* LEP.
Men. Why?
Eno He bears
The third part of the world, man, See'st not?
Men The third part then is drunk. 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno Drink thou, increase the reels.
Men Come
Pom This is not yet an Alexandrian feast
Ant It ripens towards it —Strike the vessels, ho![138]
Here is to Cæsar
Cæs I could well forbear it
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler
Ant Be a child o' the time
Cæs Possess it, I 'll make answer but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one
Eno Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANT.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music.—
The while, I 'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley[39]
[*Music plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine.
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round.

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night Good brother,
Let me request you off. our graver business
Frowns at this levity:—Gentle lords, let 's part
You see, we have burnt our cheeks strong 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 night—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you o' the shore.
Ant And shall, sir give 's your hand.
Pom O, Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends·
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not—
[*Exeunt* POM, CÆS, ANT., *and* Atten.
Menas, I 'll not on shore
Men. No, to my cabin—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows· Sound, and be hang'd, sound out
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums*
Eno Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap
Men Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in* Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after Conquest, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers, *the dead Body of* PACORUS *borne before him*

Ven Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus [40]
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow, spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person· Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' 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
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing Octavia weeps
To part from Rome Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men
Agr What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![141]
Eno Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar,—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best,—Yet he loves Antony
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder
Agr. Both he loves
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle[42] So.— [*Trumpets*
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa
Agr Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself,
Use me well in it —Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof —Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa My noble brother!—
Ant The April's in her eyes It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on —Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—
Cæs What,
Octavia?
Octa I'll tell you in your ear
Ant Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue. the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines
Eno Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGR.
Agr He has a cloud in's face.
Eno He were the worse for that, were he a horse,
So is he, being a man
Agr Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain
Eno That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd.
Believe it, till I weep too.
Cæs No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still, the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you
Ant Come, sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love
Look, here I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods
Cæs Adieu, be happy!
Lep Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTA.
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound Exeunt*

SCENE III —Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo Where is the fellow?
Alex Half afeard to come.
Cleo Go to, go to —Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head

I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mess Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face; and saw her led Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.
Cleo That's not so good.—he cannot like her long.
Char Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible
Cleo I think so, Charmian Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty
Mess She creeps,
Her motion and her station are as one
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess Or I have no observance
Char. Three in Egypt Cannot make better note
Cleo He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't —There's nothing in her yet —
The fellow has good judgment
Char Excellent.
Cleo Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess Madam,
She was a widow
Cleo Widow?—Charmian, hark
Mess And I do think, she's thirty
Cleo Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Mess Round even to faultiness.
Cleo For the most part too They are foolish that are so—Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it
Cleo. There is gold for thee
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd [*Exit* Mess.
Char A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing
Char. O, nothing, madam
Cleo The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo I have one thing more to ask him yet good Charmian.—
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV —Athens *A Room in* Antony's *House*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA

Ant Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear
Spoke scantly of me when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them, most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth
Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all, or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother, Make your soonest haste
So your desires are yours.
Octa Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[43] 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,[44] seizes him So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more,
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus, and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigged

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught.
But let it be —Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more:
In Alexandria,—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander, to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him

Cæs The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr Whom does he accuse?

Cæs Cæsar. and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle. then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd· lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd, and, being, that we detain
All his revenue

Agr Sir, this should be answer'd

Cæs 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change, for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like

Mec He 'll never yield to that

Cæs Nor must not then be yielded to in this

Enter OCTAVIA

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear, the trees by the way,
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd. we should have met you
By sea, and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal, whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return
Cæs Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him
Octa Do not say so, my lord
Cæs I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Octa My lord, in Athens
Cæs No, my most wronged sister, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia, Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king, Adallas
King Malchus of Arabia, king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lacaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres
Octa Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way Welcome to Rome
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr Welcome, lady.
Mec Welcome, dear madam
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment[45] to a trull,
That noises it against us
Octa Is it so, sir?
Cæs Most certain Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Antony's *Camp, near the Promontory of* Actium

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS

Cleo I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno But why, why, why?
Cleo Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo Is 't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno [*Aside*] Well, I could reply —
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost, the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse
Cleo What is 't you say?
Eno Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind
Eno Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS

Ant Is 't not strange, Canidius
That from Tarentium, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on 't sweet?
Cleo Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,

To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For he dares us to't.
Eno So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd.
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare. yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land
Ant. By sea, by sea
Eno Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land —Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord, he is descried,
Cæsar has taken Toryne
Ant Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible,
Strange, that his power should be —Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis[146]—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking, we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away
[*Exeunt* Ant, Cleo, *and* Eno.
Sold By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right
Can Soldier, thou art. but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,[147] as
Beguil'd all spies
Can Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man

Enter a Messenger

Mess The emperor calls for Canidius.
Can With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium*

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, *and Others*

Cæs Taurus,—
Taur My lord
Cæs Strike not by land: keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll
Our fortune lies upon this jump [*Exeunt*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus

Ant Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt*

Enter Canidius, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage, and* Taurus, *the Lieutenant of* Cæsar, *the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer;
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS

Scar Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle[48] of the world is lost
With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces
Eno How appears the fight?
Scar On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure You' ribald-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 brize upon her, like a cow in June,[49]
Hoists sails, and flies
Eno That I beheld mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on 't, and could not
Endure a further view
Scar She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her
I never saw an action of such shame,
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS

Can Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own
Eno Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed [*Aside*
Can Towards Peloponnesus are they fled
Scar 'Tis easy to 't, and there I will attend
What further comes
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse, six kings already
Show me the way of yielding
Eno I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter ANTONY, *and* Attendants

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me;—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever —I have a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
Att. Fly! not we.
Ant I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders —Friends, be gone,
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone
My treasure's in the harbour, take it —O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating —Friends, be gone, you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness take the hint
Which my despair proclaims, let that be left
Which leaves itself to the sea side straightway.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little 'pray you now —
Nay, do so, for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you.—I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros Nay, gentle madam, to him.—Comfort him,
Iras Do, most dear queen
Char Do! Why, what else?
Cleo Let me sit down O Juno!
Ant No, no, no, no, no
Eros See you here, sir?
Ant O fye, fye, fye
Char Madam,—
Iras Madam, O good empress!—
Eros Sir, sir,—
Ant Yes, my lord, yes, He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended. he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[50] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—No matter.
Cleo Ah, stand by.
Eros The queen, my lord, the queen
Iras Go to him, madam, speak to him,
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo Well then,—Sustain me —O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches,

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause
Cleo. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost Give me a kiss,
Even this repays me —We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead —
Some wine, within there, and our viands —Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows
[*Exeunt*

SCENE X —Cæsar's *Camp, in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and* Others

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster.
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs Be it so; Declare thine office.
Eup Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard So to them both.
Eup Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs Bring him through the bands
[*Exit* EUP
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time Despatch,
From Antony win Cleopatra promise, [*To* THYR
And in our name, what she requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr Cæsar, I go.
Cæs Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves
Thyr Cæsar, I shall [*Exeunt*

SCENE XI —Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno Think, and die.
Cleo Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you 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 gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord
Ant The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it —
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again, Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which, the world should note
Something particular, his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone I'll write it, follow me
[*Exeunt* ANT *and* EUP
Eno Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder —I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too

Enter an Attendant

Att A messenger from Cæsar
Cleo What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds —Admit him, sir
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square
[*Aside*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly —Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart
Cleo. None but friends, say boldly
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's, Cæsar's
Thyr So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd, Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand st,
Further than he is Cæsar
Cleo. Go on Right royal
Thyr He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him
Cleo O!
Thyr The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd
Cleo He is a god, and knows
What is most right Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely
Eno To be sure of that, [*Aside*
I will ask Antony —Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee [*Exit* ENO.
Thyr Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord
Cleo What's your name?
Thyr My name is Thyreus
Cleo Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath[51] I hear
The doom of Egypt
Thyr 'Tis your noblest course
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One, that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant Approach, there —Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cry'd, "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss,[52] kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him —Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away· being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him —
[*Exeunt* Attend. *with* THYR.
You were half blasted ere I knew you.—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever —
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out·—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him —Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS

1*st Att* Soundly, my lord
Ant Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
1*st Att* He did ask favour
Ant If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't —Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou
Hence, with thy stripes, begone [*Exit* THYR.
Cleo Have you done yet?
Ant Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck. as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite[53]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet
Cleo That's my brave lord!
Ant I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome 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
Cleo. It is my birth-day
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant We'll yet do well
Cleo Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen,
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe
[*Exeunt* Ant, Cleo., *and* Attend
Eno Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp at* Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, *reading a Letter*, Agrippa, Mecænas, *and* Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction Never anger
Made good guard for itself
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight.—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army. we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and* Others

Ant He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno No.
Ant Why should he not?
Eno He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again Woo't thou fight well?
Eno I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."
Ant. Well said, come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest,—so hast thou,—
And thou,—and thou, and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots [*Aside.*
Out of the mind
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep
Ant. Tend me to-night,
May be, it is the period of your duty
Haply, you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow perchance, to-morrow
You 'll serve another master I look on you,
As one that takes his leave Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd, for shame,
Transform us not to women
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The same Before the Palace*

Enter Two Soldiers, *to their Guard*

1*st Sold.* Brother, good night to-morrow is the day.
2*nd Sold.* It will determine one way fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1*st Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2*nd Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.
1*st Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2*nd Sold* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3*rd Sold.* And you · Good night, good night
[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts*
4*th Sold* Here we: [*They take their Posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3*rd Sold* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose
[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage*
4*th Sold* Peace, what noise?
1*st Sold* List, list!
2*nd Sold* Hark
1*st Sold* Music i' the air.
3*rd Sold.* Under the earth
4*th Sold* It signs well,[54]
Does 't not?
3*rd Sold.* No.
1*st Sold.* Peace, I say What should this mean?
2*nd Sold* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1*st Sold* Walk, let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do
[*They advance to another Post*
2*nd Sold* How now, masters?
Sold How now?
How now? do you hear this?
[*Several speaking together.*
1*st Sold* Ay, Is 't not strange?
3*rd Sold* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1*st Sold* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let 's see how 't will give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking*] Content: 'Tis strange[55]
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace*

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN *and* Others, *attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little
Ant. No, my chuck —Eros, come; mine armour Eros!

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on.—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her — Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too
What's this for?
Ant Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart —False, false, this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.
Ant Well, well,
We shall thrive now —Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences
Eros Briefly, sir
Cleo Is not this buckled well?
Ant Rarely, rarely
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm —
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou Despatch —O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, *armed*

A workman in't —Good morrow to thee, welcome
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight
1*st Offi* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you
[*Shout Trumpets Flourish*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers

2*nd Offi* The morn is fair — Good morrow, general
All Good morrow, general
Ant 'Tis well blown, lads
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes —
So, so; come, give me that this way, well said
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me
This is a soldier's kiss. rebukable, [*Kisses her*
And worthy shameful 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* ANT, EROS, Offi, *and* Sold
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria

Trumpets sound Enter ANTONY *and* EROS, *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels
Ant Who's gone this morning?
Sold Who?
One ever near thee Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine"
Ant What say'st thou?
Sold Sir,
He is with Cæsar
Eros Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him
Ant Is he gone?
Sold Most certain
Ant Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee. write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master —O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men —Eros, despatch [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI —Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flourish Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and* Others.

Cæs Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight
Our will is, Antony be took alive,
Make it so known
Agr Cæsar, I shall [*Exit* AGR
Cæs The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess Antony
Is come into the field
Cæs Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆS. *and his Train.*
Eno Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry,

On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæsar's

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.
Eno I give it you
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove [*Exit* Sold
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought. but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and* Others

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[56]
Exceeds what we expected [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads
Ant Thou bleed'st apace
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of* Alexandria

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching*, SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant We have beat him to his camp, Run one before,
And let the queen know of our 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 has it had been
Each man's like mine, you have shown all Hectors
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole—Give me thy hand
[*To* SCAR

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended*

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing
Cleo Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold, it was a king's.
Ant He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car —Give me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a jolly march,
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them,
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril —Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,[57]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX —Cæsar's *Camp*

Sentinels *on their post* *Enter* ENOBARBUS

1*st Sold* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn
2*nd Sold* This last day was
A shrewd one to us
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3*rd Sold* What man is this?
2*nd Sold* Stand close, and list to him
Eno Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1*st Sold* Enobarbus!
3*rd Sold* Peace;
Hark further
Eno O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive·
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies*
2*nd Sold* Let 's speak
To him
1*st Sold* Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar
3*rd Sold.* Let 's do so But he sleeps.
1*st Sold* Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping
2*nd Sold* Go we to him.
3*rd Sold* Awake, awake, sir, speak to us.
2*nd Sold* Hear you, sir?
1*st Sold* The hand of death hath raught him
Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off*
Demurely wake the sleepers Let us bear him
To the court of guard, he is of note, our hour
Is fully out
3*rd Sold* Come on then
He may recover yet [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X —*Between the two Camps*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching*

Ant Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land
Scar For both, my lord
Ant I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or in the air,
We 'd fight there too But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching*

Cæs But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall, for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies To the vales,
And hold our best advantage [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS

Ant. Yet they 're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go [*Exit*
Scar Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not
Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Has sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee —Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly, be gone
[*Exit* SCAR
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more·
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands —All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar, and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[58]—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts,[59] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield, the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off

Cleo. To the monument.—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death —
To the monument [*Exeunt*

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros Ay, noble lord

Ant Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air Thou hast seen these signs,
They are black vesper's pageants

Eros Ay, my lord

Ant That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water

Eros It does, my lord.

