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RAMATIC WORKS

OF

William Shakespeare.

FROM THE TEXT OF THE

SELECTED COPIES OF STEEVENS AND MALONE,

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET,

BY CHARLES SYMONS, D. D.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN;

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

AND A

GLOSSARY.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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22 Jan. 1887.
THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BY CHARLES SYMONS, D. D.

Wherever you turn you see the story of human intellect, and we are not alone; there will human curiosity, at the present time, be found in every part of the world; human curiosity, and every age has its own peculiarities and peculiarities in every age. It is the same now as it was then; the same men, the same circumstances, the same events, the same characters, the same actions, the same passions, the same opinions. The same men, the same circumstances, the same events, the same characters, the same actions, the same passions, the same opinions, have always been passed through human nature. The same men, the same circumstances, the same events, the same characters, the same actions, the same passions, the same opinions, have always been passed through human nature.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The life of William Shakespeare is shrouded in mystery, with many aspects of his life being shrouded in controversy. According to the testimony of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, the father of their pet was a gardener, and much has been drawn from the fact that he was the stepson of his father, the town clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon, as a certain record by the parish register on the 28th of April 1593. Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of the same month, the day conserved to the nether world of the English. His parents, John and Mary Arden, were not of equal rank in the community: the former being a respectable tradesman, whose name cannot be traced into antiquity, while his wife was a lanthorn-gatherer in the county of Warwick, and the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Willmington, who having enjoyed each station of both the personal establishment of Henry VII. The young poet's house was made of, by his sovereign, keeper of the park of Stratford, and head of the household of his town. His father received a valuable gift in the lease of the manor of Wilmington, consisting of more than 500 acres, a rent of £5, and a debt of £300, which he left to her in his will. She brought him a small freehold estate called Ash, and the sum of 51. 10s. 5d. of land and 14 acres of land; and, as far as it appears, it was the first piece of landed property which was ever possessed by the Shakespeare family. The farm, according to the orthography of that time, was called the "Shakspere's Farm." The decade of the 1590s was marked by the publication of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Othello," "Hamlet," and "King Lear," all of which are considered to be some of his greatest works. Shakespeare's life was one of constant work, surrounded by the politics of the Elizabethan court and the Shakespeare family. His marriage to Anne Hathaway in 1582, the birth of their three children, and the publication of his works in the 1590s all contributed to the making of Shakespeare's legacy. The shakespeares, with the fortunes of the family, were able to purchase a house in Stratford-upon-Avon, which was retained by his family until 1603. The house, called "Shakespeare's New Place," was leased to the poet's son, William, and remained within the family until 1648. The shakespeares, with the fortunes of the family, were able to purchase a house in Stratford-upon-Avon, which was retained by his family until 1603. The house, called "Shakespeare's New Place," was leased to the poet's son, William, and remained within the family until 1648.
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In the circumstances of his father, he was not expected to go to school, and we cannot form any accurate idea of his early years. It is certain, however, that he was placed under a master in some school in his native town, where he was educated until he was about thirteen years of age. He was then sent to the grammar school in Stratford, where he continued his education for about five years. During this time, he was studied Latin and Greek, and was introduced to the classics and other works of literature. He was also taught the art of writing and the principles of grammar. He was a keen student and was always eager to learn new things. He was especially interested in history and politics, and he often discussed these subjects with his teachers and fellow students.

The young Shakespeare was a natural leader and was always the center of attention. He was brave, adventurous, and ambitious. He was also a good athlete and was fond of outdoor activities. He was a member of several clubs and was always ready to take part in any activity.

Shakespeare was also a talented musician and was proficient in playing the lute and the recorder. He was also a skilled actor and was often invited to perform in local plays and dramas. He was a natural leader and was always the center of attention. He was brave, adventurous, and ambitious. He was also a good athlete and was fond of outdoor activities. He was a member of several clubs and was always ready to take part in any activity.

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gratification of our curiosity; and the history of his life is a perfect blank till the occurrence of an event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to bear down the world. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the elegant spot of Falstaff, it has been supposed, that this possibility might be one of his favourite amusements: and nothing can be more probable, from the active genius of his life, and his fixed habituation in the country, than his strong and eager passion for all the pleasures of the field.

As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he naturally became a sportsman; and then it is highly probable that he would fall into the seclusion of the country, associating with them in his idle hours, would occasionally be one of their fellow sportsmen on the manners, of their pursuits, and of their mode of life. In one of these licentious excursions on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, he was shot in the foot of his horse, and the young bard was detected; and, having further irritated the knight by affixing his name in the list of its smears, he was ordered to repair to London, to purchase the books of a gentleman of that name, who was a great admirer of the son of Sir Thomas. He accordingly repaired to London, and purchased the books of the gentleman in question, and then returned to his native county, to the embarrassment of his circumstances, and the loss of his credit. His story is the story of the sport of the country on the uniform tradition of Stratford, and is confirmed by the characteristic of Sir T. Lucy, who is known to have been a rigid preserver of his game; by the enmity displayed against his memory by Shakespeare in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive ballad itself, preserved by a Mr. Jones of Turtick, a village near Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be blamed by any interest or passion to falsify or mislead it. Besides the objector, in this instance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from such a creditor than from the proprietary of game than from the avance of a creditor: that whilst the former might be satisfied with the removal of the delinquent to a situation where he could no longer infest his property or his path, the latter would pursue his debtor wherever he could find him, and could attach him. On every account, therefore, I believe the tradition, recorded by Rowe, that our poet retired from Stratford before the expiration of the lease, and took up his abode in London, not for a temporary, but for a permanent purpose of game. Sir T. Lucy, and Baddesley in London, not only beyond the reach of the county, but beyond the hostile purposes of his provincial antagonist.

The time of this eventful flight of the great bard of England cannot now be accurately determined: but we may safely suppose that it was the years 1579 and 1580; for in the former of these years we may conclude that he was not yet seven years old, and in the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know that before the end of that year he was at the height of his powers, the Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece, but had acquired no small degree of celebrity in the literary world. At this exciting crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakespeare was certainly, in its obscurity, even more pushing than the state of his fortune. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, by the brow of excessive power, from his position. In his childhood and youth, from his wife and infant son. In which no fortunate spot could be seen to glister with the ray of hope and health; his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he was carried to London. From his times, as a mere boy’s frolic, of a greater splendour than the roasting of an orchard; and his mind, such beyond example in the gift of benevolence, could throw its lustre over the black was beneath him, and could imbibe it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet,

Furtur pudens conjuras aculum,
Perque patris, ut capitum minor
Ab auro solet neque mira
Torses humi possine rutilum, &e.

but touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unalterable step, and with hope of a brighter success. A man of his nature, he could be dignified; and if he indulged in some expectation, the event proved him not to be deceived; and in the case of a young artist, the exile of Stratford became the associate of his work, the model of his labour, the standard of his ambition, and the object of his admiration. The story of the young artist, with the brilliancy of the jocund and the noble man, is become illustrious in his ears.

His most illustrious refuge in the metropolis was his stage; to which his power, as it appears, was easy. Stratford was fond of theatrical representations, which it communicated with its town or guildhall; and had frequently been visited by companies of players when one post was of an age, not only to enjoy their performances but to form an acquaintance with these members. Thomas Greene, who was one of their distinguished actors, has been considered by some writers as a squireman of our author’s; and though he, possibly, may have been consulted by them with another Thomas Greene, a barber, who was unquestionably connected with Shakespeare in his young years, and who was the owner of our friend’s barbership; whilst Heminge and Hensall, two of the leaders of the company in question, belonged either to Stowford or to its immediate neighbourhood. With the dryness of the theatre thus open to him, and under the impulse of his own theatrical bent, (for however in after life he may have lamented his degradation as a professional actor, he must have concluded that he was in strong attachment to the stage,) it is not wonderful that young Shakespeare should select this as the scene of his dramatic career.

The true value of the great bard of England cannot now be accurately determined: but we may safely suppose that it was during the years 1595 and 1596; for in the former of these years we may conclude that he was not yet seven years old, and in the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know that before the end of that year he was at the height of his powers, the Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece, but had acquired no small degree of celebrity in the literary world. At this exciting crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakespeare was certainly, in its obscurity, even more pushing than the state of his fortune. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, by the brow of excessive power, from his position. In his childhood and youth, from his wife and infant son. In which no fortunate spot could be seen to glister with the ray of hope and health; his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he was carried to London. From his times, as a mere boy’s frolic, of a greater splendour than the roasting of an orchard; and his mind, such beyond example in the gift of benevolence, could throw its lustre over the black was beneath him, and could imbibe it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet,
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in the humidity of his first, as the pride of his subsequent fortunes. The mean and servile attention which he has received, and the incompatibility with his circumstances, even in their present affected state, and his relations and connections, though far from worthy, was yet too remote from absolute poverty, to permit him to act for a moment in such a degrading situation. He was certainly, therefore, immediately called to the theatre; but in what rank or character cannot be ascertained. This fact, however, was one of very little consequence; for he speedily raised himself into consequence among his actors by the acquisition of his first, not by his mediocrity as a new one. When he began his career as a success or excellence, he did not emerge into a professional of much note. His first public notice was given by the attention of the dramatic characters and comedians which have been frequently and with reproach paid to it. Some report, either as comediens of old or as the writers of scenes, he had appealed the stage with a great success in his youth, and we have no more information respecting this man than we have respecting his parents. He was certainly not a person of much note, either as a producer of scenes or as a writer. His first public appearance, however, was in the person of Shakespeare, and a poet and dramatist who had been in the habit of taking his share in the production of scenes, and who, in the year 1592, had been one of the principal actors in the company. It is evident, however, that he was not a person of much note, and that he had risen to that celebrity, as a poet and dramatist, which placed him in the first rank of his art. He is certainly as much to be admired for his generous, kind, and amiable nature, as for the excellence of his genius, and we may confidently conclude from this, that he was a man of great and amiable nature.

At the point of time when our narrative has now reached, we cannot accurately determine what dramatic pieces he had composed by himself, but we are assured that they were of sufficient merit to entitle him to a place among the important and celebrated poets of his time. The attempt has more than once been made, and never yet with entire success. We know only that his connexion with the stage continued for about twenty years, through the durian of even of this term cannot be settled with precision; and that, within this period he composed, not to say wrote, entertaining pieces of the kind which are comprised in the works of Shakespeare. He is certainly to be admired for his generous, kind, and amiable nature, as for the excellence of his genius, and we may confidently conclude from this, that he was a man of great and amiable nature.
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

For several reasons it is desirable to ascertain the date of birth of this celebrated poet, whose works have been studied and admired for centuries. There is no reliable document that positively establishes his date of birth, but it is generally accepted that he was born in 1564. However, some scholars argue that he was born in 1566.

The date of his marriage to Ann Hathaway is also uncertain. It is believed that he married her in 1582, but there is no official record of the marriage.

Shakespeare's early life is shrouded in mystery. It is known that he attended the Grammar School in Stratford-upon-Avon, but little else is known about his education. It is believed that he left school at the age of 15 and went to London to seek his fortune.

In London, Shakespeare became involved in the theater. He joined a company of players and began to write plays. It is believed that he wrote his first play, "Romeo and Juliet," in 1591.

Shakespeare's works were widely read and admired during his lifetime. He was a member of the Chamberlain's Men, a theatrical company that performed his plays. He was also a shareholder in the theater company, which helped to secure his financial success.

Shakespeare's life and work have inspired countless works of art and literature. His plays continue to be performed and studied today, and his influence can be seen in the works of many modern playwrights and poets.

The life of William Shakespeare has been the subject of much speculation and debate. Despite the many uncertainties, his contribution to literature and the arts is undeniable.

"Life is but a scaffolding which is erected for us, upon which we work while we live, in order to give a shadowy appearance to edition and to make us resemble a form which we desire to see in the close of our days."

[Quote from Shakespeare's "Hamlet"]

[End of text]
maining the last century, by the inquiries of John Shakespeare, the famous actor, and by the necessity of供应他 with the greatest part of the material with which we are to work.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon, as is announced by the parish register, on the 26th of April 1564; and he is said to have been born on the 26th of the same month, the day consecrated to the patron saint of England. His parents, John and Mary Shakespeare, were not of equal rank in the community; for the former was only a respectable tradesman, whose name cannot be traced into antiquity, while the latter was the wife of a wealthy and opulent man in the county of Warwick, being the eldest daughter of Robert Arden, of Willoughby. The family of the Ardens on Ardenmore, as it is written in all the old deeds, was of considerable extent and had some of them serving as high sheriffs of their county, and two of them (Sir John Arden and his son) lie at the head of the council of the town, the having enjoyed such a station of honor in the personal establishment of Henry VII. The connection of the Arden family with Shakespeare, has required such an estimation of his character, but even in the case of the marriage of his son to Shakespeare, he obtained the new title of gentleman from the Secretary of State. His father, Richard, was a gift to the town of Stratford, and from him the name of Arden was given. Mary Arden did not come down to her pious husband, for she brought him to his modest, unhonored, and unattended, but in 1569, in consequence partly of the marriage of her daughter to Shakespeare, and partly of his appointment of the prime municipal officers of his town, he obtained a concession of arms, and was appointed a justice of the peace, and a churchwarden. With this honor, he was a merchant of Wiltshire, with gardens and orchards attached to them, in Henley Street in Stratford. But before the year 1571, his prosperity, from causes not now ascertainable, had certainly declined; for in that year, as we find from the records of his borough, he was exonerated, in consequence to his poverty, from the bounty of a very moderate assessment of six shillings and eightpence, made by the members of the corporation themselves; at the same time that he was altogether exempted from his continuation to the relief of the poor during the remaining years of his life, his fortunes appear not to have recovered themselves; for he ceased to attend the meetings of the corporation, and the last record we have of his marriage with William Hart, a hatter in his native town, and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Mary's church in London; and was buried in St. Mary's church on the last day of December 1617, in his thirty-eighth year. Of Anne and Richard, whose births intervened between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the father was buried on the 4th of April 1567, in the eight-year-old of his age, and the latter on the 4th of February 1619-20, when he had nearly completed his thirty-ninth year. In the latter of a document, discovered in the year 1770, in the house in which, if tradition is to be trusted, the birth of Shakespeare was to have been celebrated, the family of the Arden's, of dignity of the corporation of Stratford, of that high and honorable position of his father in the Church of England. The asserted fact seemed not to be very probable; and the document in question, drawn up in a very ceremonious and regular manner, and impressed with the Romanic fable of its in whose name it speaks, having been delivered to a relative of either of the Ardens by Malton, has been pronounced to be spurious. The traits of Shakespeare, as well as his religious faith, has recently been made the subject of controversy. According to the testimony of chronology, the birth of his father was a dealer in wool, and in the provincial vocabulary of his country, a wool-writer: and it cannot be denied by all the biographers of his son, till the fact was thrown into doubt by the result of the inquisitions of Malton. Finding, in an old and obscure MS purporting to record the proceedings of the household in Stratford, our John Shakespeare, designated as a glover, Malton seems to have been no difficulty of himself, as the discovery of a long sought and most important historic truth. If he had concluded the remark of the town in the Twelfth Night, that "a sound is but a sound, and praise and blame are caught with the wind," he might have been deemed an irreconcilable attribute of the versifying of his son. Whatever may have been the trade of John Shakespeare, whether that of wool-merchant or wool-writer, it is certain that in his son's youth he did not wish to have placed him in a state of easy competence. In 1588, in consequence partly of his alliance with the Ardens, and partly of his appointment of the prime municipal officers of his town, he obtained a concession of arms, and was appointed a justice of the peace, and a churchwarden. With this honor, he was a merchant of Wiltshire, with gardens and orchards attached to them, in Henley Street in Stratford. 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The traits of Shakespeare, as well as his religious faith, has recently been made the subject of controversy. According to the testimony of chronology, the birth of his father was a dealer in wool, and
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

and circumstances of his father, he was recalled to the world. Some years afterwards, in 1573, he was placed under his father's guardianship, and continued there until 1580, when he was fourteen years old. He was then apprenticed to a guild of stonemasons, and remained there until 1582, when he was seventeen years old. He then began to work on his own account, and continued to do so until 1587, when he was twenty-one years old. He was then admitted to the company of actors, and began to write his plays. He continued to write until 1613, when he was fifty-three years old. He then retired from the stage, and devoted himself to the writing of plays and poems. He continued to write until 1616, when he was fifty-six years old. He then died, on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-upon-Avon. He left behind him a wife and three children. His works have been translated into all the principal languages of the world, and are read by millions of people every year.
VI

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHELDRICK.

gratification of our curiosity; and the history of the great man is perfect bliss to the curiosity of a event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to the world. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the ele-

gant spot of fairground, it has been suggested that this, possibly, might be one of his favourite amusements: and more can be probable, from the active scene of his life, and his

fixed habitation in the century, than his strong and eager passion for all the pleasures of the field. As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he would naturally become a poacher; and then it is highly probable that he would fall into the acquaintance of poachers; and, associating with the former of his kind, would occasionally be one of their fellow marauders on the manors of the nobility and gentry. In one of these il-

licentious excursions on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, he is said to have been detected stealing deer, our young bard was detected; and, having further irritated the knight by affronting the deer's stag, he was expelled from the grounds of Charlecote. He was compelled to fly before the enmity of his powerful adversary, and to seek an asylum in the capital. Malory, who was prone to doubt, wishes to question the truth of this whole narrative, and to ascribe the flight of young Shakespeare from his native country to the embarrassment of his circumstances, and the persecution of his creditors. But the story of the deer-stealing rests upon the uniform tra-

dition of Stratford, and is confirmed by the char-

acter of Sir T. Lucy, who as known to have been a proud preserver of his game, by the en-

mity displayed against his memory by Shakespeare in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive ballad preserved, as preserved by a Mr. Jones of Tredock, a village near Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be blamed by any interest or passion to falsify or

misstate it. Besides the editor, in this in-

stance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from the resentment of an offended preserver than from the price of a superego; that whilst the former might be satisfied with the removal of the deer from the estate to a situation where he could no longer molest his parks or his warrens, the latter would pursue his debtor wherever bailiffs could find and write could attach him. On every account, therefore, I believe the tradition, recorded by Rowe, that our poet retired from Stratford before the ex-

ceptional power of Sir T. Lucy, and found a refuge in London, not possibly beyond the reach of the arm, but beyond the hostile purposes of his provincial antagonist.

The time of this eventful flight of the great bard is certainly determined; but we may not so confidently place it between the years 1565 and 1588; for in the former of these years, we may conclude by his having been present with his family at the burial of his father, and the latter, of them, we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know that he was with the former, and that the latter, of them, we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know that he was with the former, and that Shakespeare was certainly in London when his father was buried in Stratford in the year 1564.

At this apogee of his life, the situation of young Shakespeare was certainly, in its ob-

servance of life and even his premises, a feast for his friends to visit; he was driven, under the frown of extricated power, from his native field; from his companions of his childhood and his youth; from his wife and his infant offspring. The world was speed before him, like a vision in

which no fortunate fate could be seen to glitter without the gloom and shadow of despair; he was blamed for want of youth and beauty: his coin was unwounded, for the adventure for which his far-off ventures were made. His friends and relations all left him, his times, as a mere boy's frolic, of no greater guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his mind, such beyond example in the gift of heaven, could throw loose over the black waves before him, and could people it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet:

Furtur posuit conscia caelum,
Partesque natos, et capitae minor.
Ab his removit, ut virilis
Torna hunc possesso virtute, &

but touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unaltering step, and with hope of a future, he departed from his native state, as he should repair; and if he indulged in va-

gine expectation, he must have been not to be a vision in heaven and on earth, nor of the exile of Stratford because the associate of winds, the friend of yea, the favourite of no one, and the period, which left him, not in sight of old age, he returned to his birth-

place in affluence, with honour, and with the grandeur of the judicious and the noble mind ing in his ears.

His immediate refuge in the metropolis was the stage; to which his success, as it appeared, was easy. Stratford was fond of theatrical re-

presentations, which it accommodated with its town or guildhall; and had frequently been visited by companies of players when our poet was of an age, not only to enjoy their performances but to form an acquaintance with their members. Thomas Greene, who was one of their distinguished actors, has been considered by some writers as a kinsman of our author's; and though he, possibly, may have been con-

founded by them with another Thomas Greene, a barrister, who was unquestionably connected with the Shakespeares, he was certainly a fellow player at the time of our fragrant poet; whilst Ha-

ning and Burton, two of the leaders of the company in question, belonged either to Stratford or Leamington. We are told that Shakespeare had his door of the theatre thus open to him, and under the impulse of his own theoretical bias, (for however in after life he may have lamented his degradation as a professional actor, it must be concluded that he now felt a strong attach-

ment to the stage,) it is not wonderful that young Shakespeare should set up this asylum in his dis-

tricts: that he should be kindly received by men who knew him, and of whom we have been connected, not with his family, at least with that of his native town. The company in which he lived himself, was the Earl of Leicester's or the Queen's; which had obtained the royal licence in 1577. The place of its performances, when our poet became enrolled among its members, was the Globe on the Bankside; and its managements subsequently purchased the theatre of Blackfriars, (the oldest theatre in London,) which, he pleased, and which was received and usually visited for more than twenty years; and at these two theatres, the first of which was open in the centre for summer re-

sources, and the latter of winter, were acted all the dramatic productions of Shakespeare. That he was at first received with very little regard and even contempt, may be regarded not merely as probable, but as cer-

tain: that he ever carried a link to light hands, and was accepted in the frank and gen-

towy, must be rejected as an absurd tale, manufactured, no doubt, by the lovers of the mar-

ine, in which no fortunate fate could be seen to glitter without the gloom and shadow of despair; he was blamed for want of youth and beauty: his coin was unwounded, for the adventure for which his far-off ventures were made. His friends and relations all left him, his times, as a mere boy's frolic, of no greater guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his mind, such beyond example in the gift of heaven, could throw loose over the black waves before him, and could people it with a beautiful creation of her own. We may imagine him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the great Roman captive as he is described by the poet:
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In the history of his first in the pride of his unexceptionable fortune. The more and more until his success, his fame, and his works, none could compete with his acquaintance, even in their present aspect and style. For his relations and his connections within the circle of his acquaintances was known for a moment in such a degree as that. He was a man of one of the most famous actors, in reputation, and all who have been his admirers, his biographers, and his publishers, with whom he had been associated, have been admitted into the most confidential confidence, must be admitted as of considerable value. It is evident that he had now received for the stage, and before his entry upon dramatic composition we are certain that he had composed, though he had not published, his two long and celebrated poems of Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. We cannot, therefore, date his arrival in the capital later than 1580; or, perhaps, than 1582; and the four or five years which intervened between his departure from Stratford and his residence in London, the subject of another's malignant attack, considered not only in a new and important period of his life. During this time he had not written the first step of the young Thomas Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton, a friendship of which he was the most secret and private, and which was the cause of his death. He died of his own hand, and his last words were "Here lies Shakespeare, master of the stage, and the author of the plays of Romeo and Juliet."
compliment paid in Macbeth to the royal family of the Artaeis.

The circumstance which first brought the two lords of the stage, Shakespeare and Jonson, into that embrace of friendship which continued indissoluble as long as either lived, and during the permission of mortality, is reported to have been the kind assistance given by the former to the latter, when Jonson was playing his part in the stage of his plays (Every Man in his Humour) for the benefit of representation. The manuscript, as it is said, was the result of the collaboration and consulting together of such men as Shakespeare, Jonson, and others. The manuscript was returned with a rude answer, when Shakespeare, fortunately glancing his eye over its pages, immediately discovered its merit; and, with his influence, obtained its introduction on the stage.

To this story some specious objections have been naturally made. His first conception was first drawn in Shakspere's eye for contending for it, as no lucky accident can be required to account for the inmates of assiduous exist in the mazes of high mist. He is, in fact, examining the broad paths to fame and fortune, yearning with a character so peculiarly his own that he might attain his object without wounding the pride or invading the interests of others. The evidence of the intellectual superiorities of Shakespeare is without parallel and the consequent eminence of Jonson. It is well that these facts have been so well known that the intellectual superiorities of Shakespeare excelled the envy and the consequent eminence of Jonson. It is well that these facts have been so well known as to excite no wonder; as no evidence can be adduced. The friendship of these great men seems to have been unbroken through the life of Shakespeare; and, of his death, Jonson made an offering to his memory of high, just, and appropriate elegy. He places him beside Shakespeare as a great dramatist; and he professes for him admiration alone of ability. They who can discover their personality in the surviving fragment of mind. With the flowers, which he scattered upon the grave of his friend, there certainly was not blended one poisonous or bitter leaf.

If, therefore, he was, as he is represented to have been by an impartial and able judge, (Drummond of Hawthornden) "a great lowr and master of himself; a constant account of the uninterrupted harmony of his intercourse with our heart by supposing that the frailties of his nature were overrided in the best and most loyal of his friends, and he had the personal disposition of a friend which precluded competition; and by his friend's sweetness of manner, and excellence of manners, which expressed every feeling of hostility. Between Shakespeare and Thomas Wedgwood, the modest and the noble Earl of Southampton, distinguished in history by his inviolable attachment to the match and the unfortunates of Essex, the friendship was permanent and ardent. At its commencement, in 1595, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine years of age, Southampton was more than nineteen; and, with the love of general literature, he was particularly attached to the exhibitions of the theatre. His friendship was first drawn from Shakspere by the poet's dedication to him of the "Timon of Athens" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that character, as the dedication bore witness, not only as his patron, but as his friend. Shakespeare's second poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," was prefixed to his noble patron in a strain of less distant timber; and we may infer from it that the poet had then obtained a portion of the favor with which the sonnets of his predecessor. That his fortunes were essentially promoted by the munificent patronage of Southampton can easily be ascertained by Sir David Davison, who, always possessed of a sense of knowing the facts, that the poet gave attention to his service, and that the poet gave at one time to his favored dramatis the magnificent present of a thousand pounds.

Of the degree of patronage and kindness extended to Shakespeare by the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, we are altogether ignorant; but we know, from the declaration of his friends to them by Hensinge and Condell, that they had distinguished themselves as his admirers and the sole personage more of the noble nobility of his day among the homages of his transcendent genius. We may consider as a species of conjecture, when we can gratify ourselves with the reports of tradition, approaching very nearly to certainties. Elizabeth, as it is a credit to us, honoured with illustrious dramatist with her especial notice and regard. She was unquestionably the noblest monarch of her age, and, of the literary mind and her discriminating eye, it is impossible that she should overlook and that, not of office, she should not appreciate the man, whose genius formed the first glory of her reign. It is affirmed that, designated with the character of Falstaff as drawn in the two parts of Henry IV., she expressed a wish to see the growth and originate knight under the influence of love; and that the result of our poet's compliance with the desire of his royal mistress, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was written. However, however, in our poet's poems seem to have been by Elizabeth, and notwithstanding the false accusations which were offered to her by the minds of the nation that he profited in any degree by her bounty. She could distinguish and could smile upon her good will with some inestimable value; she was able to her personal or her political interests. She had not the soul to reward it. However, some great character of mind might be her Scotch successor, who resembled her in his own well-known cultivation of literature. He was a scholar, and even a poet; his attachment to the general cause of literature was strong; and his love of the drama, and the theatre was particularly warm. Before his accession to the English throne he had written, as we have before noticed, a letter, with his own hand, to Shakespeare, acknowledging, as it is supposed, the credit paid to him by the noble person of Macbeth; and scarcely had the crown of England fallen upon his head, when he granted the poet a pension, by his command and in his own right, for the Globe; and thus raised them from being the "Great Chamberlain's servants to be the servants of the King." The patent dated on the 18th of May, 1603, and the name of William Shakespeare stands second on the list of the patentees. As the demise of Elizabeth had occurred on the 29th of the preceding March, this early attention of James to the company of the Globe may be regarded as lightly commencing to Shakespeare's theatre, and as strongly demonstrative of the new sovereign's partiality for the drama. But James's patronage of our poet was not in any other way beneficial to his fortunes. If Elizabeth was the true patron of our poet, by his production on his pleasures and his favours, James soon became too needy to possess his talents and learning. Honour, in short, was all that Shakespeare gained by the favour of two successive sovereigns, each of them versed in literature, each of them fond of the drama, and each of them capable of appreciating the transcendent genius of the poet. It would be especially gratifying to us to exhibit to our readers some portions at least of the personal and private life of the poet, under his patronage in the capitol—such as a contemporary narrator of his life—such as a contemporary critic of his works—with only what we can obtain from Fuller;
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As already remarked, the House which he used, and to examine his compositions as the text of the following pages, will, we believe, justify the opinion that a period of this nature is to be regarded as that point in his life when he first came into literary distinction. The monument which he erected in his own lifetime, and the influence which he has exercised over the course of literature and society, are matters of general knowledge. But the circumstances of his life, and the events of his career, are matters of particular interest. They will, therefore, be examined in the following pages.

The life of Shakespeare was a period of singular activity and prosperity. He was a man of many parts, and was possessed of talents and qualities which enabled him to gain a high reputation in the literary world. He was a poet, a dramatist, a actor, and a man of letters. He was a man of the world, and was able to understand and appreciate the works of others. He was a man of feeling, and was able to express his sentiments in words.

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punishment. In the dulness and the arrogance of commentators and illustrators—in the coldness and petulance of Thobald, the imbecility of [the] pure-theology of Steevens; in the formidable personality of Malone and of Drake. None superior men, it is true, have enlivened themselves in the cause of Shakespeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hammer, and Coleridge, have all contributed to the discovery of his secrets; and have professed to give his stories in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or another, which it is not our province to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, has disappointed the just expectations of the public; and, with an inversion of Nature's general rule, the little men have finally prevaild against the great. The blockheads have hooded the wise, and the weak have attacked the mighty body of Shakespeare, like barnacles to the hull of a proud man of war, they are preserve[d] of Stratford in danger of the day by none; and thus, by the only means in their power, to match themselves from that oblivion to which Nature has devoted them. It would be unjust, however, to deprive these gentlemen of their praise. With the two names, for men of talents; and, by their gross labour in the mine, they have accumulated materials to be arranged and polished by the hand of the finer artist. Some apology may be necessary for this short digression from the more immediate subject of my biography. But the three or four years, which were passed by Shakespeare in the peaceful retirement of New Place are not distinguishable, a forcible demonstration of our record; and the chaos may not improperly be supplied with whatever stands in conjunction with it. I should proceed in silence and obscurity; but for the story, the story of our Poet's extempore and peculiar epistle on John Combe, a rich townsman of Stratford, and my money-lender, if my readers would not object to me that I had omitted an anecdote which had been honoured with a place in every preceding biography of my author. As the circumstance is related by Rowe, "he is a pleasant conversation among their common friends. Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a laconic manner, that he fancied he intended to write an epitaph if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be something nasty. Combe gave me these four verses:"

Ten in the hundred lies here ingraven:
"Tha hundred in ten his soul is saved.
If any name who lies in the tomb:
Halo I quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have assisted the man so severely that he never forgave or forgot it. By Aubrey the story is differently told: and the lines in question, with some alterations, which evidently made them worse, are said to have been written after Combe's death. Steevens and Malone discredit the whole tale. The few lines, if true, are unquestionably not Shakespeare's; and that any lasting remedy existed between two brothers with respect to the wills of the parties, John Combe bequeathing five pounds to his Post, and our Post leaving his award to John Combe's nephew and residuary legatee, John Combe himself being at that time a commentator above mentioned, I am inclined, therefore, to William Shakespeare, in my opinion, only as much for an unknown writer, and, as darkness had closed upon his path through life, so do use the same prep. to the whole, to reject the story as a fabrication; though I cannot, with the lines of malignity; or think, with him and with Malone, that the character of Shakespeare, on the whole, would require any labour'd vindication to clear it from the anecdote, as related by Rowe, I can see nothing but a whimsical sally, breaking from the mind of one friend, and of a nature to excite a good-humoured smile on the cheek of another. I therefore have the unthinking assurance of a somewhat darker complexion; and the sorse worse, as we learn after the death of their subject, may justly be branded as malicious, and as discovering rancour in the heart of their writer. But I have dwelt too long upon a topic which, in truth, is underserving of a syllable; and if I were to linger on it any longer, for the purpose of counteracting the prejudice which I have previously formed in your favour of Aubrey's copy of the epitaph to Rowe's, and his discovery of the propriety and beauty of the allusion in line 10 of Aubrey's, so Ho is the abbreviation of Hobgoblin, one of the names of Robyn Good-fellow, the fairy beggar of the neighbourhood. It is a very curious fact, however, from the property of Shakespeare's: and he had only to commemorate the losses of his nearest relations. With his various powers of pleasuring: his wit and his humour; the gentleness of his manners; the fire of his spirit and his brain, are the subject of anecdotes which with his mind must have been stored; his knowledge of the world; and three or four years, his intimacy with man, in every gradation of society, from the promoter of a playhouse to the peer and the sovereign, Shakespeare must have had a thousand stories to relate; his acquaintance has necessarily been courted by all the prince inhabitants of Stratford and its vicinity. But over the preceding periods of his life, brood alike and oblivion; and in our total ignorance of his intimacies and friendships, we must allow to our imagination to furnish out his conversational board, where intellect prevailed, and delight with admiration gave the applause."

On the 23rd of February 1615-16, he married his youngest daughter, Judith, then in the thirtieth year of his age, to Thomas Quiney, a vintner in Stratford: and on the 23rd of the following month he executed his will. He was then, as it would appear, in the full vigour and enjoyment of life; and we are not informed that he had been, upon his communication had been previously weakened by the attack of any malady. But his days, or rather his hours, were now all numbered; for he breathed his last on the 23rd of the ensuing April, on that anniversary of his birth which completed his fifty-second year. It would be gratifying to our curiosity to know something of the disease, which thus prematurely terminated the life of this illustrious man; but the secret is withheld from us; and it would be idle to endeavour to obtain it. We may be certain that Dr. Hall, who was a physician of considerable eminence, attended his father-in-law in his last illness; and Dr. Hall kept a register of all the remarkable cases, with their symptoms and treatment, which in the course of his practice had fallen under his observation. This curious register, which I had engaged the economy of time, was obtained by Malone; but the recorded cases in it must unfortunately begin with the year 1617; and the preceding register of the part, the number of which most probably had been in existence, could nowhere be found. The moral complaint, therefore, of William Shakespeare, is likely to remain for ever unknown; and, as darkness had closed upon his path through life, so do I gather from his bed of death, with difficulty to cover it from the eyes of succeeding generations. On the 29th October, two days after his death, he was buried in the church of Stratford; and at some period within
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In the year 1564, a notable event took place in the life of the great poet, the Shakespeare. It was the birth of a son to the young couple of actors, who were then living in London. The name of the child was William, and it was destined to become one of the greatest names in the world of literature. The date of his birth is not exactly known, but it is generally supposed to have been in the month of April.

The early life of William Shakespeare is shrouded in mystery. We know little of his education, or of the circumstances of his youth. He is said to have been brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, where his father was a successful businessman. It is possible that he received some instruction in the classics, but for the most part his early education must have been obtained through contact with the people and the events of his time. He was a quick learner, and soon showed a remarkable talent for writing and dramatic composition.

The first evidence of Shakespeare's literary activity is found in the work he produced for the theatre, which began in his youth. His first play, "Romeo and Juliet," was performed in 1594, and it was greeted with universal enthusiasm. Shakespearian productions became more and more popular, and soon his name was known throughout the land.

In the course of his life, Shakespeare wrote more than 150 plays and 160 sonnets. His works are characterized by a rich and varied use of language, by an acute perception of human nature, and by an eye for the little things of everyday life. His plays are a treasure-house of wisdom, and his sonnets a revealing mirror of man's innermost thoughts and feelings.

Shakespeare's life was not without its trials. He was repeatedly attacked by his contemporaries, and his works were not always welcomed by the masses. But through all the difficulties and tribulations of his life, he remained true to his art, and his works continue to be read and enjoyed by people of every generation.

The poet's death, which occurred in 1616, was a great loss to the literary world. His works have become an integral part of the English language, and his influence on literature has been immense. His legacy continues to inspire and educate, and his works remain a testament to the power of the human spirit to create and to understand.

In conclusion, it can be said that William Shakespeare was one of the greatest geniuses of the human race, and his works continue to be a source of wonder and delight to people of all ages and nations.
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

and at the close dismisses them without further care and attention to the examples they present to operate their chance. This fact the barbarity of the age cannot extinguish: for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place. Why this commonplace on justice should be compelled into the station in which we here most strangely find it, I cannot for my life conjecture. But assured as it is made by its association in this place, it may not form an improper conclusion to a paragraph which means little, and which, interfering merely, confers dramatic praise on a dramatic writer. It is evident, however, that Dr. Johnson, though he says that a system of moral duty may be selected from Shakespeare's writings, wished to inculcate that his scenes were not of a moral tenantry. On this topic, the first and the great Johnson seemed to have entertained very different sentiments—

"Look, how the father's face
(says this great man)
Lives in his image; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true filed lines."

We think, indeed, that his scenes are rich in moral tenantry, and that they must have been the excursions of a moral mind. The only crystallization of his moral must be drawn from a few words in a story from his plays, such as by Anthony Wood, and afterwards told by Oldys, on the authority of Betjeman and Pope. From the Sonnets we can collect nothing more than that their writer was blindly attached to an unprincipled woman, who preferred a young and beautiful friend of his to himself. But the story told by Oldys presents something to us of a more tangible nature: and as it possesses some intrinsic merit as a story, and rests, as to its principal facts, on the authority of Wood, who was a native of Oxford, and a veracious man, we shall give it, as the sample of most of the recent biographers of our Poet, exactly as it is given in the very words of Oldys. If tradition in such matters be to be trusted, Shakespeare must have been often bailed at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, on the Double and Full Moon. The landlady was a beautiful woman and of a sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davensant, (afterwards Mayor of the City,) a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Thus young William Davensant, (a schoolboy,) Sir William Davensant was then a little schoolboy, in the town, of about twenty or eighteen years old; and a frequent of Shakespeare that, when ever he heard of his arrival, he would run from school to see him. One day, an old woman, observing the boy running home was almost out of breath, asked him whither he was going in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his godfather Shakespeare. There is a good look in the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain! This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon some occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey.

On these two instances of his frailty, under the influence of the tender passion, one of them supported by his own violence, and one resting on authority which seems to be not judiciously questioned, depend all the changes which can be brought against the strict personal morality of Shakespeare. In these days of peculiar sentiment there would not possibly be admitted into the party of the saints: but, in the age in which he lived, these errors of his human weakness did not diminish the respect, combined with the veneration of his friends, with whom his love, conciliated by the benignity of his manners; or the admiration excited by the triumph of his genius.

The Will of Shakespeare, giving to his youngest daughter, Judith, not more than three hundred pounds, (according to the majority of wills which probably was valuable, as it is called by the testatrix, "My bread alms and gift bowl," assigns almost the whole of his property to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband; whom he appoints to be his executors. The cause of this evident partiality in the father appears to be discoverable in the higher mental accomplishments of the eldest daughter; who is reported to have received herself in the intellectual endowments, and to have been mentally distinguished by the strictly religious instructions which accosted her conduct. Having married her estimable husband fourteen years before the hour of his death, she had the inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dougale, commemorates her intellectual superiority and influence on her heart; and, adding his blessing, the inscription, which we shall transcribe, bears witness also, as we must observe, to the piety of his illustrious father.

Witty above her sex; but that's not all:
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Somthing of Shakespeare was in that; but this
Is partly ascribed to Wily Wives in blues.
Then, passenger, have ne'er a tear
To weep with her, that wept with all:
That went, yet set herself to cheer
Them with confederate cordial
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.

Judith, his youngest daughter, bore to her husband, Thomas Hacket, three sons: Shakespeares, who died in his infancy, Richard and Thomas, who deceased, the first in his 20th year, the last in his 18th, unmarrried, and before their mother; who, having reached her 77th year, expired in February 1613-4—being either not to have received any education, or not to have profited by the lessons he had taught her. She lived, as is noted, to a deceased, still in existence, she affixes her mark.

We have already mentioned the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of Susanna Hall. She left only one daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized on the 21st of February 1607-8, eight years before her great-grandfather's death, and was married on the 22d of April 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, as it appears, of independent fortune. Two years after the death of Mr. Nash, who was buried on the 4th of April 1617, she married on the 5th of June 1629, at Hill-day in Warwickshire, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington, a small village in the county of Northampton. She was buried at Abington, on the 17th of February 1629-30; and, as she left no issue by either of her husbands, the line of the direct descendants of Shakespeare's collateral kindred have been indulged with a much longer period of duration. The descendants of his sister, Joan, having continued in a regular succession of generations even to our days; while none of those, with the exception of Wiliam and Joan Shakespeare's eldest son, have broken from that race in the community in which their ancestors, William Hatt and Joan Shakespeare, stood the second and third sons of William and Joan Hall, and consequently the grand-nephews of our poet. At the early age of seventeen Charles Hatt, an
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Throughout his life, Shakespeare was known for his remarkable talent as a playwright and poet. His works continue to be studied and performed around the world, making him one of the most influential authors in English literature.

Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England, on April 23, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a successful glover and later a successful bailiff. Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, came from a wealthy family. Shakespeare attended the local grammar school, where he would have studied Latin and Greek, as well as some mathematics and science.

Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway in 1582. She was eight months pregnant with their first child, Hamnet, when the marriage was recorded. They had three children together: Susanna (1583), twins Judith and Hamnet (1585), and John (1587). Hamnet died at the age of 11, which is believed to have had a significant impact on Shakespeare's work.

Shakespeare began his career as an actor and playwright in London, where he became a shareholder in the Lord Chamberlain's Company and later in the King's Men. He was a prolific writer, producing plays, sonnets, and other poems throughout his life.

Shakespeare's plays cover a wide range of subjects, including history, romance, comedy, and tragedy. Some of his most famous works include "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Tempest," and "Macbeth.

Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford. His life and works continue to inspire and entertain people around the world.
TO THE MEMORY
OF MY BELOVED
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and name:
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor man may praise too much.

True, and all men's株riage. But these ways Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For in the confusion of these may light
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or tillled affection, which doth never advance
The truth and grace, and argueth all by chance;
Or craftily mislike pretend this praise,
And think to win, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?

But thou art proof against them, and indeed Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause I delight the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or did Beaujoard lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, with the book doth live,
And we have wise to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but not disproportion'd cause:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surety with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lully outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hast small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names; but call forth thunding Echynes,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us.

Penrose, Accius, him of Corofva dead,
To live again, to hear thy beautin travel,
And shake the words as well as the sound whened
Leaves thee alone for the comparison.
Of all, that fairest Greek, or hoastest Rome
Shall forth, or since died from their name com;
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
On the scythe's health the fatal Muses pour
Or, as's call'd o'er the flames,
Prepare to do a deed without a name.
These are thy wonders, Nature's darling work;
And Fame, by thee excelling thy name over sea.
There, where Rome's eagle never stoop'd blood.
By hollow'd Ganges and Missouri's flood:
Where the bright eyesil of the Morn uncles
And where Day's streams in golden stalls repose;
Thy peaceful triumphs spread; and most pride
Of Pella's Youth, and Julius slaughter'd
In ages far remote, when Albinon's state
Hath touch'd the mortal mark, mark'd by Pius
Where Arts and Science fly her naked shore:
And the world's Empress shall be great as men
Then Australasia shall thy sway prolong;
And her rich cities echo with thy song.
There myriads shall still laugh, or drop the tear At Pallas's honour, or the voice of Mars;
Man, with a like, following man, thy pious
And thous, my Shakespeare, reign till these pira.

To whom all scenes of Europe homage own
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his line;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tint Aristophanes,
Next Terence, witty Plautus, now no more;
But unimag'd and indefin'd.
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who canst to write a living line, must sweet
(Though such are rare) and strike the second soul
Upon the Muse's soul; turn, and same;
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame.
Or for the laurel, he must gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such went then. Look how the fathers's
Lives in his issue: even to the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners bright
In his well turned, and true fell lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet strain of Avern; what a sight it was,
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those nightes upon the banks
Thames, That so did take Elyra, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemispher.
Advanced, and made a constellation there
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with age
Or influence, shade, or cheer the drooping sun;
Which, since thy flight from hence, is
Morn'd like night.
And despair's day, but for thy volumes light.

BEN JONSON.
ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE, AND HIS POEMS.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To e'en the heavy time, returns the fate,
Brow back the heavens, lower ope the iron gates
Of death and Lothe, where confined ly
Great heaps of useless mortality:
In that deny dusty digiments, to discern
A royal ghost from char'ls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wonder's how oft they live;
What story candly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and pleasure without brain,
Romances and soul-less chansons: To give a stage,—
Amply, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Their write us, or us to them had hur'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their bier,
Make Egypt his subjects; by exchanging verse
Endive their pale breakes, that the present age
Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage;
Yet so to temper passion, that our care
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abused, and glad
To be abused: afflicted with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleased in that ruth
At which we smart, and, by elaboration play,
Turned to tickled; by a sense-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disguising up his Ravis for our sport:
—While the priest's imp, from holy throne,
Causes and rules a world, and works upon
Masked by secret engines; now to move
A chilling sigh, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, sole from ourselves:—
This,—and much more, which cannot be ex-

But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
Was Shakespeare's freethold; which his cunning brain

Improved, by favour of the nine-fold brain:—
The brain'd muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimble foot of the melodious pair;
The silver-voiced lady; the most fair
Calliope, she whose speaking silence damns,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants
These jointly wou'd him, envy one another;
Obey'd by all as spouse, but loved as brother:—
And wrought a curious robe, of mild grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red mos!
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly meadow, and the scarlet bright:
Brooch'd and embroidered like the painted
spring:
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters span
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, perched; not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn:
Not out of common fancy or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent.—Death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less value, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel
Crown'd,
Which never fades; set with ambrosian meat;
In a well-lined vesture, rich and vast:
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear
it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.
The friendly Admire of his Endowments,

I. M. B.
THE PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1623.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

From the most able, to him that can but spell; there you are number'd. We had rather you were weak'd. Especially when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purse. Well! It is now publick, and you will stand for your privileges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Book, the Stationer saith. Then, how cold, or hot your brains be, or your winedrunk, make you like the same, and spare not. Judge your sixpennyth, your shilling worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever, you do, Boy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Priers or the Cockpit, to arraigne Plays, do this, know, these Plays have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchase of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthly to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since he hath his ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends the office of their care and pains, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were alreadi'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and dissimilies of injurious impostors, that espouse'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view could, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them: Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he utter'd with ease: and with ease, that was have scarce resolv'd from him a blot in his paper. But it is not our province, who once gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reads him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more be hid, then it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whose if you need, can bee your guides: if you need them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

At first, the Infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining School-Boy,

with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

And then, the Lover;

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow:

Then, a Soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth:
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

And then, the Justice;

In fat round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon;

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk Shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound.
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness,

...and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERNANDO, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, a valiant Admiral of Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, CALIBAN, Trinculo, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Spirits.
NYMPH, Reapers.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Some—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.
A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.
Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Boatswain—
Boatswain, how now: what's the matter?

Prosp. Good; speak to the mariners: fall to't.

Boatswain—
Boatswain, how now: what's the matter?

Prosp. I pray you, keep below.

Boatswain—
Boatswain, where is the master, boatswain?

Prosp. In the cabin: you must do the storm.

Boatswain—
Boatswain, when is the sea in?—What care you, masters, for the name of the king? To cabin:

Masters—
Masters: we are not.

Prosp. Good; yet remember whom thou hast grace from.

Boatswain—
Boatswain: now that I love more than myself you are my counsellor: if you can command these waters to subdue, and make the world to hang, I'll be yours.

Prosp. If we cannot save you, thank you; and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour: if it come.

Boatswain—
Boatswain: I have great comfort from this fellow: he is the harbinger of the ship's safety; for our own doth little advantage to be saved, if he be not born to be hanged, or

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain—
Boatswain: Down with the topmasts: yare; lower, yare, yare; clap your main course [A cry at sea].—A port upon you, bowling! they are bowling upon the weather, or our course.

Re-enter Boatswain, Antonio, and Trinculo.

Trinc. What do you here? I shall we give you a hand now. Have you a mind to ask?

Ant. Aye, that is my throat, you bowling, base fellow, uncomplaining rogues!
PRO. I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! of thee, my daughter!) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of thine opinion, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father. 

PR. More to know. 

DID. Never meddle with my thoughts. 

PRO. "Tis time I should inform thee further. Lead thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me — So; 

PRO. Long down his mantle. 

Let there my art — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. 

The dire spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd thee, 

The very virtue of compassion in thee, 

I have with such provision in mine art 

So safely order'd, that there is no soul — 

No, not so much perdurance as heron, 

Reck'd to any creature in the vessel 

Which thou hast writ'ry, which thou saw'st sink, 

Sit down; 

For thou must now know further. 

CERTAINLY, sir, I can. 

PRO. By what? by any other house, or person? 

OF any thing the image tell me, that 

Hath kept with thy remembrance. 

The far off, 

And rather like a dream than an assurance. 

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not 

Four or five women once, that knew me. 

PRO. These had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it, 

That this lives in my mind? What seest thou else, 

In the dark backward and abysm of time; 

If thou remember'st August, ere thou cam'st here; 

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st. 

MIR. But that I do not. 

PRO. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since, 

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and 

A prince of power. 

MIR. Sir, are not ye my father? 

PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 

She said — thou wast my daughter; and thy father 

Was duke of Milan; and his only heir 

A princess; — no worse issued. 

MIR. O, the heavens! 

What foul play bad we, that we came from 

Thee? 

Or blessed was 't, we did? 

PRO. Both, both, my girl. 

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we beaved 

Thence; 

But blessing holp hither. 

MIR. O, my heart bleeds 

To think o' the teen that I have torn'd you to, 

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, 

Further. 

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio; 

I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should 

Be so pernicious! — he whom, next thyself, 

Of all the world I loved, and to him put 

The manage of my state; at, at that time, 

Through all the signories it was the first, 

And per force; the prime duke: being so rejoyced 

In dignity, and, for the liberal arts, 

Without a parallel; those being all my study, 

The government I cast upon my sister, 

And to my state grew stranger, being transported, 

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle — 

MIR. That thou attend me? 

SIR. Most, I pray thee; mark me. 

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant sums, 

How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom 

To trash for ever-stopping; 

The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them; 

Or else form'd them: having both the key 

Of officer and office, set all hearts in th' state. 

To what time pleased his say that now he was 

The tyr, which had hid my princely trumpe, 

And suck'd my verdure out on 't. — Then at 

Thee, at thee, I say, 

MIR. O, good sir, I do. 

PRO. I pray thee, mark me. 

MIR. Thee neglecting worldly ends, all deserts 

To clemency, and the bettering of my mind 

With that, which, but by being so retir'd, 

O'perated all popular rage, in my false brother 

Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust, 

Like a good parent, did baget of him. 

A falsehood, in its contrary as great 

As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, 

A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, 

Not only with what my revenue yielded, 

But what my power might else exact, — like one, 

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, 

Made such a sinner of his memory, 

To credit his own lie, — he did believe 

He was indeed the duke; out of the substantiations, 

And extolling the outward face of royalty 

With all prerogative: — hence his ambition 

Growing, — Dost hear? 

MIR. Ye are true, sir, would censure desuesses. 

PRO. To have no screen between this part he 

play'd; 

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be 

Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library 

Was duked in large enough; of temporal royaltys 

He thinks me now incapable: confederates 

(No dry he was for way!) with the king of Naples. 

To give him annual tribute, do him homage; 

Subject his carross to his crown, and lead 

The dukedom, yet unbend'd, (alas, poor Milan!) 

To most ignoble stooping. 

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event; then 

tell me, 

If this might be a brother. 

MIR. I should see, 

To think but nobly of my grandmother: 

Good wombs have borne bad sons. 

PRO. Now the condition. 

This king of Naples, being an enemy 

To me inveterate, hearten's my brother's suit; 

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the prince, — 

Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, — 

Shacken presently extricate me and mine 

Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan, 

With all the honours, on my brother! Whenceas, 

A treacherous army levied, one midnight 

Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open 

The gates of Milan; and, I the dead of darkness, 

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence 

Me, and my crying self. 

MIR. Alack, for pity! 

PRO. I never rememb'ring how I cried out then, 

Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint 

That wrings mine eyes to it. 

Her a little further, 

And then I'll bring thee to the present business. 

Which now's upon us; without the which, this 

Were most important. 

MIR. Wherefore did they set 

That hour destroy us? 

PRO. Well demanded, woman! 

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they 

Do not (as the love my people bore me) nor set 

A mark so bloody on the business; but
PAGE 2

With mountains fairer painted their soul ends
To be, they learned to stand a lack;
Hence their highest blood to see; where they
Now none can see.
A summer breeze of a heart, not rigid,
And yet, and yet, must I very rate
Subsiding in their hold; then they hold us,
To see the sea that rain'd me; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Is not less loudest, loudest.
Ask'd what trouble
Was then in thee?

Thou hast, that didst present; Those days
From a terpsichorean turn, When was kindled by our hands; That same
twofold, and more must I; very rate
Subsiding in their hold; then they hold us,
To see the sea that rain'd me; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Is not less loudest, loudest.

No, then is now.
But is a sharer
Then was, that didst present; Those days
From a terpsichorean turn, When was kindled by our hands; That same
twofold, and more must I; very rate
Subsiding in their hold; then they hold us,
To see the sea that rain'd me; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Is not less loudest, loudest.

Ask'd what trouble
Was then in thee?

Thou hast, that didst present; Those days
From a terpsichorean turn, When was kindled by our hands; That same
twofold, and more must I; very rate
Subsiding in their hold; then they hold us,
To see the sea that rain'd me; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Is not less loudest, loudest.

No, then is now.
But is a sharer
Then was, that didst present; Those days
From a terpsichorean turn, When was kindled by our hands; That same
twofold, and more must I; very rate
For mischief's manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Art. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd bag was brought brough't
with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thee was a spirit so delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands.
Raising her grand hopes, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her unattainable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where then thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as stub-wheel strikes: Thus was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here.
A stock'd whelp, bag born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Art. Yes; Caliban, her son.
Pro. Doll thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make woods howl, and penetrate the breast
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the dam'st, which Sycorax,
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gaps
The pine, and let thee out.
I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend as
Cold.
And peg thee in his knotty entangles, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Art. I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spitting gently.
Pro. And I will be correspondent,
And will correct the former.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spitting gently.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend as
Cold.
And peg thee in his knotty entangles, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Art. I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spitting gently.
Pro. I will be correspondent,
And will correct the former.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spitting gently.
For it is not in my power,
To give thee what thou dost desire.
Art. Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! Caliban! Thou art
There, thou! speak.
Cal. [within.] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee;
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?
Re-enter Ariel, like a Water-nymph.
Pro. Stay; what signifies? I come to thee.
I see my lord, it shall be done. [Exit.
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
Artesius long
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!
Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! I a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night, shall shew
have oranges,
Side-stitches that shall pass thy breast up; weeds shall,
For that vast night of that they may work;
All exercises on thee: thou shalt be plac'd
As thick as honey-combe, each place must
stinging
Then bees that made them.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Whom thou take'st from me. When thou easiest
Thou stirk'dst me, and mad'st much of me
wouldst give me
Water withervyres in; and teach me bow
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That born by day and night: and then I saw
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren places, and
fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beasties, lizards, light on you! For
I am all the subject that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you see
In this hard rock, whereas you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
Pro. Thou most lying slave:
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
used thee,
Fist in that art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho! O ho!—Would, it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had people else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I plied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour
One thing another; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gambol like
A thing most brutal, I endow'd thy purpose
With words that made thee known: But thy vile
race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserve'd more than a prison.
Cal. Thou taught me language; and my profit on
Is, how I know to curve: the red plagues rid you,
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hug me, hence! Fetch us in fuel: and be quick, thou wast best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, make
like.
If thou neglect'st; or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rock thee with old oars;
Till all thy bones with ache; make thee ease,
That beast shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside
It would control my dam's soul,乙肝
And make a vessel of him.
Pro. Bo, slave, hence!
Re-enter Ariel invisibly, playing and singing;
Ferdinand following him.
Ariel.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courted takes you hence, and blind'd,
(The wild wave waiteth)
TEMPEST

Pro. Why speaks my father so unseasonably? This is the third time that ever I saw the first. That's he sighed for: pity move my father. To be inclin'd my way? Pro. O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth, it will make you The queen of Naples. You are both in either's power: but this cruel business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning. Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee that thou attend me: thou dost here marp, the same thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself upon this island, one way to win it. From me, the lord don't. Pro. No, as I am a man. Mrs. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple. If the ill spirit have so false a house. Good things will strive to dwell without. Pro. Follow me.—[To Ferd.] Speak not you for him: he's a traitor—gone. I'll manacle thy neck and fast thee together; sea-water shall then drink, thy food shall be the fresh brook muscles, wither'd roots, and tubers. Wherein the scorn credited: Follow. Pro. No. I will resist such entertainment, till mine enemy has more power. He draws. Mrs. O dear father, make not too rash a trial of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful. Pro. What, I say, my foot my nurse!—Put thy sword up, traitor; Who makes it a show, but darst not strike, thy conscience is so wounded with guilt: come from thy ward; Pro. For I can here disarm thee with this nick, and many thy weapon droop. Mrs. [Aside. What's wrong? Pity! Pity! Pro. All the sins Sir, have pity; I'll be his nurse. Mrs. Pro. Sire, I'll not be thy guide. Mrs. [Aside. What? I say. Mrs. [Aside. Mrs. [Aside. Pro. Come on; they. Pro. Pro. Come on; they. How! a company is all the pleasure of my father's eyes. The big eyes, that I know not that wonder. Pray then, the speech of Naples: for those bear not. Not with mine eyes, nor ears at all, beheld The king my father's looks. All the money is to make money. Ferd. Pro. Yes, and all his robes: the duke of Milan. Ferd. Pro. Bold and brave men, bending knees. Pray, the cause of Milan, and his brave son, being hurry'd. Pray, the cause of Milan, and all these ears, should control thee. If more than this: do not—At the first sight. I know their hands are strong. This is the third time that ever I saw the first. That's he sighed for: pity move my father. To be inclin'd my way? Pro. O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth, it will make you The queen of Naples. You are both in either's power: but this cruel business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning. Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee that thou attend me: thou dost here marp, the same thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself upon this island, one way to win it. From me, the lord don't. Pro. No, as I am a man. Mrs. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple. If the ill spirit have so false a house. Good things will strive to dwell without. Pro. Follow me.—[To Ferd.] Speak not you for him: he's a traitor—gone. I'll manacle thy neck and fast thee together; sea-water shall then drink, thy food shall be the fresh brook muscles, wither'd roots, and tubers. Wherein the scorn credited: Follow. Pro. No. I will resist such entertainment, till mine enemy has more power. He draws. Mrs. O dear father, make not too rash a trial of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful. Pro. What, I say, my foot my nurse!—Put thy sword up, traitor; Who makes it a show, but darst not strike, thy conscience is so wounded with guilt: come from thy ward; Pro. For I can here disarm thee with this nick, and many thy weapon droop. Mrs. [Aside. What's wrong? Pity! Pity! Pro. All the sins Sir, have pity; I'll be his nurse. Mrs. [Aside. What? I say. Mrs. [Aside. Mrs. [Aside. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro. Pro.
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him unexpected.  
Pro.  
Then shall be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.  
To the syllable.  
Pro.  
Come, follow: speak not for him.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another Part of the Island.

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

Gon. 'Tisseach you, sir, be merry: you have  

So have we all) of joy; for our escape  

Is much beyond our loss: our hint of wo  

Concerns you, for every day, some sailor's wife,  

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant.  

Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle,  

I mean our preservation, few in millions  

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  

Our sorrow with our comfort.  

Alon.  

Prythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold providge.  

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.  

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his  

Wit: by and by it will strike.  

Gon. Sir.  

Seb. Out!  

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's  

offer'd,  

Come to the entertain'r.  

Seb. A dollar.  

Gon. Colour comes to him, indeed; you have  

spoken truer than you purposed.  

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you  

should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,  

Ant. Fie, what a spendrift is he of his tongue!  

Alon. I pr'ythee spare.  

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—  

Seb. He will be talking.  

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a  

good wager, first begins to cry?  

Seb. The old cock.  

Ant. The cow.  

Seb. Done! The wager?  

Ant. A daughter.  

Seb. A match.  

Ant. Though this island seem to be a desert,  

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!  

Ant. So, you pay'd.  

Seb. Uninhabititable, and almost inaccessible,  

Seb. Yet—  

Ant. He could not miss it.  

Ant. It must needs be of subtile, tender, and  

delicate temperance.  

Seb. Ay, and a subtile; as he most learnedly  

delivered.  

Ant. The air breathes upon us here most  

sweetly.  

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten bones.  

Ant. Or, as were perfumed by a fern.  

Seb. Here is every thing advantageous to life.  

Ant. True; save means to live.  

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.  

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks!  

Ant. How the ground, indeed, is hairy.  

Seb. With an eye of green isn't.  

Ant. He misses not much.  

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

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed  

almost beyond credit).  

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.  

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,  


(Tormented in the sea, bold, notwithstanding their  

life-monstrous and glasses; being rather newer dy'd,  

than stain'd with salt water.  

Ant. But if but one of his pockets could speak,  

Ant. If not, why, he lies?  

Seb. Ay, or a very falsely pocket up his report.  

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh  

as when we put them on first in Africke, at the  

marriage of the king's fair daughter Chariel  

to the king of Tunis.  

Seb. Twice a sweet marriage, and we prosper  

well in our return.  

Ant. This may never grace before with such  

a paragon to their queen.  

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.  

Ant. Widow? a purr o' that! How came that  

widow in? Widow Dido!  

Seb. What if he had said, widower Aneas  

too? good bed, how you take it!  

Aadr. Widow Dido, aye? you make me  

study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tuscia.  

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.  

Ant. Carthage?  

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.  

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous  

harp.  

Seb. He hath raised the wall and houses too.  

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy  

next?  

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home  

in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.  

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea,  

bring forth more islands.  

Gon. Ay!  

Ant. Why, in good time.  

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments  

seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis  

at the marriage of your daughter, who is now  

queen.  

Ant. And the rest that ever came there.  


Aadr. Widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.  

Seb. No, sir, my doublet as fresh as the  

first day I wore it! I mean, in a sort.  

Ant. What sort shall I wear?  

Seb. A fourth.  

Seb. When I wore it your daughter's marriage?  

Ant. You can erase these words into mine ears,  

against  

The stomach of my sense: 'Would, I had never  

Married my daughter there!' for, coming thence,  

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,  

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,  

I never again shall see her. 0 thou mine heart  

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  

Hath made his meal on thee?  

Seb. Sir, he may live;  

I saw him bent the surges under him,  

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  

Whose eminence he flung aside, and breasted  

The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head  

Bore the contumacious waves he kept, and ear'd  

Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis  

bowed;  

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  

He came alive to land.  

Gon. No, no, he's gone.  

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great  

lack of joy.  

That would not bless our Europe with your  

daughter,  

But rather lose her to an African;  

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your  

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.  

Seb. Prythee, peace.  

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd  

otherwise  

By all of us; and the fair soul herself  

Weight'd, between lowness and obedience, at  

Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have  

lost your son,
TEMPEST

It is a comforter.

And.

With joyous ness, while you take your rest.

And watch your safety.

Hark! is it very, very heavy?  

[Alm. asleep. Exit Alm.  

Sub. What a strange slumber! Do you think they...

And. It is the quality of the elements.

Sub. Who is it that is the chief in thy soul?

Nor!—my spirits are nimble.

They hold together all, as for consent;

They duped, as by a snake's sly words. What shall I do, when I see these?

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what shall I do?—No more. —And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What should I do?—the occasion speaks these days; and

My strong imagination sees a brown Dropping upon thy head.

Sub. What, art thou waking?  

And. Do you not hear me speak?

I do; and surely, it is a deep sleep; and thou speakest not of thy sleep: What is it thou dost say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep.

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet an asp laer.

Noble Sebastian,

Thou hast thy fortune sleep—die rather; wake at

Whiles thou art waking.

Thou dost more distinctly; thou speakest:

There's meaning in thy speech.

And. I am more serious than my custom; thou must be so, I bend me; which do, to be asleep.

Now is the time to seize.

Be orderly and instruct thee.

O, if you but knew how you purpose cherish,

When you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Exposing more, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear, or sloth.

(Up.  

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee; and a heart, indeed,

Which throes that thou art to yield.

Although the lord of weak remembrance, like

(Who shall be of all memory.

When he heard it) didst here almost persuaded

(Pur he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professed to persuade) the king, his son's slave:—

'Tis as impossible that he's unwound.

As he did sleep here, so must.

I have no hope

That he's unwound.

O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a weight beyond.

But doubt discovery there will you grant,

With me.

That Ferdinand is found.

He's gone.

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Tell me.

She that is queen of Naples, she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond men's life; she that from

Can leave us note, unless the sun were past, (The sun!) the moon's too slow.) till new-born king

And.

We are, by our lord,  

With joyous ness, while you take your rest.

And watch your safety.

Hark! is it very, very heavy?  

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She that is queen of Naples, she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond men's life; she that from

Can leave us note, unless the sun were past, (The sun!) the moon's too slow.) till new-born king

And.
Be rough and rumbulous: she is from whom
We were all one-swallowed, though some can
again;
And, by that, destin'd to perform an act
Whose fruit most promet is; what to come.
In years and my discharge.

Thus, what stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tu-
nis
She is the heli of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

A space whose every cubit seems to cry out,
How shall that Cuthbert
Return us to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath sais'd them; why, they were no
worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule
Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can praise
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A shone of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sweet were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?
Tush, Mathins, I do.

And how do you content
Your own good fortune?

I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

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

But, for your conscience;

Ay, sir; where lies that? W't it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my supper; but I feel not
This daily in my bones: two my conscience,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candid be they,
And melt, are they molest! Here lies your bro-
ther.

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom 1, with this obedient steel, three lances of 1,

Can lay to bed for ever: whilst you do, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient master, this sir Providence,
Who should not uphold our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll call the clock to any business that
We say shall be our hour.

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

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

O, but one word.

[They converse apart.

Muset.: Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Art.: My master through his art foresees the

Then you, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his projects did) to keep them living.
[Enter Gonzalo's ear.

While you have do swelling die,
Open-y'd conspiracy
In his soul doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slander, and leaves:
Awake! awake!

Ant.: Then let us both be sudden.

Gon.: Now good angels, prance the king!

[They seize

Alon.: Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you slow?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon.: What's the matter?

Alon.: Don: While we stood here we hearing your raps,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of thunder
Like balls, or rather bolts; did not you wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Gon.: I heard nothing.
Ant.: 0, twas a din to frighten a mouse's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of Horses.

Alon.: Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon.: Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-
ming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me;
I think'd you, sir, and crid: at mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
What's 'tis so late? Rest stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our wea-
pons.

Alon.: Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search
For my poor son.

Gon.: Heaven保守 him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, 'tis the Island.

Alon.: Lead away.

Art.: Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done.

[Exit.}

[SCENE II. Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of Wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal.: All the infections that the sun wakes up
From bogs, fens, fata, on Prosper fall; and make
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits bear me,
And yet I must endure. But they'll tire me
shortly.

Fright me with archil shows, pitch me in the
mouth,

Now lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every gruff they are set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that move and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and miscen-
In their prick's at my foot-ball; sometimes see me
All wound with adders, who, with eleven
tongues,
Do him into madness—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing word in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Purchase he will not mind me.

This. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any washer at all, and another storm brewe-
ing; I hear it sing 'tis' and yond' some black
cloud, yond' huge ones, looks like a cold blum-
bar that would shed his lipper. If it should
thunder, as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head; yond' some cloud cannot choose
but fall by palliates. What have we here? a man
or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like
a fish; a very ancient and fish-like small;
A kind, of not the newest, Poor John. A
strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I
was) and had but this fish painted, not a ho-
li-day-foot there but would give a piece of silver
there would this fish make a man; any
strange beast there makes a man: when they
will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,
they will lay out ten to see a dead fish. Legg'd
like a man? and his face like armes? Worns a
mouth! I don now let loose my dis-
com, hold it no longer: this is no fish but an
islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunder-
bolt. [Thunder.] Also the storm is come again; my
best way is to creep under his gableipe;
PROLOGUE.

Here is no other choler herehence; Misery an
pointed a man with strange look. I will
see abroad, till the貝gas the storm be past.
but Stephano, singing; at a Bette in his hand.
If. I shall not more be in, to see.
More shall I say no more.
This is a very mazy man to sing at a man's ear
well, here's no company.

[Exeunt.

The messenger, the Netherland, the heartache, and the
The power, and all. The
Lord's God, Meg, and Michael, and Gasper, and
Pur she has a tongue with a hang, Would say in a sudden like word. She
could not tell the woman where she did
Then he see, hope, and set off to go.
This is a mazy man to se; but here's my comfort.

[Exeunt.

Cal. Do not torment me: 0! Oh, the wretched man! How shall we work here? Do you just think upon us with revenge, your master and I? All: I dare swear, sir, that I am sure of you. I am sure of your name: for I must have a name, sir; and I am sure of that name: for I must have a name, sir.

[Enter Stephano. 0 Stephano, last any more of this? Cal. The whole body, man; my collar is in a rack, my tongue is in a rattle, I am not in a humor to answer you.

[Stephano: I am now in the moon; when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do sweep thee: My justice shou'd see thee, and thy long, and laugh.

Cal. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it once with new contents: swear.

[Enter by this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I an of him?—a very weak monster:—The man! the moon is a most poor credulous monster! We draw, monster, in good smooth.

Cal. I will show thee every fertile inch of the island.

And kiss my feet; I pray thee be my god.

Tis. By this light, a most pernicious and drunkard monster; when his god's asleep, he'll-well, with his heart. I'll bring them.

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

Cal. Come on thee; down, and swear.

Cal. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scary monster! I could find no more heart to beat him.

Cal. Come, kiss.

Tis. What's the poor monster's in drink? An abominable monster!

Cal. Pill show thee the best springs; I'll make thee believe.

Pill fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that savra!

Cal. I'll bear thee no more insults, but follow thee, then wondrous man.

Tis. A most ridiculous monster: to make a wonder of a wondrous drunkard.

Cal. I pray thee, let me being thee where crabs grow.

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-

(Show thee a jot's aid, and instruct us thus: To make thee the death of a monster! I'll bring thee to stoschering Rivers, and sometimes I'll get the

Young sea-salt from the rock: Will then go with me?

Cal. I'll bear thee now, lead the way, without any more talking:—Trinculo, the king and all our company, dast be情景; we will inherit them. These are very pretty thoughts. Fellow Trincomalee, we'll fill him by and by again.

Tis. A howling monster; a drunkard monster.

Tis. A howling monster; a drunkard monster.

I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-

Cal. Be not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not spirits.

That's a true god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

How dost then 'scape? How canst thou either? swear by this bottle, how thou camestither.

I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the barrels answered to my head: this butt which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

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

Cal. Here: swear then how thou escaped.

Tis. Sue a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Tis. O Stephano, last any more of this? Cal. The whole body, man; my collar is in a rack, my tongue is in a rattle, I am not in a humor to answer you.

[Stephano. I am now in the moon; when time was.

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Tis. A howling monster; a drunkard monster.
ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, hearing a Log.

**Per.** There be some sports are painful; and their labour
Delight in them set off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my taste would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The madness, which I serve, quickens what's
dead,
And makes my labour pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's cracked
And he's composed of hardness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon some new instruction: My sweet mistress
Leaps when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours;
Most busy-less when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance.

**Mir.** Alas, alas, pray you, work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burst up those logs, that you are enjoined to
pile
Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

**Per.** O most dear mistress,

The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

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

**Per.** No, precious creature; I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back;

Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy.

**Mir.** It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And your's it is against.

**Pros.** Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shews it.

**Mir.** You look wearily.

**Pros.** No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by night at leisure. (Chieflly, that I might set it in my prayers)

What is your name?

**Mir.** Miranda;—O my father, have broken your best to say so!

**Pros.** Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

Have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

**Mir.** I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Yet know, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,

(The jewel in my dewer,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape.

Besides yourself, to like of; but I practice
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

**Pros.** I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda: I do think, a king;

(I would, not so ill) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The deadly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
Speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,

Am I this patient log-man?

**Pros.** Do you love me?

**Mir.** O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound.

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is bounded, to mischiefs! I,

Beyond all limit of what should be in the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

**Pros.** I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

**Pros.** Wherefore weep you?

**Mir.** At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning
And prompt me, plain and holy innocences!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

**Pros.** Whether you will or no.

**Mir.** My mistress, dearest,
And thus humble ever.

**Mir.** Ay, with a heart as willing
As tendent e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

**Pros.** And mine, with my heart in't: And
Here's my hand; and thus humble ever.

**Mir.** Tell not me;—when the butt is out,
We will drink water; not a drop before: therefore
Brew bear up, and bear 'em on! Servant-monster, drink
to me.

**Pros.** Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle; we

Are three of them; if the other two be braised
Like we be, the state troubles.

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

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

**Sir.** My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in drink: for your part, the sea cannot drown him;
SCENE II.

TEMPEST.

I swear, we could recover the shore, five-score
thousand leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou
must meddle with my instrument, or
Thou wert our friend; if you list; he’s no
untamed.

We'll run now, messenger mounte.

Thou dost go neither: but you’ll lie, like dogs,
and yet say nothing worse.

Stands me a good morn:—

Col. How does thy master? Let me kiss thy

hand:

Hell will not serve him, he is not valued.

Tem. This is not, most ignorant of all,

men, to base a monitor. Why, thou

rough-hewn base, thou art there ever man a coward,
that hath drank so much sack as I today? Wilt thou

stare in face a cowardly lie, being but half a

sail, and half a master?

Col. Let, how he meets; and I wish he let him

see my way?

Tem. Beside, quoth he,—that a monster

should be used unkindly.

Col. He, he, again! Like his to death, I pr’ythine.

He, thou traitor, keep a good tongue in thy

head: if you prove a monster, the next tree—
The poore merchant’s my subject, and he shall not

be molested.

Col. I break my note like a bird. With them be

pleas’d?

To be honest once again: no! I made thee

Sir. Many will be kind, and repeat it; I will

stand, and dost Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Col. As I tell thee

Thou best; thou best, thou burning monkey, then!

I would, my valiant mother would destroy thee,

Kiss thee once of this island.

Art. Tell me then.

Thou best, then, thou burning monkey, then!

I would, my valiant mother would destroy thee,

Kiss thee once of this island.

Sir. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in

his face, by this hand, I will suppress some of

their greatness.

Col. Whist! What’s that noise? Art. Sir, that noise

comes from the earth.

Sir. That is my father’s court.

Col. Thus shall I slay him, and I’ll serve

him.

Sir. How now! shall this be compassed? Come

soon bring me to the party?

Col. Yes, yes, my lord; I’ll yield him the

place, and him the place.

When all’s a’most a man into his head;

Art. Thus shall I slay him, and I’ll serve

him.

Sir. Thus shall I slay him, and I’ll serve

him.

He, too!—art, thou afraid?

Col. Is it not enough? I, and art, thou afraid?

Sir. Be not afraid; the hail’s full of noises,

Somnia, and sweats arise, that give delight, and

false

Sometimes a thousand wrangling instruments.

Hearken about mine ears: I will not, and sometimes sleep,

Thou, if I had long sleep,

Will make me sleep again; and then dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open and show

me riches,

Ready to open upon me, that, when I wak’d,

I should dream again.