Ant My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,— she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once

And that she has discharg'd, What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand, the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her
Ant Dead then?
Mar Dead
Ant Eros, unarm, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly Go —Off, pluck off,—
[*Exit* MAR
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace —
No more a soldier —Bruised pieces, go,
You have been nobly borne —From me 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 further Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen —Eros!—Stay for me
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours —Come, Eros, Eros?

Re-enter EROS

Eros What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself" Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me do't, the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,[60] bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
Eros I would not see't
Ant Come then, for with a wound I must be cur'd
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country
Eros O, sir, pardon me
Ant When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd Draw, and come
Eros Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant Lo thee [*Turning from him.*
Eros My sword is drawn
Ant Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it
Eros My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant 'Tis said, man,—and farewell
Eros Farewell, great chief Shall I strike now?
Ant Now, Eros
Eros Why, there then —[*Falls on his Sword*
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death [*Dies*
Ant Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar, to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword*
I learn'd of thee How; not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—despatch me

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard

1st Guard What's the noise?
Ant I have done my work ill, friends, O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2nd Guard. The star is fallen.
1st Guard And time is at his period
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant Let him that loves me, strike me dead
1st Guard Not I.
2nd Guard. Nor I.
3rd Guard Nor any one [*Exeunt* Guard
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there
Dio Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DER
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord
Ant. Where is she?
Dio Lock'd in her monument She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass · for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage,
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late
Ant Too late, good Diomed —Call my guard, I pr'ythee
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard

Ant Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you
1st Guard Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All Most heavy day!
Ant Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly Take me up:
I have led you oft · carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all [*Exeunt, bearing* ANT.

SCENE XIII —*The same. A Monument*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS

Cleo O Charmian, I will never go from hence
Char Be comforted, dear madam
Cleo No, I will not,
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise, our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it,—How now? is he dead?
Dio His death 's upon him, but not dead
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard

Cleo O thou sun
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—Darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world [61]—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help, help, Iras,
Help, friends below, let 's draw him hither
Ant Peace·
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself
Cleo So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips —
Cleo I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken [62] not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me, if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me —But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up,—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O quick, or I am gone.
Cleo Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight · Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANT *up*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing, had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out
All A heavy sight!
Ant I am dying, Egypt, dying
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little
Cleo No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant One word, sweet queen
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety —O!
Cleo They do not go together
Ant Gentle, hear me
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius
Cleo My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar
Ant The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly, put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd Now, my spirit is going,
I can no more [*Dies*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt —My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen,[63] young boys, and girls
Are level now with men the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char Lady,—
Iras Madam,—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares —It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel All 's but naught
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad Then is it 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 heart — [*To the* Guard *below*
We'll bury him and then, what 's brave what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us Come, away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt, those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *Body*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and* Others

Cæs Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses he makes.
Dol Cæsar, I shall [*Exit* DOL

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* Antony

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas,
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar, if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life
Cæs What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens —The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it, behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this,—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine, we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this —Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season,

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We 'll hear him what he says —Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.
Cæs Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs Come hither, Proculeius, Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us. for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro Cæsar, I shall [*Exit* Pro
Cæs Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* Gal
Agr Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed, he shall in time be ready
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings Go with me, and see
What I can show in this [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —Alexandria *A Room in the Monument*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras

Cleo My desolation does begin to make
A better life 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar
Not being fortune, he 's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will, And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius, Gallus, *and* Soldiers

Pro Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within*] What 's thy name?
Pro My name is Proculeius.
Cleo [*Within*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you. but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of my own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks
Pro Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need, Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to
Cleo [*Within*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly
Look him i' the face
Pro This I 'll report, dear lady
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it
Gal You see how easily she may be surpriz'd,
[*Here* PROC, *and two of the* Guard, *ascend the Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window, and having descended, come behind* CLEO *Some of the* Guard *unbar and open the Gates*
Guard her till Cæsar come
[*To* PRO *and the* Guard *Exit* GAL
Iras Royal queen!
Char O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo Quick, quick, good hands
[*Drawing a Dagger*
Pro Hold, worthy lady, hold
[*Seizes and disarms her*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd
Cleo What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth
Cleo Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro O, temperance, lady!
Cleo Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir,
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither· This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,[64]
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee as for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard
Pro So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best be gentle to her
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEO
If you 'll employ me to him
Cleo Say, I would die
[*Exeunt* PRO, *and* Soldiers
Dol Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo I cannot tell
Dol Assuredly, you know me
Cleo No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known,
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams,
Is 't not your trick?
Dol I understand not, madam
Cleo I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony,—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol If it might please you,—
Cleo His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth
Dol Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo His legs bestrid the ocean his rear'd arm
Crested the world his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn '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 dropp'd from his pocket [65]
Dol Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol Gentle madam, no
Cleo You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite
Dol Hear me, good madam
Your loss is as yourself, great, and you bear it
As answering to the weight 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root
Cleo I thank you, sir
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will,
I know it.
Within Make way there,—Cæsar

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and* Attendants

Cæs Which is the queen
Of Egypt?
Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam
[Cleo *kneels*
Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:——
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely I 'll take my leave
Cleo And may, through all the world 'tis yours and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please Here, my good lord
Cæs You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra
Cleo This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted —Where 's Seleucus?
Sel Here, madam
Cleo This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing Speak the truth, Seleucus
Sel Madam,
I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not
Cleo What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known
Cæs Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed
Cleo See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild —O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd,—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee, but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you
Cleo O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,[66] that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal, and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* SEL.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance —Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me
Cæs Forbear, Seleucus
[*Exit* SEL.
Cleo Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do, and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied
Cæs Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest, still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons no, dear queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel Feed, and sleep
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend, And so adieu
Cleo My master, and my lord!
Cæs Not so Adieu
[*Exeunt* CÆS, *and his Train*
Cleo He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself but hark thee, Charmian
[*Whispers* CHAR
Iras Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark
Cleo Hie thee again
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go, put it to the haste
Char Madam, I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir [*Exit* CHAR
Cleo Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol I your servant.
Adieu, good queen, I must attend on Cæsar
Cleo Farewell, and thanks [*Exit* DOL.] Now, 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,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour
Iras The gods forbid!
Cleo Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels, Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore
Iras O the good gods!
Cleo Nay, that is certain
Iras I'll never see it, for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes
Cleo Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents —Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN

Show me, my women, like a queen,—Go fetch
My best 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 chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day —Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise?
[*Exit* IRAS *A Noise within*

Enter one of the Guard

Guard Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence,
He brings you figs.
Cleo Let him come in. How poor an instrument
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
[*Exit* Guard.

I am marble-constant. now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a Basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal, those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown Very many, men and women too I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell

Clown I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo Farewell [Clown *sets down the Basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people! for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown Very good give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me· Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act, I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life —So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips
Farewell, kind Charmian,—Iras, long farewell
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies*
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking

Char Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo This proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have Come, 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 despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char O, break! O, break!

Cleo As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too —
[*Applying another Asp to her Arm*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparall'd —Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1*st Guard* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1*st Guard* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the Asp.*
O, come, apace, despatch. I partly feel thee.

1*st Guard* Approach, ho! All 's not well. Cæsar's beguil'd.

2nd Guard There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar,—call him.

1st Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2nd Guard All dead

Dol Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and* Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer,
That you did fear, is done

Cæs Bravest at the last
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed

Dol Who was last with them?

1st Guard A simple countryman, that brought her figs,
This was his basket

Cæs Poison'd then

1st Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on a sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling. but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm,

1st Guard This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died, for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[1] *Renages*, i e. disowns, casts off.

[2] *The triple pillar of the world.*

Triple is used inaccurately for *third* The third pillar of the world; one of the triumvirs, or rulers of the civilised world.

[3] *Then must thou needst find out new heaven, new earth.*

Antony means, there is no boundary to my love in the known universe, if you would limit my affection for you, that limit must be placed at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords

[4] *Where's Fulvia's process.*

Process is summons. Her summons or command to Antony to return to Rome.

[5] *To weet*, i e. know.

[6] *But stirr'd by Cleopatra*

Cleopatra has just said, "Antony will be himself" To which he replies as above, that is, if I am desired or stirred to it by Cleopatra, I will assert my dignity and my power.

[7] *That he approves the common liar.*

The *common liar* is rumour, Antony by his conduct proves the truth of the reports current in Rome respecting him.

[8] *O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands.*

Several emendations of this passage have been offered, but the following explanation by Mr. Steevens appears the most satisfactory —"To change his horns *with* (i e. for) garlands, signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold, a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, 'There is no staff more honourable than one tipt with *horn*.' We are not to look for serious argument in such a 'skipping dialogue' as that before us"

[9] *Then, belike, my children shall have no names*

That is, perhaps they shall be illegitimate

[10] *Upon the first encounter, drave them.*

Drave is the ancient preterite of the verb to drive, and frequently occurs in the Bible Thus in Joshua, xxiv. 12, "and *drave* them out before you"

[11] *Extended Asia from Euphrates.*

Extended his dominions, by conquest, in Asia from Euphrates to, &c. Dr Johnson, however, says that to extend is a term used for to *seize*, and he thinks that is the sense in which it is employed here.

[12] ——— *O, then we bring forth weeds,*
When our quick winds lie still, &c

Dr Warburton has proposed to read *minds* for winds, we bring forth weeds when our minds are idle; but the following elucidation by Mr Henley is so happy that I prefer it. Antony himself, "figuratively, is the idle soil, the malice that speaks home, the quick or cutting winds, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds, whilst our ills (that is the truth faithfully told us) are a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness— is as our earing, serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enables it to produce a profitable crop *When the quick winds lie still*, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which 'the tyrannous breathings of the north' would have cut off, will continue to grow and feed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow."

[13] *Expedience*, erroneously used for expedition.

[14] ———*Much is breeding,*
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison

This is an allusion to the idle notion still prevalent in some ignorant rural districts, that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water will turn to a worm or serpent Mr Coleridge says that this is true, so far as appearances go, and that the hair "will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmorland" Dr Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horsehairs, are real insects It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow This old supposition is alluded to in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p 224 —"A horsehaire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. Also in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion, &c* 1570 —

> Hit is of kinde much worsse than horses' heare
> That lyes in donge, where on vile serpents breede.

[15] *But was a race of heaven.*

That is, had a taste or flavour of heavenly enjoyment.

[16] *And that which most with you should safe my going*

That is, reconcile you to my going; make my departure not likely to produce mischief to you.

[17] *Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill*
With sorrowful water?

An allusion to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Fletcher and Shakspere —

Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears

[18] *How this Herculean Roman*

Antony was very proud of his supposed descent from Anteon, a son of Hercules. This has been alluded to in the introduction to this play. He sought to give a colouring to this report by his dress and manners "Thus," says Plutarch, "when he appeared in public, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and over all a coarse mantle That kind of conduct which would seem disagreeable to others, rendered him the darling of the army He talked with the soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, ate and drank with them in public, and would stand to take his victuals at their common table"

[19] *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.

Oblivion or forgetfulness, as if it were another Antony, so entirely possesses her, that she has quite forgotten what she wished to utter

[20] ——— *He is belov'd of those*
That only have fear'd Cæsar

That is, Pompey is loved and followed by those who from fear have professed allegiance to Cæsar

[21] ——— *The gilded puddle*

"There is frequently observable," says Mr Henley, 'on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime—to this appearance the poet here refers"

[22] *I knew it for my bond*

That is, I knew it to be my agreement, recognize it for my duty

[23] *And burgonet of men*

That is, the cap or chief of men, a *burgonet* is a kind of helmet.