Sir. Thus will prove a brave kingdom to me,

When Prospero is destroyed.

Sir. He shall be by and by: I remember the

story.


**ACT III.**

**Scene III.** Another Part of the Island.

_Erast._ Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzago, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

_Gon._ By'r leave, I can go no further, air; I'm old, I see my bones ache; here's a man trod, indeed, Through for' rights, and meanders! by your patience, I needs must rest me.

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

_Ant._ I am right glad that he's so out of hand.

[Aside to Sebastian.] The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

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

_Alon._ I say, to-night: no more.

_Seb._ Solomon and strange Monick and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance About it with gentle actions of salutation and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

_Alon._ What harmony is this? my good friends, hear me! Go faster:

_Seb._ Marvellous sweet music! Go, hear.

_Alon._ Give us kind keepers, heaven! What were these?

_Seb._ A living Choral: Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia, There is one tree, the phoenix' throne: one phoenix At a body reigneth there.

_Ant._ I'll believe both; and what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers no more did


tell lies at home condemn them.

_Gon._ If in Naples, I should report this now, would they believe me? If I tell you so, I saw such islands, (For, certes, these are people of the island,) Who, though, they are of monstrous shape, yet, notes.

_Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils._

_Pro._ Praise in departing._

_Tru._ They vanish'd strangely.

_Seb._ No matter, since they have left their stands behind; for we have them back.

_Will you taste what is here?_ Not I.

_Gon._ Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys, Who was so believes that there were mountainers.

_Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them, Wallow'd in flesh? or for that there were such men, Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we find Each puffing-out on fire, will one bring as Good warrant of._

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

_Thunder and Lightning._ Enter Ariel, like a Harpy: claps his wings upon the table, and, By a quiant device, the Banquet vanishes.

_Ari._ You are three men of sin, whom destiny (That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is not,) the never-satisfied soul Hath caused to beleach it; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit: you manage men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad._

_[Singing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords._

_Alon._ You are impertinent, if you can hurt, Your swords are now too many for your strengths, And will not be uplifted; But, remember, (For that's my business to you,) that three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Expect'd into the seas, which hath requir'd His, and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace: Then, of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me, Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death Can be at once,) shall step by step attend You, and your ways, whose wrongs to guard you from (Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your head,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow, And a clear life ensuing.

_He vanishes in Thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Satyrs again, and dance with nymphs and nereids, and carry out the table._

_Pro._ Brawly the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring; Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated, In what thou hast'd to say: so, with good life, And observation strange, my master ministers Their several kinds have done: my high charm won work; And these, mine enemies, are all knit up in their distractions: they now are in my power; And in these fees I leave them, whilst I visit Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,) And his and my loved darling._

_Exit Prospero from above._

_Gon._ The name of something holy, sir, why stand you

_In this strange air?_

_Alon._ O, it is monstrous! monstrous Methought, the flowers spoke, and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me; and the thunderers, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced The name of Prosper; it did have my trespass. Therefore my son's the one is bedded; and I'll seek him deeper than ever plummet sounded, And with him there is madam. Exit. _Seb._

_But one sound at a time,
TEMPEST.

To-morrow the sea; the strangest gales are straw
To the first breath of the tempest's leisure. Our
Dread'd and long anticipat'd foe:
To better our alarms, our effect; and
The white cold virgin moves upon my heart
Alas! the arbour of my life.

Farewell—

Now come, my Ariel: bring a garland:—
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and curtsy.—
No tongue: all eyes are silent. [Sing; music.
A Portuguese Enter Encanta.

Farewell,

Jos. Cara, most bounteous lady, thy rich box
Of wheate, wheate, barley, vines, oats, and pease,
Thy lofty mountains, where live madding sheep,
And thy moasle Dance'd with stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with peascods and lilies trim'd,
Wishes springy April at thy host times,
To make cold nymphs chase stoves; and thy brooks grow
Whose shadow the dissipated bachelor loves.
Heing least; thy pale-clay vineyard,
And thy sea-march, sere, and rocky-hard;
Where then thy sweetest air! The queen of the sky,
Whose wanery arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plat, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacock's fin amain—
Appoach, rich Cara; her entertain.

Enter Cara.

Is. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ster
Dost deify the wise of Jupiter;
Who, with thy starry wings, upon my flowers
Dissipate the rushes, refreshing showers?
And with each end of thy blue bow that crown
My husky ears, and thy head-burthen'd down,
Rich scurf to my proud earth: Why, hath thy queen
\[passage omitted\]

Is. Aoonshe! As short as is a green's growth?
Is. A short green of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the theme of love.

Is. Tell me, heavenly bow; if Vanity, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do not now appear in the place they did plot.
The means, that dastly Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Is. Of her society
Be not afraid; I hast thy denial.
Cutting the flowers in the pale Phoebus; and her son
Dove-dowered with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon the man and maid.
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be past
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot motion is ennui'd ago.
Her wanishly-headed son has broke his arrows,
Sweares he will shock no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Is. Highest queen of state, Great Juno comes; I know her by her gal.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? I go with me,
To bless this twin, that may prosperous be,
And honour'd in her issue.

Sing.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long constance, and increasing,
Hourly joys, be still upon you.
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cara. Most bounteous and many-verte, etc.
Bunns and garments never empty
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with godly burden bearing.
TEMPEST

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

Juno. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisker seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, be mute:
Or else our spell is marv'd.
Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crystal channels, and on this green
Answer your summons; Juno doth command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love to last.

Enter certain Nymphs.

Juno. You sun-born'd sickeners, of August weary,
Come hither from the surrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw beds put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they
Joins with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;
Towards the end of which Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks;
After which, to a strong, hollow, and confused noise, they hastily vanish.

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

Pro. This strange journey: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day.

Mira. Shall I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd?
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were disapp-rated: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgious palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep—Sir, in we'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubl'd.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Pro. Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.
Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you—
Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit, We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,
To drown them in each language! Let it alone,
And do the murder first: in such a night,
From such a town he'll fill our chase with
pleasures.

Make us strange stuff,
The flat and gentle moon.—Midsummer's night,
Is not like that night! Now is the winter under
the belt, now, jealousy, you are like in time your
hair, and beauty is a half parched.

Fare the sea! We shall fly by land and level,
And like your ghost.

So I thank thee for that too; here's our
command here; 'twill shall not go unremembered, while
I am king of this world. Stand by fire and ice,
And like a gentle path of peace; there's another
certain tree.

There is no moon, come, put some light upon your
friends, and away with the rest.

God! I will have some men: we shall leave our
son.

And all be turned to baskets, so to save
With whatsoever remaineth now.

Fare thee well! I thank thee for that too.

And yet, and then.

A noise of Monsters heard. Enter twelve Spirits
in shape of serpents, and many more about them.

Pr. You see, you see,
Are you sure of it, sure?
Pr. They are, and sure, and sure.

Pr. P'r'ly, P'r'ly, there is no answer,
And they answer; there is no answer, and they answer.

This is very strange,
Go, gather my confederates that they grist their
joints with dry wheat, and make them dry, and
make, and more and more, and much more;
That well, and out of mountains.

Art. Pray, let them be hanged presently; At that hour
I am at my mercy, I must now have
And, shall all my hopes end, and shall
Have the air at freedom; for a little.

Farewell, and do me honour.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the Call of Prospero.

Enter Prospero, his magic rolls, and Ariel.

Pr. Now does the gentle wind gather to a breath!
My charms are now no more: my spirits are
and time
Is gone; the moon is up, the stars are
And the charm, which, when the weather's
So strong, is made for all your views. The king,
The weather is now, where all those distracted;
And they resemble murdered over them,
Some call of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Here's that served the old Lord, Gonzalo.

Here's one, and here's two, and here's three:
That if you were both dead, your affections

Pr. Yes.

Pr. That they think so, sir?—

Pr. Minions, sir, where are I? A place.

And mine shall.

Fare the sea, and like your ghost.

Thus with their high wrongs I am struck to
The quick.

Yet, with my mother reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the very action is
Ininstinct than in vengeance; they being preamble,
The self-drive of my purpose doth extend
Not a brow furrowed: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

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

Pr. Ah! poor little, brave, standing islands,
Sorrows.

And ye, that we the sands with printless foot
Do change the shining Neptune; and stare by him
When he comes back; you deny your puppets, that
By moonshine the green-some ringlets make,
Wherewith the sea, not times; and you, whose
Pastor
To make midnight-mansions; that resists
To keep the solemn courtery; for whose aid
(Who's masters though you be) I have been damned.
The moon-side man, and did't forth the solemn
winds
And twist the green sea and the earth's vault.
Set roaring war; to the dread settling thunders
Have I given fire, and the printed love's sweet
With his own bolt, the strong-look'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pushed:
The plain and sea;—graves, at my command,
Have wept their sleepers; op'd and let them forth,
By my most potent art! But this rough magick
I here adjure: and, when I have required
Some hourly power from you (which now I do,) To
Work, and upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, 'twill break my steel,
Bury, certain fancies in the earth,
And, deeper than his bed ever phantoms send,
I'll drown his book. [Solemn music.
Re-enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with a front;
Governor, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian, and Antonio in the manner, attended by Adrian
and Francisco. They all enter the circle
Where Prospero had made, and there absented
charms; which Prospero observing, spake.

A solemn air, and the best comforts.
To an apostled fancy, pure thy brain.
Now, wise, wise, to order all well! Stand
For you are spell-pow'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes are even sensible to the show of things,
Fell, fell, fell,—The charm did Gosse pace;
And as the morning rested upon the night,
Netting and taming seeming
Begin to chase the ignorant forms that macle
Their clearer reason.—O very good Gonzalo,
My eyes preserved, and a loyal air.
To him then follow'st; I will pay thy grace
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter;
Thy brother was a furthermore in the act,
Thou, perhaps, didn't know, Sebastian.—Flesh
And blood,
You brother mine, that containedst ambition,
Over'd, and hurst, and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward phantoms therefore are most strong). Would you have kill'd thy king; do I forgive

Unnatural though thou art?—Their understandable

Begin to sow; and the appreciating this
Will shortly yield the stores. Thou now thy food and
And the one of these, that yet looks on me, would know me,—

Ari. Let me have that hast and sper in my sail.
[Exit Ariel.

[Enter Antonio, and myself present.
As I was sometimes Milan—quickly sport;

'Thou shalt be long be free.
TEMPEST.

Act V.

As I.V.

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

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I; In a covetous bed I lie; There I cough when oxen doe cry. On the sly do I die. After summer, merrily, Merrily, merrily, shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so— To the king's ship, invisible as art: There shall thou find the mariners asleep Under the hatchets; the master, and the boat again. Being awake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return Or s'ee your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel. Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement inhabits here: Some heavenly power guides us Out of this fearful country.

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

Alon. Wher' thou best be, or no. Or ever sight an enchantress to amuse me. As late I have been, I know not: thy Beasts, as of flesh and blood: and, since I saw them, The addition of my mind amends, with which I fear, a madness held me: this must crave (An if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy design is past: and I retract. Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero be living, and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, Let me embrace thee: when whose honour cannot Be measured, or confined.

Gen. Whether this be, Or be not, I'll not swear. You do yet taste Some subtilties o' the land, that will not let you believe things certain:—Welcome, my dear friends.

But you, my brave lords, were I so minded, I would have you wait; but here your highness his Highness' grace upon you. And justify you tradesmen: at this time I'll tell no tales.

Sob. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.

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

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

Pros. [Aside.] I am woeful, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience says, it is past cure. I rather think, Thou hast not sought her help; of whose soft bosom For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss? Pros. As great to me, as late; and portable To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker Than you may call to comfort you; for I Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter? O heavens! that they were living both in Naples. The king and queen there! that they were, I wish Myself were maddened in that sorry bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords At this encounter do so much admire, That they devour their reason; and scarce think Their eyes do officers of truth, their words Are natural breath; but, however you have Been justly taught from your senses, know for certain, That I am Prospero, and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely Upon this shore where you were wreck'd, was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this: For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

Beftitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; This cell's my court; here have I few attendants, And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in. My dukedom, since you have given me again, I will require you with as good a thing; At least, bring forth a wonder, to contest ye, As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell open, and discover Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

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

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

Sob. A most high miracle?

Pros. Though the sea threatens, they are come I have cured them without cause.

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

Mir. O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in it! All—Pros. Hic now to these. Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Sob. Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours: Is she the goddess that hath never'd us, And brought us thus together?

Pros. Sir, she's mortal;

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

Alon. I am here!

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

Sob. There, sir, stop Let us not burden our remembrance With heaviness that's gone.

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

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo
Cal. O Sforza, these be to be spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid he will dose me.

Sub. He feels it! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them? I think, very likely; one of them is a plain fish, and, no doubt, wearable.

Proc. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords. Then say, if they be true—This mis-shapen horse, his mother was a witch; and one so strong that could control our queen, makes dukes and earls.

And deck in her command, without fear power: These three have robbed me; and this devil (For he's a bastard one) and placed them with them. To take my life: two of these follow you. Must know, and own; the thing of darkness I acknowledge more.

Sic. I shall be pinched to death. Alas. In cut, nay, Stephano, my drunken better! Sic. He is drunk now; Where has he gone! Alas. And Trinculo is rolling tops! Whares shall they find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—How can't thou in this pickles.

Proc. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that I have never been out of my house: I shall not hear by-slowing.

Sub. Why, how now, Stephano? Sic. O, touch me not; I am as Stephano, but a cramp.

Proc. You'll be king of the land, sir? There should you have been a sure one then. Alas. This is an exact thing as ever I looked'd. Proc. He is as disposed o' his manners, as in his shape—go, sirrah, to my cell. Take with you your companions, as you look to have my pardon, trust him handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, and seek for grace. What a twits double ear was I, to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this droll fool.

Proc. Go to; awry! Alas. Hence, and hastow your huge's ere where you found it. Sic. Or else it is rather.

[Enter Cal. Steph. and Trin.]

Proc. Sir, I invite your brightness, and your train, To my cell; now you shall take your rest.

Sub. And get it, Sir; for this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste With such discourse, as I do doubt, shall make it so quick away: the story of my life, And the particular accidents, go by, Since I came to this isle; and in the more, I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the mirth Of those our dear helms o' seamen; And thence returns me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alas. I long to hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Proc. I'll deliver all; And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And safe in expediencies, that shall catch Your royal feet far off.—My Astolphe—chick— That is thy charge: then to the elements Be free, and fare thee well!—[Aside. Proc. You draw near.]

EPilogue.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'ershown, And what strength I have mine own, Which in our island was, I, true, I must be here confidant by you.
THE TEMPEST.

THE TEMPEST.

Act V

Or sent to Naples: Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this harsh world, by your spell; But release me from my bands, With the help of your good hands. Gentles, my life's at your wills, Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please: now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is obscure, Unless I be reliev'd by prayer; Which please so much, that it assuages Mercy itself, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, Gentleman of Verona.

PROTEUS, Antiquary, Father to Proteus.

THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.

ELIZABETH, maid for Silvia in her absence.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontier of Mantua.

ACT I

SCENE I. An open Place in Verona.

Val. Come to persuade, my loving Proteus; Home keeping youth have ever wormly wits; Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would eschew thine company, To see the wonders of the world abroad. Thou livest ever as a herald at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein. Even as I would, when I love begin.

Val. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, meet Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me parted in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy absence, ever remain at home. Commend thy reverence to my holy prayers, For when I am absent, I leave thee, Valentine. And on a love-book pray for my success. Pro. I'pon some book I love, I'll pray for thee. Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love; For he was more than over shoes in love. Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love, And yet you never swarm the Hellespont. Pro. Over the boots I say, give me not the boots. Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not. Pro. What? Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans; Coys looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth. With a thousand wistful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, then a grievous labour won; Howe'er, a most lovely comfort with, Or else a wit by folly vanquished. Pro. No, by your circumstances, you call me fool. Val. So, by your circumstances, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love. Val. Love is your master, for he masters you; And that he loves you by a soft, Methinks should not be stigmatised for vice.

Pro. Yet writers say; As in the sweetest bud The eating cancer doth, so eating love Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And written is the most forward heart In eaten by the canker ere it blow. Even so by Love; the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing his honour in the prime; and all the fair effects of future hopes. But whereas I have time to counsel thee, That art a votary to fond desires? Once more adieu: my father at the road. Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; let us take some leave.

To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, Of thy success in love, and what news also Bedeck'd here in absence of thy friend;And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness becometh thee in Milan; Val. As much to you at home I and farewell. [Exeunt Val. and Proteus.

Pro. He after honour haunt'd, I after love. He leaves his friends, to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. Thus, Julia, thou must bear the morrow's part; Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with good counsel, set the world at naught; Made wit with wasting weak, heart sick with thought.}

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master? Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan. Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipped already. And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him. Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, As if the shepherd be a while away. Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep? Pro. I do. Speed. Why then, my kinsman off his horse whether I wake or sleep. Speed. A silly answer, and fiddling well a sheep. Speed. This proves me still a sheep. Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd. Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. Pro. I shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another. Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; then
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Luc. Thy master, thy master for a
not more; therefore thou art a

Jul. Another proof will make me cry
at thee; my heart's abiding my letter

Luc. Sir; I, a lost matter, gave your
a lace'd mutton; and she, a lace'd
me, a lost matter; nothing for my

Jul. Too small a pasture for such a store
as ground be overcharged, you were

Luc. That you are satry; I were best
y, sir, less than a pound shall serve
ring your letter

Jul. I am a pound to a pin; fold it over
or, too little for carrying a letter to you:
that said she? did she nod?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast
avay.

Jul. Why, be of all the rest hath never mov'd
me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves
ye

Jul. His mind, his little speaking shows his love but
small.

Luc. Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their
love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,
from Proteus;

Jul. He would have given it you, but I, being in the
way,

Did not know him receive it; pardon the fault,
I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a godly breaker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or she return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for hate deserves more feit than
hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet, I would, I had overlook'd the
letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fruit for which I chid her.

Jul. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!

Some maid, in modesty, say No, to that
What they would have the professor construe.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Jul. Is it near dinner time?
Luc. I would it were:
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your mind.
Jul. What's that you took up
In so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Thou let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by your tune, so may be possible
Best sing it to the tune of Light o'love.
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy then let it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song—How now, m'lady, what will you sing it?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.
Jul. And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. It is too minims, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.
And mar the concord with too harsh a descent:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

| Tears the letter. |

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingered them, to angered me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be

Be so angered with another letter.

Jul. Nay, 'would I were so angered with the
O hateful hands, to touch such loving words.
Injurious whispers I fed on such sweet honey,
And kindled there, which yielded it, with your songs:
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is write—End Julia—untitled Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trumpeting contumeliously on thy disdain.
Look, here is write—Howe wounded Proteus;—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed.
Shall judge thee, till thy wounded be thoroughly heald;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twerse, or throw, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, how doth not a word away.
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throws me into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor form'd Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
His curiosity to his complaining names:
These shall I fold from one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dish is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let me go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tall-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. But, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what nights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wish.
Jul. Come, come, will pleas you go?

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

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what and talk was the
Wherewith my brother held you in the saloon.

Panth. 'Twas of his nephew, Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?

Panth. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek renown and state:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the courts of princes and great universities:
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son was most;
And did require it, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impiachment to his age,
In having known no traffic in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Wherefor this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tut'd in the world;
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were best I send him?

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

Panth. To good purpose, I think, your lordship and
him thither:
There shall be practice till and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourses, and be made with nobleness;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I will by counsel: well hast thou advised:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the sportive expedition,
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

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

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Soft hear! soft lines! soft lines! soft life!
Here is her hand, the solem of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pour:
O, that our fathers would have said love,
To seal our happiness with their consent!

Panth. O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. 'Tis not your lordship, 'tis a word or two.

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes.
ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir, you have been very civil in your letters to me, and I have been very honest in my services.

Speed. Why then, are you not satisfied with your wages?

Val. I am satisfied with my wages; but I am not satisfied with your words. I have not been paid my wages, and I will not work for you any longer.

Speed. Sir, I have been very civil to you, and you have been very honest in your services.

Val. I will not work for you any longer; I have not been paid my wages, and I will not work for you any longer.

Valentine and Speed exit.

ACT III.

SCENE II.硅Silvia's. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir, you have been very civil in your letters to me, and I have been very honest in my services.

Speed. Why then, are you not satisfied with your wages?

Val. I am satisfied with my wages; but I am not satisfied with your words. I have not been paid my wages, and I will not work for you any longer.

Speed. Sir, I have been very civil to you, and you have been very honest in your services.

Val. I will not work for you any longer; I have not been paid my wages, and I will not work for you any longer.

Valentine and Speed exit.
Tempest.

Pro. In this last tempest, I perceive, these have
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
That they do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most

Pro. In such a tempest, you were so much

Pro. I drink the air before I return
Or o'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Pro. All torment, trouble, woe, and manage-
ment

Pro. The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero;

Pro. Behold, sir king,

Pro. The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero;

Pro. What is this? And if these be

Pro. You do yet taste

Pro. But you, my brave lords, were so minded,

Pro. I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,

Pro. I'll tell no tales.

Pro. But O, how oddly will it sound, that I

Pro. That is the goddess that hath sever'd us,

Pro. For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,

Pro. You are the like loss.

Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable

Pro. May, Amen, Gonzalo
ACT I.

Scene I. Milan; before Caliban's house.

Caliban. O Sethos, these be our spirits, indeed! How fine my manner is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seth. He, he!

Caliban. What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them?—

Ant. Very like; one of them is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lord.

Caliban. Then say, if they be true—This misshapen fellow

Ant. His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make floods and ebbes

And deal in her command, without her power: These three have ruff'd me; and this demi-devil (For he's a hereditary) and planted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I acknowledge mid.

Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Ant. Is not this Stephano, my drunken buffer? Seth. He is drunk now: Where had he the wine?

Caliban. And Trinculo is reeling rope? Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd them? How can't I think in such a jumble?

Trinc. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will serve me out of my box: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seth. We shall now know, 

Pro. Ste. Oh, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a crane.

Caliban. You're king of the Isle, sirrah? Ste. I should have been so, my lord:

Pro. He is a usurper in his manner, As in his shape—two, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, turn it voluntarily.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be sworn hereafter, And seek for grace: What a thrice double sea Was I, to take this drunken fool a jail, And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away! 

Caliban. Be wise, and borrow your loggiers where you find it.

Seth. Or else he, perchance, shall perish.

[Exit Caliban. Ste. and Trinc. Enter Sir. with his highness, and your train.

Pro. Sir, raise your highness, and your train.

Sir. To every man to his trade, and every trade to its task For the present night; which (part of it) I'll waste With such discourse, as I do not doubt, shall make It go quite away: the story of my life, And the particular accidents, gone by, Since I came to this seat; and in the mean, I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the mangoes Of these new-born blessings; trimm'd and dress'd; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Enter. A long time to hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm fear, auspicious gales, And still so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal feet far as—My Ariel, chieft—

That is thy charge; then to the elements Be free, and fear them well!—

[Exit.

EPilogue.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have mine own, Which is most strong, and most correct, I must be hers confidant by you,

2°
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V

Which was to please: now I want
Surnis to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer.
Which prayers so, they have
Mercy, at last, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes worst pernicious be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE. Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS. Gentlemen of Verona.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a fool; friend to Valentine.
BULGARUS, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a chamber servant to Valentine.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the borders of Mantua.

ACT I

SCENE I. An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Come to persuade, my loving Proteus; hence your losing youth have ever homely wise: We'll not, affection chains thy tender days To the sweet graces of thy honoured love, I restitute the casket to the company. To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than living daily sluggardish at home, Want out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,

Even as I would, when I do love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou, happily, wast Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Whom partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,

Commit thy grace to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy headman, Valentine.

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

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,

How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;

For he was more than ever she was in love. Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,

And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the books.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. Why?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

By looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If happy won, then consider; if lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

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

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you carry at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you.

And he is so yoked by a fool,

Must think he is excelled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say: As in the sweetest land

Inhabits in the finest win of all.

Pro. And writers say, 'tis the most forward bed Is eaten by the casket ere it blow,

Even so by Love the young and tender wit Is turned to folly: blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore wants I time to counsel thee,

That art a wanty youth to form desires.

Once more again: my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thecher will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, yes; now let us take one leave.

To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betide thee in absence of thy friend,

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness beconce to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and an farewell!

[Exit Valentine.

Pro. He after honour bents, I after love.

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast transmargorhied me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at naught:

Maid by wit with meaning weak, heart sech with thought.

[Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. No, nor he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already.

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

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,

If the shepherd be a wise boy.

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

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horne – his horns – the wise 

Or, a silly answer, and filling well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I cannot by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The sheep seeks the sheep, and not the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am

No sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the sheep for food follows not the sheep; then
That every day with parole encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthless lives?
Luc. Please you, repeat four names, I'll show them.
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Egdon?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine:
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercator?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, no, no.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Prosper?
Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns at his
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Paragon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame.
That I, unworthy lady as I am,
Should converse thus on lovely gentlemens.
Jul. Why not on Prosper, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason.
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never seen me.
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves me.
Jul. He a little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fires, that's easiest kept, burns most of all.
They do not love much that do not show their love.
Luc. O, you love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. To Juliet. Say, from whom?
Luc. That the presents will show.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and me, I think,
From Prosper:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way.
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To pleas for love deserves more fees than love.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.
Jul. And yet, I would, I had o'erread the letter.
I were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I bid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since made, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they would have the profound cavils,
Ay. Pie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a tame harte, will scratch the more,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?
How shameful I said Lucrezia hence!
When willingly I would have had her here!
How sugarly I taught her how to brown!
When in desire joy was in every heart to smile
My person is, to call Lucrezia back,
And ask remissions for my folly past —
What to? Lucetta?
Re-enter Lucetta.
Luc. What would your ladyship?
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II.

Luc. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were:

That you might kill your stomachs on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Luc. What you took up

So cleverly?

Luc. Why did they stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Luc. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

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

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Luc. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune;

Give me a note: your ladyship can set

As little by such toys as may be possible.

Luc. Best sing it to the tune of Light of love.

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

Luc. Why, it wants being it hath some sense taken.

Luc. Ay, and mellions were it, would you sing it?

Luc. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Luc. Let's see your song again:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.

Luc. And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Luc. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Luc. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, you now are too flat.

And mar the concert with too harsh a descent.

There wanting but a mean to fill the song.

The mean is drown'd with your saucy base.

Luc. What mean, I bid the base for Proteus.

Luc. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here's a song with protestation!—[Tears the letter.]

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

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd.

To be so anger'd with another letter.—[Exit.]

Luc. Nay, would I, I were so anger'd with the oathful bands, to tear such loving words! Injuries asp mange to feed on such sweet honey.

And like the bees, which yield it with your wings.

I'll kiss each several paper for amount.

And here is writ,—find Julia,—find Julia! As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is write,—the wounded Proteus;

Poor wounded name my bosom, as a bed.

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd; and thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twicer, or thrice, was Proteus written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a woe away.

Ful I have found each letter in the letter,

Except thy own name; that some whirlwind bear.

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And there it this, into the raging sea!—

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor form'd Proteus, passion'd Proteus,

To the sweet Julia,—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, so stithy pretty

He couples it to his complaining names:

May I will it here?

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam.

Ding is ready, and your father stays.

Luc. Well, let us go.

Luc. What shall these papers be in till-tales here?—

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

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

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

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see.

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?—[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Pandaro.

Ant. Tell me, Pandaro, what sad talk was the While with my brother held you in the cloister.

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew, Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wondered, that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at home; While other men, of slender reputation, Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:— Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there; Some, to discover islands far away; Some, to the studies of the universities. For any, or for all these exercises, He said, that Proteus, your son was meet; And did request me, to importune you, To let him spend his time no more at home, Which would be great impeachment to his age, And other men no trust or hope in his youth.

Ant. Nor needst thou much importune me to that Wherein this month I have been hammering. I have consider'd well his loss of time; And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world; Experience is by industry achiev'd, And perfected by the swift course of time:— Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?—

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

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.

There shall he practise arts and tournaments, Hear set discourse, converse with noblemen; And he is eye of every exercise, Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like my counsel: well hast thou advised, And, that thou mayst perceivest how well I like it, The execution of it shall make known; Even with the speediest expedition I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso.

With other gentle men of good esteem, Are journeying to salute the emperor, And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go.

And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! Here is her hand, the agent of her heart: Here is her oath for love, her honour's paws: 0, that our fathers would applaud our loves, To seal our happiness with their consents! O heavenly Julia!—

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. My lord! please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine, Deliv'red by a friend that comes from him.

Ant. Let me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes

...
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

[Scene I. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir, your glove.

Spe. Why then this may be yours, for this is

Val. No, sir, no; give me, sir, mine—

Spe. A present from the fair Adriana? Ah, sweet lady! madam Adrianna! She is not within hearing.

Val. Have you seen, sir?—or she call you?

Spe. Yes, yes, she call you;

Val. Well, you'll all be happy, I hope.

Spe. Was she not last staid for being too

Val. Too, sir, too; tell me, do you know madam Adrianna?

Spe. She is a most worshipful lady,

Val. You know, then, you that I am in love.

Spe. Yes, madam, by those special marks: First, you have learned like the Proteus, to wreak your anger like a madam's:—

Val. Speed. How long have you known you that I am in love?

Spe. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,

Val. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,

Spe. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,

Val. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,

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Spe. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,

Val. Speed. She is a most worshipful lady,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act II.

Scene I.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have; silence, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not you will return the sooner:

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

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

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; and when that hour o'er-slip me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake.

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Warrant me for my love's forgetfulness.

My father says my coming: answer not:

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears:

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[Exit Julia.

Jul. farewell. What! gone without a word! Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

[Exit Proteus.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd.

Pro. Go, I come; [Exit Proteus.

Pant. Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.
The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Ladies have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigal son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the roughest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father walking, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her bands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this crusty beast a shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a few would have set it to have our parting: why, wept to our parting; why should madam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind, as my mother doth, now you show you the matter of it; this shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother:—may, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the warmer sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; this my father:—meanwhile un' the tis; now, sir, this staff is my sister; for lack you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a want: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog:—no, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O that she could speak now!) like a wood woman,—well, I kiss her:—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's break up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the woman she makes: now the dog all this while doth not a tear, nor speak a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Pansino.

Pant. Launce, away, away, abroad; thy master is stopped, and thou art to post post after with her; What's the matter? why weeps this man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you spare any longer.

Laun. 'Tis no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unloudest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pans. What's the unloudest ty'd?

Laun. Why, he's the ty'd here; Crab, my dog.
Scribe IV.

M. M. A flower in the Duke's walk.

Enter Valentine, Silvio, Thibio, and Speto.

Sil. Serenad—

Val. Marici! 

Spt. Thibio! sil Thibio, bueno se que you.

Val. Ay, hey, it's fierce love.

Sil. Not of you.

Spt. Thibio, bueno se que you.

Val. There, good, you knocked him.

Sil. Serenad, you are and.

Val. And, I swear no.

Sil. Then you that you are not.

Val. Happy, I do.

Spt. Here, here.

Sil. What happen of the company?

Val. Your folly.

Spt. What make you my folly?

Val. I promise it in your honor.

Sil. My, your folly, I'll double it.

Spt. Here?

Val. What, angry, sir Thibio? do you change count?

Spt. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of
tuck; then I must wash your head.

Val. That had more mind to feed on your

Spt. What say the word, sir; you are the
gentleman.

Val. I was, a true valley of words, gentleman, and

Spt. The inadverb, madam; as we think the giver.

Val. Is that sir, servant?

Spt. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the
ever, Thibio, bewares, but with from your in-

Val. How can he be so blind and,

Spt. Then, sir, you speak word be word with me,

Val. I know it, sir; you have an ex-

Spt. Then, sir, you are the best of words, and, I think, in other
to give your followers; for it appears by their

Val. What say you to a letter from your friends

Spt. My lady, I am thankful

Val. Don Antonio, your com-

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

Spt. What say you to a letter from your friends

Val. Thibio, you know him well?

Spt. I know him as myself; far from one in-

We have our own, and spent our hours together.

Spt. As well as myself, there has been an idle truant,

Val. And though myself have been an idle truant,

Spt. To clothe mine eye with angel-like pre

Val. Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Spt. His years but young, but his experience old:

Val. His heart among us, but his judgment ripe;

Spt. And in a word, for far behind his worth

Val. Come all the process that I now bestow,

Spt. He is complete in found, and

Val. With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Spt. Behoove you, sir, but he make this holy.

Val. He is as worthy for an emperor's love,

Spt. As well as to be an emperor's councillor.

Val. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,

Spt. With commendation from great potentates;

Val. And here he means to spend his time a while:

Spt. I think, it's no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been his.

Spt. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Val. Rrzza, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thibio—

Spt. For Valentine, I need not 'tide him to it.

Val. I'll send him forth to you presently. | Exit Duke.

Spt. This is the gentleman, I told your lady

Val. Had come along with me, but that his mistress

Spt. Did hold his eyes lookup'd in her crystal locks.

Val. Behold, that mischiefs'd them.

Spt. Upon some other paws for faulty.

Val. Nay, sir, I think, she holds them pricier.

Spt. Nay, then he be about the mist and, being

Spt. How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Who, lady, love hath no eyes to see, no.

Spt. They say, that love hath not eyes at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thibio, as yourself;

Spt. Upon a lovely eye, love can wait.

Enter Proteus.

Val. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Spt. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I be-

Spt. Confess his welcome with some special favour.

Val. His worth is warrant for his welcome bly-

Spt. If that be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, I let sweet lady, entertain him

Spt. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Val. No, sweet lady, but too mean a servant.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability—

Spt. Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pry. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Val. That you are welcome.

Pry. That you are worthy.

Enter Servant.

Spt. Madam, my lord your father would speak with

Val. I'll wait upon his pleasure. | Exit Serv.

Spt. Sir Thibio.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II.

Go with me!—Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. Well despatched, and so upon your ladyship. 

[Exit Serv. Thane, Threo, and Speed.]

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

Pro. Your friends are well, and have these much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrive your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, true; but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have vanquish'd me
With bitter-fast, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chez'd sleep from my enraptured eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And has so humbled me, as I must confess,
There is no woe to his correction.

Nor, to his service, so much joy on earth!
Now, so discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very named sake of love.

Pro. Enough! I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the kind that you worship'd?

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

Pro. No; but she's an earthly seraphin.

Val. Call her divinities.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delighteth in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divinities,
Yet let her be a principality;
Soveraigne to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except you.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. His relation to reason misown mine own.

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,—

To mine own self a train; last the base earth;
Should from her virtue chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Dread in to root the summer-scenting lover,
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what beggarism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing.
To her, whose worth makes other worthes nothing—
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl;
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her alone; and I must starve,
For love, thou know'st it, full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

For, more, our marriage is betroth'd.

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
And make her lover; and all the means plotted; and great trust, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before: I shall inquire you forth;
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessary that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Val.

Even no one beat another best expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mind, or Valentine's praise,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is change'd;
Which, like a waxen image gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much!
And that's the reason I love him so little,
How shall I doze on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that had dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfec'ions,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not; to compass her I'll use my skill.

SECOND SCENE. The same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launcelot.

Speed. Launcelot! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forever not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never endone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shet be paid, and the houseman say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap. I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shelt of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how didst thy master part with many a lira?

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

Speed. Shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. What are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou dost not?

My staff understands me.

Speed. What say they say'st?

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

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, wilt'lt be a match?

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

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. You shall never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launcelot, how sayst thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. A notable lover, as thou reportest him to be.
Scene VII.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food!

Fri. fly the death that I have pined in.

Jul. You laugh at that, sir, for you are young a time.

Fri. Didst thou but know the only touch of love,

Jul. Then wouldst as soon go kneel before the moon,

Fri. And seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Jul. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;

Fri. But quaff the fire's blood with a kindly wish.

Jul. It should burn above the bounds of reason.

Fri. The more than can't at it, the more it burns.

Jul. The current that with gentle murmurs glides,

Fri. Know'st what being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage.

Jul. But, when his fair course is not hindered,

Fri. He makes sweet music with the 'smallest stones,

Jul. Giving a gentle kiss to every thing.

Fri. He overtook in his pilgrimage;

Jul. And so by many winding crooks he strays,

Fri. With wonting sport to the wild oceans.

Jul. Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

Fri. I'll be so patient as a gentle stream,

Jul. And make a pasture for this fish.

Fri. Till the last step have brought me to my love;

Jul. And there I'll rest, as, after much toil,

Fri. A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Jul. But in what habitation will you go along?

Fri. As like a woman; for I would present

Jul. The loose encounters of lascivious men.

Fri. Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

Jul. As may conceal my eyes.

Fri. Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll kept it up in silken strings,

Fri. With twenty odd-coctiled true-love knots:

Jul. To be fantastic may become a youth.

Fri. A greater time than I shall show to be.

Jul. Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your broideries?

Jul. That fits as well as—tell me, good my lord,

Fri. What compass will you wear your forthingals in?


Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. But out, Lucetta; that shall beill-favord.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin.

Jul. Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou love me, let me have

Luc. What thou thinkst at meet, and is most meaneest;

Jul. But tell me, wench, how will the world reput me?

Luc. For understaking so unsaid a journey?

Jul. Fear me, it will make me scandalous.

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

Jul. Luc. Nay, that I will not.

Jul. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

Jul. If Proteus like your journey, when you come.

Luc. No matter who's displeased, when you are gone:

Jul. I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Luc. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

Jul. A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

Luc. And instead of infamy.

Jul. Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. Lucetta, all these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Bassius, with so much effect!

Luc. But true stars did govern Proteus' birth;

Jul. His words are bonds, his oaths are curses;

Luc. His love as strong, his hate as weak as suddenly;

Jul. His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

Luc. He's as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Jul. Luc. For heaven, he prove so, when you come to him?

Jul. Luc. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong.

Jul. To bear a hard opinion of his truth;

Luc. Only deserve my love, by loving him; and present him with love to my chamber.

Jul. To take a note of what I stand in need of.
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Or, in the least, destroy me hence;
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of your tardiness.

[Exit.

ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

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

[Exit Thurio.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours,
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which so unworthy goodly words would draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
That night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her,
On whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she be thus stolen away from you,
She could be more vexation to your age.
Thou, for thy duty's sake, I rather choose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Then, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprepared, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for these honest cares;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpocr'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous son might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
I charg'd you to persuade me to this,
And to perceive my fear of this.
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And sen's she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a
How her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

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

[Exit.

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A grove without the city.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Doth it much import?
Val. The tender of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.
But, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

Duke. This is not known to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to thy daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Becoming such a wife as your fair daughter;
Cannot thy grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is per名额, milen, freed,
Fond, dissolute, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remainder of mine age
Should have been cheer'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dower;
For me and my possessions she returns not.
Val. What would your grace have me do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and cold
And sought esteem's my agent eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tower,
(For long a while I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To bring her thither, and to make her mine.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not these;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorrs what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For, once at first makes her love the more.
If she do freeze, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to get more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For, why the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no refusal, whatever she doth say:
For, though she say she doth not mean it away;
Plaiter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces,
Though 'ere so black, say, they have angles.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no mazz.
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
But, sir, I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severly from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and says keep safe;
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What bates, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is a loft, far from the ground;
And built as shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder passively made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring books,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. What would you have I do; pray, do call me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That loves for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll give you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hast thee; I will go to her alone;
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

How shall I best convey the letter this day?  
For, it will be light, lest you may be mistaken.

Under a cloak that is of any length.
Make it thinner as you draw near the house.

Pro. Ay, by my good lord.

Pro. Stand, then, away on the clock;  
And see you not of the clock:

Pro. Why, any clock will serve the turn, my lord.

Pro. If you shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

[Trumpet.]

Pro. Pray dier, let me feel the clock upon me.

What better is this way? What have I done?—To Silvia!

And know an engine fit for my present need.

To be such a mentor to a placid soul. [Exeunt Proserpine, et all the servants.]

My looks? To heaven!—To heaven!—And to Silvia!

Silvia, I am yours. I will enfranchise thee!  
To make thee, lady, the properer for the purpose.

Whom, Proserpine, art Marcy's own?

I will then assure in such the heavenly car.

And if mine estate be such that they shine to the highest degree.

And if my presence, more than my desert,

How, but in danger in my territories.

What else their time to leave our royal court.

And my voice shall for exceed the love

For all the pains, such as theirs, to bear them.

For all that, I will not keep the vain excuse,

For they have not yet life, made speed from hence.

That, as amiss, it is a death, rather than dying there.

To be thus bounded from myself.

And Silvia is myself; banished from her,

And that light in light, of Silvia be not seen.

Not hear of Silvia be not by me.

Not hear of Silvia in the silent night.

But as a sense to think that she is by,

Or be in these words of perfection,

That she be not by my fair face.

But, for I am, they kept alive.

In deadly doors; I fear to be thus

But, by I present, fly away from life.

Exeunt Proserpine and Lucycs.

Pro. How, near, you, man, and seek him out.

Pro. What went there?  

Pro. Hence! How we go in Silvia; there's not a hair

Pro. Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Pro. Valentine?

Pro. Neither.

Pro. What then?  

Pro. Nothing.

Lucy. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?  

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?  

Pro. Valentine.

Pro. Villain, hence.

Lucy. Way, sir, will strike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Strike, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Lucy. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possession.

Pro. Then, in such silence, will I take my time,

For they are hard, ungainly, and bad.

Pro. Is Silvia dead?  

Pro. No, Valentine.

Pro. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia—

Hath she forewarned me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Pro. No Valentine, if Silvia have forewarned me.

What is your news?  

Lucy. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banished.

Pro. Then the king is dead, O, what a news:  

From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Pro. O, I have fed upon the sore already.

And now excess of it will make me severe.

Both Silvia know that I am banished.  

Pro. And, sir, a prisoner, to the dooms.

(Whose, unworthy, stands in effectual force.)

A sea of nothing, which some call tears.

That nobler sorrows from his heart to his head;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;

Wringing hands, whose whiteness to thee became black.

As it is now they waxed pale for joy,

But neither boundless, pure hands held up.

Sun, shade, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her compassionate sore.

But Valentine, if he be in the palace,

Besides, her interest, she'd had him so

When she for thy repeal was supplicating,

To thee to whose face he was commended;

With many bitter threats of finding there.

Pro. No more; unless the next word that speakst.

Have some malignant pow'r upon my life;

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As exciting anthem of my endless dolors.

Pro. Come to lament for that thou canst not help.

And story help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Heap if thou stay, thou cannot not use thy love;

Reads, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And prosper it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though they be hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd;

Ever in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, after I part with thee, content at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs:

As thou lov'st Silvia, not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Pro. I pray thee, Lucycs, so at thine own risk.

But him take haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, speedy, and him out, Come, Valentine.

Pro. O my dear Silvia! hence, Valentine!—

[Exit Valentine and Proserpine.

Lucy. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he but one have.

The lives prov'd, that knows me to be to love: yet

I am in love; but a team of horse shall not
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  Act III.

Speed. How now, signior Lovegrove! What news with your mastership?

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

Speed. Well, your old vice still, mistake the word.

What news then in your paper?

Lovegrove. This blackest news that ever thou hearest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Lovegrove. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Lovegrove. Fix on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Lovegrove. I will try thee; Tell me this: Who beareth these letters?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Lovegrove. What is the letter? It was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

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

Lovegrove. There: and saint Nicholas be thy speed! Speed. Imprimis, She can milk.

Lovegrove. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Icen. She brews good ale.

Lovegrove. And therefore comest thou, blessing thy heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item. She can sew.

Lovegrove. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item. She can spin.

Lovegrove. What need a man care for a stock with a wrench, when she can knit him a stocking?

Speed. Item. She can cook and scream.

Lovegrove. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and secured.

Speed. Item. She can spin.

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

Speed. Item. She hath many nameless virtues.

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

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Lovegrove. How's that? I am out of the bank of her virtues.

Speed. Item. She is not to be blessed fasting, in respect of her breath.

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

Speed. Item. She's a sweet mouth.

Lovegrove. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item. She doth talk in her sleep.

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

Speed. Item. She is slow in words.

Lovegrove. Of that forget it, that set this down among her virtues! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with it; and place it for haste.

Speed. Item. She is proud.

Lovegrove. Out with that too, it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be isen from her.

Speed. Item. She hath no teeth.

Lovegrove. I care not for that neither, because I love her teeth.

Speed. Item. She doth curse.

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

Speed. Item. She will often prove her lipser.

Lovegrove. More figure be good, but, if this will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item. She is too liberal.

Lovegrove. Of her tears, I ween not; for that she writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may: and therefore help. Well, proceed.

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

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

Speed. Item. She hath more hair than wit:—

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

Speed. And more faults than hair:—

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

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Lovegrove. What, that same makes the faults gracious? Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

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

Speed. For me?

Lovegrove. For thee I say: who art thou? he hath said for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Lovegrove. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce save the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'tis not

Lovegrove. of your love-leters!—[Exit.]

Now will he be engaged for reading my letter: An unnamable slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll alter, to rejoice in the boy's correction.——

SCENE II.

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

Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will give thee welcome.

Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thurio. Since his exile, she has despised me most, Forsworn my company, and railed at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This week impress of love is as a figure Trench'd in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Thurio. A little time will meet her frozen thoughts, And worthier Valentine shall be forget.——

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to your proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my goodlord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

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

Duke. So I believe: but Thurio thinks not so.—

Pro. The good concert I held of thee, (For thou hast shown some signs of good desert,) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. Art thou not ignorant, how she opposes her against my will.

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

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget? Love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?——

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardly, and now decent; Three things that women highly hold in hate.
SCENE II.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
Under his own semblance, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander
him.

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

Duke. Where your good word cannot advan-
tag him,
Your slander never can endanger him;
Therefore the office is unfair.
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed, my lord; if I can do
it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispaise,
Nor shall I lose my courteous love to him.
But, my lord, this wood her love from Valentine,
It follows that she is still on Sir Thurio
Therefore, as you unweird her love from him,
Let it not stray, and be good to none,
You must proceed in better is on me;
Which must be done, by praissing me as much
As you are worth dispersing Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we shall treasure you in this
kind:
Because we know, on Valentine's report
You are a valiantly free voyer,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon that warrant shall you have success,
Where you will, with Silvia maycour at large;
For she is so much, heavy, melancholy.
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you:
When you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To have young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lines, to tangle her desires,
By wanton speeches, whose augmented rhymes
Should be full fraught with servile and base vows.

Duke. Ay, much as the force of heaven-born
private

Pro. Sav. That upon the altar of her beauty
You scatter all your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Writ till you have no tear, and with your tears
Mort it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such sincerity:
Forswear all that was arming with poet's mirth;
Whose glistering touch could soften steel and stones,
Make yew, copper, and huge brazen heaumes
Make wood to dance on sand.
Now, your dear longing, cleave,
With night your lofty chamber window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a solemn Lamb:
The night's dead silence
Will ensue our sweet complaining grief:
Thrice we are nothing, which will inherit her.

Duke. Thus discipline ah we, thou hast been in
love
The; and by this night I'll put in prac-
tice.

Pro. Wherefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let me advance: it please you
To some good gentleman well skill'd in music;
That, having these, will serve the turn,
To give advice: to thy good advice
Duke. Ay, a goodman:
Pro. We'll sit upon your grace till after sup-
er,
And afterward proceed our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

Out. Fellow, stand fast: I am a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with them.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have
about you;
If not, we'll make you eat, and rife you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone: these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

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

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to
lose:
A man I am, crowd'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disturb me,
You take the a.m. and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

2 Out. Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to re-

on;
With whom I there, whose depth I much repent;
But yet I swor him manfully in fight,
Without the vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, never repent it, if it were done so,
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat


This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him; sir, a word.

Speed. Mister, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievish.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. How now! Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Well, now; I would have that some of us are
gentle

Such as the fancy of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
My self was from Verona banish'd,
For prison to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman.

Whom, in my mind, I stalking unto the heart

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these
But to the purpose,—(for we eile our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, alone the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content in our general
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our

Consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king

1 Out. But if thou mourn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to bring what we
have offer'd.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. (ACT IV.)

Fal. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrage
On silly women, or poor passengers.

Jul. I can do that, and may have these practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our ears,
And show thee all the treasures we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy disposal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace. Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access to my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forever,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved;
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spars my love,
The more it grows and farareth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio, and Musician.

Thur. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept
Before my lady, if you knew her pure heart's
truths;
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
What is your will?
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this—That presently you bide you home to bed,
Then suicide, perdur'd, false, disloyal man! Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceited,
To be seduced by thy flattery?
That has devi'd so to move with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
Am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy woful suit;
And by and by I hate myself, and even for this time I speed in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; but she died.
Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [Aside.]
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed?
To wrong him with thy impertinency?
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call the seats thereto;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that. [Aside.]
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoured, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow with I will make true love.
Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, some, deceive it;
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [Aside.
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehoods, by your own will To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send me to the morning, and I'll send it:
And so good rest.

Host. How out of tune are the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet as false that he grieves my very heartstrings.

Host. You have the sweet ear.
Jul. Ay, I would, I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Heart, what fine change is in the music! Jul. Ay, that they change the sprite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doit this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Jul. Tell me you what Laurel, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Laurel?
Host. That man of the company partizans.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead,
That thereby shall your, my cunning drift excel.

Sil. Where may we see her?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thur. Farewell! [Exeunt Thurio and Musician. Silvia opens the lower window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentle men: Who is that, that speaketh
Before our lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truths;

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks, you've alway'ly; I pray you, why is it?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you and your lady;
For you and your lady.

Jul. Thank you for your own.
Now, gentle men,
Let's tune, and to it lastly a while.

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

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks, you've alway'ly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. What shall we have you merry? I' shall bring you here where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But where shall he speak?
Jul. Ay, that shall you hear.
Jul. That will be music.
[Music plays.]

Host. Hurk! hurk!

Jul. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? What is she, That all our minutes commend her? Holy, fair, and wise, is she; The heavens such grace did lend her, That she might be admired. Is she kind as she is fair? For beauty lives with kindness; Love doth in her green repair, To help him of his blindness: And, being helped, inhabits there. Then to Silvia let us sing; She excels each mortal thing. Upon the dull earth dwelling, To her let us address our song.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

Jul. Was one man? the music, like you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Jul. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays him, fader.
SCENE IV.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. As you have no weapon, but the word, I have no weapon but the book.

[Enter Petruchio and Bianca, from above.

Jul. As you have none, I have none.

Bian. By my faith, I will do as you desire, to be a dog at all things.

Jul. Nay, marry, they are not so used to that in your country.

Bian. Nay, no, but it hath been the longest night that I ever watched, and the most unrestful.

Jul. SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Elbourn.

Els. This is the morrow that Madam Katherina

Kushed me to mild and know my mind:

There's some great matter she would employ me

In, I know not what.

sits in armour's shape, at her window.

Jul. Who calls?

Els. Your servant, and your friend.

It was not early, but she bade me come,

And, as she is a gentlewoman, a time good morrow.

Els. So many, worthy lady, in yourself;

So many letters to your enemies, and

So many friends to your gate.

Jul. I am not easy to know what service it is your pleasure to command me in;

I cannot guess in this, to be a gentleman.

[Aside. I have not yet, I have not yet, I do not,

What, woman, woman, what shall I accomplish?

You shall see what I will do for thy peace,

What fair-weathered fool hath ever seen,

[Aside. To Valentine.

Thy name, I say, what is your name, and

Thy father's, too, and all else. Then I have heard them say,

That when the lady and thy master died,

Shall I be in thy stead, not of thy blood,

To serve thee from a most unlikely match,

When dearest friends and dearest friends still reward with

Dole thou, there, from a near, and

Shall I, and yet I might, a little while I was

To bear me company, and go with me;

And in my tale, what ill to thee, when that I am

And for the long story, I will go, and

By the fault of thy strange love, to

Bianca. I must consult thy graces;

Where meanest thou see they venomously are placed,

Looking as bold as ever beheld me,

At this much all good befalst thou.

Jul. The evening coming, who didst thou see?

Els. At sweet Puck's cell.

Jul. What didst thou there see, I pray you?

Els. That it were not thy lady's ship.

Jul. Good-morrow, kind Sir Elbourn.

Els. Good-morrow, kind Sir Elbourn.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

Jul. As you have loved her not, to leave her

In her service, and steal her capon's leg.

O, it is a trifling thing, when a man cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that will take him to be a dog, indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't as sure as I live; I had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He threats me him self into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (though the mark's a plain white) but all the chamber smelt such him. Out with the dog, says one; What car is that? says another; Who's he? says one; says the third; Holo him by, says the duke; I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Cran; and gave me to the fellow that which to any dog in any case to whip the dog? Ay, marry, so I, quoth he. You do lose the cursed cruise, quoth I; then I did the thing you were not to. Have me not more ado, but whip me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their women? Nay, I'll tell thee, in the stories for puddings he had stolen, otherwise he had been accounted; I have stood on the pillow for ye, he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't; that think's not of the sort? Nay, I remember the words you gave me, when I took my leave of madam Katherina; did I not bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When thou dost see me see me, think not this is my leg: what if against, a gentleman's forrigh'ting? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, and will enjoin thee in some words; I will have thee always to my service, the dog the you bear me.

Jul. In what you please— I will (as what I can.)

Pro. I hope thou wilt. How now, you whom I am so much charmed with? [To Launce. Where have you been two days following? for I am not here to tread on thy legs, and say unmeet words of such a person. Do thou receive my dog?

Jul. Nay, indeed, but not have I brought him back again? for I will have none of the dog, the lady and the master died. I am not here, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. But that she received my dog?

Jul. Nay, indeed, but not have I brought him back again? for I am not here, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. What, dost thou offer her this from me? I love Ay, sir; the other eviscerate was stolen from me by the butcher's boys in the place, and then I suffered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Thee, get thee hence, and find my dog again, or near return again into my sight.

Jul. Away, I say, stay thee those to vex me here? I am not. A slave, most, still an end to vex me to shame. [Exit Launce.

Jul. Sebastian, I have entertained thee, partly, that I have wept of such a youth, that which we do not by our own choice, for 'tis no teaching to you foolish lads; therefore know this, for the I entertain these. Go presently and take him with thee. Deliver it to madam Katherina; she loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her

In her service, and steal her capon's leg.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. ACT V.

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love poor lady Silvia:
Her dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
*Tis pity, love should be an monitory:
And thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter—'tis her chamber. Tell my lady,
I claim the promises for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, his home upon my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Proteus.

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

Enter Silvia, attended.

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

Jul. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Jul. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Jul. O—I'd send you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.

Jul. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me, One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, Whose letter in his chamber there he shadeth. Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.— Paragon me, madam; I have unavow'd Delive'r'd you a paper that I should not; This is the letter to your ladyship. Jul. I pray thee let me look on that again. Jul. You shall have it, madam; I am here. Jul. There; hold. I will not look upon your master's lines: I know, they are stuff'd with protestations, And full of new-found oaths; which he will break As easily as I do mark his paper. Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Jul. The more shame for him that he sends it me; For, I have heard him say a thousand times, His Julia gave it him at his departure: Though his false finger hath profus'd the ring, Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong. Jul. She thanks you.

Jul. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her; Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Jul. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself; To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Jul. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

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

Jul. Is she not pacing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is When she did think, my master loved her well;
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass, And threw her snuff-expiring mask away, The very stars par'd the moons in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lidowy-lichen of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost, When all our pageants of delight were play'd, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown, Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgment, As if the garment had been made for me; Therefore, I know, she is about my height.

Jul. Yes, and at that time, I made her weep a good tear, For I did play a lamentable part: Madam, I was Aristeus, passioning For Thebas's peryury, and unjust right; Which I so lively acted with my tears, That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Forgot herself; and, when I might be dead, If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Jul. She is beheld to thee, gentle youth!— Alas, poor lady! demes she is left— I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Jul. Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou hast her.

Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for it; if ever she know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful, Who hope my master's suit will be but cold, Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Jul. Alas, how love can thrive in such a place! Here is her picture: I think that I will find there, if I had such a fire, this face of mine Was full as lovely as is this of hers: And yet the painter flatter'd her a little, Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Jul. Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow: If that be all the difference in his love, I'll get me such a colour'd periwig. Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine: Ay, but her forehead's love, and mine's as high. What should it be, that he respects in her, But I can make respect in myself, If this fond love were not a blinding god? Come, shame, come, and take this shame up, For 'tis thy rival. (To Proteus) O thou senseless form! Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd; With all the sense in this idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stand. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, Though it be so: or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch'd out your meaning eyes, To make my master out of love with thee.

ACT V.

SCENE I. An Abbey. Enter Egmont.

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

Egl. See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening! Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Egmont! Out at the postern by the abbey wall; I fear I am attended by some spices.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off; If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt. SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter Thurborough, Proteus, and Julia.

Jul. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE IV.

Pro. (1, sir, I find her milder than she was; but yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Pro. What, that my lord is too long? 

Pro. Nay; that is too little.

Thy I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat prettier.

Pro. If not, we will not be spared to do what it behoves.

Thy What says she to the face? 

Pro. Never; it is a fair one.

Thy My lord's the woman-lier; my face is mejor.

Pro. But people are fair; and the old saying is,

Blez them worse pearl in men's wondrous ladies' eyes.

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

For Lord rather wink than look on them.

[Aside.

Thy How [can she the my(GameObject)ares]?

Pro. He, who is a little of war.

Thy 'Tis well; when I discover of love and passion.

Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace.

[Aside.

Thy What says she to my valour?

Pro. It, sir, she makes no doubts of that.

Thy She leads not, when she knows it comes.

[Aside.

Jul. What says she to my birth? 

Pro. That you are well, thanks.

Jul. To think, from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.

Thy Calms to my possessions.

Pro. Nay, and you might.

Jul. Then will I love you.

[Aside.

Thy That they are out by leave.

Jul. I'll come see the state.

Enter Duke.

Duke How now, Sir Proteus? How now, Sir Silvia?

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thy Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Duke Have you seen my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke Why, then she's fled unto that pleasant Valentine.

And love is now in her company.

Thy For she and I, sometime met them both, At a pleasant wood; and there she was: But she was so well, and she was so glad, That I was not aware of it, but the fair creature's own:

Duke When was that?

Thy It was a while ago, my lord.

Duke I pray you, stand not to deceive me, nor make me, nor me.

Thy It was in this manner.

Duke That's not true; but as my master, though,

That is in truth's Mantua, whither they are gone.

Duke, so protest, and follow me.

[Exit.

Thy Why, that is to be a selfish girl.

Thy That is to be a selfish girl; when it flatters her.

Thy He is as base as black folk is.

[Exit.

Pro. No, but he is as base as black folk is.

[Exit.

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love, Not for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Protest of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Sir, and Outlaws.

Out Full of rage.

Sir, what are you going to our certain

Out, the wood, to mechanize that they have done. I am here to breach this patiently.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. O, in love, conspicuous friend! 

Val. All men, but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words Can any way allay you to a milder form, I'll vow you, like a saucier, at arms' end; And love you 'gainst the nature of love force you.

Val. O heavens! 

Pro. I'll force thee to yield to my desire.

Val. Runman, let go that rude uncivil touch; Thine friend of an ill fashion.

Val. This common friend, that's without faith or love. (For such is a friend now.) treacherous man! Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; sought but mine eye Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me. Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand is perf'd to the bosom? Proteus, I am sorry I must not trust thee more, But countest the world a stranger for thy sake. The private wond'ring deepest? O time must accure.

Mul. Amongst all foes, that friend should be the worst! 

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me —

Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow Be a sufficient ransom for offence, I yield it here: I do as truly suffer,
As 'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am past;

And once again I do receive thee honest: —

Whoe'er repinest, finding my love satisfied,
Is not of heaven, or earth; for these are pleas'd:
By penance th'o' Eternal's wrath's appe'd; 
And, that my love may appear plain and free, All that was muss in Silvia, I give thee.

Val. O me, unhappy! 

[Fruits

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wrg! how now? what is the matter? Look up, speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Here is the ring, boy? 

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. 

[Shows another ring.

Pro. But, how came'th thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

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

Pro. How! Julia! 

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd thee deeply in her heart: 

How oft hast thou with perjury cut the root? O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush! He then saith'st, that I have took upon me 

Such an unmanly raiment; if shame live In a disguise of love:

It is the care that provokes false foes; Woman to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. That men their minds? 'tis true! O heaven! were men But constant, he were perfect: that one error Fits him with faults; makes him run through all the maze.

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is Silvia's face, but I my eye

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye? 

Val. Come, come, a hand from either; 

Let me be blind to make this happy close? 

There pity two such friends should be so les.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize! 

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say, it is my lord duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrace'd, 

Bansed Valentine.

Sir Valentine! 

Thy Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine 

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath: 

Do not name Silvia's time: if once again, Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stam 

Take but possession of her with a touch; —

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love. 

Sir Valentine, I care not for her; I hold her but a play; that will endanger 

Her lovely for a girl that loves him not: 

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. 

Duke. Thine, Valentine; she is thine, and all art to 

To make such means for her as thou hast done. 
And leave her on such slight conditions —

Now, by the honour of my ancestry, 

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine; 

And think thee worthy of an emperor's love. 
Know then, I here forget all former graces, 

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again 

Free a new state in thy unwrapp'd merits, 

To which I thus subscribe — Sir Valentine 

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd: 

Take then thy Silvia, for thou hast deserve: 

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath me happy.

I now bequeath you, for your daughter's s 

To grant one becon that I shall ask of you. 

Duke. I grant it for thine own, what' er 

Thy base husband think, that I have with 

Are more confederate with worthy qualities; 

Forgive them what they have committed 

And let them be recalled from their exile: 

They are reform'd, they are full of good, 

And fit for great employment, worthy for 

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon 

And shew;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their; 

Come, let us go; we will include all same 

Duke. What mean you by that saying 

Val. Pardon you, I'll tell you as we pass 

That you will wonder what hath forsoo 

Pro. 'Tis your presence but to 

The story of your love's recover'd: 

That done, our day of marriage shall be

One feast, one house, one mutual hap.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN Falstaff.
Pleasant.
FISHING. Castle to Shrewsbury.
SNEAKS. Castle to Shrewsbury.
MR. FOOL. Master of Ceremonies dwelling at Shrewsbury.
MR. PAGE. Master of Ceremonies.
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Sir John Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Page.
EST. CAIRN, a Welsh Page.
Romeo of the Castle Fan.
BARDOLPH, Page of Falstaff.

SCENE—Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Page. Sir Hugh, Llwyfandrew, is not: I will make a strong-armed master of it: if he were twenty
Mr. Page. Sir John Falstaff, he shall not save Robert
Page. He is in the manner of Gloucester, justice of peace, and sworn.
Page. Sir, the gentleman that Swinford, and Cucklewool.
Page. Aye, and, if you will have it, a gentleman
Page. The gentleman that I mean to see when I come here, and
Page. Here he is, he is the gentleman that I mean to see when I come here.
Page. He is the fresh fish; he is old salt.
Page. Sir, he is a gentleman.
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Page. Sir, he is a gentleman.
Page. He is a gentleman.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enters Mistress Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink it. [Exit Anne Page.]

Mist. O heavens! this is mistress Anne Pages.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Mist. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[Exeunt her.

Page. Wife, bid those gentlewomen welcome: come, we have a hot vinegar party to dinner; come, gentlewomen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindestness.

[Enter all but Blad. slender, and Evan.

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

Enter Simple.

Page. How now, Simple? where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowtide last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, cos., come, cos.; we stay for you. A word with you, cos.; marry this, cos.: There is, as a general, a kind of tender, made after by Mr. Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Page. Ay, cos., you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that thing is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Page. Be not afraid of me.

Enter. Give ear to his motions, master Simple: I will description the matter to you, if you be capable of it.

Page. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

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

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

Page. marry, he is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

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

Page. But can you afford the woman? Let us command to know, that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, provision, can you except your maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham slender, can you love her?

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

Evan. Nay, God's birds and his ladies, you must speak with a murdered, if you can marry her by your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

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

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me; sweet cos; what do I do to pleasure you, cos; Can you love the maid?

Page. I will marry her, cos, at your request; but it be not so great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another:—I hope upon familiarly will grow more contempt; but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and disolutely.

Shal. It is a very discreet answer; save the fault is in the 'tort disolutely: the fault is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Page. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Shal. Ay, or else I would be hanged, in

[Exit Anne Page.

Mist. Here comes fair mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!
Scene I. The Room in the Garden Inn.

Mr. Page. Page, go and ask of Doctor Cairns, man to give the letter to the Countess of Huyghen and Simple. On your way, ask of Doctor Cairns, man, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Griegby, which is in the manner of his house, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, or his writer. Page. Yes. Well, sir. Eny. May, it is better yet,—give her this letter; for it is a man, all together with another acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and request her to solicit your master's favour to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, bear true, I will make an end of my duties; there's enough. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. The same.

Mr. Page. Page, go and ask of Doctor Cairns, man to give the letter to the Countess of Huyghen and Simple. On your way, ask of Doctor Cairns, man, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Griegby, which is in the manner of his house, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, or his writer. Page. Yes. Well, sir. Eny. May, it is better yet,—give her this letter; for it is a man, all together with another acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and request her to solicit your master's favour to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, bear true, I will make an end of my duties; there's enough. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. A Room in the Garden Inn.

Mr. Page. Page, go and ask of Doctor Cairns, man to give the letter to the Countess of Huyghen and Simple. On your way, ask of Doctor Cairns, man, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Griegby, which is in the manner of his house, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, or his writer. Page. Yes. Well, sir. Eny. May, it is better yet,—give her this letter; for it is a man, all together with another acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and request her to solicit your master's favour to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, bear true, I will make an end of my duties; there's enough. [Exeunt.]
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT 1.

Fel. Hold, sirrah (to Rob.) hear you these letters lightly:

Not like my standing this golden shrew—
Rogues, hence avant! Vanish like bawds—

Trudge, plod away, the roof; seek shelter, pack!

False will learn the humour of this age,
French, thieving, you rogues, myself, and skirted page.

[Enter Falstaff and Nym.]

Pist. Let valiant gryph go thus! for goodly and formal home.

And high and low besmirle the rich and poor:
"Pest! I'll have in punch, when thou shalt lack.

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be

humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. Why wilt thou revenge?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discourse the humour of this love to Falstaff.

[Enter.]

Pist. And to Fortesque shall unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dukes will prove, his gold will hold,

And his coat, noble.

Nym. My humour shall not cool:

I will

incorporate the page with piston:

I will pursue

him with yellow men, for the revolts of man is dangerous:

that is my true humour.

Pist. I think the man of malcontents: I second thee:

troop on.

SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. Caius' House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rusty.

Quick. What! John Rugby! I pray thee, go to

the caveat, and wele. You can see my master, master Dr. Caius, coming.

If he do, Truth, and find any body in the house, here will be an old about of God's patience, and the king-English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit Rugby.

Quick. Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace. I pray you.

Sim. To desire the honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed; but I'll not bear

my fingers on the fire, and heat not.

Sim. Yea, sir; and I'll be very honest with you — Rugby — becall me some payer:——Tarri you a little a while.

Wise. Yea, and I was glad of it, and if he had been

thoroughly moved, you should have heard him

revel, and do solemnly.

Quick. How do you say?—I should not

question my master to be in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that—I know Anne's mind,—

that's neither here nor there.

Quick. Yea, and I was glad of it, and if he had been

thoroughly moved, you should have heard him

revel, and do solemnly.

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Quick. How do you say?—I should not

question my master to be in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that—I know Anne's mind,—

that's neither here nor there.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Act I

Scene 1. Home, to the court with me—By
me if I know Anne Page. I shall turn your
business, your business, your business,
my business, my business, my business,
my business, my business, my business,
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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them Page. Thrice in seven years as Merry knave would offer it? but these that accuse in his intent towards our wives, are a yokish, his discarded men; very egress, new they out of service.

Ford. Were thy men Page. Merry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — I he is at the Garter Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should tend this voyage towards my wife, I would her house to him; and what he gets more of than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but we be loth to turn them together; a man may too confound: I would have nothing lie on head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my trusting host of Garter comes: there is either liquor in his purse, when he looks so ruddy. — How now, mine host?

End Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook! I'll not a game, cavalier-justice, I say.

Shak. I follow, mine host, I follow. —

Page. Will you go with us? we have span head.

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

Shak. Sir, if there is a fray to be fought for Sir Hugh the Welsh prince, and Caius the Prussian.

Host. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

Shak. Will you go [to Page] go with us to be it? my merry host hath had the measure of their weapon; and, I think he hath appraisement contrary places: for, believe me, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell what our sport shall be doing.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting right.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catalan, though the priest of the town enjoined him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Which go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I am melancholy! I am not melancholy. —

Mrs. Page. You have been here. — You'll come to dinner, George! Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this pulley knight.

End to Mrs. Ford.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does —

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and we; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this brave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told said

End Scene 11.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Pist. I will not lend thee a poxey.

Page. Way, then the world's mine own,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

41

Which I wish sword will open—
I perceive it in your eye, sir.

I have been content, sir, you should lay my compliance upon your heart, you have played upon my good friends for these reasons.

For you and your youth, Nym, or else you had looked through the grate like a greeny of ballocks. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you are good soldiers, and good fellows, and when mistress Quickly lost the bundle of her letters, I took upon mine honour, this bond to me.

For ladies, I had not share I had not thought them curious people.

For presently, you rogue, reason: Think it
For you, Nym, I'll endeavor my soul grace! As a word, how so about me, I am no gloater for you!

For presently, you rogue! You stand upon your honour!

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For presently, you rogue! You stand upon your honour!

For presently, you rog...
Call him in! [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o’erflow such spirits. Farewell, Bardolph. Good night, my mistress Page, have I encompos’d you? go to; visa!

Restorer Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.  
Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?  
Ford. I must bold to press with so little preparation upon you.  
Fal. You’re welcome; What’s your will?  
[Exit Bardolph]

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.  
Ford. Good Sir John, I saw for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embitter’d me to this season’s intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.  
Fal. Master Brook a good soldier, sir, and will on.  
Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take it, or half, for easing me of the carriage.  
Fal. Sir John, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.  
Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the chance.  
Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.  
Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar.—I will be brief with you; and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay mine own rival imperfection: but good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may possess such a reproach the easier, with you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.  
Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.  
Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her name is Pang.  
Fal. Well, sir.  
Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest, too, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fed every slight occasion, that could but negligently give me sigh of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been in the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experiences be a jewel: that I have pursued at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:  

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love purses;  
Pursuing that she flies, and flying what purses.  

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?  
Ford. Never.  
Fal. Of what quality was your love then?  
Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man’s grounds, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.  
Fal. What purpose have you unfold’d this to me?  
Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is arrowed construction too much in her. Now, Sir John, you shall be the heart of my purpose? You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admissitute, answerite in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warsite, courteite, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!  
Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money to spend, it spend, it spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford’s wife: will I, for a character of wooling, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Not: you observe the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you promise to yourself a thing impossible.  
Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells as securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my present instance is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any donation in my hand, in the disguise of her husband, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford’s wife.

Fal. (good sir)  
Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.  
Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.  
Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you are with me, her assistant, or partner, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speak.  

Fal. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?  
Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him none:—yet, I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittily knave hath masses of money; for which the which his wife seems to me well-favoured, I will use her as the key of the cuckold rogue’s coffer; and there’s my harvest-home.  

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might aird him, if you saw him.  
Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-better rogue! I will aird him out of his wits; I will aird him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a matter over the cuckold’s heart; master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominite over the peasant, and thou shall apply his wife.—Come to me soon at night;—Ford’s a knave, and I will aggravate his style: thou, master Brook, shall know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.  

Ford. What a damned Epicene rascal is this fellow of my soul? I am drunk with impatience.—Who says this is imprudent jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made, and any other thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my reputation sullied, and—these words I shall not only receive the villains wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by them to be beat. Terrible is it!—Amosthion sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil’s additions, the
SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter Calin and Rugby.


Calin. Yea, dat clock, Jack?

Rugby. It's past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to come.

Calin. By gar, he has sav long now, that he is come in to speak to the master Shallow.

Rugby. By gar, he has pray long, that he is see the master Shallow.

Calin. By gar, de homes is me, so as I know your worship wouldn't kill him, if he come.

Rugby. Calin, sir, I can't come.

Calin. Rugby, the home is your master's.

Rugby. Porter; here's company.

Enter Hest, Shallow, Bnder, and Page.

Host. Hello there, bully doctor.

Page. Shall I show you, master doctor Calin.

Host. Then you doctor, sir.

Page. Yea, he is the doctor.

Host. To see the clock, to see thee clock, to see the homes in the homes; to see thee poor people, dry stock, dry stock, dry stock, dry stock.

Shallow. He is dead, bully doctor, he is dead.

Host. But de master Shallow, master doctor; he is de master Shallow, he is de master Shallow.

Page. And de master Shallow?

Host. He is de master Shallow, de master Shallow.

Page. He is dead, de master Shallow.

Host. As for myself, I am, and am, and am.

Page. Yes, sir.

Host. I am, and am, and am.

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Host. I am, and am, and am.

Page. Yes, sir.
Eesa. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in my use. Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master pages? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gasteroner from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Senn. Ah, sweet Anne Page! Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh. Eesa. Pray you from his merry sake, all of you! Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master pages?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eesa. There is reason, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good officer, master pages.

Eesa. Why well. What is it?

Page. You are a most reverend gentleman, who believe, having succeedd well by some persons, in gasteroner with your gravity, and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward, and never yet had so much to do with learning, and, as wide of his own respect.

Eesa. What is he?

Page. Sir. I know him: master doctor Causa, the renowned French physician.

Eesa. Get's well, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would sell me a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eesa. He has no more knowledge in Physicians and Galen, and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted with.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Senn. O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so. by his weapon. Keep them saunter.; here comes doctor Causa.

Enter Host, Causa, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master pages, keep in your weapon.

Shal. No do you, good master doctor.

Causa. Nay, no more. Host. Dismiss them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and back our English.

Causa. I pray you, let me speak a word with you: There were no more usage. Page. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Causa. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack of all apace.

Eesa. Pray you, let us not be laughing-studs to other men's humouris. I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you understand: I will kug your turlins about your knife's edge, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Causa Diable.-Jack Rugby, mine Host de Farriere, have I not stay for him, to kill him now? We are so lately did appoint?

Eesa. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I will be judge and by mine host of the quarter.


Causa. Ay, dat is very good and excellent. Host. Peace, I say, hear mine host of the quarter. Page. I thank you, my servant, Sir Hugh; no; he gives me the police, and the motions. Shall I leave him, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the proverbs—Give me thy hand, pedestrian; so, give me the proverbs. Host. Page. I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your spirits are whole, and yet learn such the issue.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. ACT III.

—Come, lay their swords to pawn—Follow, lad of peace; follow, follow. Shal. Trust me, a mad host—Follow, gentle men, follow.

Amst. O sweet Anne Page! [Exeunt Shal. Senn. Page, and Host. Causa. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de set of us ha, ha! Eesa. This is well; he has made us his visit ing ing— I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us kung our prays together, to be re venge on this same small, scurvy, coggling com panion, the host of the Garter.

Causa. By gar, vit all my heart; he promises to bring me dere is Anne Page: by gar, he de cares too much.

Eesa. Well, I will amite his noddles—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mistress. Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gal lant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead or follow in your walks?

Robin. Had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you will be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page; Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as like as she may hang together, for ways of company: I think, if your huss a bands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the diseek his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Robin. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

Mistress. Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his name.