[24] *And soberly did mount a termagant steed.*

That is, a fiery, impatient steed The furious Douglas, in *Henry IV.*, is called *the termagant Scot.*

[25] ——— *And their contestation*
Was theme for you, you were the word of war

Shakspere has here committed one of those errors in expression, which are not unfrequent in his writings The quarrel of the wife and brother of Antony was not a theme for him; he did not in any way assist them against Cæsar, or indeed trouble himself at all about the matter. What the poet means is, that Antony was their theme, or subject of war; he was the cause of the dispute.

[26] ——— *My brother never*
Did urge me in his act.

That is, never did make use of my name as an excuse for his war upon you

[27] *And made the wars alike against my stomach*
Having alike your cause.

It must be remembered that Antony and Cæsar are joined in office as triumvirs, the wars which were made against Cæsar also set the authority of Antony at defiance The sense is clear, if we read—*I* having alike your cause Dr. Johnson proposes to read—*Hating* alike *our* cause, but the alteration is, I think, needless

[28] *Go to then, your considerate stone.*

Mr Steevens says, this passage, "I believe means only this —If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing *As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase"

[29] *When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus*

The poet is here inconsistent with himself; from Enobarbus's own description, it appears that Antony had not seen Cleopatra on the river, for, that while she was there, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him, that they might witness her approach

[30] *Bless her, when she is riggish*

Rigg is an ancient word, meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 —

Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
Or else be sure such ryggs my care shall prove.

Dryden, who has given an emulative imitation of this exquisite description of Cleopatra, expresses this passage more delicately, thus —

The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes

[31] *Would I had never come from thence, nor you*
Thither

Mr M Mason very justly observes that both sense and grammar require that we should read *hither* instead of *thither.*

[32] *Beat mine, inhoop'd at odds.*

Inhoop'd is an obsolete word, meaning enclosed, confined Placed within a hoop or circle that they may fight

[33] *Let us to billiards*

This is one of the numerous anachronisms to be found in our poet; this game was unknown in ancient times.

[34] *Ghosted*, i.e haunted

[35] ——— *At land indeed,*
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.

O'er-count is here probably used equivocally to mean,

you have over-reached me of my father's house; obtained it dishonestly, which was literally the truth. Plutarch tells us "Antony purchased Pompey's house; but, when he was required to make the payment, he expressed himself in very angry terms; and this he tells us was the reason why he would not go with Cæsar into Africa. His former services he thought insufficiently repaid" Again—"when Antony asked him (Sextus Pompey,) where they should sup 'There,' said he, pointing to the admiral-galley of six oars, 'that is the only patrimonial mansion-house that is left to Pompey;' and it implied, at the same time, a sarcasm on Antony, who was then in possession of his father's house"

[36] *Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already*

Plants is used metaphorically for feet, they stagger in their walk, are unsteady from the effects of intoxication.

[37] *They have made him drink alms-drink.*

To drink *alms-drink*, is when one man at a feast will drink another's share, to relieve him of that which is not good for his health. He out of kindness will drink what his companion cannot. Antony and the rest were playing upon Lepidus, by making him in his nearly intoxicated state, drink both his own wine and theirs also

[38] *Strike the vessels, ho*

This is not an order relating to the ships, as they were under the command of Pompey, but an invitation to his fellow-revellers to chink the drinking vessels one against the other, as a mark of sociality and friendship The custom is still common in modern society

[39] *The holding every man shall bear, as loud*
As his strong sides can volley.

That is, every man was to join in the burden or chorus of the song, which the poet styles the *holding*. The breast and sides are called into action in an attempt to sing loud and forcibly.

[40] *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*
Pays this for Marcus Crassus

Pacorus was the son of Orodes, King of Parthia *Crassus* was a Roman general, who was defeated and treacherously murdered by the Parthians. Orodes grieved so much on account of the death of his son Pacorus, that he fell into a languishing illness, when his second son Phraates, anxious for his death, administered poison to him, but not finding it effectual, afterwards strangled him

[41] *O thou Arabian bird.*

That is, the phœnix. The immortal bird which was supposed to live single, and to rise again from its own ashes.

[42] *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*

The wings of the beetle are called his *shards*, as they are hard and brittle, like a tile or shard, i e a fragment of an earthen vessel; thus, in *Macbeth*, we have, "the shard-borne beetle." Enorbarbus likens Lepidus to a beetle, which is a dull, heavy insect, and Antony and Cæsar to the wings by which he is maintained in his elevated position.

[43] *Denied him rivality.*

Rivality, from the Latin *rivalitas*; an obsolete word meaning emulation, competition Shakspere here uses it for equal rank or glory in the action.

[44] *Upon his own appeal.*

To *appeal*, is used by Shakspere in the sense of to accuse, upon his own accusation of Lepidus does Cæsar arrest him, thus being both complainant and judge

[45] *And gives his potent regiment.*

Regiment, is government, authority; he gives up his power into the hands of an abandoned woman.

[46] *Away my Thetis!*

Antony probably addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she was about to assist in his naval expedition

[47] *His power went out in such distractions*

In such minute detachments, small separate companies

[48] *The greater cantle*

A *cantle*, says Pope, is a piece or lump; on which Dr Johnson exclaims, "Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the 'three-nook'd world Of this triangular world, every triumvir had a corner"

[49] *The brize upon her, like a cow in June*

The *brize*, is the gad-fly, the fly that stings cattle.

[50] ——— *He alone*
Dealt on lieutenantry

On is probably used in the sense of *in* Cæsar fought chiefly by proxy, in the persons of his lieutenants Thus in a former scene, Ventidius says —

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person

[51] *Tell him from his all-obeying breath*

This is an infelicitous expression, *all-commanding* breath, is what Cleopatra meant but *all-obeing breath* is, in Shakspere's language, breath which all obey Obeying, for obeyed.

[52] *Like boys unto a muss.*

A *muss*, is a scramble This word is used by Dryden in his prologue to *The Widow Ranter*, by Mrs Behn

Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down
But there 's a *muss* of more than half the town.

[53] *The next Cæsarion smite.*

Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

[54] *It signs well.*

It is a good sign, a favourable omen.

[55] *'Tis strange.*

This curious phenomenon, which was received as

ominous of the defeat of Antony, is thus related by Plutarch:—"At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp Those who reflected on this prodigy, concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."

[56] *And our oppression*

That is, our *opposition*, the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered

[57] *Our rattling tabourines*

A *tabourin* was a small drum It is often mentioned in our ancient romances

[58] *This grave charm*

That is, destructive beauty, deadly piece of witchcraft

[59] ——— *Most monster-like, be shown*
For poor'st diminutives to dolts

Be exhibited to the most stupid and vulgar of spectators for very small pieces of money

[60] *Pleach'd arms*, i e folded arms

[61] ——— *O thou sun,*
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in'—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world

"According to the philosophy," says Mr Heath, "which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspere, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed If the sun, therefore, was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case, the earth would be involved in endless night"

[62] *Dear my lord pardon, I dare not,*
Lest I be taken.

Both metre and sense are here defective; she does not fear to kiss Antony, as he requests, but she is apprehensive that if she descends from her monument she may be made a prisoner Mr Malone thinks that the poet wrote—I dare not *descend* Mr Theobald amends the passage differently, and reads—dare not *come down.*

[63] *The soldiers' pole is fallen.*

That is, their standard, the object of their love and admiration

[64] *My country's high pyramides my gibbet.*

The poet intended we should read *pyramides*, Latin, instead of pyramids, the verse will otherwise be defective There are several examples of the use of this word Thus, in *Dr Faustus*, 1604 —

Besides the gates and high *pyramides*,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

[65] ——— *Realms and islands were*
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Plates, mean some kind of silver money In *The Rich Jew of Malta* —

Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates

[66] *To one so meek*, i e lowly, subdued by adversity.

H. T.

Timon of Athens.

WHILE engaged in reading Plutarch, to obtain the facts on which he founded *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakspere met with a passage which furnished him with a subject for a separate and very dissimilar tragedy. In Antony's reverse of fortune, after one of his defeats by Octavius Cæsar, he retired to a small house which he had built near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea, where he affected to live like Timon. "This Timon," says the chatty Greek biographer, "was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind Yet though he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades, and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who expressed some surprise at it, he answered, it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves, and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered, 'It would be so if you were not here' Once in an assembly of the people, he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned an universal silence and expectation, at length he said, 'People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves, and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree for the aforesaid purpose may repair to it before it is cut down.'"

From this passage Shakspere derived that portion of his tragedy which relates to Timon, though, perhaps, he was also indebted to a manuscript play upon the same subject which "appears to have been written, or transcribed," says Mr. Malone, "about the year 1600 There is a scene in it resembling Shakspere's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master, Timon in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c, after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a very wretched one"

The plot of Shakspere's tragedy is very simple the principal event is Timon's loss of faith in humanity, and the consequent change of the generous and unsuspecting noble, who regrets that he has not kingdoms to bestow upon his friends, into the bitter and malignant misanthrope whose fearful denunciations of mankind strike his listeners into "strong shudders" The play is full of violent contrasts; luxury and abstemiousness, pomp and poverty, prodigality and avarice, love and hate, succeed each other rapidly. It is like a dissolving view which melts from bright day, made lovely with natural beauties, the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the rich and varied foliage, and the spray of the waterfall, gilded by the cheering sunshine; to black midnight in which even the stars are hid. The change is abrupt, startling, and complete, and the gay generous Timon disappears in the bitter savage, who repudiates civilization, and spends the residue of his life in breathing eloquent curses upon his ungrateful countrymen.

Timon's is a wordy sorrow; he does not shut himself up in sullen impenetrability, but enters into converse with all who seek him, and relieves his feelings by bitter invectives. Like Coriolanus he abandons his native city, but he cannot, like the stern Roman, enfold himself in his own pride and estimation, and despise his countrymen Coriolanus addressed himself to revenge his supposed wrongs: Timon contents himself with cursing the authors of his real ones. There is, besides, a quaintness and

pithiness about the speeches of Timon that seems hardly consistent with a heart-broken and dying man. Like a splenetic wrangler he is anxious to get the best of the argument; he endeavours to rival Apemantus in abuse, invents an apology for the thieves, and is bitterly pleasant with the poet and the painter. He is full of life and energy all the time he is before us; he disappears suddenly from the scene, and his death is a mystery. He calculates upon it, knows its precise period, and even builds his own tomb; but the immediate cause of it is unknown. Perhaps the poet intends to imply that Timon lays violent hands upon himself, for his death seems to follow too rapidly upon his misfortunes to be the mere effect of grief and passion.

Apemantus is another Diogenes, bitter and cynical by nature, naturally perverse, and loving singularity, but possessed of a keen caustic wit, and uttering many moral and wise aphorisms. He also has been called a misanthrope, though from different motives than Timon, but he rather dislikes and despises men than hates them. He dwells perpetually on what is gross and evil in the world, and his ideas become oblique and one-sided He is keen in the detection of vice or folly, and on his first entrance we see that he knows the weakness of Timon's character, when he tells him, that "he who loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer." But Apemantus is dull and obtuse in the appreciation of virtue or loftiness of character; not understanding them he disbelieves their existence. His gaze is fixed for ever upon the earth; he cannot look up and see the heavens. He would sooner meet with deformity than beauty, and with vice than virtue, because he can more readily pour out his rancour upon it. Even in his religious moments he can scarcely be civil to the gods, and his prayer resembles a malediction.

Quiet virtue sometimes runs a risk of falling into insipidity and apathy or inaction: thus we find Flavius, the faithful steward, the single truly honest heart in the drama, a rather feeble character; he reserves his expostulations until his master's ruin, and then utters that which, if strongly urged before, might have checked Timon's wild course of reckless extravagance. The honesty of the weak is too often eclipsed by the worldliness of the strong, and energy of character is so admirable that it excuses many minor vices.

Even to the least important characters Shakspere has extended his fullest consideration. The poet and the painter each speaks his own peculiar language; the artist idolises his own work, and the poet describes it in elevated diction. The first speaks the language of every day life, and the latter that of the study; his words remind us of the chamber and the lamp, and like the speeches of the Roman orator Cicero, seemed studied for the occasion. Again the servants of Timon describe their master's ruin with great feeling; one says:—

> And his poor self,
> A dedicated beggar to the air,
> With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
> Walks, like contempt, alone.