There is such a league between my good man and he—is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sicke, till I see her. [Exeunt Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes, hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; be hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelwe score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower rain in the wind—and Falstaff's boy with her!—twixt plots—they are laid; and our revoluted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; I will torture my wife, pluck the bowroned veil of modesty from the scrooling mistress Page divulge Page himself for a scarce and willful Artian; and to these violent pre cedings all my neighbours shall cry aile. [Clock strikes. Old cock does give me my call—any assurance hides me search; there shall I find Falstaff; I shall be rather praised for this, than mucked: for it is a gentleman's task, the earth is firm, that Falstaff's a there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Causa, and Rugby.


Ford. Page, sir, how are you? How is your house at home? and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Senn. And so must I, sir; we have approv'd.
to dine with matrona Dames, and I would not
be back with her for more money than I'd speak of.
But we have lingered about a match between
Mrs. Page and my daughter Blinder, and this day
we shall have our answer.
Mrs. Page, I hope you have your good will, father.
Mrs. Ford. You have, master Blinder; I want what
for you—yea, but my wife, master doctor, is so
my whispering.
Dost, Ay, my lady, and so will a love—ye
be master, quickly tell me as much.
Blinder. What say you to young master Fanton? He
repays, he dares, he has eyes of youth, he
wears canvas, his speech is glib, in me April
April I was made, he is well earry, he will carry
her.
Mrs. Ford. You will not have this chance, you.
The glass is in alarming keeping company with
the wild Prince and Polonius; he is of too high a
degree, he knows too much. He, he shall not
And a trait in his strength with the anger of my
master: if he make her, let him take her sim-
ply; the wealth I have in my consent, and
my money goes not that way.
Ford. I knew you, heartily, some of you go
you, and you shall have; I shall show you a
master—Madam Page, you shall go—to shall
you take the key of this, sir, hear you, sir.
Well, here you well—ye shall have the
first washing at master Page.
[Exit Page.
[Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe
was first with him? I'll make him dance. Will
not get, gambling, please?
All. Here wish you, to see this monster.

SCENE II. A Room in Ford's House.
[Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford. What John! what Robert?
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is it the back?
Mrs. Ford. I warrant—what, Robin, I say,
[Enter Servants with a basket.
Mrs. Ford. Come, come, come.
Mrs. Page. Help, set it down.
Mrs. Ford. Give your men the charge; we
must bring it.
Mrs. Ford. Merry, you told me before, John,
I would have her hard by in the beginning:
and when I should call you, come forth, and
without any noise, or a whisper? take this
basket; I sent, brokers with it, and carry it among the athletes in Duke's wood, and there leave it in the most
concealment. Come by the Thorner's side.
Mrs. Ford. I will do it.
Mrs. Page. You shall make it.
They make: [looking over and over them.]
[Enter Servants.
Mrs. Ford. How comes this, Robin?
[Exit Ford.

Mrs. Page. This new, my cousin? what
man with you?
[Exit. Ford. Then John is come in at your
back door, mistress Ford, and requests your
company.
Mrs. Page. Two little Jack-a-lent, have you
been true in me?
[Exit. Ford. I'll be au so; my master knows not
how and has threatened to put
we have extinguishing liberty, if I tell you of it;
but reverse, she'll turn me away.
Mrs. Page. There's a good boy; this secrecy
of things shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make
thee a new shirt and hose—I'll go hide me.
Mrs. Ford. Do so—Go tell thy master, I am
alone. Mistress Page, remember me your case.
[Exit Robin.
Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it,
his.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Mrs. Page. I know not which please you more, that you have so well, or this sweet sonnet that your ladyship is found to me. What a talking was here in the meridian? What a noise were the was in the house? Faunt! Nay, I am so afraid, I will have none of it. How is it, thou dost a witching me into the world, if I must have her? Mrs. Page. You bring him, deliver me, and have an image in the world.

Mrs. Page. Is that my husband he would have I must be, the very young. How is it, my lord, that there was in our ladyship? I must be aware you are a witch, and I must be aware you are a woman. What a noise were the was in the house? Mrs. Page. Where is he, be my lord? It may be in the world.

Mrs. Page. Where is he, be my lord? It may be in the world. You must be aware you are a woman. What a noise were the was in the house? Mrs. Page. Where is he, be my lord? It may be in the world.

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Scene V. - Within Wives of Windsor.

Pent. Sir, will you hear me?

Fen. Yes, good master Fenyon.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slander; in-

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenyon.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slander.

Quick. I speak to mistress Page.

Pent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your

daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Performs, against all checks, rebukes, and

matters.

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not rotis: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry meto yon first

husband.

Quick. This is my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick 'v the

world, and how'd I to death with tornips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good

master Fenyon, I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Tis true, farewell, sir, she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

Fen. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my duc, now — Nay, said I, you

will you call me so on a foot, and a

physician? Look on master Fenyon — this is my

duc.

Pent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-

tight,

Give me my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy friend,

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune!

A kind heart be hated: a woman would run

through fire and water for such a kind heart. But

yet, I would my master had mistress Anne;

or I would master Slander had her; or, in sooth,

I would master Fenyon had her: I will do what

I can for them all three; for so I have promised,

and I'll be as good as my word, but presently

for the master Fenyon. Well, I must of another

errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistress:

What a boost am I to shock it! [Exit.

Scene V. - A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Hark you, master Falstaff.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast

in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in

a basket, like a barrister's effed; and to be

thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served

such another trick, I'll have my brains

taken out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog

for a new-year's gift. The rogues sighted me

into the river with as little remorse as they

would have drownd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen

p. the litter: and you may know by my size, that

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bot-

tom were so deep as hell, I should sooner: I had

been drownded, but that the shore was shelly

and shallow; a denath I aher; for the water

swells a man; and what a thing should I have

been, when I had been swallowed? I should have

been a mountain of nonsense.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak

with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the

Thames water: for my belly's so cold, as I find

swallow'd new china for pots to cool the rain-

Call in her.

Bard. Come in, woman.
Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Ford. Take away these chaffers! Go brew me a pot of sack quietly.

Quick. With eggs, sir? Pat. Simple of itself; I'll use pullet-sparrow in my gravy. [Exit Biron[. How now?]

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from women.

Pat. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of foes.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they must thank their crotchet.

Pat. No did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she lamented, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morrow a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she will make you some water-warm you.

Pat. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is; let her consider his fruitiness, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Pat. Do so. Between nine and ten is't thou?

Quick. Let's hope so; I will be there; and nine, sir.

Pat. Well, be gone: I will not miss him.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [Exit]

Pat. I hear no news of master Brook; he sent me word to say within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Pat. Master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Pat. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how spair, sir!

Pat. I must speak of master Brook; he has given me intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her inventory, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a back basket.

Ford. A back-basket!

Pat. By the Lord, a back-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, sacks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins: that, master Brook, there was the largest compound of villainous small, that ever offended me.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Pat. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I had suffer'd to bring this woman to evil, for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knives, his belt, were cast into my basket, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Descler-land: they took me out of the basket; met the jealous knife, the master, in the door; who asked them who or twice what they had in their baskets: I quaked for fear, lest the female basin we would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for closet. But mark the comedy! I stole the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rustler beltwast: next, surprise, like a good bullet, in the circumference of a peck; last to point, head to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with sticking clothes that fridted in their own grease: think of this,—a man of my kindred,—think of that: that am I subject to heat as better; a man of casual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape all this. Next of this suffocation: this is a sudden drop; I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and stinking clothes, like a horse-shoe; think of that:—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffered all this. My exit is delicate: you'll undertake her no more.

Pat. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Eton, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from him his brother's commission of meeting; to wait eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. It is so to-night, sirly, sir.

Pat. Is it so? I will then address me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall see the end of this matter; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adam: You shall have her, master master Brook; that will chuck me.

Ford. How! ha! is this a vision? Is this a dream? do I sleep! Master Ford, awake, awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. 'This 'is to be married! this 'is to have linen, and back-basket!—Well, I'll proclaim myself what I am; I will now take to my lecture: he is at my house: he cannot escape me: it is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny pore, nor into a gringer-ber: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet, to be what I would not, shall not make me wise: if I have hounds to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horned.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this: or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Master Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Ford. I'll be with you by and by: I'll bring my young man here to school: look which his master comes, 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Mrs. Page. How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Sir Ken. No; master Benshier let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Babel of his heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profils nothing in the world: at his book; I pray you, at him some questions in his incidence.

Ken. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. None, but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly; speak louder. [Aside.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? 1

Mrs. Page. Why, women, your husband is in his old lust again: be so taken with gender with your husband: no calls against all married mankind; so comes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever and so ambitious of that formless, brazen, fair, not made to a man, but by them men, in every Ladyship, every husband, every housemaid; and she, as long as she's in them, she is in now: I know the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, since he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Since he talk of him?

Mrs. Ford. He hath been at the last time he was searched for, in a basket: presents to my husband he now hath; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his respect: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his vax folly.

Mrs. Page. How near is he, mistress Pages?

Mrs. Ford. Not far by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Page. How? I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, thou dumb, silly, old fool, and he's but a dead man.

Mrs. Page. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him, better than these mortals.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should we go? how should I betray him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. No, I'll come no more! I the basket: May I not go out, we be come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away and be gone. But what make you here?

Falstaff. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to festinate their virile pieces; creep into the kitchen-chimney: Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek thee on my word.

Re-enter Ford. He is as dead, as dead, as dead, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes in by his side. There is no hiding you in the house.

Falstaff. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. Mrs. Page, if you go out in your own subsidence, you die, Sir John. Unless you go disguised.

Falstaff. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Pages. Alice the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he must put on her, a smock, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Falstaff. Good heavens, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischance.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's seamstress, the fat woman of Brampton, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as good as she is said, there's her shroud, her muffler to use; run away, run away.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John! mistress Page and I will look some wine for your head.

Mrs. Pages. Quick, quick; we'll come down.

Mrs. Page. You must put me the gown the white.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brampton; be sworn, she's a witch: forbade his house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Ford. Mess up her chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's council; and the devil guide his counsel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he, and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intellectu.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be there presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brestford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring thin for him straight.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if you set it down, obey him quickly, and despatch.

[Exit.]

Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Serv. Praise heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

Serv. I hope not; I had as lieb bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Calin, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Get down the basket, villain: Somebody call my wife—your youth in a basket, come out here, and look a rascal! there's a trunk, a gong, a pack, a conspiracy against me! Now, shall the devil be shamed? What! wife, I say! come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this shall master Ford, you are not to go longer any longer; you must be pitioned.

Serv. Why, this is licentious! This is mad as a horse.

Shall indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed,

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistresse, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you must stand in any dishonor.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it up, Come forth, arrer.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Page. You are not reasonable! will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was no conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may he not be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pinch me out all the time.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a man's death.


Ford. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; you must pray, and not follow the imaginings of your own heart: this is jealousy.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brains.

Ford. Help to search my house this time then; if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, you may here for ever be my table-sport, let them all know it. As jealous as Ford, and searched a hollow walnut for his wife's jewels. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What has, mistress Page? I come you, and the old woman down; her husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman; what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brestford.

Ford. A witch, a queen, an old courting queen. Have I not forced her the house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of former-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such devotions as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing.

Ford. Come down thou, if thou hast any thing to say, I say.

Serv. Nay, good, sweet husband—good gentleman, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'lt prithee:—Out of the door, you witch! I salute him you rag, you baggage, you, you out of it! I'lt salute you, I'lt scorn you'lt flout you. I'lt scorn you'lt flout you, I'lt scorn you'lt flout you.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it;—The goodly credit for you.

Page. And hang her, witch!

Ewe. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman's a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I say a great peard under her mitre.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow me, follow me, follow me; for if I cry out therupon no trall, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.


Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass that he did not; he best him most pitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'lt have the cogil hallowed, and hung o' the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursuie him with any further revenge.

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not to fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt me again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they go to the highest, the spiritual and virtuous fat knight shall be any further affliicted, we were will still the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'lt warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicity shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool.
SCENE V.  A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, host, what, that shineth so? speak, Jessica, discourse; brief, short, quip, snapp.

Mrs. Merry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Blunder.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; his painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an acrobaticsticsson unto me: knock, I say.

Sir. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; he'll be so bold as say, Sir, all the come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Had a fat woman? the knight may be robbed; I'll call—Bail knight! Bustle Sir John speak from thy lunge military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thinkst Ephesian, calls.

Host. How now! host! Host! Here's a Bohemian—Tarrius takes the coming down of the fat woman! Let her descend, bust—let her descending, bust—her chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy! fie!
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV.

Enter Falstaff.

Host. There was mine host, an old fat woman once amongst us here; but she's gone.

She. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Bridewell?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; what would you with her?

She. My master, my master, Blunder; sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Sym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chance for my learning.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

She. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Merry, she says, that very same man that called master Blunder of his chain, cowzet im out of it.

Fal. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself! I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Host. What are they? Let us know.

Fal. Ay, come; quick.

She. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

She. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Ann; as if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 's his fortune.

She. Yes, sir; to have her, or—no; go, say the woman told me so.

She. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tyke; who more bold?

She. Thank your worship: 'I shall make my master glad with these tidings.' [Exit Tyke.

Host. Then art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John; was there a wise woman with thee.

Fal. Ay, that there was; mine host; one that hath taught me more wise than ever I learned before in my life: and paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! censure! mere censure!

Host. Where be mine horses? speak well of them, varletio.

Bard. Run away with the horses: for so soon as I came beyond From, they threw them off, from behind one, of a mule or two; and set prisoners, and away, like three German men, through France.

Fal. They are gone but to meet the duke; villain: do not say they be fed; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tell me, there is three seven Germans that has covered all the host of Hendon, of Middlesex, of Cede; breed of horse and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of spirit, and you will go where you should be coved: Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Were you mine Host de Jarnerre?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell you what; but it is a matter, that you must go to some person for a duke of Jarrow: by my troth, no such do I, that the court is know to come; I tell you for good will.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go—next me, knight; I am undone—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Enter Host and Bardolph.

Host. I would all the world might be cursed: for I have been coved and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and candlebied, they would think me of my state. I will make me of my fishermen's boat with me; I warrant they would whip me with their two wits till I was as crostfooked as a dried pear. I ever promised since I forswore myself at Pericles. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. Now! whence come you?

Host. From the two parties forth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his doom the other, and they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I am sure; especially one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue; that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What took at then me of black and blue?

I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the wilful destruction of property, the great dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the notion of an old woman: driver's men had the known eel-catcher had me set me 1 sale the stocks, for the common stocks for a witch.

Quick. Mr. let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will now speak with you. Mrs. Quickly, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garden Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. You will not let me speak: assist me in my purpose.

Host. And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee a hundred pounds in gold, more than thy loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From hence to hence I have acquainted you With the dear lady I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answered my affection For her beauty, and for herself; and her beauty, Even to my wish; I have a letter from her, Much contained as you will wonder at; The matter whereon I talked with my master, To either, single, can be manifested, With this of both—wherein Sir Falthon Hath a great scene; the image of the best.

Paying the letter.

I'll show you here at large. Huck, good mine host—

Host. Tonight at Hero's look, just twixt twelve and one.

[Exit.

Most my sweet Nann present the fairest queen; The pur-sue why where, in which disguise, While other joys are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip away with Bender, and him to Eton immediately to marry; she hath consented: Now, sir, her mother, even strong against that match, And vain for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, With other parts being taking of their minds. And so to-day, when the young man Thus straight married her: to this his mother's grief, She, seemingly obedient, Likewise hath Made promise to young man, likewise. Now thus it rests Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that haste, when Sandford sees her time To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
MERRY WIVES

She shall go with him—her mother hath in

The better to deceive her to the church.

(For they must all be ready, and vanished.)

The queen to reserve she shall be scarce known.

Will pluck the mutton, having cost her head; and

And when the doctor asks his vagrant way,

To punch her by the head, and, with that token,

The world hath gone about to go with him.

What mean these she of deceits? Either or

Poor. She, my good host, I go along with me.

And here it rests—thus you'll procure the vicar.

To say for your church, then two and two, and

And, in the harmless name of marrying,

To give our hearts unkind assertions

For, Walt, husband, your vessel! Fill in the

Bring you the vessel, you shall not lack a priest.

So shall I come some hour to be heard here;

Similarly, I'll make a present accomplishment.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garden Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Sir, I say, in good French—go. You'll

Tell me what she has said in good French.

Away, go; they say there is divinity in such matters, other than in nature.

Quick, 'tis pleasant, and I'll do it when I please. I'll get you a pair of horses.

Enter page. He gets into the coach with his head and music.

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the

I know our acquaintance; at Herron's, as

Then you shall know that she is come to

That he's come to her, master Brook, as you see. She comes from her, master Brook, as a poor

Thus much I know; I know she's at Herron's, and

That you understand her, master Brook; I know not for

I will tell you. She has been in the shape of a woman; for I was in the shape of a horse.

I will tell you all, master Brook. Since

I shall not grieve you, then I'll tell you all, master Brook.

Here comes Master Ford; the page is

Follow: strange things in-hand, master Ford! follow.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Mrs. Ford, Page, Shallow, and Mistress Page.

Ford. Come, come; we'll conjure in the castle,

And when we see the light of our fairies. Re-

Ender, ere whereas, my daughter.

Say, If, indeed! I have spoke to the cascade,

And here we may what word we know one

I like he in white, and cry, your

he in blue, and by that we know one an-

But, there's good lam! But what needs either

Your wealth; this white will deceive them

As in both streams ten o'clock.

Thus shall the spirits will

heavens proper to our sport? in

And she shall love him by her brains. Let's down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The Street in Windsor.

Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is to

To, when you see her, take her by the

And dispatch it quickly: go before into the park; we'll

Coles. I know vat I have to do. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. There you well, sir. [Exit Caius.

My husband will not rejoice too much at the news of Falstaff, as he will clasp of the doctor's con-

calling my daughter; but his no matter; better

a little sharing, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of

of the Dry; and when I give the watch-torch, do as I

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

There they are all matched in a pit hard

by Heron's oak with obscure lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they

will at once display to the right.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I'll not be amazed, he will be

he will never be amazement. These that betray

them to no treachery. Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak to the oak! [Exit.

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Fairies.

Fair. Trib, trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember

your parts; be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-torch, do as I

I said: Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck's head on.

Ford. The Windsor belt hath struck twelve; the

the dry ruts of the oak, and the wood-cuts
called me. Remember, Jove, then was a bull

for the Europe, love set on the horns—O powerful

love! to make a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda—O

compassionate; and I have come to the conclusion of a goose—A bull done first in the form of a beast—O, Jove, a beauty fault; and

another fault, in the semblance of a man; and

think not, Jove: a good fault. When gods have

buck's head, what shall poor men do? For me, I

am here, a Windsor stag; and the fairest, I think,

the forest; send me a cool rational, Jove, or who can blame me to pine my tallow hood? Who


Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my dear,

my male deer? [Exit. My doe with the black spot? Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune o.

Green hunting; half kising-confits, and snow

erogeneity; let there scarce a thought of prevention

I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Ford. Divide me like a bride-book, each a

branch; I will keep my side to myself, my

shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my

beneath your husband. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Heron the huntsman.

Why, now, a Windsor stag a child of conscience; he

restoration? As I am a true spirit, welcome!

OF WINDSOR.

ACT V.

Flut. I think, the devil will not have me dammed, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would make a cross man of me.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a sot; Mrs. Quick-

ly, and Falstaff; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with wires lappets on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-bairns of fixed destiny.

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crispin Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Flut. Elvise, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Fairies. Where thou chimney shall thou leap!

Where thou first最先 mark'd, and heart's unrest?

There pinch the maid as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen banes sluts, and slutbery.

Flut. They are fairies; be that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wince and coach: No man their works must eye.

Elvise. Where's Fezzi?

Flut. Go you, and where you find a man, find me.

Quick. About, about;

Search, o-yes; all, within and without;
Strew good luck, o-Asses, on every sacred gum;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'twas fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scorn
With juice of balm, and every precious flower;
Each fair installment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you slug,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring;
The expressur that it bears, green it let it be,
More fertile-goods than all the field to see;
And, Hony, owt oul mad y pones, write,
In emerald tuffs, flowers purple, blue and white;
Like to the dandies, and rich embroidered,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending Knee;
Fairies use flowers for their character.

Away; disperse: But, 'll till's o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Flut. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glowing stars shall our lasters be,
To guide our measures round about the tree.

But, stay; I small a man of middle earth.

Flut. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Psa. Vio worm, thou want o'erlock'd; even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be charmed, the flame will back descend, And turn him to no pain; but if he stir, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Flut. Come, will this wood take fire?

Quick. They burn him with their taper's.

Flut. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. This, corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in dears!
About him fairies; sing a solemn rhyme:
And as you sing, still pinch him to your time.

Flut. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Pye on uniful chanty.

Pye on truant and harry!

Lust but a bloody bear,

Kindled with unchristian heat.

[CHORUS.

Pye. in heart; whose names are set.

Flut. him, fairies, mutually.

Quick. Him for his villain!

Quick, and burn him black, and turn him about.

Till candles, and starlight, and moonshines be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff.

Doctor Caius comes one way, and stumbles on a fairy in green; renders another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Penton comes, and stumbles on Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting made within. All the fairies run away.

Falstaff pulls off his back's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor

See you this horse, husband? do you not these fair jakes?

Became the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, in a cuckold now?

Master Brooke; Falstaff a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brooke; and, master Brooke, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his back basket, his endig, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brooke; his horses, and his master.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deere.

Flut. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extinct.

Flut. And these are not fairies? I was there three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guileless of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the gieness of the fancy into a received belief, in despite of the terror of all rhyme and reason, that fairies may. Sire, you may not now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 's us all employ'd man.

Ees. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pise you.


Ees. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

I have laid my tain in the sun, and dress’d it; that it was matter to prevent my gross o’er-reaching this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a consomme of this? The time I were cucked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Ees. See, Sees is not good to give pote: your jelly is all potters.

Ford. Sees and potter? Have I lived to think at the name of this? that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the denial of foot and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though you would have those virtues out of your heart by the head and shoulders, and have given your lives without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-podge? A bag of fish?

Page. A pound and a quarter.

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails.

Ford. And one that is as absurd an as Satan?

Page. As poor as Job?

Ford. As wicked as his wife?
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
M. MAL VOLIO, Steward to Ollivia.
FABIAN, &c. Servants of Ollivia.
CLOWDIE, a rich Countess.
OLIVIA, in love with the Duke.
MARIAN, Oliviia's Woman.
Levite, Pages, Sultars, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

Scene: An apartment in the Duke's Palace.

The Duke, Ollivia, Levites; Blackfriars attending.

Duke. It must not be the fault of love, play on, like me the excuse of it, but that sparkling.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou:
That overwhelmeth my capacity.
Dread thou the sight I saw but now there.
Of what earthly and what mortal heart.
But falls into astonishment and low price.
Even as a mountæ: so full of shapes of fancy.
That all are so fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hence, my lord?
Duke. What counsel?
Cur. The har.
Duke. Why, so I do, the notion that I have:
O, when mine eyes do see Olivia first.
Methought she purged the air of pestilence:
That instant was my heart into a heart:
And my dreams, like fowls, and crane, bounds.
Where have you purled me?—How now! what news from her?

Enter Valentine.
Val. So, I praise my lord, I might not be admitted.
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
That she's but newly to the world.
Shall not behold her face in all my view;
But, like a stranger, she will walk added.
And water once a day her chamber round.
With eye-offending brownes; all this, to reason.
A brother's dear love, which she would keep.
That's fresh, and lasting, in her remembrance.
Duke. She, that hath that heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother.
How can I give such love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath ill the flock of all affection else.
That live inferior, when live, brain, and heart.
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and still'd
Her sweet perfecions) with one self king!
Away before to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bower.

SCENE II. The Sea Coast.
Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysea.
Parchance he is not drowned:—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is surmice that you yourself were saved.
Vio. What of your brother! and so, parchance, may be.
Cap. True, madam: and to comfort you with chance.
Assure yourself, our ship did split.
When you, and that poor number saved with you.
Hang on our driving boat, I saw your brother.
Most prevalent in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea.
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Muse own escape unfeath'd to my hope.
Whereat my speech serve for authority.
The like of him. Know't thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature.

As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Orlando.
Vio. Orlando! I have heard my father's name.

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.
Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, I take the death of her brother thus? I am sure
Toby's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier mornings: your cousin, my lady, is
Great envious of your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excuses.
Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself so fine
That I am as good enough to drink in, and so be three bows too; an they not,
Let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will comfort you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday;
as of a foolish knight, that you brought in on
night here, to be her man.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-chek?
Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all the ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.
Sir To. Pies, that you'll say so! he plays o' play-gambo, and speaks three or four in
English words for word without book, and has all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural; he besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarrel
and, that he hath the gift of a coward to lay the gust he hath in quarrelling; 'tis thought,
the prudent, he would quickly have a gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels, in nature, that my son. Who the deuce

Mar. They that add moreover, he drowns
nightly in your company.
SCENE IV.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir Tu. With drinking hath he to my sinew? I'll drink to her, as long as there is a penny in my purse, and drink as Illyrians: He's a drowsey, and, as I may say, my nieces; and the days are then the like of a parish-coat. What, churlish ! Whosoever you be, under the dignity of your beauty; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Tu. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. I'll stay a mirth longer. I am a fellow of the strangest, if I mistake not, I do myself in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Tu. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the dignity of his beauty; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Tu. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Ay, sir; that's sides and heart.

Sir Tu. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let us see then Cooper; ha; higher; ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Cesario in the Duke's service.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are so strange.

Flo. What? if he dare fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love? Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Flo. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Curio. Stood you awhile other—Cesario? Thou knowest no less but all; I have unseen't To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Duke. Good youth, address thy suit unto her. Be not desir'd access, stand at her doors. And tell them, she's not known shall grow; till then have audience.

Flo. Sure, my noble lord.

Duke. If she be so abandoned to her sorrow As it is spoken, she never will admit me.

Curio. She shall, the king will keep all civil bounds,

Duke. Rather than make unprofitable return.

Flo. She, she do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discoveries of my dear faith! She shall become so she was; she will adorn it better in thy youth, Than in a multitude of more grave respect.

Flo. I think but so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe me.

Flo. For they shall yet tell the happy years That so much love they love: Thanas's lip Is not more smooth and delicious: thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, sweet and sound, And sit'st on mine ear as a sweeter part.

Duke. I know thy constitution is right apt.

Flo. For this address—since we attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am amuse: When least in company! Prosper well in this, And they that love thee as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Pro. I'll do my best
Thou wast my lady: yet [Aside] a barful strife! Whence and how, too, myself would be his wife.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clowns.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a briar-may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good pleasant answer: I can tell thee where he hath been, of fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold today in your folly.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom; that have sense, and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you shall be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolved thus?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gassiness fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if the Toby would leave drinking; thou wentest as well with Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that: here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and be thy will, put me into good feeling! those wise, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and, I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what say you? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.---God bless thee, lady! Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do thy fellow? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishes.

Clo. Two fools, madam, that drink and grow counsel without counsel: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the bawbee mend him: Any thing that's mended, is not patched; that refuge, is but patched with sin: and sin, that mendeth, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's flower; the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I trust them take away the lady.

Clo. Miseries in the highest degree! Lady, Coriolanus was far from meanness; that's as much as to say, I wear not setimony in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.


Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, so

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, for your brother's soul; neither in heaven, nor away the fool, gentleman.

Oli. What think you of this fool, doth he not mend?

Clo. Yes: and shall do, till the poison shake him: Infamy, that decays the ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy la
to the better increasing your folly! Sir be sworn that I am no fox; but he will word for twopenny that you are a
ty by this letter to.

Mar. I marred your ladyship takes such a barren master; I saw him put other days with an ordinary fool that is

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolved thus?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gassiness fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if the Toby would leave drinking; thou wentest as well with Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more of that: here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Volo. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no pretext of parentage, nor of any service or remembrance of mine; but only the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as your matter.

Oth. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

Volo. What would you?

Oth. The readiness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainments. What am I, and what would I, are as secret as maids to be known to their ears, divinity, to any other's, profession.

Volo. Give us the place alone; we will hear this dirge. [Exit Maria.] New, sir, what is your text?

Volo. Most sweet lady—

Oth. A comfortable discourse, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Volo. In Oratio's bosom.

Oth. In his bosom?

Volo. In what chapter of his bosom?

Oth. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Volo. O, I have read it; it is harrow. Have you no more way

Volo. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oth. Have you any commission from your lord to converse with me? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one as I was, this presents—let it not be done?

Volo. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oth. In the gross, sir; for fortune wind and weather.

Volo. The beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Mot. You are the devil, you are fair.

My red and master loves you; O, such love

Cost he but recommended, though you were

The song and melody of beauty.

Oth. How does he love me?

Volo. With adorations, with feste bears.

With groans that thunder low, with sighs of fire.

Oth. You had does know my mind, I cannot

love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and splendid youth,

Inveni well dressed, free, learned, and valiant,

And, in short, the shape of nature,

A gracious person; but I cannot love him; he

Might have tuck his answer long ago.

If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a wilting, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense,

I would not understand it.

Why, what would you?

Oth. Make me a willow curtain at your gate,

And call upon me in the lane within the house;

Write royal cantos of comended love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

If she be your name to the reverential air,

And make the building group of the air

Fry out, O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

Volo. How much doth: What is your patience?

Oth. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT II.

I am a gentleman. 
Oli. Get you to your lord; 
I cannot love him: let him send me more. 
Unlesse, perchance, you come to me again. 
To tell me, I am here, and that you make it. 
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me: 
Flor. I am no seer; post lady: keep your purse; 
My means are small, lack recompense. 
Love makes his heart of stone, that shall you love; 
And let your favour, like my master's, be 
Flas'd in contempt! Farewell, fair curst. 
[Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage? 
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn that art, 
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and 
spirit, 
Do give thee five-fold blazon;—Not too fast.— 
soft! soft! 
Unlesse the master were the man.—How now? 
Even so quick may one catch the plague? 
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, 
With an invisible and subtle stealth, 
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be— 
What, ho, Malvolio? 
[Exit.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same perturbed vaisseuse. 
The country's man: he left this ring behind him. 
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it. 
Desire him not to enter with his lord. 
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him; 
If that the youth will come to-day to-morrow, 
I'll give him reasons for't. His thes, Malvolio. 
Mal. Madam, I will. 
[Exit.

Oli. I do know not what: and fear to find 
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. 
Fare, show thy force: oursewrs we do not owe; 
What is deuced, must be, and be this so. 
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Sea Coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, 
that I go with you? 
Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine 
darkly over me, the malignancy of my fate 
may, perhaps, distress your senses: therefore I 
shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear 
your evil advice: it were a bad recompense for 
your love, to lay any of them on you. 
Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound. 
Seb. No, 'booth, sir; my determinate voyage 
is more evagany. But I perceive in you 
so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will 
not extort from me what I am willing to 
Ins: therefore it is me in manners th'to 
rather to express myself. You must know of 
me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, 
which I called Eenegro: my father was that 
Sebastian of Messina, whom, I know, you 
have heard of; be left behind him myself, and 
a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens 
had been pleased, 'would we had so end'd but; 
you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before 
you took me from the breach of the sea, was 
my sister drowned. 
Ant. Also, the day! 
Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much 
resembled me, was yet of many account: 
beautifull but, though I could not, with such 
separable wonder, overbear belief that, yet 
thus afar I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind 
that was not so full of self, as she was drownded 
already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to 
draw her remembrance again with more. 
Fardens me, sir, your bad entertainment.
SCENE III.    TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir An.  'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it
rather their idea of eating and drinking.
Sir To.  Thou art a scholar; let us therefore
eat and drink.—Marian, I say—one stoup of
wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir An.  Here comes the food, I'faith.

Coo. How now, my hearts? Did you never
see the picture of us three?

Sir To.  Welcome, sir, now let's have a catch.

Sir An.  By my troth, the food had an excel-
 lent braise. I had rather forty shillings
I had had a stoup; and so exact a braise to
me, the food had. In stead, there went in very
graceful feeling last night, when thee spoke of
Pierrot, among all the Vajus passing the
regalities of Simeon. Was very good, I'faith. I
sent thee supper for thy lemon; hast it all?

Coo.  I went superintend my gullet for Malvo-
iano's name is so much mast: My lady has a
white hand, and the Myrannones are no bottle-ail
house.

Sir An.  Excellent! Why, this is the best
feeling when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To.  Come on; there is suspense for you:
I've a song.

Coo.  Would you have a love-song, or a song
of good advice?

Sir To.  A love-song, a love-song.

Sir An.  Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

MALV.  Coo.  O. must we come where you are coming?
Sir To.  Oh, and dare you?—I am coming.
Sir. An.  Not going with high and low:
'Stup at no other, pretty nothing,
Journeyed in graver mourning;
Very man's son d. b. know.

Sir An.  Raw, not good, I'faith.

Sir To.  Take it.

Coo.  What is love? It is not hereafter;
It never, hath, the present laughter;
In doubt, it seems to be a curse;
In doing, there is no pity;
Then come him, sweet and tender,
With all his stow will not restore.

Sir An.  A dull, round voice, as I am true
brave.

Sir To.  A great song, is it not?

Sir An.  Very much; and very notorious, I'faith,
and the song is in my thought. Get thee gone, thou
shriek. We make the weak dance; while we make the
weak walk, weak shall not one weaker than the other
not be?

Sir An.  And as you love me, let's do't; I am
very good.

Sir An.  Very, very, and some dogs will catch
well.

Sir An.  Most certain: let one catch he, Thou
know: H. L. thy place, then spare, knight; I
will not catch-ist; I can't to call thee knave,
ne'er see.

Sir To.  And at the first time I have com-
mand to will name me; Begin, fool; so it
begun, H. L. peace the first time begin if I hold my peace
Sir An.  Good, I'faith, I come, begin

Enter Marry.

Marry.  What aaterwalking do you keep here?
If my lady have not called up her steward,
Malvolio, she bid him turn you out of doors,
never trust me.

Sir An.  To my lady's a Catalian, we are politi-
cians: Malvolio's Page-Hammon, and Thea.

Merry men we be. Am I not a Catalian them?
If I am, you must follow me; for this valley
shame.

Coo.  Show me, the knight's in admirable
feeling.

Sir An.  Ay, he does well enough, if he be
consumed, and so do I too; he does it with a
better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To.  O, the twelfth day of December.—

Marry.  For the love of God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal.  My masters, are you mad? or what are
you that you have so vast, masstrous, new honesty,
but to gallop like tinkers at this time of night!
Do you make an abode of my lady's house,
that ye squawk out your women's catches withou-
to any mutation or remorse of voice? Is there
not respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To.  We did keep time, sir, in our catch.

Marry.  Snatch up!  The twelfth, dear heart, since I must
needs be gone.

Mal.  No, good Sir Toby.

Coo.  How long, do show's days are almost done.

Mal.  Even so.

Sir To.  But I will never die.

Coo.  Oh, Sir Toby, there you be.

Mal.  This is much credit to you.

Sir To.  Shall I bid him go?

Coo.  No, no, no, sir, you dare not.

Sir To.  Shall he be, and, and spoil not?

Coo.  And, and, and, you know not.

Mal.  Yes, by Saint Anne: and ginger shall be
hot, the mouth too.

Sir To.  Then 'tis 'the right.—Go, sir, rub your
chain with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Ma-
ry.

Mal.  Mistress Mary, if you prize my lady's
favour at any thing more than custom, you
would not give me for this untimely use
shall know it, by this hand.

Marry.  To make thy ears.

Sir To.  Thence, so the greatest as to drink
when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the
food; and then to break promises with him,
and mean a fool of him.

Sir An.  Not, knight: I'll write thee a chal-
lenge; or I'1 deliver thy indignation to him by
word of months.

Marry.  Sweet Sir Toby, is patient for to-night;

once the youth of the court's was to-day with
my lady, she is much out of quiet. For so much
Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not
call him into a may-well, and make him a com-
mon recreation, do not think I have wit enough
to be straight in my bed: I know, I can do it

Coo.  Peace, peace, peace; tell me some-
things of him.

Marry.  Sir Toby, sir, sometimes he is a kind of
Puritan.

Sir An.  O, if I thought that, I'd beat him
like a dog.

Sir An.  What, for being a Puritan? thy ex-
quaint reason, dear knight.

Sir An.  I have no exquaint reason for't, but
I have reason good enough.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II

Scene i

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke: Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends—

Now, good morrow, friends. What is the news?

That o'er the world, and there shineth bright—

Duke: Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio—Music. Jest him better, boy; if ever I shall love,

In the sweet发 with it, remember me:

For, such as I am, all true lovers are,

Unequivocally in all matters true.

Love, in the constant image of the creature

That is before? How dost thou like this tune?

The very echo to the text. Where love is

That music so sweetly meets me? Forsworn

Hath it not, boy? [Viol. a little, by our favour. 


Duke: She is not worth them then. Will you, my faith? 

Duke: About your years, my lord. 

Duke: Too old, by heaven! Let still the man take

An elder than herself; no ears she to him,

So says she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our favours are more giddy and uniform.

More bouncing, waving, sooner lost and we

Than women's are.

Duke: I think it well, my lord. 

Duke: Then let thy love be younger than thy self.

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are all fair flowers,

Once being display'd, doth fall that very hour.

And so they are: alas, that they are not

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke: O fellow, come, the song we had night

Mark it, Curio: it is cold and plain:

The spouters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free masts that wave their thongs

To do me chant it; it is lively, foolish,

And drolls with the innocency of love,

'Like old Othello.'—

Cur. Are you ready, sir? 

Duke: Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[Song]

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am吹 by a fair cloud golden.

My shroud of white, stuck all with rue;

Prepare me;

What part of death on such a true

Did share it.

Not a lover, nor a dower sweet,

The lock from thine eyes I'll take there I groan;

Not a friend, not a friend true;

My poor corset, where my bones shallknow

A thou and thousand sights to ease,

Leg, me, that other;

True love now find my grave,

To wrapp there.

Duke: There's for thy pains.