This is the language of a nameless character, a second servant; some authors would have given it to the hero of their play, but Shakspere was a very Timon in respect of his lavishness of poetical beauty; exquisite thoughts appear in his pages like the smaller stars, in radiant clusters. Still this liberality seems to have been involuntary, for words of strength and beauty fall from his pen with the same profusion as diamonds and roses fell from the lips of the little girl in the fairy tale; which we have all read and wondered at when children. But the language of the poet is not a cloying collection of sweets; his power is greater than his beauty. The words of Timon in his adversity are like poisoned arrows, bitter, rancorous, and deadly. His curses are a collection of horrors, aimed without reservation upon all mankind, upon the young and laughing girl just bursting from childhood, and on the "old limping sire," tottering to the grave. He supplicates the demons of lust and murder to confound his native city, and to desolate the world, and implores the earth itself no longer to bring forth ungrateful man, but to "teem with new monsters," and "go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears," as being less corrupt and mischievous.

It is to be regretted, however, that Shakspere should so often have recurrence to offensive and loathsome ideas; Timon's language is not only bitter and malignant, but frequently revolting; all that is disgusting in the annals of disease is eagerly seized upon by the misanthrope, and pictures are presented which make the vicious shudder and the pure recoil in amazement.

The tragedy includes two incidents, each arising from a similar cause,—the flight of Timon and the banishment of Alcibiades; let us now turn our attention to the latter. Shakspere also found his life in Plutarch, but the poet has not very fully elaborated the character of the Athenian general. Alcibiades was famous for his great personal beauty, his stubborn and ambitious temper, his eloquence, craftiness, and dissipation. His resolution was strongly shown even in his boyhood; for it is related that on one occasion he was playing at dice with some other boys in the street, when a loaded waggon coming up interrupted the game; Alcibiades called to the driver to stop, as it was his turn to throw, but the man disregarded him and drove on; while the other boys got out of the way, Alcibiades however was not to be so readily overcome, for throwing himself flat upon his face directly before the waggon, he told the rustic to drive on if he pleased. Upon this the man was so startled that he instantly stopped his horses, and the resolute boy got up and had his throw with the dice. Brought up in luxury, and universally courted, he gave way to every dissipation, but was still exceedingly attached to the philosopher Socrates.

When still a young man, Alcibiades happened to enter a grammar school, and asked the master for a copy of Homer. The pedagogue replied that he had nothing of Homer's, and immediately received a box on the ear from the indignant young soldier, for his neglect of the works of the great father of ancient poetry. Another story is told of him which shows an unhealthy love of distinction of any kind. He purchased a dog of remarkable size and beauty, for the extravagant sum of seventy *minæ*.* The chief beauty of this dog was his tail, which Alcibiades immediately caused to be cut off. This singular act furnished conversation for the whole city, and he was much censured for his folly and extravagance. He then laughed and said, "this is the very thing I wanted, for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me" Shakspere might have drawn a striking contrast between the characters of Alcibiades and Timon, but he has neglected the former for the perfect development of the latter. Both leave their native city through the ingratitude of their countrymen, but the resolute and worldly man returns in conquest and in honour, while the effeminate and feeble one perishes in solitude and despair. Plutarch compares Alcibiades with Coriolanus, but their circumstances only were alike, the men were widely different, both returned from banishment with an army at their heels, bent upon the destruction of their native cities, but the haughty and self-denying Roman is in most other matters the reverse of the subtle and luxurious Greek, of whom Plutarch tells us that, "his great abilities in politics, his eloquence, his reach of genius, and keenness of apprehension, were tarnished by his luxurious living, his drinking and debauches, his effeminacy of dress, and his insolent profusion."

Shakspere does not adhere to history respecting the cause of the banishment of Alcibiades He was accused of sacrilege towards the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, and condemned to death, but he saved himself by taking refuge among the Spartans, to whose hospitality he made a vile return by seducing the wife of their king Agis. After a life spent in dissipation, war, and political intrigue, he was at length assassinated by a secret order of the magistrates of Sparta. He was at that time living in a small village in Phrygia with his mistress Timandra. His murderers surrounded the house at night and set it on fire, and on his issuing out sword in hand they fled to a distance and slew him with their darts and arrows. He was buried by Timandra as honourably as her circumstances would permit

Timon of Athens is supposed to have been written by Shakspere in the year 1609, and to have immediately followed the composition of *Antony and Cleopatra*. H T.

* The *mina* was equivalent to £3 4*s*. 7*d*. of our money. Alcibiades' dog therefore cost him £226 0*s*. 10*d*. A talent was sixty *minæ* or £193 15*s*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *an Athenian Noble*

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

LUCIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of* Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc 2, sc. 6.

LUCULLUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of* Timon.

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act III sc 1, sc. 6

SEMPRONIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of* Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc 2 Act III sc 3, sc 6.

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

Appears, Act I sc 2 Act III sc 6

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher*

Appears, Act I sc 1, sc 2. Act II. sc 2 Act IV. sc. 3

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General*

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

FLAVIUS, *Steward to* Timon

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

FLAMINIUS, *Servant to* Timon.

Appears, Act II sc 2 Act III. sc 1, sc 4.

LUCILIUS, *Servant to* Timon

Appears, Act I sc 1

SERVILIUS, *Servant to* Timon.

Appears, Act II sc 2. Act III sc 2; sc. 5.

CAPHIS, *a Servant to one of* Timon's *Creditors.*

Appears, Act II sc. 1; sc 2.

PHILOTUS, TITUS, HORTENSIUS, } *Also Servants to the Creditors of* Timon.

Appear Act III. sc 4.

SERVANTS *to* Varro *and* Isidore, *Creditors of* Timon.

Appear, Act II. sc 2 Act III. sc. 4.

CUPID *and* MASKERS.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

THREE STRANGERS.

Appear, Act III sc. 2.

A POET, A PAINTER, } *Parasites to* Timon.

Appear, Act I sc. 1 Act V. sc. 1.

SENATORS.

Appear, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

A JEWELLER *and* A MERCHANT.

Appear. Act I sc 1.

AN OLD ATHENIAN.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A FOOL *and* A PAGE.

Appear, Act II sc. 2.

THIEVES.

Appear Act IV. sc. 3.

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to* Alcibiades.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—ATHENS; *and the Woods adjoining.*

Timon of Athens.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Others, *at several Doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that 's well known
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant
Pain. I know them both; t' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd
Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness
He passes.[1]
Jew. I have a jewel here
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't. For the lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate [2] But, for that——
Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good "[3]
Mer. 'Tis a good form
[*Looking at the Jewel*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir—And when comes your book forth?
Poet Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch, Is 't good?
Poet I 'll say of it,
It tutors nature. artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain How this lord 's follow'd!
Poet The senators of Athens.—Happy men!
Pain Look, more!
Poet You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax.[4] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain How shall I understand you?
Poet. I 'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon. his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself. even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope [5]
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
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.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay my good lord. five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him

Ven. Serv Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransome;
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.

Ven Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best This man of thine
Attempts her love. I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort!
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.[6]
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

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

Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

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

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and old* Ath.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite[7]

Jew. 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 wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.[8]

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem Are they not Athenians?

Tim Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter, and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation, What 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No: I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

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

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour; He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[9]—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim Pray, entertain them give them guide to us — [*Exeunt some* Attend.

You must needs dine with me;—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner 's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem So, so, there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEM.

Enter Two Lords.

1st Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1st Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2nd Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

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

2nd Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

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

2nd Lord Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1st Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2nd Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1st Lord. He 's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2nd Lord He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself, no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance

1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man

2nd Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1st Lord I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in* Timon's *House.*

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian Senators, *with* VENTIDIUS, *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace. He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there 's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit.
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* TIM.
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1*st Lord* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?[10]
Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No,
You shall not make me welcome·
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man 's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon,
I come to observe, I give thee warning on 't
Tim I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent
Apem I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood, and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives,[11]
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes.
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;[12] and let the health go round.
2*nd Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here 's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals, there 's no odds,
Feasts are to proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man, but myself·
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping,
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen So fall to 't
Rich men sin, and I eat root
[*Eats and drinks*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!
Tim Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now
Alcib My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends
Alcib So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like them, I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
Apem 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em
1*st Lord* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect
Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them· and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call

MR GEORGE BENNETT AS APEMANTUS.
APEMANTUS'S GRACE.
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf:
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping:
Or a dog that seems a sleeping:
Or a keeper with my freedom:
Or my friends if I should need em.
Amen.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
Act 1 Sc 2.
Engraved by T. Thorrall from a Daguerreotype by Paine of Johnston.
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our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en' made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks to forget their faults, I drink to you

Apem Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon

2nd Lord Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up

Apem Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard

3rd Lord I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much

Apem Much! [*Tucket sounded*

Tim What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant

Serv Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance

Tim Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures

Tim I pray, let them be admitted

Enter CUPID

Cup Hail to thee, worthy Timon,—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise,
They only now come but to feast thine eyes

Tim They are welcome all, let them have kind admittance
Music, make their welcome [*Exit* CUP

1st Lord You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd

Music Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing*

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

The Lords *rise from Table, with much adoring of* TIMON, *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease*

Tim You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind,
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device,
I am to thank you for it

1st Lady My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem 'Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me

Tim Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you Please you to dispose yourselves

All Lad Most thankfully, my lord [*Exeunt* CUP *and* Lad

Tim Flavius,——

Flav My lord

Tim The little casket bring me hither

Flav Yes, my lord —More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour, [*Aside*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind [*Exit, and returns with the Casket*

1st Lord Where be our men?

Serv Here, my lord, in readiness

2nd Lord Our horses

Tim O my friends, I have one word
To say to you —Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel,
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord

1st Lord I am so far already in your gifts,—

All So are we all

Enter a Servant

Serv My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you

Tim They are fairly welcome.

Flav I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee

I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.
Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly · let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?
3rd Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer —
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't, his land's put to their books
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit*
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits —
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
2nd Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.
3rd Lord O, he is the very soul of bounty!
Tim And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
2nd Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.
All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee. for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib Ay, defiled land, my lord.
1st Lord. We are so virtuously bound,——
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
2nd Lord. So infinitely endear'd,——
Tim All to you —Lights, more lights.
1st Lord. The best of happiness.
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon![13]
Tim Ready for his friends
[*Exeunt* ALC, Lords, &c.
Apem What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em Friendship's full of dregs.
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee
Apem No, I'll nothing. for
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly[14]
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?
Tim Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell, and come with better music. [*Exit.*
Apem. So,—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee.[15] O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in a* Senator's *House*

Enter a Senator, *with Papers in his Hand*

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro, and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty —Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his state in safety Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS

Caph Here, sir, What is your pleasure?
Sen Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon,
Impórtune him for my monies, be not ceas'd[16]
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus —but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own, his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back, to heal his finger
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand, for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone
Caph I go, sir.
Sen I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir,
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II —*The same. A Hall in* Timon's *House*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him, 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 hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph Good even, Varro [17] What,
You come for money?
Var Serv Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is,—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid Serv It is so.
Caph 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var Serv I fear it
Caph Here comes the lord

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim So soon as dinner's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades —With me? What 's your will?
Caph My lord, here is a note of certain dues
Tim Dues? Whence are you?
Caph Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim Go to my steward.
Caph Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit,[18]
In giving him his right
Tim Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph Nay, good my lord,——
Tim Contain thyself, good friend.
Var Serv One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid Serv From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,——
Caph If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,——
Isid Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord,
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath:——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIB *and* Lords
I 'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you, [*To* FLAV.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

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

Tim Do so, my friends
See them well entertain'd [*Exit* TIM

Flav. I pray, draw near
[*Exit* FLAV.

Enter APEMANTUS *and a* Fool [19].

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

Var Serv Hang him, he 'll abuse us

Isid Serv A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv I speak not to thee

Apem No, 'tis to thyself,—Come away.
[*To the* Fool

Isid Serv. [*To* VAR Serv.] There 's the fool hangs on your back already

Apem No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet

Caph. Where 's the fool now.

Apem. He last asked the question —Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses

All Serv Why?

Apem That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves —Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool How does your mistress?

Fool She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page

Page [*To the* Fool] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which

Apem Canst not read?

Page No.

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

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

Apem Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool Will you leave me there?

Apem If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv Ay, fool.

Fool I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant My mistress is one, and I am her fool When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry, but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly The reason of this?

Var Serv I could render one

Apem Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed

Var Serv What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something like thee 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord, sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one [20] He is very often like a knight, and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in

Var Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool

Fool Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

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

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd

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

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept,
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts

Tim Let all my land be sold

Flav 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend

Flav O my good lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,[21]
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost, one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd

Tim Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings, for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes, I am wealthy in my friends
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants

Serv My lord, my lord,——

Tim I will despatch you severally—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,
Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money. let the request
Be fifty talents

Flam As you have said, my lord

Flav Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aside*

Tim Go you, sir, [*To another* Serv] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps,[22] and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is 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 Ventidius,—[*To a* Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [*To* FLAV.] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,[23]
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he 's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAV.] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav I would, I could not think it. That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in* Lucullus's *House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting* *Enter a* Servant *to him*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir —Fill me some wine —[*Exit* Serv.] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam 'Faith; nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman '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 supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming Every man has his fault, and honesty is his, I have told him on 't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise Here 's to thee

Flam Your lordship speaks your pleasure

Lucul I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason. and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah —[*To the* Serv, *who goes out*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee [*Throwing the money away*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCUL.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour![124] [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with Three* Strangers

Luc Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman

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

Luc Fie no, do not believe it, he cannot want for money.

2*nd Stran* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied

Luc How?

2*nd Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,[25] I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well.—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.[26]

Luc I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind —And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall

Luc I will look you out a good turn, Servilius — [*Exit* SER.
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed. [*Exit* LUC

1*st Stran* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2*nd Stran* Ay, too well.

1*st Stran* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.
3rd Stran. Religion groans at it.
1st Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,[27]
So much I love his heart But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in* Sempronius's *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him
Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him?
Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over, Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in 't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit*
Serv Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic, he crossed himself by 't; and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.[28]
[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Two Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *to* TIMON'S *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var Serv Well met, good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius
Tit The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Luc Serv Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all, for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that

Tit I'll show you how to observe a strange event
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does

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

Hor It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth

1*st Var Serv* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns What's yours?

Luc Serv Five thousand mine

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

Enter FLAMINIUS

Tit One of lord Timon's men.

Luc Serv Flaminius! sir, a word 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam No, indeed, he is not

Tit We attend his lordship, 'pray, signify so much.

Flam I need not tell him that, he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAM

Enter FLAVIUS *in a Cloak, muffled*

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

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1*st Var Serv.* By your leave, sir,——

Flav What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up, let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend

Luc Serv Ay, but this answer will not serve

Flav If 'twill not,
'Tis not so base as you, for you serve knaves.
[*Exit*

1*st Var. Serv* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2*nd Var Serv* 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.

Tit O, here's Servilius, now we shall know
Some answer

Ser If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it, for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc Serv Many do keep their chambers, are not sick
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser Good gods!

Tit We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam [*Within*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, *in a rage,* FLAMINIUS *following*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I ever been free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc Serv Put in now, Titus.

Tit My lord, here is my bill.

Luc Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi All our bills

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

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit Mine, fifty talents.
Tim Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that —
What yours?—and yours?
1*st Var. Serv.* My lord,——
2*nd Var. Serv.* My lord,——
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!' [*Exit*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,——
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav My lord,——
Tim. I 'll have it so:—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I 'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul,
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be 't not in thy care go,
I charge thee; invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*The Same The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES *attended*

1*st Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it, the fault 's
Bloody, 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy
2*nd Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1*st Sen.* Now, captain?
Alcib I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,[29]
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe.
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument
1*st Sen* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born,
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, wear them like his raiment, 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?
Alcib My lord,——
1*st Sen* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear
Alcib My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain —
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And th' ass more captain than the lion, the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good.
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just[30]
To be in anger, is impiety,
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2*nd Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life
1st Sen. What 's that?
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2nd Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h' as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1st Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore,
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1st Sen. We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2nd Sen. How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3rd Sen. What?
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
1st Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect,
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1st Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill, I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in* Timon's *House*

Music. Tables set out. Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, *at several Doors.*

1st Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
2nd Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
1st Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
2nd Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
1st Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.
2nd Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.
1st Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
2nd Lord. Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you?
1st Lord. A thousand pieces.
2nd Lord. A thousand pieces!
1st Lord. What of you?
3rd Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?
1st Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2nd Lord The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound. we shall to't presently.

1st Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2nd Lord. My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in*

2nd Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2nd Lord If you had sent but two hours before,——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance —Come, bring in all together.

2nd Lord All covered dishes!

1st Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you

3rd Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1st Lord. How do you? What's the news

3rd Lord Alcibiades is banished Hear you of it?

1st and 2nd Lord Alcibiades banished!

3rd Lord 'Tis so, be sure of it

1st Lord. How? how?

2nd Lord I pray you, upon what?

Tim My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Lord I'll tell you more anon Here's a noble feast toward

2nd Lord. This is the old man still

3rd Lord Will't hold? will't hold?

2nd Lord. It does but time will—and so——

3rd Lord I do conceive

Tim Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress your diet shall be in all places alike Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness For your own gifts, make yourselves praised but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are —The rest of your fees,[31] O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water*

Some speak What does his lordship mean?

Some other I know not

Tim May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their Faces*

Your reeking villany Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou,—

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none —
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest
Burn, house, sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators

1st Lord How now, my lords?

2nd Lord Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3rd Lord Pish! did you see my cap?

4th Lord I have lost my gown

3rd Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did' you see my jewel?

4th Lord Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord Here 'tis.

4th Lord Here lies my gown.

1st Lord Let's make no stay.

2nd Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3rd Lord I feel't upon my bones.

4th Lord One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the walls of* Athens

Enter TIMON.

Tim Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent,
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green[32] virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns![33]
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
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.

1*st Serv* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded[34] by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you
1*st Serv* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2*nd Serv* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants

Flav All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3*rd Serv* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces, we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows, let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days" Let each take some:
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt* Serv.
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out.
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature,[35]
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,[36]
The want that makes him lean Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind![37]—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist.[38] Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair,
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench. this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow[39] wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at,[40] this embalms and spices
To the April day again Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature[41]—[*March afar off*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand —
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner,* PHRYNIA[42] *and* TIMANDRA

Alcib What art thou there? Speak
Tim A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something
Alcib I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange
Tim. I know thee too, and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.[43]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look
Phry Thy lips rot off
Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou 'rt a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity
Alcib I see them now, then was a blessed time [44]
Tim As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim Art thou Timandra?
Timan Yes.
Tim Be a whore still, they love thee not, that use thee,
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours season the slaves
For tubs, and baths, bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities —
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib Why, fare thee well
Here 's some gold for thee
Tim Keep 't, I cannot eat it
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,——
Tim Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib Ay, Timon, and have cause
Tim The gods confound them all i' thy conquest, and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He 's an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword, for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot There 's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib Hast thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
Phr and Timan Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?
Tim Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions [45] Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary. And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead,[46]—some that were hang'd,
No matter —wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!
Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold; — What then?—
Believ 't, that we 'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold.—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon,
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

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

Alcib. I never did thee harm

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

Alcib Call'st thou that harm?

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

Alcib. We but offend him —
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIB, PHR, *and* TIMAN

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven[47]
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

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

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft?
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,[48] and have forgot
That ever Timon was Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper,
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent Thou wast told thus,
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers. 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal, had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myself.

Apem Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart

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

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.
Tim Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?[49]
Apem. 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 filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd: but bred a dog
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swarth, proceeded
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,—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden,
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root*
Apem Here, I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself
Apem So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; if not, I would it were.
Apem What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem Here is no use for gold
Tim The best, and truest; For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm
Apem Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim Under that 's above me. Where feedst thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it
Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem Where would'st thou send it?
Tim To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity,[50] in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.
Tim On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem Dost hate a medlar?
Tim Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?
Apem Myself.
Tim I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
Apem What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?
Tim Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the

confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass. if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee,[51] and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, 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?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

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

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse

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

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEM. *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts![52]
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem Ay.

Tim Thy back, I pr'ythee

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim Long live so, and so die!—I am quit—
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
[*Exit* APEM.

Enter Thieves.

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

2*nd Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

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

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

1*st Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2*nd Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3*rd Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. Now, thieves?
Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat [53]
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips.
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?
1st Thief We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes
Tim Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,[54]
That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob take wealth and lives together,
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do 't,
Like workmen I 'll example you with thievery
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement. each thing 's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft Love not yourselves, away,
Rob one another. There 's more gold Cut throats,
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his Cave.*
3rd Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.
1st Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.
2nd Thief. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.
1st Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and 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 woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life —My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou.
Flav Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt man, I have forgot thee.
Flav An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then
I know thee not I ne'er had honest man
About me, I, all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.
Flav The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild.[55] Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, '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 flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master

Tim If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not, fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man and let me ne'er see thee.

Exeunt severally

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter, TIMON *behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

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

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, '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 travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him

Pain Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time it opens the eyes of expectation. performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it

Tim Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him · It must be a personating of himself a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing*
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master
Tim Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I 'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.
Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no
Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. You are honest men; You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit[56]
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the* Poet.
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
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.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There 's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both Do we, my lord?
Tim Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he 's a made-up villain.
Pain I know none such, my lord.
Poet Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.
Tim You that way, and you this, but two in company —
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.
[*To the* Painter.
Come not near him —If thou would'st not reside
[*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there 's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there 's payment:
Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *and Two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1st Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2nd Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1st Sen. Worthy Timon,——

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

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

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

1st Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2nd Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1st Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power,[57] and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2nd Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1st Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir: Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worst, for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers

Flav. Stay not, all 's in vain.

Tim Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow, My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1st Sen We speak in vain

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1st Sen That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1st Sen. These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2nd Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2nd Sen. I like this well, he will return again

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover, thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle —
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign
[*Exit* TIM.

1st Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature

2nd Sen Our hope in him is dead. let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril

2nd Sen. It requires swift foot [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The Walls of* Athens.

Enter Two Senators, *and a* Messenger

1st Sen Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2nd Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

1st Sen. Here come our brothers.

3rd Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Woods.* Timon's *Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on his tomb I cannot read; the character
I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alcib Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice, till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,[58] and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,[59]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, "No more." now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1st Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,

We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2nd Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1st Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2nd Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1st Sen. All have not offended,
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

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

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

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

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;[60]
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,[61]—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.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The* Senators *descend, and open the Gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

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

Alcib [*Reads*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but pass, and stay not here thy gait[62]

These well express in thee thy latter spirits;
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war: make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

[1] *He passes.*

That is, he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds; the meter would be perfect, and the passage less abrupt, if we were to read, he passes *praise.*

[2] *If he will touch the estimate.*

Agree to the price

[3] *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile, &c.*

The poet is here reading his own work, and these three lines are the introduction of a poem addressed to Timon.

[4] *In a wide sea of wax*

The ancients wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. The meaning is, he does not limit his subject, but lets it run out to such extent, that the writing of it consumes a wide sea of wax

[5] *'Tis conceiv'd to scope*

Grandly imagined, it is a conception without restraint

[6] *Therefore he will be, Timon*

He is honest because it is his nature to be so, let him enjoy the happiness arising from his honesty, but not the love of my daughter

[7] *It would unclew me quite.*

To unclew is to unwind or undo

[8] *Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow,*
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest

Wait for my courtesy until that happen, which will never happen; namely, until thou art transformed to a dog, and these parasites become honest men

[9] *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*

Warburton reads;—

That I had *so hungry a* wit to be a lord.

That is, I should hate myself for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title Mr. Heath proposes to read,—

That I had *so wrong'd my* wit to be a lord

But all alterations of the line must be merely conjectural.

[10] *Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*

The line contains an allusion to a proverbial saying of the time of Shakspere, "Confess and be hanged"

[11] *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*

"It was the custom," says Ritson, "in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum They were strangers at that period to the use of forks.

[12] *My lord in heart.*

That is, your health, my lord, with all my heart, in all sincerity

[13] *Honour, and fortunes, keep with you Lord Timon.*

The sense would be more clearly expressed, and the line more metrical, if the word *you* were omitted.

[14] *Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.*

That is, be ruined by securities entered into Dr. Farmer would read—thyself in *proper.*

[15] ——— *I'll lock*
Thy heaven from thee

By his *heaven* he means good advice He will no longer by counsel attempt to save Timon from ruin

[16] *Be not ceased,* i. e silenced or stopped.

[17] *Good even, Varro.*

Dr. Johnson says that this *good even* is before dinner, for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done On this Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks that *good even*, or as it was sometimes written, *good den*, was the usual salutation after noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. It may also be remarked that the servants here call each other by their masters' names, this might have been a sly satire on the assumptions of servants, or it might have proceeded from the negligence of the poet.