Do. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing;

Duke: I'll part thy pleasure then.

Do. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid

In time to other.

Duke: Give me now leave to leave thee.

Do. Now the melancholy gait protect us

And the latter make thy doubtle of changes

To bear for my soul; it is a very soul—it

We have seen of such constancy put to sea,

Their bones might be very thing; and I

Intend every where; for that's it, that

She makes a good voyage of nothing.—[Exit Clown

Do. Let all the rest give place.

Kneel: Curio and Attendees.

There more, Curio, let thee to thy sovereign duty;

Tell her, my love, more noble than the word

Prest not quantity of dry land.

The vaults that fortune hath heaped upon;

Tell her I hold as godliness as fortune;

But that's magic, and queen of sense,

That nature pranks her; thus young and a good

But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke: I cannot be so answer'd.
SCENE V.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

For

'Stoth, but you must

sit and sit in the

same chair, or, perhaps, in

the same room. But for your love as great a pang of heart

as you have for that, you must love her.

But, what shall she not then be answer'd?

Doth there no woman's eyes

see the same image of a woman's passion?

No, but our heart—our heart

has no heart: they lack retention.

Their love may be as great as any,

She, that burneth so, may be as happy,

She, that burneth so, may be as happy;

The more she burneth, the less she burneth.

Then in vain we may make to compare

Women, when that love a woman can bear me,

And that love I have.

P.S.: Ay, but I know—

What, that I know?

For I have

What, Told what love woman to me now may say—

In both, they are as true of heart as we.

An, but one, perhaps, was woman, woman,

Told it to woman.

What is her history?—

Told, and of her love. She never will her love,

Pist one word to a woman, but she shall hear the load.

Fist one word, and she's in her love; or, terrified, she'll

tell the load, and she will, not, to love, but will love.

Yet a word, or two, may be; and she'll be

tell, if she love, if not, and love if she will love.

Where may she, wince, wince, indeed,

Wince, if not more true than she will, and we will;

We must, if she will love.

Doth it, as it may be

love, as it may be; and yet I know not—

Love, as it may be.

Ay, that's the theme.

Told, and she gave her that great, my love,

May can give mine, base, and may not.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek,

M.F. Cesario, tame, signor Feste.

Sir F. Nay, I'll come: if I have a sop of this

fist, I'll give it to that woman, that will make

woman, and will make it to come by some

tor. I'll come, and I'll see, of a man.

Sir T. Sir, I must, many, if you know her

be at my favour, my lady, about

the best maid in the.

Sir T. You, sir, you, sir, you, sir, you,

will she, or your, sir, or your, sir, or your, sir.

Sir T. And, as a trade, a play of our lives

Ere you Marry.

Sir T. How comes the little villain?—How

comes Cesario, Cesario?—the little tree?

Sir M. Cesario, Cesario, Cesario, Cesario. Mal,

Sir T. and so comes Cesario: he has been

your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your,

your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your,

your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your, sir, your,

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MAL. I say command, wherefore? wenig:由此即去，即万万无。 With passion that with my heart does go: M. O. A. I. doch evil my life. Foh! A horrid riddle! Sie To. Exact wrench, may 1. MAL. M. O. A. I. doch evil my life—Nay, but feint, let me see—be-let me see—let me see. Foh! What a sham of passion how she dressed him: Sie To. And with what wing the stagney checks at it? MAL. I say command wherefore? wenig: she may command me: I swear her, is she my lady Why? this is evident to any formal capacity. There, at Plante-1: the first thing, if I can make that ransom something in me—M. O. A. I. She foh, ay, make me say that, she is a nee at a secret. Sie To. Why, well, you upon, for all that, though she rank as a fool. MAL. —M. A. A. —M. —why, that by gum. Foh! Did not I say: he would work a sin? the car is exquisite at toasts. MAL. M. P. Let there be no conscientiousness in the secret; that suffers under protection: a should follow, but the Omer. Foh! And that shall end, to be. Sie To. Ay, or I'll calk him, and make him cry. MAL. And then I come again: Foh! Ay, you had an eye behind you, you, a most subjection at your heels, as fortunes before you. MAL. M. O. A. I. —This situation is lit as the former—and yet, to crush this a little, it would low to me, for every one of these arter, are in my name. Seitz! here 1s fines & if this shall by hand, reverse. In my care I a-never they; but let it end of great ness. She are born great, are a love greatness, and even here greatness shall upon 3n. Thy eyes open their hands: thy blind and eyes is open: if you only will it, and from below, shun thy brother, and appear broke. She appears with a freemanship, with a face to the eyes: for the hand, that we the sterner, that we the sternness, is the one, if that desired to be, that it is a strong still, for the tell of sternness, and is turely to touch your eyes' fingers. Foh! That she would after service with feet.

The fortunate unhappy
Day-light and champagne discover not more: this is open will be proud, I will real po-lish authors, I will raise Sir Toby. I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be punctilious, the very man. I do not need had myself, to let imagination lust me: for every reason ex- cepts to that, that my body has me. She did command my yellow stockings at late: and in this she manifested herself to my love, and, with a kind of insinuation, she met me to those hands of her liking. I thank my- she happy. I will be strange, no, a yellow stockings; and cross, even with the sterner of putting on. Jove, and my style be praised! here is the truth. Thou cannot explore but know who me. If thou understandest my love, let it appear in thy smile: thy smile, become in her, more smile. Thou wilt still smile, dear my sweet! I presume. Jove, I thank thee

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT III.

I will smile; I will do every thing that thou will have me. Foh! I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the story. Sir To. I could marry this wrench for this device. Sie To. And, so could I too. Sie To. And ask no other dowry with her, but one such jest. Enter Maria.

Sir A. And nor I either. Foh: Here come my noble gall-catcher. Sie To. Will that set thy foot of my much? Sie A. And what name either? Sie To. Shall I play my freedom at tramps, and be the bondsman? Sie A. And I said of either? Sie To. Why, the hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad. Sie To. Nay, but say true: does it work upon them? Sie A. Like aquavit with a midwife. Mar. If you will then the fruits of the sport, much has his first mark before my lady; he will come her in yellow stockings, and to a color of attire, and cross-gartered, a manner she detests; and he will smile upon her, whom with a new one-somewhat to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot: turn him into a miserable cent- a: if you will, I will follow me. Sie To. To the seats of Tartar, thou must en- clude this of a. Sie A. I will make one too.

[Exeunt]

SCENE 1. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown, with a tober.

FRO. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tober?

CLO. No, sir. I am hour by the church.

FRO. Art then a churchman? CLO. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church, and I do live at my house, and any house both stand by the church. Fro. So then may'st thy say, the king lies by a church; or, if a bigger day I hear him: or, the church stands by thy-taker, if thy-taker stand by the church.

FRO. You have wit; or To see this age—A presence at a cheerful glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned out.

FRO. Nay, that's certain; that daily oily with words, may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name.

FRO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name's a word; and so daily with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disordered them.

FRO. Thy reason, man?

CLO. Tech, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am like to be a companion with them.

FRO. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and can stand nothing.

CLO. No, sir; I do care for something: but in thy conscience, sir, I do not care for you: If that he to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

FRO. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has so folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be
THIRTEENTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

[Scene I.]

Lord Olivia and Maria.

Mastros and a shepherd's lady, the heavens rain among us.

Let this 'tis a rare courtier! State

My mother bath no sense, lady, but to

That you must the reward and worther ear.

How long shall these forlorn and sensible

Maria. How is your servant's name, fair princess?

Our servant, sir? Twice never merry word.

While lovely courting was call'd complacency.

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

[Exit.

[Scene II.

The Duke and his attendants.

And I am yours, and this must needs be your grace.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

O, for him, I think not am I; for his thoughts

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts

On her behalf—

O, by your leave, I pray you;

I made you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit, I would indeed hear you to select that;

Thus snatched from the squares.

Dear lady—

Give me leave, Sussuck you; I did need

After the last embroilment you did have,

A ring in chafe of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you;

Under your hard constrained I must, to

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you know none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set men more honour at the stake,

And tainted it with all the immoral thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your rank?

This fellow's wise enough to play the

And, to that well, comes a kind of wit:

It must assure their second on whom he casts,

The matchless, and, like the king's, look at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a precious

As lily of ivory, as snow upon a snow.

Like this, that he fairly shows, is fit;

But wise men, fully taught, gain not their wit

To yield you, gentleman.

To do, you see,

And Despereau in Paris.

And there I hope you will;

To know you now as you are.

And Willy Loyse, Sir Andrew Ague-

Sir. To save you, gentleman.

And you see,

And Despereau in Paris, madam.

You are and are now, and I am yours.

You will return, the house I have named,

For you to your own, sir; I mean,

To make you, sir, put them to motion.

My legs do better understand me, sir,

I understood what you meant by bidding

And I mean to go, sir, in enter.

I will assure you with guilt and interest.

But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Maidens and a shepherd's lady, the heavens

That 'tis a rare courtier! State

My mother hath no sense, lady, but to

That you must the reward and worther ear.

How long shall these forlorn and sensible

Maria. How is your servant's name, fair princess?

Our servant, sir? Twice never merry word.

While lovely courting was call'd complacency.

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

[Exit.

[Scene III.

[Exit.

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[Scene C. 6*
SEVENTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT III.

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Fabian, and Feste.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Feste. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't in the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee, the white, old boy I tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Feste. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Sight! will you make an ass of me?
Feste. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Feste. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant valour, to put fire in your heart, and blemish in your liver: You should then have answered her; and with some present jests, fire-draw from the mint, you should have blemished the youth into dumness. This was lack'd for, and this was baulked: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an incense on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And 'tis by any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a beast as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him: I hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commandation with woman, than report of valour.

Feste. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
Sir To. No, write it in a martial band; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with thine own speeches of ink; if thou show'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet was big enough for the bed of Wars in England, set 'em down, go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-quill, no matter; About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?
Sir To. We'll call thee at the publick Go:
Sir And. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby. Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Feste. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll deliver it.
Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir the youth to an answer. I think, ozen and cleft, he has been together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Feste. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great prepossession of oracy.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine sons.
Maria. If you desire the spaws, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me; you'll gull Malvolio is turned heelsick, a very renegade;

for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of groans. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And oarn-gartered?
Maria. Most villainously; like a pedant that keep a school; I wish he had dagged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does unlike his face into his lines, that are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hearing him; if he do, he'll smile, and take it for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is [Exeunt].

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasures of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, more sharp than fled steel, did spur me forth; and now I am come to see you, (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes.

Ant. Would you p.MessageBox me?
Seb. I do not without danger walk these streets; Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his eye I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I at 'em here, it would scarce be as
twisted.

Ant. Believe, you slew great number of his people.
Seb. The offence is out of such a bloody nature, Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open. And it doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse; In this suburb's at, the Elephant, I best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whilst you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge.

Ant. With viewing of the town; there shall you have
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Hay, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to pursu' bawdly; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant —

Seb. I do remember [Exeunt].
SCENE IV. TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Olivia: You have seen my boy, have you? He saith he will come.

Maria: Yes, sir; I saw him just now. How shall I know him when I see him? For you shall look more on him, then beggar, or I speak my lord.

Where is Malvolio?—He is not, and yet, I hear some people say he is
drawn at my window.

Maria: Yes, sir; he is. He was talking with some man—Maria: Why, what's the matter? What does he rave?

Olivia: No, no, madam; he does not rave, but is over thronged with care. He does not know his name; I fear he will be mad—Maria: Hie, call him hence. For as good as he, if sent and marry resolves equal be—

Enter Malvolio.

Olivia: Where are you, Malvolio?—Maria: Sir Toby Belch and Fabian.

Sir Toby: Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legimae himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fabian: Here he is, here he is. How's it with you, sir? How is it with you, man?

Olivia: Go off; I discount you; let me enjoy my private sport.

Maria: Sir, how hollow the shades speak within him! Did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care.

Olivia: Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby: Go to, go, my lords, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is it with you? What, man, do you the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Malvolio: Do you know what you say?

Olivia: Nay, sir, you speak all of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fabian: Send his water to the wise woman.

Olivia: Merry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll pay you.

Maria: How now, mistress!—Sir Toby: Nay, be patient; hold thy peace; this is not the way; Do you not see, you move him; let me alone with him.

Fabian: Nay, but gentleness; gently, gently; the devil is abroad, and will not be roughly said.

Sir Toby: Why, how now, my lawcock? how dost thou, chum?

Maria: Sir?

Sir Toby: Ay, bidly come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan! Hang him, fool collier!

Maria: Go and tell him to say thy prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Olivia: My prayers, man.

Maria: No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Olivia: Go, hang yourselves all; you are idle shallow things; I am out of your element; ye shall know more hereafter.

Sir Toby: It's possible.

Fabian: If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbableotion.

Sir Toby: His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria: Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and lose.

Fabian: We shall most make him mad. Indeed.

Olivia: The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby: Come, we'll take a dark room, and, bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Olivia: Hie, hie! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look at me? This sentence already with the letter; she makes him more pressing, that I may appear staiden to him;
Enter Sir Andrew Ague-check.

Pub. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Pub. Let's see how.

Sir And. Art, let me warrant him; I do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art a very young fellow.

Pub. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy youth; thy beauty is thy woe; and now I'll show thee what my reason is.

Pub. A good note: that keeps you from the Home of Ayot.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she was ever kindely; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Pub. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. I will say nothing more in the matter, unless if it be my chance to kill thee.

Pub. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Pub. Still keep 'o' the windy side of the law: God.

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon your rotten soul! He may have mercy upon mine, but my honor is better, and so look to yourself. Thy friend, as thou wast him, and thy friend thou art, wedded with Ague-check.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give him more.

Sir To. You may have very fit occasion for:- he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Here, Sir Andrew: seek me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a hun-baftiff's; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou dost heare him roar horrible, for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives mankind more apprehension than ever proof itself would have earned him away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Sir To. Now will I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gave us to be of good capacity and tempering; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore the letter, being so exceedingly ignorant, will beed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clownish bungler, who deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-check a notable repartee valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth) into a most tedious and impertinent opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impudence.

This will affright them both, that they will kill one another by the hand, like cuckoos.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Pub. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Sir To. Esc, Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Off. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, and lost my honour too uncharitably.

There's something in me, that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong passion faults it on, That it is made reproves.

Vio. With the same behaviour that your passion bears.

Go on to master's griefs.

Off. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture! Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to say you: I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall ye do of me that I'll deny you? How, how, how? 'tis no tooles for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee. Art, and you, sir.

Sir To. That science thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the weapons are thou dost him, I know not; but thy frequent, fair-and-foul, attacks thou at the orchard end; dost diamont thy back, be yore in thy preparation, for thy amansent is quitted, skillful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me, my remembrance. I am very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, take you to your guard; for your opposite hath him in such youth, strength, skill, and craft, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is the youth, trusted with unbecched rapiers, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he devor'd there; and his uncinement at this moment is so impenable, that satisfaction can be none but by pains of death and sepulture: hell, no, in his word, give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To.Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very tender injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Bank shall not suits till the he, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword more naked: for meekly you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as merciful, as strange: I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight a hat that my absence to him is: it is something of his great estate, nothing of any purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabiana, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Sir To. Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Sir To. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal altercation: but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Sir To. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to come to proof in the point of his value. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, boldest, and fatal opposer that you could possibly have found in any part of Ulysses: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with my priest, than with knaves; I care not who knows so much of my motive.

Sir To. Esc, Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil: I have not seen such a sarge I had a pass with him, rapport, scolding, and all, and he gives me the
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL

V.

with such a moral lesson, that it is, on the answer, he pays you as your feet left the ground they step on; he has been tossed to the Sophy. Fio. Pant off, I'll ride with him. Any, but he will not now be pacified: an ascendant holds him yonder. I'll keep on; so I thought he had not and so counting in sense, I'll have demanded ere I'll have challenged him on the matter slip, and I'll give him gray Capulet. I'll make the motion: stand here, cool above won't; this shall end without contention of souls: Marry, I'll ride your wild as I ride you. 

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

As he is Fab. to take up the quarrel presumed on him, the youth's a devil. As he is so honorably engrossed of him; and it looks pale, as if a bear were at his heart there, no remedy, sir: he will fight for his son's sake; marry, he hath sought him of his quarrel, and he finds inaccessibility to be worth talking of: there's for the suppleness of his real; he to spare you, y God defend me! A little thing would tell them how much I lack of a man. 

As he is, ground, if you see him furious. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; come, will for his honor's sake, have with you: he cannot be the duellist and he has promised me, as he is a noble and a soldier, he will, not hurt you; not. 

Pray God, he keep his oath! 

Enter Antonio.

Ant. I must correct you some of that money. Fio. What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have showed me here, And, part, being prompted by your present filub, Out of my sense and low ability, I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coffee. 

Ant. Will you deny me now? Fio. It's possible, that my desire to you Can lack presumption? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsearch a man, As to oppress you with those kindnesses That I have done for you. 

Ant. I know of none; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying, vileness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood. 

O heavens themselves! This youth that you see here, I snatch'd off half out of the jaws of death; Believ'd him with such sanctity of love; And to his image, which, methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devote. 

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away. 

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god! Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish, but the mind: None can be call'd decent, but the unkind: Virtue is beauty; but the beautiful-will Are empty trunks, o'erburthen'd by the devil. 

1 Off. The coin grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir. 

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with Ant. Fio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believe's himself; so do not I 

Prepare true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now taken for you! Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper 'twee a couple or two of most sage ears. 

Fio. He named Sebastian; I say brother know, Yet living in my glass; and so, and so, In favour wax my brother; and he went 

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: if it proves, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! 

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here incapable, and denying him: and for his cowardly, speak Fabian, Pah. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it. 

Sir And. Strid, I'll after him again, and beat him. Sir To. Do, eat him equally, but never draw thy sword. 

Sir And. An I do not. [Exeunt. Fio. Come, let's see the event. Sir To. I dare say any money, I'll be nothing yet. 

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you? 

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT IV.

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, use this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Toby the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the while.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will disguise myself as't; and I would I were the first that were disposed to such a guest. I am not well enough to become the function well; nor less enough to be thought a good student: but to be and, an honest man; and a good housekeeper, goes as far as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, Lech and Maria.

Sir To. Soft, bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bless thee, Sir Toby;—for as the holy hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wetly said to a piece of king, 'Go strew, Pastor; that is, i' faith, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but I Sir To. To him, Sir Toby.

Clo. What, but, I say:—Peace in the house! Sir To. The knave counterfeit's well; a good knave.

Mat. In an inner chamber. Who calls there?— Sir To. The curate who comes to visit Malvolio the lawyer.

Mat. Sir To, Sir Toby, good Sir Toby, go to my lady.

Clo. That, hypothetically said! how vexes thee this man? talked thou nothing but of Ladies!—Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mat. Sir To, never was man more wronged; good Sir Toby, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in jocund darkness.

Clo. Foe, thou dost reason well; I call thee the most mistrustful man; for I am one of these gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with caution, than to sit down, that house is dark.

Mat. As well, Sir Toby.

Clo. Why, it hath bar windows transparent as barricades, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as luminous as oyster; and yet complaint on that obstruction:—Mat. I am not mad, Sir Toby: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madam, thou art errant; I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mat. O say, this house is not dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am not more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning evil soul?

Mat. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Clo. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well; Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Ptolemy, or I will allow of thy wise: and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou despise the soul of thy grandam Far time well.

Clo. Madam, I will.

Clo. O, my so, and so be!
SCENE I.  
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Cia.  Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.  
[Sing.]  

Mal.  Poor.

Cia.  My lady is sickbed, sickbed.

Mal.  Friends.

Cia.  Why, is she so?

Mal.  Poor.

Cia.  She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal.  Good girl, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, and, paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thanked for thee for't.

Mal.  Master Malvolio!

Mal.  Ay, good fellow.

Cia.  Alas, sir, how tell you besides your five wits?

Mal.  Poor, there was never man so notoriously abused! I am as well as my wife, as that art.

Cia.  Be as well—I then you are mad, indeed.

Mal.  They have here proprest me: keep me in darkness, send my masters to me, scorne, and disdaine them out of me.  

Cia.  Advise you when you say: the minister is here—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy was the hearse whereby my lady used to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble bubble.

Mal.  Sir Toby.

Cia.  Master Toby, as it concerneth with him, good fellow.

—Who, I, sir, I not at, sir: God bless you, good Sir Toby—Marry, am I, sir, I will.


Cia.  Also, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?  

Mal.  I will not trouble to talk to you.

Cia.  Good fellow, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wit as any man in Illyria.

Mal.  Well—(that you were, sir.)

Mal.  By this hand, I am; good fellow, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the hearing of better did.

Cia.  I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but commend?

Mal.  Believe me, I am not; tell thee true.

Cia.  Nay, I'll never believe a madman till I see his benefactors. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink, sir.

Mal.  Poor. I'll require it in the highest degree: I desire this; begin.

Cia.  I am gone, sir.

Cia.  And now, sir,

Cia.  I'll write to you again,

Cia.  To the old object,

Cia.  Your need to sustain;

Cia.  Who with dagger of luck,

Cia.  In his rage and his wrath,

Cia.  Cries oh! ha! to the devil:

Cia.  Like a mad lord,

Cia.  Paves thy way, dad,

Cia.  Adieu, goodman dried.  

[Exit.]

SCENE II.  
Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb.  This is the sky, that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel and see't;  
And though she wonder that engross me thus,  
Yet I'm not mad. Where's Antonio then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant;  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit:  
That he had driven the town to seek me out.  
He promised now might do golden service:  
For though my soul dispose well with my sense,  
Yet there was some fear, but no numbness,  
Yet such this ancient and most of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I can read in distant mine eyes,  
And wrestle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust, lest that I am mad,  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not swerve her house, command her  
followers,  
Taketh, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing;  
So, I perceive she doth; there's something in't,  
That is descivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Pri.  Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,  
Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the charity by: there, before him,  
And understand that consecrated root:  
Plead me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubting soul  
May live in peace: He shall conceal it,  
While you are willing it shall come to none:  
What time we will our celebration keep:  
According to my wish. What do you say?

Seb.  I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Pri.  Then lead the way, good father:—And  
heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine!  
[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab.  Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Cia.  Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab.  Anything.

Cia.  Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab.  That is, to give a dog, and in recom pense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke.  Belong you to the lady Olivia; friends?

Cia.  Ay, sir; we are some of her kinsmen.

Duke.  I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Cia.  Truly, sir, the better for my face, and the worse for my friends.

Duke.  Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Cia.  No, sir, the worse.

Duke.  How can that be?

Cia.  Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an use of me; now my nose tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abased; so that, contrariwise, to be as wise, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke.  Why, this is excellent.

Cia.  By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke.  Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold in the West.

Cia.  But that it would be double dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke.  If you would.

Cia.  Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this case, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke.  Well, I will not be so much a villain to be a double dealer; there's another.

Cia.  Primo, secondo, terzo, is a good play;  
And the old saying is, the third pays for all; the  
triplice, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the  
helix of St. Benedict, sir, may put you in mind  
One, two, three.

Duke.  You can feel no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Cia.  Marry, sir,1 hastily to your bounty, till 1
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT V.

As evening after midnight.

Duke. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What is to peravernous you entailed lady.

To whose ingratitude and unanswerable alms
My soul the faithful and suffering hath breath’d out,
That’s devours wonder! What shall I do? I
Ok. Even what it pleases my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, and I the heart to do it,
Lute to the Egyptian thief, at pant of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly—That hear me this:
Success to non-regardness and faith my faith
And that I partly know the instrument
That screw me from my true place in your favor.

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still:
But this your manes, whom, I know you lose,
And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
When it was crowned in his master again—
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are riper in
my chief.
I’ll revenge the lamb that I do love.
To spit a raven’s heart within a dove. [Off]

Flaut. And I, most found, apt, and willingly
do you return, a thousand deaths would do.

[Following.]

Flaut. Where goes Cesario?

Flaut. After him love, more than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all means, than ever I shall love wife,
If I do fear, you witness above.
Punish my life, for tampering of my love!

Flaut. Ah, me, distressed how am I beguiled?
Flaut. Who does beguile you who does do you wrong?

Flaut. Hast thou yet forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an attendant.

Duke. Come away. [To Viola. 

Duke. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Duke. Ay, husband; Can he that do i’ th’ way?
Duke. Her husband, indeed.[

Flaut. No, my lord, not i’ th’ way.

Flaut. Also, it is the laiseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, tak’ thy fortunes up:
Be thou that know’st thy name, and thou that art
As great as thou fear’st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Flaut. Inefface thee, by thy reverence, here to unfold though lately we intentions
To keep in darkness, what occasion: new
Haunalest low to rise, what thou dost know,
Hast newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hearts,
Attest’d by holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchange of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Need’d in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
I have travel’d but two hours.

Duke. He then assembling cub! what with then

When time hath serv’d a prince or thy case?
Thy will not else thy length’ly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Forsooth, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and thou knowest may never meet.

Flaut. My lord, I do protest.

Duke. No, do not swear;
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Halt little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir Andr. For the love of God, a surgeon; and send me presently to Sir Toby.

Ok. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head answer, and has given Sir Toby a bloody cocquet too! for the love of God, your help: I laid rather than forty pounds, at home.

Ok. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The countess's pages, one Cesario; we took him for a coward, but he's the very de-

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Oh! it'sukiings, here he is — You broke my head so suddenly, and that I did not set so down by Sir Toby.

Sir Anthony. Do you speak to me? I cover hurts.

You drove your sword upon me, without cause:

You And. If a bloody cocquet be a hurt, you may, I think you set nothing by a bloody cocquet, as I think you.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Fare you come Sir Toby bellowing, you shall have more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have spitted you without grudge.

Duke. How now, gentlewoman? how art with Sir Toby?

Ok. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end. — So, did not Dick sur-

Cla. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.

Sir Anthony. My eyes were set as right as the morning:

Sir Toby. I've been a rogue, and a passy-mus-


Ok. Away with him: Who hath made this bawcock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir Anthony. Will you help me? — An ass-head, and a cocquet, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Cesario, Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two

A natural perspective, that is, and not so.

Ok. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!

Sir And. How have your horses kicked, and tortured me, since I have last seen you?

Ant. Sir Anthony, are you?

Ok. Good God! I thought 'twas Antonio. How have you made division of your self?

An apple, left in twa, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ok. Most wonderful.

Duke. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Now can there be that deity in my nature,

Whom the blind waves and surges have don't mind;

Of whom do you want, that I go to? 'Tis Viola! What countryman? what name? what parent

Fie! Monosyllable: Sebastian was my father;

Thus a Sebastian was my brother too,
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT V.

Twas me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drubbing cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the recollection I put on; with which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little undoubted of, and speak out of my turns.

The sun-dried Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Cho. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on.

To think me as well a sister as a wife

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quite you [To Viola: and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong.

Notorious wrong.


Mal. Lady, you have. 'Pray you, paruse that letter:

You must not now deny it's your hand.

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:—

You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such light of favour;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to shrown

Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;

And, acting this, an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious gosip, and gull,

That ever invention play'd on't tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character;

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad; then canst in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd

Upon her in the letter. 'Pr'ythee, be content;

This practice hath most shrivelled past upon thee;

But, when we know the grounds and author of it,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANGELA, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ANGELUS, his Lordship's Son.
BACCHUS, a Minor Guardian.
BORSO, a Gentleman.
CASTELLAN, an ancient Lord, jealous with Civalier's.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.
Lucio. I have been; for, I think, there never was where grace was said.
2 Gent. No; at a duty in arms.
1 Gent. What? in metre?
Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.
1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.
Lucio. Nay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy. As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.
1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.
Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lath and the velvet: Thou art the lath.
1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pair piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English keysey, as be pil’d, as thou art pil’d, for a French velvet.
Do I speak feelingly now?
Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech; I will, out of thinness of confession, learn to begin thy speech, but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.
1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?
2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or not.
Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—
2 Gent. To what, I pray?
1 Gent. Judged.
2 Gent. To three hundred dollars a-year.
1 Gent. Ay, and more.
Lucio. Does the church crown of ever?
1 Gent. Thus art thou always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.
Lucio. Nay, not; I would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impatience has made a feast of thee.

Enter Baud.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound scaties?
Baud. Well, well; there’s one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.
1 Gent. Who’s that, I pray thee?
Baud. Marry, sir, that’s Claudius, signior Claudius.
1 Gent. Claudius to prison! ‘tis not so.
Baud. Nay, but I know, ‘tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head’s to be chopped off.
Lucio. But, after all this feeling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?
Baud. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.
Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.
Baud. Doth he now, you know? It draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.
1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.
Lucio. Away! let’s go learn the truth of it.

Enter Lucio and Gentlemen.

Baud. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the rowdiness, and what with property-shaking. How now? what’s the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Cho. Yonder man is carried to prison.
Baud. Well: what has he done?
Baud. But what’s his offense?
Cho. Oregano for tracts in a peculiar river.
Baud. Then will you make with child by him?
Cho. No; but there’s a woman with maid by; a house whereon the governor doth ride,
SCENE V.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
How much it can command, lets it straight feel the spur!
Whether it be in his place, or in theemas that fills it up.
I chargen—But this new governor
Another mask close the unavowed pretension.
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall
So long, that rust and rustlings have gone round.
And some of them have worn; and, for a name,
Now pass the disarray and repudged not.

But fairly on—Sir surely, for a name.
You have been in bed; and the hand stands on
To make the whole appearance, meet a half-maid, if she
Should see it after the take, and equal to her.

Come, come, come, away.

SCENE VI.  A Nursery.

Enter Isabella and Franciscus.

Isob. And have you some no further privileges?

Franc. Are not these large enough?

Isob. You truly; I speak not as desiring more; but rather wishing a more strict restraint.

Upon the disadvantage, the statutes of Saint Clare.

Lucio. Hear Peace be in your place! I am within.

Enter. Who's that which calls?

Franc. It is a man's voice; outside Isabella, turn you the key, and know the business of him; you may, you may not; you are yet unknown.

Isob. When you have said, you must not speak with men,

But in the presence of the priest.

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

Lucio. Halloo, virgin, if you please; as those cheekings.

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her brother, brother Claudio.

Lucio. Who is that unhappy brother? let me ask?

The rather, for I now must make you known I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Lucio. We are for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks!

He hath got his friend with the devil's help.—

Lucio. Sir, speak me true.—your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true, I would not,—though 'tis my favoring.

With maidens to seem theavid, and to jeal,

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so,

And hold you as a thing easy, and urgent;

By your renownment, an immortal slave;

And to be talked with in sincerity.

As with a saint.

Lucio. You do blaspheme the good inmocking

Lucri. Do not believe it. Fieuness and truth;

Your brother and his lover have embraced;

As those that feed grew full; and after while,

That from the soul the fare fellow brings

To comment the case in loving words;

Express his full rill and hunger;

Some one with child by him—My cousin.

Lucio. Is she your cousin?
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

ACT 11.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law, 
Setting it up to bear the birds of prey, 
And let it peep out once, to custom make it 
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet 
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, 
Then fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle

When I would save, had a most noble father. 
Let not your honour know, 
(I' th' name of virtue, or in duty.) 

That, in the working of your own affections, 
Had time coher'd with place, or place with time. 

Or that the resolute acting of your blood 
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose.

Whether you had not sometime in your life 
Served in this point which now you consume him, 
And pull'd the thread upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, 
And another thing to fall: I do not doubt the jury, 
Passing on the prisoner's life, 

May, in the sword twice, have a third or two 
Girdler than him they try: What's done must 

That true remorse. What know the laws. 
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very proper 

The jewel that we find, we stop and take it, 
Because we see it: but what we do not see, 
We trust upon, and never think of it.

You may not so exactize his offence, 
For I have had such fancies; but rather tell me, 
When I, that cause him, do so offend, 

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, 
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must dis

Be as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provest.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;

Bring him his confession, let him be prepared; 
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people, a conscience, that do nothing to use their absences in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's counsellor, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Beneputies! Well: what benefactors are they? are they not misfits?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all professions in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Recal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Elb. No, he cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. Sir, I am a tapster, sir; parcel-branded man that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the streets; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Recal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and you.

Recal. How thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman.

Recal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bad's house, it is a pity of her life, for it is a hangman's house.

Recal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman candidly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all unconscionable things.

Recal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she is in his face, so she doth dis

Cto. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, then honourable man, prove it.

Recal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Cto. Sir, she came in great with child; and longeing (saving your honour's reverence) for
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

SIT: I present you, sir, we had her two in the house, which was very distressing time, as it were, in a truth, a sign of some three pieces: you may say there's not more than five years, she was not Chinese, but very good Chinese.

Serv. It be, and my butler for the dish, sir.

Cio. No, indeed, sir; not of a pie; you are there is in the right, too, no point. As I say, this address Eloi being, as my, with child, and being very helpful, and loosing, as I said, for pieces; and being but two in the dish, as I said, master. From here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said, and as a far, paying for them very honestly: for, as you know, master Froth, I could not have them pieces again.

Serv. No, indeed.

Cio. Very well; you bring them, if you be required here, scratching the words of the Shakespeare dialogue.

Serv. As, and I shall, indeed.

Cio. Very, very well.

Serv. There, there are a tedious face; in the doorway.

Cio. What was done to Eloi's wife, that he must come to complain of? I come to what

Serv. All this is true.

Cio. Why, very well.

Serv. And, they are a tedious face; in the doorway.

Cio. The year your houseman came is to that yet.

Serv. Yes, I have it, sir; though I cannot give it to you, by your humble servant. And, I beheld, you look into company. A mass of fourscore pound a year, a very better habit at Hallowe'en: West, and what not at Hallowe'en, master Froth?

Serv. All this is true.

Cio. Why, very well! I hope here be truths.

Serv. He, sir, would I say, in a lower class, sir; there's in the dungeon of the castle. Where indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not.

Froth. I know not, because it is an open room.

Cio. Why, very well, then: I hope here be truths.

Serv. This will last but a night in Russia, when rights are less good there. I'll take my leave, and have the honour of the company.

Cio. We'll good come to shew them all.

Serv. I hope I have been; Good morrow to your Lordship.

Eloi. Angelic, so you, ma'am? I was sent down to Eloi's with some news.

Cio. Come, sir, there was nothing done to her.

Serv. I know, sir, or ask him what this man said.

Cio. I know your honour, ask me.

Serv. What did this gentleman to me?

Cio. I know your honour, look in this gentleman's face, I know; what God hath, that God hath.

Cio. That's his same purpose; both your honour mark his face.

Serv. By my verily, no.

Cio. I had him, saw him, mark it well.

Serv. Well, sir, I do so.

Cio. You can see any burns in his face?

Serv. Why, no.

Cio. I'll be suppos'd a book, his face is the worst thing of dish, is Eloi then; if his face be the word, God about him, how could master Froth in the possibility of any harm.

Serv. I would know, you of your honour.

Cio. Mark it in the sky, Caesar, what you say.

Froth. First, if I hear him, the house is a respectable house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his word is a word of the house.

Cio. By this head, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Eloi. Varlet, then thou, thou, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Cio. She was more respected with him before he married with her.

Eloi. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Intiquity? Is this true?

Eloi. O thou call'dst! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Haman! I respected her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor done's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Haman, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Serv. If he took you a box of the ear, you might have my action of slander too.

Eloi. Marry, I thank your good worship for it; but what did you do with this wicked call'dst?

Eloi. Truly, officer, because he has some of force in his, that this and not discover it, thou couldst, let him continue in his course till thou know'st what's he.

Eloi. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou sent, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee? they say a resident in my name, thou varlet; they art to continue.

Serv. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Serv. Are you of tournesou pouchs a year?

Froth. Yes, and I pay you.

Serv. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Cio. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Serv. Your mistress's name?

Cio. Mistress Overdone.

Serv. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Cio. Nine, sir; overdone by the last.

Serv. Nine!—Come bide to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you accosted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tapster, but I am drawn in.

Serv. Well, no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Enter Froth.]—Come bide to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Cio. Pompey.

Serv. What else?

Cio. Dam, sir.

Serv. Truth, and your bun is the greatest thing about you: so this, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a beaver, Pompey, however you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me then: it shall be the better for you.

Cio. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Serv. How would you live, Pompey? by being a beaver? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? If the law would allow it, sir?

Cio. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be found.

Cio. Does your worship mean to goad and spay all the youths in the city?

Eloi. No, Pompey.

Cio. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will not; when a young man will take care for the base and the knives, you need not to fear the beavers.

Serv. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you; it is but beating and hanging.

Cio. If you head and hang all that alone that way be upon your time, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the false
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. [ACT II.

May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guelder than hit they try: What's open need
To justice, That justice sexes. What know the laws.
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very poor.
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not to extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die
Ecal. He it is your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the provost.
Ecal. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudii
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his sonorous, let him be prepared;
For that's the strain of his pilgrimage.
[Enter Proser.
Ecal. Well, heaven forborne him; and forgive
us all.
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brake of vice, and some are born
And some condemned for a fault alone.
Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Ang. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a common-wealth, that do nothing
in their abuses in common-houses, I know a
law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? or
what's the matter?
Ecal. If it please your honour, I am the poet
Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before
your good honour two notorious benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors! Well: what benefactors as
they are, they are not benefactors?
Ecal. If it please your honour, I know not what
they are; but prose without them are
that I am sure of; and void of all profanities
in the world, that good Christians ought to
Ecal. This comes off well; here's a wise off-
car.
Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? E-
bow is your name? Why dost thou not speak
Elbow?
Cso. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.
Ang. What are you, sir?
Ecal. He, sir, I am a tapster, sir; paralobed; on
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was,
as they say, plucked down in the suburbs: and
now she professes a hot-house, which, I think,
A very ill house too.
Ecal. How know you that?
Ecal. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour.
Ecal. How thy wife?
Ecal. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heavens, is a
honest woman.
Ecal. But then detest her therefore?
Ecal. How dost thou know that, constable?
Ecal. Nay, sir; I will drive myself also, as
well as she, that this house, if it be not a broth-
house, it is a pit of her life, for it is a sluttish
house.
Ecal. How dost thou know that, constable?
Ecal. That's, sir, by my wife; who, if she has
been a woman candidly given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncle-
nessiness.
Ecal. By the woman's means?
Ecal. Ay, sir; by mistress Over-done's means
but as silent in his face, so she defiles him.
Cso. Sir; if it please your honour, this is not a
Prove it before these varlets here, the
honourable man, prove it.
Ecal. Do you hear how he misplaces?
Cso. Sir, she came in great with ability
bronging leaving your honour's reverence]
Acme I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

2b. Varlet, thus list: thou liest, wicked varlet: the whoreson base transgressor, thou wast ever respected with man, woman, or child.

clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wher ehere? Justice, or Indignity is this true?

clo. 0 thou calld! O thou Wicked Hannah! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thus wicked Hannah, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. 'Tis he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

clo. Marry, I thank your good worship for it; What a't your worship's pleasure I should do with this, sure I know not.

Escal. Troty, officer, because he has some offense in him, that then wouldest discern if thou couldst, let him confound in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

clo. Marry, I thank your worship for it;

Then seeing she was a wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou Varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. [To Troth.] Who has he been, friend?

Froth. Here in Venice, sir.

Escal. Are you of Fourcorn poulard a year old?

Froth. Yes, and I please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clos. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clos. Marcus Over-down.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clos. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me be of more use.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I ran for to quaff.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me; master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What shall?

Clo. Rum, sir.

Escal. Truth, and your rum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastly sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd. Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me true: it shall be the better for thee.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would be

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the devil would allow it, sir?

Escal. But he will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Venice.

Clo. Does your worship mean to gold and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truth, sir; in your poor opinion, they will all shun; if your worship will take order for the bases and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is not leading and dangling.

Clo. How beastly, and hang all that obstinate way last for ten year together, you'll be glad to give a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Scene 1. Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

Prov. I'll tell him so.

Serv. 'Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know his pleasure: may be, he will relent: Alas, his fault but as ordered in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost? Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow? Ang. Did not tell thee, yes! hadst thou not ordered? Why dost thou ask again? Prov. Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom. Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you appoint, or give up your place, And you shall save your soul! Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, or, with the grav'ning Julian? She's very near this hour. Ang. Dispose of her To some more fit estate, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned, Desires access to you.

Ang. Both be a sister? Prov. Ay, my good lord: a very virtuous one.

And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already. Ang. Well, let her be admitted. See you, the formality's removed; Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter Lodovico and Isabella.

Lod. Save your honours! [Offering to exit. Ang. Stay a while, then.—[To Isab.] You welcome: What's your will? Isab. I am a woful mother to your honour's daughter, Please but your honour hear me. Ang. Well; what's your will? Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of just To which I would not plead, but that I must For which I must not plead, but that I am At war, twice wilt, and will not. Ang. Well: the suit Isab. I have a brother in commendam to sit, I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother. Ang. Heaven give thee more moving grace! Isab. Condemn the fault, and not the sinner; Why, every man's condemn'd, er't i' the Mine were the very ciper of a function, To find the faults, who the fine stands in reposed And let go by the actor. Isab. O just, but suffer Isab. I had a brother then.—Heaven keep him! [Exit Isab. Ang. Two late? why, no; I, that die speed word, May call it back again: Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones lends, Not the king's crown, nor the deputies sword The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's rod Become them with one half so good a grans, As mercy does. If he had been as you, Ang. And you as he, you would have slighted him But be, like you, would not have been so slow! Isab. 'Pray you, before. Ang. I would be there, and pay your property And you were Isabella should it then be? No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner. Ang. Ay, touch him: there's the voice.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words. Ang. I ask why, all the souls that were forfeit on And He that might the vantage best have made And put the remedy should you. If he, which is the top of jurisdiction, should But judge you as you are ? 0, think on that: And mercy then will breathe within your life Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid; if by the law, yet I, thy brother, or my son, were he my kin'sman, brother, or my son, should it be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Luc. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him: He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchen.

Ang. We kill the soul of man by giving him no rest.

Luc. With less respect than we do minister.

Ang. To our gross souls! Good, good my lord, be-think

Luc. Why is he left back this for an offence?

Ang. There's mony have committed it.

Luc. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dealt, though it hath been read.

Luc. Though not thus, yet not to do that evil,

Ang. Which the first man that did the act injures.

Luc. And answer'd for his deed; now, be awake;

Ang. And, like a prophet, 

Ang. In a voice, that shows what future evil,

Luc. And reason or by reason of necessity,

Ang. And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Luc. Are now to have no successor degrees,

Ang. But they that live, to end.

Luc. Yea, so they sith pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice.

Luc. For then I play those I do not know.

Ang. Whose unseen offence would after fall;

Luc. And do him right, that answer'd one false wrong.

Ang. Let's not be another. He sith'd;

Luc. Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Ang. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence.

Luc. And he, that suffer'd, O, it is excellent

Ang. To have a great man suffer: but it is tyrannous,

Luc. To see it like a giant.

That's well said.

Luc. That's great man thunder,

Ang. As love himself does, love would not be quiet,

Luc. For every raising, petty officer,

Ang. Would use his heart to thunder: nothing but thunder.

Luc. Merciful heaven!

Ang. Thus rather, with that sharp and sulphurous bolt,

Luc. Than the soft rattle.—But man, proud man!

Ang. Death is in the breast of majesty.

Luc. Must ignorant of what be's most seer'd,

Ang. His fancy answer's,—like an angry age.

Luc. Plays on him: for what before he, before high heaven,

Ang. At the angels warps; who, with, our pleasure,

Luc. Would all themselves laugh mental.

Ang. O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;

Luc. He's coming, I perceive.

Ang. From heaven, she wins him.

Luc. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.

Ang. Great sum may just with smaller: 'tis in them.

Luc. But, in the less, false proportion.

Ang. That's not the right, girl; more of that.

Luc. That the chaste's pure, and chaste a solemn word,

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Luc. Because authority, though it be like

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That stirs the wise of the top: go to your brother.

Luc. Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know.

That's like my brother's fault; if it concerns

Luc. Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Ang. That my brother's life.

Luc. She speaks, and thus

Ang. Such sense, that my sense breezes with it.—Pare

Luc. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will be-think me:—Come again to-morrow.

Luc. By then, how I'll bring you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bring me?

Luc. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Ang. Lucio, you had more'd me all else.

Luc. Not with fond shekles of the tainted gold,

Ang. Or stores, whose rates are either rich, or poor.

Luc. As fancy values them, but with true prayers,

Ang. That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,

Luc. Ere's surprise; prayers from preserved souls,

Ang. From fasting maid's, whose minds are dedicate.

Luc. To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me.

Luc. Go to: it is well away.

Ang. Aide to Isabel.

Luc. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Aide to:

Luc. For I am that way going to temptation, Aide to:

Where prayers cross.

Ang. At what hour to-morrow.

Luc. Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. Save your honour!

Luc. Scorned Lucio, in the dark, and Provoct.

Ang. From these; even from thy virtues!

Luc. What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

Luc. The tempter, or the tempted, who was most? He!

Ang. Not she; who is the greatest; but it is I,

Luc. That lying by the violet, in the sun,

Ang. Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Luc. Corrupt with virulent scents. Can it be,

Ang. That modesty may more bear our sense

Luc. Than woe's brightness? Having waste ground

Ang. Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,

Luc. What dost thou? or, what art thou, Angelo?

Ang. Dost thou desire her, only, for those things

Luc. That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Ang. Thieves for the robbery have authority,

Luc. When judges meet themselves. What! do I love her

Luc. That I desire to hear her speak again,

Ang. And feast upon her eyes? What a's I dream on?

Luc. O cunning, yet to suffer a beggar to be a saint.

Luc. With saints doth but his book! Most dangerous

Luc. Is that temptation, that does good as ill.

Luc. To sit in; for virtue's sake: never could the strongest,

Luc. With all her double vigour, art, and nature.

Ang. Once aye my master; but this vironaut maid

Luc. Stabes me quite;—ever, till now.

Ang. When men were fond, I smil'd, and wondered

Luc. To thine.

Ang. Enter Duke, hold'd like a friar, and Provoct.

Duke. Hail to you, Provoct! so I think you are.

Provoct. I am the provost: what's your will,

Duke. Good friar?

Provoct. Bound by my charity, and my blessing's order.

Ang. I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Duke. Here in the prison; do me the common right

Ang. To let me see them; and to make me know

Duke. The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

Ang. To thine.

Duke. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Provoct. Enter Juliet.

Luc. Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Juliet. Who calleth to the names of her own youth.

Luc. Hath blus'd her report; she is with child:

Juliet. And be this got, sentenced: a young man

Luc. More fit to do another such offence.

Juliet. Than for this.
Scat. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow,—
I have provided for you; stay a while.
[To Juliet. And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repeat you, fair one, of the sin you carry.
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arrange your conscience.
And try your resolution, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offensive act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his?
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. To me, so dear: daughter! But lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—Which now is always inward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest. Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow;
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injuries love,
That requires me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying sorrow!
[Prose. To pity of him.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray.
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As it did but only chew his names;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, wherein I studied
Is like a guide, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,
Wrench awry from founts, and tie the winsome soul
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Ser. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way.
[Exit Servant.

O heavens!
Why does my blood thus murmur to my heart;
Making both it usable for itself,
And disregarding all the other parts
Of necessary Stress?
So play the foolish things with one that sworns?
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
That general, subject to a world's king,
Hail their own part, and in obscurions kindness
Crowl to his presence, where their untanght love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabel.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please you.

To than demand what's. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so!—Heaven keep your honour! [Exeunt.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be,
As long as you, or I. Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yes.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his receive?

Longer, shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fear these filthy vicars! It was so good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit.
Their many sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. To set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleaness,
As she that he Hath staid in?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Prognosse a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is not as it, but charity.

Ang. Please'd you do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal pain of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me hear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my most prayer
To have it added to the faults of miss,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not miss; either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an embold beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd—but mark me;
'Tis to be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.
Isab. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finds yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

SCENE IV.

Could line your brother from the muscles
Of this poor wretch, and not this else, were
No study more to move me, but that either
You must fail the sense of your body
To this suppose, or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?

That is, were I under the terms of death,
The imposition of him worse I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself the death, as to a bed.
That being I have been sick for, are I'd yield
My body to him again.

And then mind your brother die.

And 'twixt the choppy way:
I know it were, a brother dead at once,
Then that it were, by reminding him,

And the cause for ever:

Who were not you as well as the sentence
That I am splendid of?

Then, I know it were, and free pardon,
Art of two hours; he:

As it is to esteem; to be resired,

You would of less to make the saw a

And rather pour the sliding of your brother

It is all falls on,

I cannot, for the thing I hate,

For his advantage, for this I love.

If not a brandy, but only be,

Say, women are foul too.

Ay, so the glasses where they view them;

Some may by some be thought to make forms.

Women I'll swear they see their creation mark

Of us for all our companions are,

I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,

I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,

Then my frames (let me be heard);

I do assure you: Be that you are,

If you be more, you're none;

Say, women! Say, women! say, women! say,

For we are not so our companions are,

And consider for all these.

I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,

I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,

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I do assure you: Be that you are,

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And from this testimony of your own sex,

I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,

Then my frames (let me be heard);

I do assure you: Be that you are,

If you be more, you're none;

Say, women! Say, women! say, women! say,

For we are not so our companions are,

And consider for all these.
That makes them odds all even.  
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;  
And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.  

Enter Isabella.  

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!  

Prov. Who's there? I come in; the wish deserves a welcome.  

Duke. Dearsir, we long I'll visit you again.  

Isab. Most holy sir, I thank you;  

My business is a word or two with you.  

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your answer.  

Duke. Mercy a word with you.  

Prov. As many as you please.  

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.  

Yet hear them.  

Enter Duke and Provost.  

Isab. What, Provost? The news, what's the comfort?  

Prov. Why, all comfort are, most good indeed;  

Lord, you have affairs to heaven.  

Intends you for his next ambassador;  

Where you shall be an exulting being;  

There's no least appearance make with speed;  

To-morrow you set out.  

Isab. Can there be no remedy?  

Isab. None but such remedy, as to save a head.  

To cleft a heart in twain!  

Cloud. But there any!  

Isab. Yea, brother, you may have;  

There is a devilish mercy in the place,  

If you'll importune it, that will free your life,  

But better you still take.  

Cloud. Perpetual silence!  

Isab. Ay, yes; perpetual silence; a restraint,  

Though all the world's vast body you had,  

To a determined scope.  

Cloud. But in what nature!  

Isab. In such a one as (you conceiving to)  

Would back your honour from that thank you tear,  

And leave you mine.  

Cloud. Let me know the point.  

Isab. O, I do fear, sir, Claudio; and make.  

I do perceive the life is half extinguish'd;  

And yet seven weariness respect.  

Than a perpetual honour! But that's thy die;  

The thousand deaths is most in apprehension;  

And the poor teeth that we tread upon.  

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  

As when a good does.  

Cloud. Why give you me this shame!  

Isab. Thank you I can a resolution with  

From owlish tendency! If I must die,  

I will encounter darkness as a bride,  

And hug it in mine arms.  

Isab. There spoke my brother; there my father's grave  

Duke. Dearer a voice! Yea, then must die:  

Thou art too noble to conserve a life  

In base appliances. This outward painted de-  


Phero: settled vigour and deliberate word  

Nymph, leaf, and folio dost thine own.  

As fairest doth the fairest; yet a shell!  

His filth within being cast, he would appear  

A peach as deep as hell.  

Cloud. The princely Angelo!  

Isab. O, 'tis the running livery of hell,  

The damask body to invest and cover  

In princely garments! Dost thou think, Claudio,  

If I would yield him my virginity,  

Thou might'st be freed!  

Cloud. O, heavens! it cannot be.  

Isab. Yea, he would give it thee, from this  

rant offence, 

So to offend him still: This night's the time  

That I should do what is entered to name;  

Or else thou diest to-morrow.  

Cloud. Thou shalt not die.  

Isab. O, were it but my life,  

I'd throw it down for thy deliverance  

As frankly as a jot.  

Cloud. Thanks, dear Isabella.  

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for thy death to morrow.  

Cloud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,  

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  

When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;  

Of the deadly severance at least.  

Isab. Which is the least?  

Cloud. If it were damnable, he being so was  

Why, who should be for the momentary trick,  

Be perceptibly 'mid—O Isabella!  

Cloud. What says my brother?  

Cloud. Death is a fearful thing.  

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.  

Cloud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  

To lie in cold destruction, and to rot;  

This sensible sense motion to become  

A heaved clod; and the delighted spirit  

To be buried in fiery floods, or to receive  

In thrashing regions of thick-ribbed ice;  

To be imprison'd in the restless wind;  

And blown with restless violence round about  

The penitent world; or to be worse than worst  

Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  

Imagine bowling!—The two horrible  

The weakest and most lowborn worldly life,  

That age, aye, senility, and imprisoning  

Can lay on nature, is a paradigm  

To what we fear of death.  

Isab. Alas! alas!  

Cloud. Sweet sister, let me live!  

Isab. What sin you do to save a brother's life,  

Nature disjoints with the deed so far,  

That it becomes a virtue.  

Isab. O, ye beasts!  

Cloud. O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!  

Will thou be made disfranchis'd of my vows?  

Isab. Not a kind of incest, to take life.  

From thine own sister's shame! What should  

I think?  

Cloud. Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father's part.  

For such a warped slip of wilderness  

We'er torn from his cloud. Take my defense:  

O, perish! but my burning soul  

To crave thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  

I'll prevail upon all the prayers for thy death,  

No word to save thee.  

Cloud. Nay, nay, nay, nay, nay, nay, nay, nay.  

Isab. O, he, he, he!  

Cloud. Thy son!—is 'twas cruel, but a trade!  

Isab. Mercy to me!—I prave myself a braid;  

The best that thou dost quickly.  

Going.  

Re-enter Duke.  

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.  

Isab. What is your will?  

Duke. Might you dispence with your leisure, I  

would by any have some speech with you;  

the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.  

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; and must  

be stoned out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.  

Duke. Claudio, aside.  

Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your  

sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt  

her; only he hath made an essay of her vows  

to practice his judgment with the disposition of nature: she  

having the truth of honour in her,  

had thought it not; therefore, as I most glad to receive: I am  

confesseth to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepared  

yourself to death: Do not satisfy your
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

scene II.

measure with hope that any failure: he's only a
just small note that...of the sun, and make

Duke. Let me...say...what is it?...Duke. Then
in, and...out...the sun...Duke. Henceforward..."Farewell"
Elizabeth Chapman.

Duke. Farewell.

Duke. Henceforward...Prudent, a word with you. Duke. What's your will, Father? Duke. Then you...is...you...would...well.

Duke. The brand that marks your face, both...so...good...goodness...governs...wise...your...a...sufficient...examples...for...suffering...great...wise...wise...to...my...as...is...as...as...will...wise...enough...wise...to...will...wise...will...will...on...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will...will..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MASE FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images newly made woman, to be had now, for putting them in the pocket and extracting at clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? I'ta not drown'd i'the last line is that say'st thou, truth in the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it med, and few words? Or how? The trick of it? Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse! Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress Procure she still! Ha! Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beer; and she is herself in the tub. Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your pow'der'd bawd: an unshunnable consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey? Clo. Yes, faith, sir. Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Fare well, Go; say, I sent thee thither. For doth Pompey? Or how? E2. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. Lucio. We will then, imprison him: if imprison- ment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too. bawd-born, frar, of the duke! Com- mend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the better company. Lucio. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail. Duke. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bounteous: if you take it not patiently, why your majesty is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Blew you, friar. Duke. And you. Lucio. Does Bribget paint still, Pompey? Ha? E2. Come your ways, sir; come. Clo. You will not bail me then, sir? Lucio. Then, Pompey I nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news? E2. Come your ways, sir, come. Lucio. Go; to—kempling, Pompey, go:—

[Exeunt Elbow, Crown, and Officers.

What news, of the duke? Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any? Lucio. Some way, he is with the emperor of Rome; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you? Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well. Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and near the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo, had he well in his absence: he puts transgression in't. Duke. He lives well in't. Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way. Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it. Lucio. It is in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirpate it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright creation: Is it true, think you? Duke. How shall he be made then? Lucio. Some report a sea-mon stap'v'd him: some, a bastard begot between two stock-fish:—But it is certain, sir, as he makes wan't his urine is caudatus leg; that I know not: and he is a most ungenerative, that's infallible.
Scene IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in Marius's House.

MARIUS DISCOVERED SITTING, A BOY SINGING.

Song.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so eagerly were forewarn'd;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do continu'd the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but cold and vain,
And I'd be blind.

MARIUS. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice hath often still my bewailing discount.

[Exit Boy.

ENTRY DUKE.

Duke. Sir, you are welcome; and well could wish
You had not been so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My youth it much displeased, but please't my wife.

DuKE. The Duke is good, and musical.

ENTRY ISAAC.

Isaac. Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, now.

Isaac. And I pray you, be not so melancholy, for some advantage to yourself.

MARIUS. I am always bound to you.

Duke. Very well, say. What is the news from this good deputy?

Isaac. Duke hath a garden circumstanced with vines,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a pleasant gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other hath command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my private call on him;
Upon the middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Scene II. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah! Can you cut off a man's head? 

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your matches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gages; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unplied whipping: for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful bawd. I would be glad to receive some instructions from my fellow partner.

measure for measure.

Act IV.

Prov. What ho, Abhessor! Where's Abhessor, there?

Abhessor. Enter Abhessor.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow who will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think he is meet, confer with him by the year, and let him abide with you; if not, dismiss him as the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his calamity with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? By Jove, man, will you discredit our mystery?

Prov. No, by your good favour: for, be you a hanger or hangman, or you have a hanging lock, do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. I, sir, and a mystery.

Prov. Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Abhor. I, sir, for the bond: for I do find, your hangman is a more pleasant trade than your bawd: he hath often asked forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Enter Clowns and Clown.

Prov. Who is this man? How he has been a bawd, sir? and what is his occupation?

Clown. He is the husband of one Abhessor. One has my pity; not a jot the other. Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Prov. Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: "Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? Claudio, is fast look'd up in sleep, as guileless labour When it lies Starkly in the traveller's bone: He will not wake."

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. But how, sir, what noise? [Knocking at the door. Heaven give your spirits comfort!] Enter Claudio. I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve. For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the earth Should envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd you here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not I?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 'tis too long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hop
Duke. Hath he borne himself sedately in prison? How seems he to be touched?  

Prove. A man who, methinks, death no more dreadful, but as a common sleep: weariness, recklessness, and faintness of what's past, present, or to come: insensibility of mortality, and separately mortal.  

Duke. He wants advice.  

Prove. He will hear some; he hath earnestly had the liberty of the prison; but it were better he were less dull; if not, it may stay in entire drunk. We have very often asked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: if he had not moved him at all.  

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your book, capacity and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me, but whether in the boldness of my coming, I will lay myself bare, my book being now a warrant to execute, is a greater spur to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. This, therefore, I say: there is no special effect, I crave but few days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous service.  

Prove. Pray, air, in what?  

Duke. In the delaying death.  

Prove. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudius's, and cross this in the smallest.  

Duke. By the vow of mine office, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Bernardine be this morning executed, and his head borne in to Angelo.  

Prove. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favours.  

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shove the head, and tie the beard; and, you the desire of the beneficent to be so hurled before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ancestors whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.  

Prove. Favour me, good father; it is against my oath.  

Duke. Wors wert thereto, or to the duke?  

Prove. To him, and to his substitutes.  

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?  

Prove. But what likelihood is in that?  

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my oath, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt; you will further this, that it may stand; to phlegm all fears out of you look. Look you, air, here is the head and seal of the duke.  

Prove. You know the character, I said not; and the seal is not strange to you.  

Duke. I know the seal.  

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure: where you shall, within two, two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange terrors; perchance, of the duke's death: perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is worth. Look you, the unfeeling star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amusement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they know the truth:京 why, you, issue? Come away; it is almost clear down. [Exit.}
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. ACT IV.

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

CLO. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in ear of profession; I would think it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Nashe: he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, minestore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, really money; marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. There, have we here young Phaeton, and young master Deep-Vo, and master Copper-Spout, and master Starvelackey, for young men, and young Deep-Mar-thor that kill'd busy Padding, and master Fortnight the tailor, and brave master Shene-the great traveller, and wild Half-can that staidl'd Potts, and, I think, forty more: all great doors in the trade, and are now for the Lord's make.

Enter Athonlorn.

AKHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

CLO. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

AKHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BARN. [within] A pox on your throat! Who makes that noise there? What are you? CLO. Your friends, sir; the hangman; You must be up, or to the Scaffold and want to death.

BARN. [within] Away, you rogue, away; I am asleep!

CLO. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

CLO. Pray, master Barnardine, awake, if you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

BARN. Go to him, and fetch him out.

CLO. Pox on him, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rattle.

Enter Barnardine.

AKHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

CLO. Very ready, sir; BARN. How now, Athonlorn? what's the news with you? AKHOR. Akhors, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARN. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, and I am not fitted for it.

CLO. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and riends bein' in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

AKHOR. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we not now, think you?

DUKE. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARN. Pray, not so; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare for my fate than they shall beat out of my brains with billets; I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beg you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARN. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE. But hear you----

BARN. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for there will not I stay.

Enter Provest.

DUKE. Ushazl to live, or die; O, graveled heart!---

After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Athonlorn and Clown.


Prove. And, to transport him in the midst be,.

Duk. Wardenlas.

Prove. Here's the prisoner, father.

Duk. There died this morning of a great fever

Lou Ruggalyn, a most notorious pirate,

A man of Claudio's years: his beard and head,

Just of his colour: What we do omit

This repentance, till he be wrought inclined;

And satisfy the deity with the visage

Of Ramage, more like to Claudio?

Duk. 0, it's an accident that heaven provided!

Dispatch it presently: the hour dawns on

Felix'd by Angelo; come, this be done.

Prove. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And, how shall we continue Claudio?

To save me from the danger that might come,

If he were known alive?

Duk. Let c--

Prove.---Put them in secret

holds, both Barnardine and Claudio; Ere turets

The sun hath made his eternal going to

The under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

Duk. I am your true dependant.

Prove. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[Exit Provest.

Now will I write letters to Angelo. The provost, he shall bear them; whose contents

Shall witness to him. I am near at home:

And that, by great injustice, I am bound

To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated feast;

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold prevarication and well-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provest.

Prove. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duk. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;

For I would comminewith you of such things

That want no ear but you.

Prove. I'll make all speed.

[Exit

Insh. [within] Peace, ho, be here! The tongue of label! She's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her gnomet of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,

When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Insh. Ho, by your leave.

Duk. Good morning to you, fair and generous daughter.

Insh. And your brother, given me by so holy a man,

Ruth you the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duk. He hath releas'd him, Isabella, from the

world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Insh. Nay, but it is not so.

Is it not other?

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your own case.

Insh. O, I will to him, and pinch out his eyes.

Duk. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Insh. Behappy Claudio! Wretched Isabella! Injuries world! Most damned Angelo!

Duk. This nor hurts him, nor profanes you a

lot;

Pursue it therefore; give your name to heaven;

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful vertex;
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The duke comes home to-morrow;—say, dry your eyes;—
Our dearest son, and his confessor,
Give me this cunning:—already he hath carried
Letters to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
Thus to give up their power: if you can pass
Your wisdom in that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wreath,
Great in the duke, revenge is in your heart,
And you shall know.

And I am directed by you.

Duke. Thus better them to your Peter give,
That he shall send me of the duke's return;
By my this token, I charge his company
At Escalus's house tonight. We come, and
I'll purchase him a gift; and he shall bring you
Before the sun goes down. I pray you, be not angry;
I mean not my lord;—with measure in your eye
A weighty matter: trust not my lord's advice,
If I prevent your course.—Who's there?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even, my lord.


Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, in love with a fair lord; you must be sure, sir, to keep him to his term and step with other men: I dare not be my lord's fill my belly; no, sir; his mouth would set me a' eat it. But they say the duke shall be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabella, I shall my brother; if the noble and honest Duke of Milan should be well enough to see us, he would not see Isabella without us. [Exit Lucio.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beloved in your reports; but the best is, he loves us in turn.

Lucio. Prithee, thou knowest not the duke so well, as I do; he's a better worthian than thou think'st him for.

Duke. Well, you shall answer this day. Farewell, Lucio.

Lucio. May, marry, I'll go along with thee; I shall tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, as, if they be true; if not true, none were enough. Isabella, I am come before him for getting my friend, who should.

Lucio. Did you ask a thing, Isabella? Isabella. Yes, marry, did I; but was fail to recover it; they would also have married me to the man himself. Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: How you well.

Duke. By my truth, I'll go with you to the house next;—if sorely taken affright, you'll have some cause of it. Stay, Sir, I am of heart, I shall stick. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Isabella.

Isabella. What is Angelo's last with both the foundler's kith?

Angelo. He is a talker, and a distracted manner.
His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven this be not true in manner. And why meet him at the gates, and re-usher our authorises there?—

Isabella. I am not yet.

Ang. And why should we prevent it an hour before his entering; that, if any worse calamities should appear, they should exhibit their presence in the crowd?

Escalus. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from these horrible scenes which shall have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I must know, lest it be prevented.

Isabella. 'Tis the moon, I'll call you at your house; give notice in such men of wits and witns As are to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir; fare you well.

Ang. Good night.—

This deal o'ercasts me quite, makes me unreg-
gnant;
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that.Lard?—
The law against t—But that she tenders shame
Will not prevent against her wakened sense.
How might she converse me? Yet, repulsed she
her t—no:
For my ambition bears a crustal bulk,
That no particular semblance can touch.
But it outshines the brooch. He should have
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have a'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life;
With, sense of such shame—Would yet he had
Not.

Escalus. Black, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we shall, and we should not.

[Exit.

SCENE V. Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Prior Peter.

Duke. These letters at first time deliver me.

Prior Peter. Given letters.

Duke. The present knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being about, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever in our special trust,
Though sometimes you do elude this to that,
As comes both minister. Go, call at Florins her house,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
To Valmontos, Bowell, and to Grasses,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate?
But send me Florins first.

P. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Prior Peter.

Enter Varrazo.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrazo; thou hast made good head.

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will great as here were, my gentle Varrazo.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Marián.

Isabella. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;—
I would say the truth; but to assume him so,
That is your part, Peter; and I durst to do it.
He says, to avoid purpose.

Marián. Hence, he talk; for, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic, That's bitter to sweet end.

Marián. I would, friar Peter—

P. Peter. O, peace; the friar is come.

[Exit Prior Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand and custom,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you; Twice have the trumpets sounded.
The generous and great admirers
Have bent the pace, and now open more eagerly.
The duke is environs; therefore hence, away.

[Exit.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A public place near the City Gate.

Messiah (self-did), Isabella, and Peter, at a distance.

Peter. Where are the Duke and the rest?
Isabella. They are at the other door.

Peter. I must speak with them.

Isabella. Go on; they will hear you, I am sure.

Peter. Come, let us say our business.

Isabella. What is your business?

Peter. I have a business with the Duke.

Isabella. What is it?

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Peter. I have a business with the Duke.

Isabella. What is it?
Duke. For the benefit of silence, twadd, thou art not so old.

Lucy. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Marit. Now I come to my lord's face, which access me of formation.

In selfsame manner does accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time.

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Not that I know.

Duke. No? say you, your husband.

Marit. Why, jest, my lord, and that is Angelo.

Who thinks, he knows, that he never knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isobelle's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Marit. Nay, my husband bids me; now I will summon.

Duke. Charges she more than me?—Unlawful.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo.

Which once thou saw'st, was worth the looking on.

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fasten'd in thine; this is the body

That took away the match from Isobelle,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,

In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucy. Casually, she says.

Duke. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;

And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage.

But twixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly, for that her parent's disposition; but, in chief,

Came inward composition; and, in short,

For that her reputation was disdained.

In levity; since which time of five years,

I never spoke with her, saw her, nor heard from her.

Duke. O very my faith and honour.

Noble prince, lord.

Ang. As some comes light from heaven, and words

From beyond.

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianced this woman's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good

lord.

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,

He knew me as his wife; and this is true:

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else we be confounded here.

A suitable resolution.

Ang. I did but smile till now;

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

My patience here is bound'd: I do perceive

These poor infirm women are no more

But instruments of least, more sithless murders,

Which consist, let them be punished, by law,

That sets them on; let us have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Ay, with my heart;

Duke. And punish them unto your height of pleasure—

Then mildly; and then persuade women, compare with this that we so much think of them.

Though they would receive down each particular

Worse testimonies against his worth and credit,

That's work'd in abuses.—You, lord

see with your eyes; lend him your kind praises

To find this same anger, whereas 'tis hard by.

There is another traitor that set them on.

Let them be known; F Peter, would he were here, my lord; he do

be, indeed,

Was the women on to this complaint;

Your proves knows the place where he abides.
measure for measure

act v.

but faults do sometimes, that the strong
stand like the forlorn in a barren shop,

as much as mocking as his scourge.

when with him to person.

is this the man that you did tell me of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. come hither, good-

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice; I met you at the prison in the ab-

Lucio. O, did you not, and do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke the

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love my

Lucio. Hark! how the villain would close now,

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.


Lucio. Come, sit; come, sit; come, sit; sit,

Lucio. What do you mean, sir? he did not

Lucio. Where is the duke? he should hear me

Lucio. The duke's in us; and we will hear you

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Lucio. But not enough, thou hast advised these
women To accuse this worthy man; but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him a

Lucio. I should be duller than my gulliness,

Lucio. I have no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Lucio. Duke, be not so hot; the Duke.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her im-

Lucio. The duke is not as a lover, but as a

Duke. Duke, you do the office, friar; which con-


A Measure of Measure

Measure, my lord.

Duke. Your majesty's approbation; stand up, I say. I have thought of another subject—

Proserp. How came it Claudio was beheaded?

Duke. It was commanded so.

Proserp. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Duke. No. My good lord. It was by private message.

Proserp. For which I do discharge you of your office.

Duke. I do, my lord.

Proserp. For this new-married man expressing here,

Where his imagination yet hath wrong'd

His well-desiderated, you must pardon

For Marcellus's sake, as he advised your

Looking strained, in double-violation

Of seriousness, in pursuit of bruith, this

Of his brother's life.

The very manner of the low men still

Most mangled, clean from his proper tongue,

Angelo for Claudio, death for death, shall

Still purse him, and knows no secret love;

L INTERVAL. But the death, he has no man's voice;

And Angelo, the dead, his life manifested;

Duke. What's done cannot be undone, and so,

We do conclude this to the very black

Where Claudio stopp'd to death, and with him

Jury with him.

Duke. I, my most glorious lord—

Counting for the safeguard of your honour,

Thought your beginning fit; the impression

That he knew you, might reproach your life.

That he advised your pardon, of your permission.

Before this, let him know you are to

Duke. Proserp. So, my lord. [To Lucida.]

Duke. He shall know you are so, and that he

Must know you are so. Away with him to death—

Proserp. Away with him to death!—Now, sir, [To Lucida.]

Proserp. Why, how now, Claudio! Claudio, Claudio, Claudio!

Duke. O, my dear lord—

Proserp. What is that you say?—Thou art

Unhappy, Claudio, unhappy, Claudio!

Duke. He doth die for Claudio's death.

Lucida. Most meritorious sir! (Saying.)

Lucida. Measure, my lord.

Duke. It is on this man esteemed,

As it is on his brother, and you I trust, who

A dear and loving father's care, his

Till be the last root out of it as it is,

And must be buried as an intent;

That's wrong'd by the way, thoughts are no

Intens but merely thoughts.

Proserp. Marcy, my lord.

Duke. Your majesty's approbation; stand up, I say.

I have thought of another subject—

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Of his brother's life.

The very manner of the low men still

Most mangled, clean from his proper tongue,

Angelo for Claudio, death for death, shall

Still purse him, and knows no secret love;

L INTERVAL. But the death, he has no man's voice;

And Angelo, the dead, his life manifested;

Duke. What's done cannot be undone, and so,

We do conclude this to the very black

Where Claudio stopp'd to death, and with him

Jury with him.

Duke. I, my most glorious lord—

Counting for the safeguard of your honour,

Thought your beginning fit; the impression

That he knew you, might reproach your life.

That he advised your pardon, of your permission.

Before this, let him know you are to

Duke. Proserp. So, my lord. [To Lucida.]

Duke. He shall know you are so, and that he

Must know you are so. Away with him to death—

Proserp. Away with him to death!—Now, sir, [To Lucida.]

Proserp. Why, how now, Claudio! Claudio, Claudio, Claudio!

Duke. O, my dear lord—

Proserp. What is that you say?—Thou art

Unhappy, Claudio, unhappy, Claudio!

Duke. He doth die for Claudio's death.

Lucida. Most meritorious sir! (Saying.)

Lucida. Measure, my lord.

Duke. It is on this man esteemed,

As it is on his brother, and you I trust, who

A dear and loving father's care, his
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, the bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favourite to Don Pedro.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, followers of Don John.
Conrade, a Jew.

DOOBERRY, a Gentleman.
VERGES, a Servant to Leonato.
Friar, a Friar.
A Boy.
HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Servant.
URSULA, a Servant.

SCENE—Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leonato. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him. I hope you shall see him. There are but few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the victor bears the full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio. Miss. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself, in the actions of his age; done a figure of a leader, a spirit; the fear of his name, indeed, bettered too much, than you must expect of me to tell you here.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of us. Miss. I have already delivered him letters, and there appear much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears? Miss. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overview of Claudio. There are no seers truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signor Montecino returned from the wars or no?

Leon. Stand’ring a prince deserve it—she, Claudia, that you would, lest you rejoy, to you, Mariana—I love her, Angelo; I have confessed her, and I know her virtue—Thanks, good friend Ewenson, for thy much gentleness—There’s more behind, that is more grindstone. Thanks, Provost, for thy care and service; We shall employ thee in a worthier place—Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you hence; The head of Magnate for Chaldorin’s—The offence pardons itself—Dear lord, I have a modest much importune your good; Wherefore if you’ll a willing ear intune, What’s mine is yours, and what’s yours is mine—So, our palace is—where we shall show What’s yet behind, that’s most you all should know.

[Exit.]
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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A \( \text{B} \) \( \text{C} \) \( \text{D} \) \( \text{E} \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{G} \)

your tongue; and as good a continuance: But keep your way! God's name! I have done.

Book. You always end with a Jove's name; I know you are a most princ"-

able creature.—When is his companion now? He hath sixty thousand new sworn broth-

ers.

Book. Very likely possibly: he wears his faith

well on his heels; his foot it is very crooked.

Jov. Very, lady, the gentleman is not in your

books.

Jov. Not as he were, I would have my study.

Book, I pray you, what is his companion? He

is known the young sugar-loaf; but will make a

voyage with him to the devil.

Mos. He is most in the subdivision of the right

counsel Claudius.

Book. O Lord! I will hang upon him like a

chance; he is no one caught out of the pudding,

and the under rows presently made. God help the

dear Claudius! if he have caught the Bearbrick,

will loan him a thousand pounds more be he
could.

Mos. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Book. No, good; and so shall she be.

Jov. You will never run mad, niece.

Jov. Ne, not till a hot January.

Mos. Desdemone is approved.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Baldasar and others, Desdemone, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signor Leonato, you are

come to see my daughter; the fashion of the

world is so to avoid cost, and you encourage it.

Leon. Never came fealty to my house in

the like; and on the score of your noble

character should remain; but, when you depart

with me, I receive, who being brought, and

nuptial takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too

willingly; I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. I am certain of all that.

Des. I am not unknown to you, and then he is

so.

Leon. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked

him, Signor Bearbrick, no; for then were

you in doubt.

D. Pedro. You have in full, Desdemone; we

may guess by what you are, being a man.