[18] *That with your other noble parts you'll suit.*

That is, that you will on this occasion act in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

[19] *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*

Dr Johnson supposes something to be here lost, in which the audience are informed that the Fool and the Page, who subsequently enters, were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtezan; upon a knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. Shakspere, however, frequently introduces his characters with much abruptness, and leaves their condition and previous history to the imagination of his readers

[20] *More than his artificial one.*

His *artificial one* was the philosopher's stone, which in those times was much talked of.

[21] *I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock.*

Sir T. Hanmer says a *wasteful cock* is a cock-loft or garret put to no use, but Mr. Collins has an explanation which I prefer. He says a wasteful cock is what we now call a waste-pipe; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

[22] *With certain half-caps.*

With a stiff and cold courtesy, a *half-cap* signifies a cap slightly moved, not put off.

[23] *Ingeniously I speak*

Ingenious, that is, witty, inventive; was anciently used in the same sense as ingenuous—open, frank, candid.

[24] *To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.*

That is, prolong the hour of sickness. *His* for its.

[25] *Yet had he mistook him and sent to me*

Dr. Johnson proposes to read—"had he *not* mistook him," i.e had he not been deceived in his opinion of him, and sent to me, I would have supplied his wants.

[26] *With so many talents.*

Thus the old copy, but we should certainly read with fifty talents, the sum Servilius was directed to apply for This is evident by the answer—"He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents."

[27] *I would have put my wealth into donation,*
And the best half should have return'd to him.

This passage is evidently corrupt; the wealth of the speaker could not have *returned* to Timon, because it never came from him. Sir T Hanmer proposed to substitute *attorn'd*, but that reading would be hard and forced. Mr. Steevens says the word returns being sometimes used by Shakspere in the sense of replies; as thus he returns, i.e answers, he would so explain it in this passage, and the sense would be as follows —The best half of my wealth should have been the reply returned to Timon, in answer to his request

[28] *Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house*

That is, keep within doors for fear of duns

[29] *He is a man setting his fate aside.*

That is, setting aside this unfortunate deed which was predetermined by fate, and for which he is therefore not strictly chargeable.

[30] *But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.*

That is, I call mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just.

[31] *The rest of your fees.*

Fees has no sense; it is probably a misprint for *foes*.

[32] *Green*, i.e. young, immature.

[33] *With multiplying banns.*

That is, accumulated curses; multiplying is used for multiplied.

[34] *Let me be recorded.*

Sir T. Hanmer would substitute the much clearer and more forcible reading—Let it be recorded.

[35] ——— *Not nature,*
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

This passage is unintelligible, but may be made clear enough by the addition of a single letter If we read—not natures, &c, the sense will be —Not those wretched beings who are afflicted with all kinds of evils, can bear a sudden reverse of fortune, and become prosperous without despising their fellow-creatures.

[36] *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides.*

This is an obscure line which the editors of Shakspere have, in their attempts to explain, rendered still more doubtful Warburton proposes—the *wether's* sides This is merely a conjectural reading, but I think it the best offered

[37] *Fang mankind*, i e seize upon, gripe, or tear

[38] *Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods?*
I am no idle votarist.

No, I do not desire wealth, my protestations against it are sincere I am no inconstant supplant of nature, gold will not tempt me to forsake her solitudes for society.

[39] *The wappen'd widow.*

Of this word, Johnson says, he has found no example, nor does he know the meaning Mr Steevens suggests the meaning of it to be debilitated by the diseases of debauchery.

[40] *She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores*
Would cast the gorge at

Mr Steevens would read —

She whose ulcerous sores the spital-house, &c.

But the passage may stand without emendation; the spital-house is used metaphorically, for the inmates of it, and ulcerous sores for the possessors of them

[41] ——— *I will make thee*
Do thy right nature.

That is, I will bury thee again, consign thee to the earth where nature placed thee

[42] *Phrynia.*

Shakspere probably meant *Phryne*, but spelt the name from recollection. She was an Athenian courtezan, so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom, which was artfully uncovered by her advocate so softened her judges that they spared her life.

[43] *With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.*

We might repair the defective metre by adopting a Shaksperian epithet, and reading—gules *total* gules.

[44] *I see them now; then was a blessed time.*

From Timon's answer it is probable that Shakspere wrote—*Thine* was a blessed time.

[45] *I'll trust to your conditions.*

You need not swear to continue your dissolute lives, I will trust to your wanton natures that you will do so.

[46] ——— *And thatch your poor thin roofs,*
With burdens of the dead.

Poor thin roofs mean heads which have lost much of their hair from the effects of disease, which he tells them to hide by wearing false hair, hair which belonged to the dead. Thus in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:—

> And with large sums they stick not to procure
> Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain

[47] *Below crisp heaven.*

Mr. Upton says *crisp* is used as curled, bent, hollow; Dr. Warburton would read *cript*, i e vaulted.

[48] *Hug their deceas'd perfumes*, i e their mistresses

[49] *What a knave too?*

I always knew thee for a fool, now I see thou art a knave also, for to vex another by design is villany.

[50] *They mock'd thee for too much curiosity.*

For too much refinement, or rather finical delicacy

[51] *Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee*

In Gesner's *Animal History*, it is said that the unicorn and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree; the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion descends and kills him.

[52] *O thou touch of hearts.*

Touch is used for *touchstone*: Thou touchstone of hearts.

[53] *Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.*

We should read *much of meet*, i.e. much of what you ought to be.

[54] *Yet thanks I must you con.*

To *con* thanks, is a common expression among our old dramatic writers, for to give or owe thanks.

[55] ——— *It almost turns*
My dangerous nature wild.

Warburton says it should be *mild* for wild. Timon's nature was already wild enough, but the conduct of the steward was such as to calm and soften his distraction.

[56] *Thou draw'st a counterfeit*

A *counterfeit* is a portrait or picture.

[57] *Allow'd with absolute power.*

Allow'd is licensed, privileged. absolute command shall be granted him.

[58] *Travers'd arms*, i e. arms folded across.

[59] *The time is flush*, i e. mature.

[60] *Your uncharg'd ports*, i.e. unattacked ports.

[61] ——— *To atone your fears,*
With my more noble meaning.

To reconcile them to his noble intention, to gain their belief of it.

[62] *But pass, and stay not here thy gait.*

Shakspere formed this epitaph out of two which he found in Plutarch; the following is the passage containing them. "He [Timon] was buried at Halæ near the sea, and the water surrounded his tomb in such a manner, that he was even then inaccessible to mankind. The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument.—

> At last I've bid the knaves farewell;
> Ask not my name—but go—to hell.

It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That which is commonly repeated was written by Callimarchus:—

> My name is Timon: knaves begone!
> Curse me, but come not near my stone!

H. T.

Troilus and Cressida.

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

The destruction of Troy would have been a theme worthy of the pen of Shakspere, had he confined his overflowing and sometimes erratic genius to his subject, he had admirable materials in his hand, had he attempted less. The play abounds with characters, but they are introduced and then abandoned: before we are fairly acquainted with them, they vanish Cressida is little more than a sketch, and Cassandra, the mad prophetess, something less than one. The best developed character is Pandarus, and he is altogether contemptible Thersites is probably the original of Apemantus, there is, at least, a resemblance between them, but the latter is the most finished character. Shakspere apparently intended to create a sympathy and admiration for Troilus, for he makes "that same dog-fox, Ulysses," speak eloquently in his favour, comparing him with Hector, and declaring that he was:—

> Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
> Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
> Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed
> His heart and hand both open and both free

Still, a mere lover is generally an insipid creation, and Troilus is scarcely an exception to the rule, he wants purpose, decision, and moral courage. The conduct of Pandarus is mean and officious enough, but Troilus shares his shame by employing him Cressida was open to be wooed, and easy to be won; she is sufficiently complying, in all conscience, and only retires when she is feebly pursued. Had Troilus won her in an open, manly manner, he would probably have preserved both her affection and her honour Fanciful, giddy coquette as she is, she would have remained virtuous, had she not encountered temptation.

But I must qualify my censure; vague as the play is, it is full of fine poetry and profound observations; if we are for a moment angry with Shakspere for his wanderings or his inconsistency, he soon wins us back to him with bribes of thought and beauty The play also has many fine scenes; for instance, that between Cressida and her uncle, in the first act, is remarkable for sparkling dialogue; the same may be said of the first scene of the second act, between the savage jester Thersites, and the blunt Ajax. The short scene in the third act, where Helen is introduced, is exceedingly natural and lively, the equivocations of the servant whom Pandarus addresses, are fully as humorous as the sayings of the licensed fools in other of our poet's plays. The following scene in the garden of Pandarus, where the lovers meet and confess their affection, is exceedingly beautiful; we are reminded for a moment of a similar scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, but the resemblance soon ceases—the passionate, though chaste and womanly affection of Juliet, compared to the wanton

appetite of Cressida, is as a pure bright star in heaven to the cold delusive fire which dances in darkness over the stagnant pool or trackless marsh. The dialogue between Achilles and Hector, after the tournament, is in Shakspere's happiest style. The bulky Achilles scanning the Trojan prince with his eyes, and soliciting the gods to tell him in what part of his body he should destroy great Hector, is the sublime of chivalry. Hector's passionate rejoinder —

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

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

Schlegel ingeniously accounts for the manner in which Shakspere has treated this subject by saying —"The whole is one continued irony of that crown of all heroic tales, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other"

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

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

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

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

H. T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

PRIAM, *King of* Troy.

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

HECTOR, *a Son of* Priam.

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

TROILUS, *a Son of* Priam.

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

PARIS, *a Son of* Priam.

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

DEIPHOBUS, *a Son of* Priam.

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

HELENUS, *a Son of* Priam.

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

ÆNEAS, *a Trojan Commander.*

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

ANTENOR, *a Trojan Commander.*

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

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

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

PANDARUS, *Uncle to* Cressida.

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

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of* Priam.

Appears, Act V. sc. 8.

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

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

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

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

ACHILLES, *a Grecian Commander.*

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

AJAX, *a Grecian Commander.*

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

ULYSSES, *a Grecian Commander*

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

NESTOR, *a Grecian Commander.*

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

DIOMEDES, *a Grecian Commander.*

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

PATROCLUS, *a Friend of* Achilles.

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

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Greek.*

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

ALEXANDER, *Servant to* Cressida

Appears, Act I sc 2.

SERVANT *to* Troilus.

Appears, Act III sc 2

SERVANT *to* Paris

Appears, Act III. sc 1.

SERVANT *to* Diomedes

Appears, Act V. sc 5.

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

Appears, Act III sc. 1.

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* Hector

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*

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

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* Calchas.

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

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

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

Troilus and Cressida.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[1] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia. and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, And that 's the quarrel
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.[2]
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,[3]—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[4] and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle, starting thence away.
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

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

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS

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

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

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

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro Have I not tarried?

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

Tro Still have I tarried

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, Traitor!—when she comes!——When is she thence?

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

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

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

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

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seisure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her, an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

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

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

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

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father;[5] let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro Sweet Pandarus,—

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

[*Exit* PAN. *An Alarm.*

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

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS

Æne How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?[7]

Tro Because not there, This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro By whom, Æneas?

Æne Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed. 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn [*Alarum.*

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

Tro Better at home, if "would I might," were "may."—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

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

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

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

Cres. Good, And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,[8]
And stands alone

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

Alex This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant. a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an 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

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

Alex They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking

Enter PANDARUS

Cres Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus

Cres. Hector's a gallant man

Alex. As may be in the world, lady

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

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus

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

Cres. This morning, uncle

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

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up

Pan E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres That were we talking of, and of his anger

Pan Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here

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

Cres What, is he angry too?

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

Cres O, Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

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

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

Pan Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus

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

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

Cres 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

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

Cres So he is

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

Cres He is not Hector

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

Cres Excuse me

Pan He is elder

Cres Pardon me, pardon me

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

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

Pan Nor his qualities,——

Cres No matter

Pan Nor his beauty.

Cres 'Twould not become him, his own 's better.

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

Cres No, but brown

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

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

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

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

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

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

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,[9]—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin

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

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

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[10]

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

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

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

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

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

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

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

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

Cres. Without the rack.

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

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

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

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

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

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

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

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

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

Cres What was his answer?

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

Cres This is her question

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

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

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

Cres So I do

Pan I 'll be sworn, 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April

Cres And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded*

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

Cres. At your pleasure.

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

ÆNEAS *passes over the Stage.*

Cres Speak not so loud.

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

Cres Who 's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

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

Cres Will he give you the nod?
Pan. You shall see
Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that, There 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector,—There's a brave man, niece —O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance Is 't not a brave man?
Cres O, a brave man!
Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There 's no jesting· there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say· there be hacks!
Cres Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over*

Pan Swords? any thing, he cares not an the devil come to him, it 's all one By god's lid, it does one's heart good —Yonder comes Paris, yonder come Paris. look ye yonder, niece, Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now —Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt why, this will do Helen's heart good now Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now,—you shall see Troilus anon
Cres Who 's that?

HELENUS *passes over*

Pan That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is —That's Helenus,—I think he went not forth to-day·—That 's Helenus
Cres Can Helenus fight, uncle?
Pan Helenus? no,—yes, he 'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark, do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.
Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over*

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!
Cres Peace, for shame, peace!
Pan Mark him; note him,—O brave Troilus! —look well upon him, niece look you, how his sword is blooded, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty Go thy way Troilus, go thy way, had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces *pass over the Stage.*

Cres Here come more.
Pan Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaf and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone, crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.
Cres There is among the Grecks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus
Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel
Cres Well, well
Pan Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?
Cres Ay, a minced man and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out
Pan You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie
Cres Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty, and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches
Pan Say one of your watches
Cres Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.
Pan You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.
Pan Where?
Boy At your own house; there he unarms him.
Pan Good boy, tell him I come· [*Exit* Boy. I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.
Cres Adieu, uncle.
Pan I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres To bring, uncle,——
Pan Ay, a token from Troilus
Cres By the same token—you are a bawd.—
[*Exit* PAN.
Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing [11]
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command, ungain'd, beseech
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear [*Exit*

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

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

Agam Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
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-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse.[12] Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,[13]
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
Ulyss Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* AGAM.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out-life —
[*To* NEST
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,[14]
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam Speak, prince of Ithaca, and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips: than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,[15]
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[16]
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.
Force should be right, or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious 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.

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

Agam The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses
What is the remedy?

Ulyss The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending, with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just —
Now play me Nestor,—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration"
That's done,—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet —and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies, cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen" And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.[17]
Nest And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle. and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger
Ulyss They tax our policy, and call it 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 o' his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons [*Trumpet sounds*
Agam What trumpet? look, Menelaus

Enter ÆNEAS

Men. From Troy.
Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?
Agam. Even this
Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Joves' accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne Ay, Greek, that is my name
Agam What 's your affair, I pray you?
Æne Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.
Æne Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak
Agam Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself
Æne Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents,—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
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[18]
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance.[19] Even so much
Agam This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas,
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector, if none else, I am he
Nest Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world, His youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood
Æne Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss Amen
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand,
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all but* ULYSS *and* NEST
Ulyss Nestor,——
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis
Blunt wedges rive hard knots The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest Yes,
It is most meet, Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby-figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice.
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues, Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs
Ulyss Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax[20] draw
The sort to fight with Hector Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices. If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the* Grecian *Camp*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him, I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,[21] thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax I say, the proclamation,——

Ther Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him

Ajax Mistress Thersites!

Ther Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax Cobloaf!

Ther He would pun thee into shivers[22] with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit

Ajax You whoreson cur! [*Beating him*

Ther Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows, an assinego[23] may tutor thee Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, Thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax You dog!

Ther You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil Well, why I do so

Ther But yet you look not well upon him. for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax

Achil I know that, fool

Ther Ay, but that fool knows not himself

Ajax Therefore I beat thee

Ther Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him

Achil What?

Ther I say, this Ajax——

Achil Nay, good Ajax

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

Ther Has not so much wit——

Achil Nay, I must hold you

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

Achil Peace, fool!

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

Ajax O thou damned cur! I shall——

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

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

Patr Good words, Thersites

Achil What's the quarrel?

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

Ther I serve thee not

Ajax Well, go to, go to

Ther I serve here voluntary

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

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

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

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

Achil What, what?

Ther Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards

Patr No more words, Thersites, peace

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

Achil There's for you, Patroclus

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

Patr A good riddance.

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

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

Ajax Farewell Who shall answer him?

Achil I know not, it is put to lottery, otherwise, He knew his man

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

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

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS

Pri After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks,
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off"—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst Let Helen go
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[24]
Hath been as dear as Helen, I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit 's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject

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

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt,[25] whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath 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 needs, for you all cry'd—"Go, go,")
If you 'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

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

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother,[26] Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

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

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

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

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape[27]
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glos'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle[28] 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 adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be rendered to their owners, Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities

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

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

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

Enter THERSITES.

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

Enter PATROCLUS.

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

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

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

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

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

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

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

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil O, tell, tell

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

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

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

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

Achil Derive this; come

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

Patr. Why am I a fool?

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

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

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

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

Agam Where is Achilles?

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

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

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

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

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;

but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAM. *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

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

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

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

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

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest No Achilles with him.

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

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

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit* ULYSS.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

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

Agam. No question.

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

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

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

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

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

Nest. And yet he loves himself. Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

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

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

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—" Achilles, go to him."
Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*
Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I 'll pash him
Over the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,——
Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will let his humours blood
Agam. He 'll be physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*
Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,——
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He 'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I 'll knead him, I will make him supple:——
Nest. He 's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike [*To* AGAM.
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent
Nest Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——
Ulyss If he were proud?
Dio Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half. and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here 's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

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

ACT III.

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

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

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

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

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

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially

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

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

Pan I do desire it.

Serv You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within*

Pan Grace! not so, friend, honour and lordship are my titles —What music is this?

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

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

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

Pan. Command, I mean, friend

Serv Who shall I command, sir?

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

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

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

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

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

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

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

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

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

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

Pan Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

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

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

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

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

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida [30]

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

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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

Par. I spy.

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

Helen Why, this is kindly done

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

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

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

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

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

Helen Ay, ay, pr'ythee now By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead

Pan Ay, you may, you may

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

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

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love

Pan. In good troth, it begins so

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par To a hair.

Pan Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen Commend me to your niece.

Pan I will, sweet queen [*Exit*

[*A Retreat sounded*

Par. They are come from field let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Grecksh sinews, you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris.
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself

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

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

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

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

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

Enter TROILUS.

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

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

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

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

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

Re-enter PANDARUS.

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

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

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me —What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills [31]—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! [32] build there, carpenter; the air is sweet Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

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

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

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

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

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

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

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

Tro Fears make devils cherubims; they never see truly

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

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

Cres Nor nothing monstrous neither?

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

Cres They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

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

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

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

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

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy

of you, you 'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

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

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

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

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

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

Tro And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

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

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

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

Cres. Pray you, content you

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

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

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

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts! But you are wise;
Or else you love not, For, to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above

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

Cres In that I 'll war with you

Tro O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,[99]
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

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

Pandars, let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

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

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

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The* Grecian *Camp*

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

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove[34]
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf

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

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

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

Dio This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIO. *and* CAL.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

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

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

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

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

Achil. No.

Nest Nothing, my lord

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

Achil Good day, good day.

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

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax How now, Patroclus?

Achil Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil Good morrow

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

Achil What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr They pass by strangely. they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading —
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,[35]
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes nor doth the eye itself
That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself this is not strange at all

Ulyss I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance,[36] expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

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

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes
Those scraps are good deeds past which are devour'd,
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast, keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost,—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction
Achil Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons
Ulyss But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters [37]
Achil Ha! known?
Ulyss Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state, [38]
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
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.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.
Achil Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.
Achil I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.
Achil Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage
Even to my full of view A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther A wonder
Achil What?
Ther Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself
Achil How so?
Ther He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing
Achil How can that be?
Ther Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning bites his lip with a 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' the combat, he 'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me. I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax," and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon" What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.
Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.
Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he

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

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to 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.

Patr Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

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

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

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

Patr. Your answer, sir.

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

Patr Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

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

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

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

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

Achil My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR.

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

[*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I —Troy. *A Street*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS *and* Servant, *with a Torch, at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and* Others, *with Torches*

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

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company

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

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

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

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

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

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

Æne. We know each other well.

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

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

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

Par. His purpose meets you [89] 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call, my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome
Æne. That I assure you,
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so On, lord, we 'll follow you.
Æne Good morrow, all [*Exit*
Par And tell me, noble Diomed, 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio Both alike
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece,
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman,
Dio She 's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro Dear, trouble not yourself, the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down,
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres Good morrow then.
Tro 'Pr'ythee now, to bed
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres Night hath been too brief.
Tro Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me
Cres Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry,——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there 's one up.
Pan [*Within*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking
I shall have such a life,——
Pan How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —Here, you maid, where 's my cousin Cressid?
Cres Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pan To do what? to do what?—let her say what what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking*

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber;
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing — [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TRO. *and* CRES.

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

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow

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

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I 'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him.
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither, Go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS

Tro. How now? what 's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash:[40] There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

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

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

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.[41]
[*Exeunt* TRO. *and* ÆNE.

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

Enter CRESSIDA.

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

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

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

Cres O the gods!—what 's the matter?

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

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

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

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

Pan Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity,
No, kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus —O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it —I 'll go in, and weep;—

Pan Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks.
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

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

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

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus.

Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk in to her house,
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently.
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt*

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

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

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

Enter TROILUS

Pan Here, here, here, he comes —Ah sweet ducks!
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him*
Pan What a pair of spectacles is here Let me embrace too. "O heart,"—as the goodly saying is,——

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

where he answers again,

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

There never was a truer rhyme Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse, we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?
Tro Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cres. Is it possible?
Tro And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears
Æne [*Within*] My lord! is the lady ready?
Tro Hark! you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die —
Bid them have patience, she shall come anon.
Pan Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!
[*Exit* PAN.
Cres. I must then to the Grecks?
Tro. No remedy
Cres A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro Hear me, my love Be thou but true of heart,——
Cres I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?[42]
Tro Nay, we must use expostulation kindly
For it is parting from us
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart.
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation, be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Tro And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true,
Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted
Cres Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done, that we will not.
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency
Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,——
Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part
Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth, the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port,[43] lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is
Entreat her fair, and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage: and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat
Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free, when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd, but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.
Tro. Come, to the port—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head—
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Tro, Cres, *and* Dio.
[*Trumpet heard*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet
Æne How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field
Par 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.
Dei Let us make ready straight
Æne Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt*

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

Enter Ajax, *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and* Others.

Agam Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe. that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she
Agam Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general
Nest And very courtly counsel I 'll begin —
So much for Nestor
Achil I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that 's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns
Patr The first was Menelaus' kiss,—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him
Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give
Cres I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give,
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.
Cres You 're an odd man; give even, or give none
Men An odd man, lady? every man is odd
Cres No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn —
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres Why, beg then.
Ulyss Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you
Dio. Lady, a word;—I 'll bring you to your father. [DIO. *leads out* CRES.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body [44]
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,[45]
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam Yonder comes the troop.

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

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask
Agam Which way would Hector have it?
Æne He cares not, he 'll obey conditions.
Achil 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne Therefore Achilles. But, whate'er, know this,—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.[46]

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

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath.[47] the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECT. *enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

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

Ulyss The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows,
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.[48]
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECT. *and* AJAX *fight.*

Agam They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

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

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

Dio You must no more. [*Trumpets cease*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

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

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

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

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement —Ajax, farewell.

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

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish. and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part;
Desire them home —Give me thy hand, my cousin,
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights

Ajax Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such enemy;
But that 's no welcome. Understand more clear,
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.[49]

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

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus [50]
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir. she 's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth. and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling This have I seen,
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him he was a soldier good,
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time —
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, though!—[51]
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil I am Achilles
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hect It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question· Stand again,
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil I tell thee, yea.
Hect Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* TRO. *and* ULYSS.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd, she is, and doth
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur,[52] no

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent

This night in banquetting must all be spent.— | Hect. Give me your hand.

चरित' इनकी सर्वोत्तम कृति है और कालिदास से तुलना करते हुए प्राचीनों ने इस कथन को मान्यता दे दी—

उत्तरे रामचरिते भवभूतिर्विशिष्यते ।

भवभूति ने शृगार, वीर और करुण तीनों रसों पर बड़े ही अधिकार के साथ लेखनी चलाई है। 'मालती माधव' प्रकरण में शृगार का सुन्दर रूप देखा जा सकता है, 'महावीरचरित' मे वीर रस का और 'उत्तर रामचरित' मे करुण का। कालिदास तो भारतीय साहित्य-क्षेत्र के निर्विवाद रूप से अप्रतिभ कवि हैं किन्तु उनके समक्ष यदि कोई कवि यत्किंचित् तुलनार्थ खड़ा किया जा सकता है तो वह ये ही महाकवि हैं। भाषा की वाच्यशक्ति जितना कार्य कर सकती है उसकी पराकाष्ठा भवभूति मे हमें मिलती है, किन्तु जिसे वाणी द्वारा कहा ही नहीं जा सकता उस भाव को कालिदास की वाणी अपनी अन्तःशक्ति (व्यञ्जना) द्वारा पाठक के हृदय मे रख देती है। कालिदास की वाणी के प्रभावशाली व्याख्यान मूक हैं, वह कम शब्दों में अकथनीय को कह जाती है, भवभूति की वाणी कहती है कि अकथनीय कुछ है ही नही। 'मालतीमाधव' की कतिपय कविताओं पर कालिदास का प्रभाव स्पष्टतया परिलक्षित होता है। जीवन के आदर्श इन्होंने वाल्मीकि से ग्रहण किए हैं और समग्र राम-चरित को इन्होने अपने दो नाटकों में समेट लिया है। प्रतिभा के साथ व्युत्पत्ति का ऐसा तुल्य योग तीन ही चार महाकवियों में पाया जाता है। महाकवि राजशेखर ने इन्हें वाल्मीकि का अवतार माना है—

बभूव वल्मीकभुवः पुरा कविः ततः प्रपेदे भुवि भर्तृमेण्ठताम् ।
स्थितः पुनर्यो भवभूतिरेखया स वर्तते सम्प्रति राजशेखरः ॥
— बालरामायण १।२९

भवभूति ध्वनि-चित्र के सर्वोत्तम चित्रकार हैं। इनकी पदावलियाँ परोक्ष दृश्य को प्रत्यक्ष कर देती हैं, यही इनकी सबसे बड़ी विशेषता है। कालिदास हृदय के मधुर-पक्ष के कवि हैं और ये उग्र पक्ष के। इनकी करुणा अधिक वाचाल है और कालिदास की अधिक वाग्मी, अतः मर्म-स्पर्शिनी। इन्होंने प्रकृति के उग्र और भीषण क्षेत्र में मन रमाया है और कालिदास ने कोमल और आह्लादक, कालिदास काव्य-गगन के पीयूषवर्षी सुधांशु हैं और ये ज्वालावलित चण्डकर। दोनों ही ने प्रकृति का तन्मयतापूर्वक पर्यवेक्षण

his torch, he goes
ompany.
[Aside to TRO.

nd so good night.
d TRO. following.
ent.
AJAX, and NEST.
lse-hearted rogue,
re trust him when
hen he hisses: he
s, like Brabler the
astronomers fore-
will come some
oon, when Diomed
ave to see Hector,
he keeps a Trojan
s' tent. I'll after.
itinent varlets!
[Exit.

re Calchas' Tent.

s
o? speak.

k.—Where's your

you.

! a distance, after
s.
nay not discover us.

A.

m!
r now, my charge?
n!—Hark! a word
[Whispers.

at first sight.
her, if he can take

? yes.
Nay, but do then,
with your words.
ber?

npt me no more to

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him

Hect I pray you, let us see you in the field,
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* TRO. *and* ULYSS.

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd, she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur,[52] no

Ther No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame, honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent

This night in banquetting must all be spent —
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox. to an ox were nothing he is both ox and ass To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus —Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with Lights*

Agam We go wrong, we go wrong
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis,
There, where we see the lights
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax No, not a whit.
Ulyss Here comes himself to guide you

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector, welcome, princes all
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you
Hect Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general
Men Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus
Ther. Sweet draught Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer
Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry
Agam. Good night. *Exeunt* AGAM *and* MEN
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I 'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* TRO
Tro Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.
Exit DIO; ULYSS *and* TRO. *following.*
Achil Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHIL, HECT, AJAX, *and* NEST.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it it is prodigious, there will come some change, the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent I'll after —Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same* *Before* Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio What are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?
Dio Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?
Cal [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro Cressid come forth to him!
Dio How now, my charge?
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff, she 's noted.
Dio Will you remember?
Cres. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then,
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!

Dio Nay, then,——
Cres. I'll tell you what:——
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.——
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,——
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off.
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu, you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not, come hither once again
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord,
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,——
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio Who was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther Now she sharpens,—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me,
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell·
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it strait starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall he plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit* DIO
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude
[*Exit* CRES
Ther A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan
Tro. She was not sure.
Ulyss Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek,—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed·
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword·
Falling on Diomed
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy,
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* TRO, ÆNE, *and* ULYSS
Ther 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

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

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you, get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just. it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* CAS
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus, doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it
Tro When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector
Hect How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fye, savage, fye!
Tro Hector, then 'tis wars
Hect Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day
Tro Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast.
He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. But thou shalt not go
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him
And. Do not, dear father
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you
Upon the love you bear me, get you in
[*Exit* And
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements
Cas O farewell, dear Hector
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away!—Away!—
Cas. Farewell—Yet, soft—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim
Go in, and cheer the town we'll forth, and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night
Pri. Farewell. the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* Pri *and* Hect *Alarums*
Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve

As Troilus *is going out, enter, from the other side,* Pandarus

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan Here's a letter from yon' poor girl
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days. And I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't—What says she there?
Tro Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart, [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV—*Between* Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums Excursions Enter Thersites

Ther Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus *following*

Tro. Fly not, for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio Thou dost miscall retire,
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!
Ther Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* Tro *and* Dio, *fighting*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee,—live. [*Exit*

Ther God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself I'll seek them. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty,
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof

Serv. I go, my lord [*Exit* Serv

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon. bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius. Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en, or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers, haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nestor Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face,
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax Were I the general, thou should'st have my office.
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off —Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark —
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it —Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MEN.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life
Now is my day's work done, I'll take good breath!
Rest, sword! thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek. [HECT. *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler like, the armies separate.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his Sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail,
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.
[*Within*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles
Ajax If it be so, yet bragless let it be,
Great Hector was as good a man as he
Agam March patiently along —Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI —*Another Part of the Field*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro Hector is slain
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field —
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne My lord, you do discomfort all the host
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away.
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts —
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe
[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan But hear you, hear you!
Tro Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit* TRO
Pan A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—
Let me see —
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail —
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths
As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit*

NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[1] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful.

[2] *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*

To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word Speren, signifies to shut up or defend by bars

[3] ——— *And hither am I come*
A prologue armed

The speaker of the prologue was to be habited in armour, not, says Dr Johnson, "defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war before a warlike play"

[4] *Leaps o'er the vaunt*

That is, the *avant*, what went before

[5] *She's a fool to stay behind her father.*

Calchas, the father of Cressida, was a priest of Troy, who being sent by Priam to consult the oracle at Delphi, concerning the event of the war, and finding that the Greeks would obtain the victory, he deserted to them, and never returned to his own country

[6] *Between our Ilium*

Ilium is here used to mean the royal palace of Priam, but Mr Steevens says that Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city, Troy, that of the country

[7] *How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?*

From various lines in this play it appears that Shakspere pronounced Troilus improperly as a dissyllable

[8] *They say he is a very man*, per se

That is, paramount, the paragon or flower of men

[9] *Into a compassed window*

That is, a circular or bow window

[10] *Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?*

Lifter is here used equivocally to mean *thief*

[11] *Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing*

This appears a contradiction, and the following lines express a meaning entirely opposite. We should read, "joy's soul *dies* in the doing;" which means that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment

[12] *Bounded between the two moist elements,*
Like Perseus' horse

Pegasus is the only flying horse that we hear of in ancient mythology, and he did not belong to Perseus, but Bellerophon But Shakspere followed the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, in which he found the following account —"Of the blood that issued out (from Medusa's head) there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying-horse*. By the flying-horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme, he (Perseus) founded and made a ship, named Pegase, and this ship was likened unto a horse flying."

[13] *The breize*, i. e., the gad or horse-fly

[14] *As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver*

We should read *thatched* with silver, his head roofed or covered with silvery white hair

[15] *The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre*

By this *centre*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth According to the Ptolemaic system the earth is the centre of the solar system

[16] *Deracinate*, i.e tear up by the roots.

[17] *As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.*

Paradoxes has no discoverable meaning, we should probably read *parodies.*

[18] *Who in this dull and long-continued truce.*

Shakspere has fallen into an error here In the previous scene the Trojan princes are represented as returning home from that day's fight, and Cressida's servant tells her that Ajax "yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down," yet here a long truce is spoken of as being then in operation

[20] *Let blockish Ajax.*

Shakspere appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax Oileus Perhaps he was led into this error by the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, who, in describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two

[21] *The plague of Greece upon thee.*

Probably an allusion to the plague supposed to be sent by Apollo on the Greek army.

[22] *He would pun thee into shivers.*

Pun, says Dr. Johnson, is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*

[23] *An assinego*, i e an ass

[24] *Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes*

Disme is the tithe or tenth. Every tenth among many thousand tenths.

[25] *And, for an old aunt.*

Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

[26] *Our fire-brand brother.*

Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she would be delivered of a flaming torch.

[27] *The soil of her fair rape.*

Rape anciently signified the carrying away of a female without any idea of personal violence.

[28] *Aristotle.*

Aristotle was not born until 382 years before Christ, and Troy was taken by the Greeks 1,184 years before Christ; so that the poet is guilty of an anachronism of more than eight hundred years

[29] *Make that demand of the prover.*

The folio somewhat profanely reads, *to thy Creator.* The quarto has, *of the prover*, but the meaning is, I think, the same. Make that demand (i e why thou art a fool?) to thy Creator who hath made thee one.

[30] *I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida*

It is difficult to know how Cressida can be the disposer of Paris, Mr Malone suggests that Shakspere might have written *despiser*, and adds —"What Pandarus says afterwards, that 'Paris and Cressida are *twain*,' supports this conjecture" Mr Ritson offers a different solution; the line ought, he thinks, to be spoken by Helen She calls Cressida her deposer, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus is ready to swear she loved more than Paris.

[31] *An you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills.*

That is, in the shafts. *Fills* is a word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon

[32] *A kiss in fee-farm*

That is, a prolonged kiss, a kiss of unlimited duration

[33] *As true as steel, as plantage to the moon.*

As true as steel is an old proverbial expression, a sword of good steel being a weapon on which its owner could rely *Plantage* probably means vegetation, plants of any kind, and the allusion is to the common opinion of the influence which the moon was supposed to possess over the vegetable kingdom.

[34] *That through the sight I bear in things, to Jove*

This, some editors have altered to—the sight I bear in things to *come* "The word," says Dr Johnson, 'is so printed, that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning"

[35] *That man—how dearly ever parted.*

However excellently endowed.

[36] *Who, in his circumstance.*

That is, in the detail or circumduction of his argument.

[37] *'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love*
With one of Priam's daughters.

Polycena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

[38] *There is a mystery (with whom relation*
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state.

A secret administration of affairs, a sort of ubiquity, in wise governments, which no historian can unveil

[39] *His purpose meets you.*

I bring you his meaning and his orders

[40] *My matter is so rash.*

That is, my business is so hasty and abrupt

[41] ———*The secrets of nature*
Have not more gift in taciturnity

The first line is defective; Mr Theobald would read —the secret *things* of nature, &c

[42] *What wicked deem*, i.e. thought, doubt, or judgment.

[43] *The port*, i e the gate.

[44] *At every joint and motive of her body*

Motive is used for *motion* Her wantonness shews in every act or motion

[45] *That give a coasting welcome ere it comes*

A *coasting welcome* has been surmised to be an amorous glance of invitation, and, *ere it come*, to imply that the lady makes the first advance, and intimates by her manner that familiarity will not be unwelcome

[46] *This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek*

Ajax and Hector were cousins, Ajax being the son of Hesione, the sister of Priam and aunt of Hector

[47] *Or else a breath*

A breathing, a friendly encounter just sufficient to make the combatants pant with their exertion

[48] *Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath*

Does not utter an immature or unsuitable thought

[49] *Most imperious Agamemnon*

Imperious and *imperial* had the same meaning.

[50] *The noble Menelaus*

Menelaus would scarcely apply the epithet *noble*, to himself; Mr. Ritson supposes that this sentence should be spoken by Æneas.

[51] *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou*

By the utterance of this line as it stands, Achilles would evidently insult Ulysses. Should we not read *though* for *thou*?

[52] *You ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur*

This is said in allusion to the deformity of Thersites; he is called a ruinous butt, on account of his graceless and lump-like figure, and indistinguishable, because he is of an unnatural and undeterminate shape.

H. T.