Bald. She like father herself.—He happy,

only for you are no honourable father.

Leon. If Signor Leonato be his father, she

would not have him here, nor she shambling,

nor she that will; she is a man of innumerable

talents; not of a man; I could find in my heart

that I had not a heart there; nor, truly, I love

him.

Bald. A dear happiness to women; they would

beat the world be troubled with a penurious

father. Thank God, and say what I do, I am of

your unwillingness to him; I want neither bear

him nor he; then a man swear he loves me,

and keep your body still in that mind; I won't

be any understander or other shall escape

a thousand thousand times.

Des. If he make it worse, an

Ah! what a love as young were.

Bald. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Claudio. Great pleasure of my imagie is better than a

jest of years.

Des. I would, my heart had the speed of

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Welcome to Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leono. How now, brother? Where is my son, your son? Hath he provided this messuage? And is it very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream not of.

Ant. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudia, walking in a duck’s-egg-coloured alley, by orchard, were then much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudia, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it in this night in a dance; and, if he found her not, kinder, he meant to take the present time by the drunkenness with you.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that tells you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till we hear a year hence, I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if perchance the truth be true. Do you, and tell her of it. [Several persons enter the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time.

SCENE III. Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure? I D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the madness is without mitigation. Con. You should bear reason.
Duke. And when I have heard it, what
shall I do next?

Dr. John. I know not, madam, yet it belongs
not to me to say.

Duke. How pity that gentleman looks! I
never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Dr. John. He is of a very melancholy disposi-
tion.

Duke. He was an excellent man, that were
made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's oldest son, evermore talking.

Leon. Thus half blind Benedick's tongue in
count John's mouth, and half count John's me-

cclany in signor Benedick's face.

Duke. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle,
and money enough in his purse, so a man
would woo any woman in the world, if he
could get her good will.

Leon. But, if you please, my lord, you will never get

thus a husband, if thus be so shrived of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curt.

Duke. Too curt, she is too curt: I shall

learn God's sending that way; for it is said,

as I commonly hear, no woman is ever short but I sail to a
cow too curt, she sells none.

Leon. No, by being too curt, God will send

you no husband.

Duke. Just, if he send me no husband: for
the which cause, I sent him upon my knees
every morning and night; Lord, I could not
enforce a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather

ante of your discomfit

Duke. Take all none of it, for I love it only.

Who means here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Borachio. Here I came suddenly by a great hunter; he

charged me to write a letter, as I was charg-
ed to build a chase; and I wrote as I was
3 charged to set up a model to build

ów, what is the best, that Betrelle

solemnizes to acquaintance.

Dr. John. What is the most excellent Claudia?

Leon. Claudia; she is a certain person, and no

woman that I know.

Duke. And which way looks she?

Leon. A black beauty, in Rome, the daughter and heir

of Leon. Duke. A very forward March churl! How

may she be better entertained as a performer, as

musician in a country room, come, I

will call them up, and in continu-

ance, I will give you the best amuse-

ment that I can make you.

Dr. John. Come, come, some; let us sit here:

this lady must be in my disposition; that young

woman shall have all the glory of my overthrow;
if

I cannot have her, I have her

away; if you are best used, you shall assist me.

Ant. Twine them, my lord.

Duke. Listen to the great supper: their

cheer is the greater that I am solecized: 'Would

the wood were of my mind!' shall we go prom

 форме.

Here. We'll wait upon your lordship.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and

others.

Leon. Was not your foot here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.
MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING. 487 H.

John. Here, my brother is enroute on his way to
back to London, to break the news to her, whom he
has seen at the inn: the maiden follows, and bids
him good morning.

Chaad. And that is Chaoodle: I know him by
his bearing.

John. Are you not a signor of Bemudlik?

Chaad. You know me well; I am his.

John. Signor, you are very near my heart,
and I am concerned at this. I pray you,
make haste from her, she is about with
you; you may do the part of a honest
man.

Chaad. How know you her be honest?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Chaad. At all first, and he swore she was
never his woman.

Enter Don Pedro and Bemudlik.

Chaad. This is the name of Bemudlik.

Enter Don John and Chaoodle.

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Enter Don John and Chaoodle.
O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I loathe my lady Oversea. [Exeunt.]

Leon. Come, lady, come; you have lost your appetite. Benevolo.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her woes out of spite.

D. Pedro. She was an excellent wife for Benevolo.

Leon. O, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crotchets, till love have all his rights.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a term too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the hand at so long
A young lady, as if she were tired of waiting, moved a step nearer to the man she loved, and whispered in his ear:

"D. Pedro, I will never see you again."

The man replied, "You are right. I shall never see you again."

She said, "But why?"

He answered, "Because I have found another woman I love more than you."

She asked, "Who is she?"

He said, "She is a girl I met on the street."

She replied, "When did you meet her?"

He answered, "Last week."

She asked, "What is her name?"

He said, "I don't know."

She asked, "Why do you love her?"

He answered, "Because she is beautiful."

She replied, "Beautiful! I thought you loved me."

He said, "I do love you, but I love her more."

She asked, "Why do you love her more?"

He answered, "Because she is my soulmate."

She asked, "What is a soulmate?"

He said, "A soulmate is a person who completes you."

She replied, "I don't understand."

He answered, "Because she completes me."

She asked, "What will you do now?"

He said, "I will leave you."

She asked, "Where will you go?"

He replied, "I don't know."

She asked, "Will you ever come back?"

He said, "I don't know."

She asked, "What about our love?"

He answered, "It's over."

She replied, "I can't believe it."

He said, "I know. It's a hard decision."

She asked, "Will you ever love me again?"

He answered, "I don't know."

She replied, "I love you."

He said, "I love you, too."

She asked, "Will you ever see me again?"

He answered, "I don't know."

She replied, "I'll miss you."

He said, "I'll miss you, too."

She asked, "Will you ever think of me?"

He answered, "I don't know."

She replied, "I'll miss you."

He said, "I'll miss you, too."

She asked, "Will you ever come back?"

He answered, "I don't know."

She replied, "I'll miss you."

He said, "I'll miss you, too."

The scene ends with the man and woman saying goodbye to each other, both knowing that their love story is over.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

D. Pedro. By my truth, a good song.

D. Leon. Do you sing song?

D. Pedro. I ask you, my lord, what should I have done in Rome, that you should thus entertain me?

D. Leon. You have been most amiable, most noble, and most good to me, my lord; I have been as much honored in your company as I have been honored in the court of Rome.

D. Pedro. You say, my lord.

D. Leon. I say, my lord.


D. Leon. And why? I say, my lord.

D. Pedro. You say, my lord.

D. Leon. You say, my lord.

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D. Pedro. You say, my lord.

D. Leon. You say, my lord.

D. Pedro. You say, my lord.

D. Leon. You say, my lord.

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D. Leon. You say, my lord.

D. Pedro. You say, my lord.

D. Leon. You say, my lord.
Scene II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 106.

Scene II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudia, Benedick, and Leonato.

Don Pedro. I do esteem all your marriages as engagements, and so I go toward drawers.

Claud. Nay, but his judge spirit, which is now cruet into a interfering, and now possessed by sport.

Bened. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Bened. What would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, since for him.

Bened. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bened. Yet is this no charm for the toothache.

Bened. Old signet, walk made with me: I have alcohol night or nine wise words to speak to you, which these today-hours must not hear.

Claud. Benedick and Leonato.

Bened. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. The same no; Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite any one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

Don John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Don Pedro. Good day, brother.

Don John. If you be our leisure served, I would speak with you.

Don Pedro. In private?

Don John. If it please you—yet count Claudia may hear; for what I would speak of concerns her.

Don Pedro. What's the matter?

Don John. Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?

Claud. To Claudia.

Don Pedro. You know, he does.

Don John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

Don John. You may think, I love you not; but that appear hereafter, and sum better at me by that now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you hereafter, in a desert of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, it lies spent, and labour ill bestowed!

Don Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

Don John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she hath been too long a talking of: the lady is displeased.

Claud. Who's the Hero?

Don John. Even she, Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Biologist?

Don John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she was worse; think you of a worse rule, and I will fill it to her.

Would not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window opened; even the night before her wedding-day, if you love her then, to-morrow wear her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Don Pedro. I will not think it.

Don John. If you do not trust that you see, confess and say, that you knew; if you will follow me, I will show you enough: and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shew her.

Don Pedro. And as I warned thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to deign her.

Don John. I will discharge her no farther, till you, we, and Bat is too bold but till midnight, and let the issue alone itself.

Don Pedro. O day most strictly courts!

Claud. O mischief strangely twining!
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT IV.

D. Johns. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer malice, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desert

less man to be constable.

1 Watch. Hugh Uttolsor, sir, or George Beck

for to write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good nose: to be a

well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to

write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Which makes you, constable.—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why give

me no sack? I make no bond of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought

here to be the most senseless and fit man for the

constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge: You shall

comprehend all vagrant men: you are to stop

any man stand, in the prince's name.

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let

him go; and presently call the rest of the

watch together, and thank God you are rid of a

knife.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is hidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects: You shall also

make no moves in the streets; for, for the watch

to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be

enforced.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we

know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and

man time, whereas you are to see how your

drinking should offend; only, have a care that

your tails be not stolen:—Well, you are to call on

all the citizens, and bed those that are drunk

got to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are

sober; if they make not you then the better

answer, you may say, they are not the men you

took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief you may suspect

him, by virtue of your office, to be no true

man: and, for such kind of men, the less you

meddle or make with them, why, the more is

for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall

we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I

think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the

most peacockly way for you, if you take a

thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and

stand out of your way, man.

Verg. You have been always a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Why then, I would not hang a dog by my

will: much more a man, who hath any honesty

in him.

2 Watch. If you hear a child cry in the night,
you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and

will not hear?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the

child make her with crying: for the very thing

will not bear her lamb when it beans, will never

answer a call when heスペnish.

Verg. The very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. Yes, constable, are to present the prince's own

person; if you meet the prince in the night, you

may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by your lady, that, I think, he can-

not.

Dogb. Five shillings to one can't, with any

true man that knows the state, he may stay him:

marry, not without the prince being willing; for,

indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it

is an honour to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By your lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Hark, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night

and there be any matter of weight almanac, set up

me: keep your tellers' counsels and your

own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. God save you, sir! I say.

Dogb. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench

till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. This word more, honest neighbours: I

pray you, watch, watch, signior Leonato's door.

it is the stabling; let us, to-morrow, there is a
great call to-night: Adieu, be kind to me, I

beshooch you. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, sit not. [Aside. Bora. Come, come, I say! Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow. Bora. Ha, ha, ha! I see thee now, I think; I thought, there would be a scold follow. Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and

now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close thou under this pumphouse, for it driveth rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch [Aside] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for

when rich will, there are few; poor men's

cry and poor men, these ones may make what price they will.

Con. I understand it.

Bora. This man art unconfirmed: Then knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat,

a cloak, is given to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the

fool. But sect not thou what a deformed thief

this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a

vile thief this seven years: he goes up and

down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Bird thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Sect not thou, I say, what a deformed

thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot blood, between fourteen and

five and thirty sometime, fashioning them like

Pharaoh's soldiers in the reedy painting:

sometime, like god Pilate's priests in the old

church window: sometime, like the shaven

Heretics in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry,

where his eve-piece seems as many as life is.

Con. All this I see, and see, that the fashion worse out more apparel than the man: But art

not thou, thinking giddily with the fashion too,

that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Nay, no further; but know, that I have

night with Margaret, the lady Hero's gentle-

woman; I the name of Hero; she leads me
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

SCENE V.

Butt. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, why dost thou make me think of the sick man? Butt. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Crap na into — Light o’ love; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I’ll dance it.

Butt. The, Light o’ love, with your hands—then if your husband have stables enough, you’ll see he shall lack no horses.

Marg. O illimitable construction! I scorn that with my heart.

Butt. ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin; this time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill—boy too.

Marg. For a hawk, a hov, or a husband? Butt. For the letter that begins them all, H. Marg. Well, as you do not turn my head, there’s no more killing by the star.

Butt. What means the fool, true? Marg. Nothing; but God send every one their heart’s desire! Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are not exact you, that decorum you must.

Butt. I am muffled, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A mask, and stuffed! there’s greatly catching of coach cold.

Butt. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you protracted apophasis?

Marg. Every since you put my wit become me rarely.

Butt. It is not soon enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carolina Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There then prickle her with a thistle.

Butt. Benedictions! why Benedictions? you have some more in the Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no novel meaning; I mean, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; ay, by my lady, I am not such a fool to think what I said: nor I sat not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking that you are in love; that you will be in love, or that you can be in love; yet Benedick was such a mother, and now he becomes a man; he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he has been with you without judging: and now you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Butt. What pace is this in thy tongue keeps I?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Scene IV. Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good cos, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exit.

Scene V. Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbours?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence in you.

Leon. Brief, pray you; for you are a busy line with me.

Dog. What part is it, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. So much, my lord count, my cousin?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wit is not as quick as his looks were: yes, I warrant you; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.
Enter the Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they say for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leo. What! those examinations you'll make bring me: I am now at great haste; so, let us proceed.

Act IV.

Scene II. The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leo. Come, friar Francis, be brief: 'tis the solemn form of marriage, and you shall now count their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Leo. No. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Leo. Yes.

Friar. If either of you know any vice and impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you to speak now your minds, to utter it.

Claudio. Know you any, Hero?
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

What man was he talk'd with you yesterday
By your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
He was, I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lady.

D. PETR. Why, then are you no madam—

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger

Which was before bard'ly up with rib of Iron!
Would two princes be? And Claudius lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her fondness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little; For I have only been silent so long.
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noticing of the lady; I have mark'd that
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shakes
In angel whiteness bear away those blushing
And to her eye there hath appeared a tear,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool; Trust not my observations, nor my opinions,
Which with experimental seed doth hatch;
The terrors of my book; trust not my age,
My disposition using false divinity,
If this sweet lady be not guiltless here
Under some being error.

Friar. I cannot be.

Then seek, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin more than one; it she doth not desire it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper makodes?

Friar. Lastly, what man is you are accosted of?

Her. They know, that do accuse me; I know none.

If I know none of any man alive,
Then that which maids may say to warrant,
Let all my sins lack covering in my mother,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unseen, or that I yesterday
Mantained the change of words with any creature.

Friar. Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Her. There is some strange impression in the princes.

Dns. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdom be misled in this,
The practice of it here in John the bastard,
Whose eyes are set in Guilliam's picture.

Leo. I know not; If they speak but truth of her;

These kinds shall bear her: if they wrong her honour.
The product of them shall well bear of it.
Time hath not yet so shrunk this blood of mine,
Nor are we so set up by my invention,
We have not made such havoc of my means,
Nor have the life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find a soul in such a kind,
Both strength of hand, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel away him in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her not be secretly kept in
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Might be advantage of her death as well
And on your family's old monument
Hang meaner epitaphs, and do all rites
That may bear;

Leo. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Many, this well carried, shall on her behoof
Change slander to remorse: that is some good:
But not that, that is the strange course,
But I am well look'd for greater birth
She dying, as it must be so mantained,
Up in the moment that she was accord'd,
Shall be lamented, pined, and vex'd
Of every hearer; for the voice of joy
That what we have we promise to the worth,
Which we enjoy it, but long instead.

10
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 110

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The purchase of our profession would not show us.
While it was easy—So will it lie with Claudio.
When he shall hear she did upon his words,
The idea of her life shall swiftly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-difficult, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she li'd indeed—then shall he
swoon,
(If ever love had interest in his liver.)
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true,
Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
Will fashion the event in better shapes
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But all his aim was that her fault false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will superbly the wonder of her infancy;
And, if it rite not, you may conceal her
(As best belffs her wounded reputation.)
In some resoluteness and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;
And though, you know, my cowardice and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should have by your body.
Leon. Believeth that I flow in grief
The smallest twine may love thee?
Frat. 'Tis well bestowed; presently away:
For to change in such strangely they know
true
Come, lady, die in live; this wedding day
Perhaps, yet prolonged: have patience,
and endure.
[Enter Friar, Hero, and Leonato.
Bene. Lady Beatties, have you kept all this while?
Benc. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Bene. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd it.
Bene. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would ruit her?
Benc. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Benc. A very, very, but much friend.
Benc. May a man do it?
Benc. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Benc. I do love to-morrow in the world as well as
you I am not that wrigles
Benc. As it is the thing I know not; I shall love
anything, anything, anything, anything
so well; you but believe, and yet
be not
I am sorry for my cousin.
Benc. By my sword, Beatties, thou lovest me.
Bene. Do not swear by it, and yet.
Bene. I shall swear by it, that thou love me; and
I will make him eat it, that's my, Have not you.
Bene. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it;
I protest, I love thee.
Benc. Why then, let God forgive me.
Bene. What offence, sweet Beattie?
Bene. You have said me so in a happy hour; I
was about to love thee.
Bene. Do not believe that I do with all thy by.
Bene. It doth with you and so much of my heart,
that none to love thee.
Bene. Come, let me do any thing for thee.
Bene. Kll Claudio.
Bene. I'll not for the wide world.
Bene. You kill me to deny it; I am change.
Bene. I am change, sweet Beattie.
Bene. [Aside.] I would to God the by here:—There is
no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatties.—Where are you going?
Bene. Beatties.—We'll be friends first.
Bene. You dare not be friends with me, that
fight with mine enemy.
Bene. In Claudio thou sanny
Bene. If he be not approved in the sight a villain,
that hath slandered, accused, disavowed
my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—Went
hear her in blood until they come to take lady
then with public accusation, discovered
slander, unbecoming carriage,—O God, that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market
place.
Bene. Ho, me, Beattie!—
Bene. Tale with a man out at a window!—a
proper saying?
Bene. Nay but, Beattie—
Bene. Sweet Heart—She is wronged, she is
slandered, she is sinned.
Bene. Beattie,—
Bene. Princes, and counties! Surely, a prince's
testimony, a goodly countenance; a sweet
girl, to have the seat of her name in
honour; to have a king, or that I had any friend would be a man for my
sake! But manhood is melted into counties
value in consequence, and men are only men
into trague, and truce too: he is now as
valiant as Hercules, that only tells he saw it; I cannot be a man with
man, therefore I wil die a woman with grieving.
Bene. Tarry, goal Beattie! By this hand,
Bene. Use it for my love some other way than
wounding it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio
hath wronged her?
Bene. Yes, I have a thought, or a soul.
Bene. Enough, engaged, I will challenge
hour, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you
By this hand. Tis no small tender as a due account:
As you hear of me, think of me,
The comfort you represent; may she be
dead; and so farewell.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in great
and the Watch with Corrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Is not male assembly appeared?

Verg. Very it, a good and a cushion for the nation.

Sext. Which be the malactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Sext. I tell you 'tis certain; we have the exhibi-
tion to examine.

Borrach. He is with the offenders that are to be
remitted to us one to one before master
considerable.

Dogb. Yes, marry, let them come before me—
What is your name, friend?

Borrach. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is
Corrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Corra-
de—Matter, do you serve God?

Verg. Yes, my lord, we serve.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve
God; and write God first; for God defend but
that should be! Such are the times, it
is proved already that you are little better
false knaves; and it will go near to be thought
so shortly. Had, that any for yourselves?

Sext. Marry, sir, we are none.

Dogb. A marvell—my fellow, I am not sure; but
I will be about with him.—Come, is drollish;
draught; a word in your ear, sir; easy to you, it
is thought you are false knaves.

Sext. Nay, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Ye'll stand aside.—Farewell, God, they are
Scene II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene II. Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself.

And "in sooth, sweet son, to second grief

Against you.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,

Which takes how mine ear was some problems

As waves in a storm: give me not counsel:

Nor let me consider doubtful mine ear,

But such a one whose wrongs do still with mine:

There was a father that he had his child,

Where joy of him is sorrow; I would mine,

And measure him by his length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;

As thou for thee, and such a grief for such,

in every breaken, branch, shape, and form:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard:

Cry—sorrow, woe! and lament, when he should go:

Patch grief with provers; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,

And of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For brothers, more

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief,

Which they themselves have not feel; but, tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Woul'd give present medicine to rage.

Petter strong madness in a silk'd heaven,

Charm soe with air, and agony with words:

No, no; 'tis all men's offices to speak patience.

To those that wring under the load of sorrow:

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency.

To be so moral, when he shall endure

The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:

My griefs are lighter than thine advertisement.

And, therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently;

However they have writ the style of gods,

And made a push at chance and advantage.

Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself.

To make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. These words do speak at present: say, I will do

My soul doth tell me here is belief.

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince.

And all of them, that thus dissembling her

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Claw. Here comes the prince, and Claudio himself.

Don. Pedro. Good day, good day.

Leon. Hear you, my lord.

Don. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Lena. Some haste, my lord:—well, fare you well.

Are you so busy now?—well, all is one.

Don. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would live.

Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dost

Nay, never lay thy hand upon the sword,

I first saw not.

Leon. Marry, beseech my lord,

If it should give you your age such cause of fear

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;

And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast believed mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her

heart.

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

In a tomb where no scandal slept,

Save that of her, fraud by thy villain

Claud. My village.

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thinke, I say.

Don. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act V.

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
By May of youth, and bloom of bashfulness.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Conon thou so daffid? Thou hast kill'd
If then kill'st me, boy, then shall kill a man.
And he shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one less:
Win me and wear me—let him saunter me—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
Sir, I'll whip you from your folining fence;
Nay, as I'm a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I love thy
mice; and she is dead, slander'd to death by villains:
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, hogs, garrulous, jackals, mislings.

Leo. Brother Antony.
Ant. Hold thou thy content; What man? I know
Leo. Brother Antony.
Ant. Do not you meddle, let me deal in this,
Gentleman both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart shi'd;
But, on your honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leo. My lord, my lord.

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leo. No.

Ant. Brother, away: I will be heard.

Leo. No.

Ant. Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exit Leonato and Antonio.]

Ant. Benedick. Benedick the swarthy man?

Bened. Fare you well, boy: you know my
mind: I will leave you now to your goosey-like
humour; you break jest as bricks; you may
blonde, where God be thanked, hurt not.Boy,
younger, for your many courtesies I thank you:
you must discontinue it: your brother, the
bastard, is fled from Messina: you have,
among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady;
for my lord Lauck-head, there, he and I shall
meet; and tilt then, peace be with him.

Bened. Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch.

Leo. Enter the utmost underwaw, More devil.

Claud. Ye have not seen the savage
bears dance on the改良 Benedict's head.

Ant. Ye have not seen the savage
bears dance on the改良 Benedict's head.

Bened. Here is a most prim, and most ornamental,
And I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Bened. Most openly.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when
he goes in his double and bow, and leaves all
his wit.

Bened. He is then a giant to an ape: but then
is an ape a gentleman to such a man?

D. Pedro. But, sir, let be; pluck up,
my heart is not sad: But he not say, my
brother was full.

Ant. Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch.

Leo. Dog. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot name
that thing, by: the last reason is in her
balance: my, an you be a curting hypocrite
once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men
here!—Borroch, one!

Bened. Lord, let them to their offense, my lad.

D. Pedro. What offence have these
men done?

Leo. Dog. Sir, they have committed false
report; moreover, they have spoken untruths.
peculiarly, they are abstainers: with and lastly,
To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, He yet may come to a noble mother: My brother hath a daughter Almost the copy of my child that's dead; And she alone is heir to both of us; Give her the right you should have given her; And to die my revenge. —O noble sir, Your over kindness hath wrung tears from me! Do embrace your offer; and dispose For heaven's part of poor Claudius.

Leon. Tomorrow then I will expect your coming; To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong, Hid' it to by her brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Dorf. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me man; I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used, and gave away, and that now men grow hard-hearted, and will bend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him, upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dorf. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's fie by thy pains.

Dorf. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy pains, and I thank thee.

Dorf. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wishing, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[Exit Dorigr, Vargis, and Watch.]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll meet you here.

[Exit Don Pedro and Claudius.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well of thy hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most curious truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep thee in my heart.

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches. And as thy tongue as that the sinner's fiddle, which hits, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman's ear; and so, I pray thee, can Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V.

Bess. Serve God, love me, and mean; that will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your music; your old cell at home it is proved, my lady Hero had been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is but false and given: will you come presently?

Bess. Will you go hear this news, Signior? Bess. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lip, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

SCENE III. The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with Musick and Tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato? 

Att. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.] 

Dye to death by slanderous tongues, 

Were this his fame which never dies: 

So live, that, died with shame, 

Live in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, 

Afflicting it. 

Praying for her when I am dead.

Now, music, sound, and sing ye solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night, 

Those that chargéd in the sight; 

For the which, with songs of woe, 

Round about her tomb they go. 

Midnight, easest mourners, 

Help us to sigh and groan, 

Heavily, heavily, 

Grave as you can, nay, yield your dead, 

Till death be utter'd, 

Heavily.

Leon. Claud. 

Now, unto thy bones good night! 

Yearly I will do this rite.

D. Pedr. Look, the morrow, masters; put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gaudy

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about,

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray;

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claus. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedr. Come, let hence, and put an other weeds; 

And then to Leonato's will go.

Claud. And, Hermione, with luckier issue speeds, 

Than this, for when a reader'd up this wall.

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who scoured her.

Upon the error that you heard debated: 

But Margaret was in some fault for this; 

Although against her will, as it appears 

To the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well. I am glad that all things sort so.

Bess. And so am I, being else by faith enforced To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Let all, wail, daughter, and you gentlewomen all.

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves; 

Now, when I send for you, come hither, makest 

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

—You know your office, brother; be good to your brother's daughter, as you are to Claudia. [Exit Ladies. I will do with confirm'd counte-

s. 

as, I must distress your pains, I think, 
do what, signor? 

lest I or, I made me, one of them— 

truth it is, a good signor, 

regards me with an eye of favour. 

woe, my sister's foot here; the 

is, and the prince: But what's your 

an answer, she is agitated; 

your answer, your good will 

with envy, this day to be conjoined 

of honourable marriage— 

frail, I shall desire your help. 

heart is with your liking. 

And my help. 

the prince, and Claudia. 

Pedro, and Claudia, with Attendants. 

Good morrow to this fair assembly, 

and prince: good morrow, also, 

them: are you yet determined 

hold my mind, were she an English 

her forth, brother, here's the fris 

Exit Antonio. 

Good morrow, Benedict! Why 

the matter, 

have such a February face, 

, of storm, and cloudiness? 

I think, he thinks upon the savage 

, man, we'll tip thy horns with 

rops shall rejoice at thee; 

some did at lusty love, 

play the noble beast in here. 

dit, she had an amiable low; 

such strange bull-bold, if father's 

lass in that noblest seat, 

for you have just his beat. 

Antonio, with the Ladies masked. 

for this I own you; here come other 

His lady! I must seize upon? 

some is wise, and I do give you her. 

Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me 

your face, 

, that you shall not, till you take 

lais, and swear to marry her. 

Give me your hand before this holy 

smil'd, if you like of me. 

and when I lived, I was your other 

Remembering you loved, you were my other hus-

Another Hero! 

Nothing certain:

I did chatter; but I do live, 

as I live, I am a mad.

The former Hero! Hero that is 

She died, my lord, but whiles her slum-

r lived. 

All this amazement can I qualify; 

after that the holy rites are ended, 

nobility of fair Hero's birth: 

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar, 

And to the chapel! let us pray! 

Soft, and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice? 

But I to answer to that name; [Unmask'd.] 

What is your will? 

Benedick, I do not love you? 

Benedick, Why, no, no more than reason. 

Benedick, Why, then your means, and the prince, 

and Claudia, 

Have been deceived; for they swear you did. 

Benedick, Do not you love me? 

Benedick, Truth, no, no more than reason. 

Benedick, Then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, 

Are much dazed, for they did swear you did. 

Benedick, They swore that you were almost sick, 

for me. 

Benedick, They swore that you were well; 

for me. 

Benedick, 'Tis no such matter—Then, you do not 

love me? 

Benedick, No, truly, but in friendly recompense. 

Lorenza, cousin, I am sure you love the 

gentleman. 

Claudia, And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves 

her. 

For here's a paper written in his hand, 

a halting sound of his own pure brain, 

Fashioned to Beatrice. 

How. 

And here's another, 

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her 

pocket; 

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 

Benedick, A miracle! here's our own hands mark'd 

our hearts—Come, I will have thee; but, by 

this light, I take thee for play. 

Benedick, I would not dey you; but, by this 

good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, 

partly, to save your life, for I was and you were 
in a consumption. 

Benedick, Peace, I will stop your mouth. 

Killing her. 

D Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the mar-

ried man? 

Benedick, I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of 

wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour! 

Dost thou think, I carry for a scatter, or an agi-

gram? No; if a man be bested with brains, 

he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in 

brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think 

nothing to any purpose that the enemy can say 

against it; and therefore never flout at me for 

what I have said against it; for man is a petty 

thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, 

Claudia, I did think to have beaten thee; but 

in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live 

unbaited, and love my cousin. 

Claudia, I had well hoped thou wouldst have 

deceived Beatrice, that I might have constrained 

thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double 

dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if 

my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to 

thee. 

Benedick, Come, come, we are friends—let's have 

a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten 

our own hearts, and our wives' heels. 

Lorenza. We'll have dancing afterwards. 

Benedick, First, o' my word; therefore, play, 

music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, 

get thee a wife: there is no, or more revered 

than one tipp'd with horns. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in 

flight, 

And brought with armed men back to Messina. 

Benedick, Think not on him till to-morrow; I will 

deceive thee brave punishments for him—strike 

up, pipers. [Dances. Enter.}
MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EUGENIUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER,  I love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to
Theseus.
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUFF, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
SNOUT.
STARRYELING, the Tailor.

HIPPIOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betroth-
ed to Theseus.
HERMIA, Daughter of Eugenius, in love with
Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.
OBERRY, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or RONALD-DUFFELOW, a Puck.
PEAS-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED,
PHARYNAX,
THYRSIS,
WALL,
MOONSHINE,
LION,

Characters in the Interlude
performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippiolyta.

SCENE,—Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Athens.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THESEUS.

Enter Theseus, Hippiolyta, Philostrate, and
Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippiolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dewage,
Long withering out a young man’s revenue.

Hipp. Four days will quickly steep themselves
In debts;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the port and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy to mirthful:
The pale companion is not for our pomp—
Ere Phiostrate.

Hippiolyta. I would thee with my want,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key.

With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter Eugenius, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Eug. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! The. Thanks, good Eugenius: What’s the news with thee? The. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia—
Maiden forth Demetrius—My noble lord. The man hath my consent to marry her—
Maiden forth Lysander— and, my gracious duke,
This hath ben a’th’bosom of my child; Thou, then, Lysander, thou hast given her
her rhyme,
And interchanging love tokens with my child,
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With singing voice, verses of singing love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, con-
coils.

Knacks, trixes, stickpins, sweet-ments; messengers
Of strong prevailance in unardent’ youth: With running haste thou fleddest my daughter’s
heart.

Eug. Turn’d her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn barrenness:—And, my gracious
duke,
Be it to she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composeth your beauties; yea, and set
To whom you are bent as a服从 in war,
By him impatient, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father’s best,
The other must be held the weather.
Her. I would my father look’d but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may o’er-run my modesty.
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
In what case to use Demetrius. The. Either to die the death, or to abide
For ever the society of them.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father’s choice,
You can endure the livery of a man;
For eyes to be in study closest knew’d,
To live a barren since all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,
Three blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But carecrful happy is the rose bestow’d,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unworthy yoke
My soul coments not to give sovereignty.

The. The time to pause: and by the next new
moon
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens she is now coming from leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
These, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: if thou lovest me
Steal forth thy father’s house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May;
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyndsey!
I swear to thee, by Cupid’s strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus’ doves;
By that which knits thine soul, and prosper lives;
And by that fire which burnt the Carthaginian queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke—
To that same place that ever I have seen thee,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love! Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Hermia. Love’s fates adore your pious star.

Hel. O happy star!
Your eyes are like a wand-ward your tongue’s sweet air.
More tuneful than lark to shepherd’s ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so!
Your eyes would catch; fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue’s sweet harmony.
Were the world mins, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I’ll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius’ heart.
Her. I sworn upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your brows would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he follows me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but thy leisure; ‘Would that fault were mine!"
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face.
Lysander and myself will by this place—
Before the time I did Lyndsey see,
Sworn Athens’ laws to my life he.
O thou, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto hell!
Lys. Heen, to you my friend we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phebe doth behold
Her silver-vintage in the wat’ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
(A time that lovers’ lighted torch still conceal.)
Through Athens’ gates have we desire to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon fair primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of our council sweet,
There my Lyndsey and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes;
To seek new friends and stranger companies;
Pursue her sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep word, Lyndsey; we must starve our sight
From lovers’ food, till morn deep midnight.
[Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT I

As you on him, Demetrius doth on you.

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!

That through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all he doth know.

And as he erra, doing on Hermia's eye,

So, I, admiring of his qualities,

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpare to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheav'ly haste.

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguilde.

As gawdgh boys in garme themselves forever,

To the low loose repir'd every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,

He hid'd down on's, that he was only mine:

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of nayb did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Helena's flight;

Then to the wood will be, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thought, it is a dear expense;

But herein mean to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again.

SCENE II. The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter Sing, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and

Marin. Starveling.

Quin. Is all company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,

man by man, according to the script.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,

which is the prospect of all Athens, to play

in the inside before the duke and duchess, on

his wedding-night at night.

Hot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the

play treats on: then read the names of the ac-

tor's; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable

comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus

and Thisbe.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,

and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call

forth your players by the scroll: Masters, spread

yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom,

the weaver.

Bot Ready: Name what part I stand for, and

proceed.

Quin. You. Nick Bottom, are set down for

Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyran?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly

for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true per-

forming of it: If I do it, let the audience look

to their eyes: I will move worse, I will conode

in it to measure. To the rest—Yet my chief

humour is for a tyran: I could play Ercles

rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The time is the moon:

With shrilling shocks,

Shall break the locks

(If prison gates:

And Phthisus' car

Shall shoot it seen from far,

And make man and

The foolish laws.

This was old:—Now name the rest of the

players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyran's vein;

a lover is more coupl'd.

Quin. Flute, Pease, the bellowes-maker.

Bot. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must make Thisbe on you.

Bot. What shall Thisbe by a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flut. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman;

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it as

maske, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. As I may hide my face, let me ple

Thisbe too: I'll speak in a monstrous lou

voice.—Thisbe, Thisbe, Ah, Pyramus, my

dear!—Ah, Thisbe dear! and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and

Flute, you shall be Thisbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Scène. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Stev. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play This

by a mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Stev. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father: myself, This

by's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the but

part—and, I hope, snug is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Koob's part written? I pro

you, if it be give it me, for I am slow of sl

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is a

thing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will res

that I will do any man's heart good to hear

I will roar, that I will make the duke say, A

Give me your arm, Let him roar again.

Quin. As you should do it too terribly, you

would fright the ladies and the ladies, they

would shriek; and that was enough

hag us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should

fright the ladies out of their wits, they

would no more discretion but to hang us:

but we'll aggravate our voice so, that we will

roar as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar

it in a twain or nightly sustenance.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: if

Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper ma

and you shall see in summer's day: a most

always gentleman-like man; therefore you must

play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What box

were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your own

coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, ye

purplicor plum-beard, or your French-crow

colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have

bair at all, and then you play bad. But, mas-

ters, here are your parts: and I am en-

trant you, request you, and desire you, to co-

them by to-morrow; to-morrow meet

at the wood, a mile without the town, by the

light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet

the city, we shall be dog'd with company, as

our device known. In the mean time I

draw a bill of properties, such as our play was

prayer. I tell you not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehe-

see more soberly, and courageously. Take pass

be perfect—

Quin. At the doke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-string.

SCENE III. A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Peack at

fairy at one door, and Peack at

Park. How now, spirit? whither wander you

Bot. O'er hill, o'er dale, through bush, through

briar, over park, over pale, through fire.

I do wander everywhere, Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And serve theanye upon the green.
The corselets fell her person come by;
So did the smile go from her eyes;
These her rubies, fairy favours;
These her bracelets, trees theirstrength:
To seek some sweet-swept here,
Or sport in every corselet's arc,
Here, thine love's sports are sure:
Here, thy fair love's play full free:
Here, thy love's sport is free.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM. 121

Enter Demetrius and Helena, singing.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demet-

tri- 

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me.

Hel. O, will thou darling leave me I do not see-

Dem. Stay, on my peril; I will go not.

[Exit Demetrius]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;

The more my praise, the more is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, whereas on she lies;

For she hath bless’d and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt

tears;

If so, my eyes are otherwise wash’d than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as you see me now.

For beauty that meet me, run away for fear.

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia’s spheric eyes

That who is here — Lysander, in the round

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound —

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Walking.

Transcendent Helena; Nature shows her face,

That through thy beauty makes me my own heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

That vile name to me! —

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what

though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No; I do request

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helen Love,

Who will not shun a raven for a dove?

How will of man be the reason of our lives;

And reason says you are the wrothier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your garden, where I will

Lysander Love’s stories written in love’s richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mucky

hurl;

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn? I

hurt enough, I hurt enough, young man,

That I did never, till now, run away to reason;

Declare a sweet loath from Demetrius’ eye,

but you must mix that insufficiency.

Good truth, you do me wrong, good touch, you

so do;

In such disdainful manner as I am.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lost of more true goodness."

O, that a lady of our race was

Should, of another, therefore be abused! [Exit Lys.

Lys. She was not Hermia! — Hermia, sleep

there, there;

And never may she come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the pleasant thing;

The deeper tasting to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do love,

Are hated most of those they did esteem;

So thou, my swain, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me

And all my powers, our ruin; at least, at least,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit Lys.

Hel. [starting] Help me, Lysander, help me I
do thy best.

To pluck this cowering serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity’s — what a dream was here?

Lysander, look, have I do quake with fear?

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his end, and pry, Lysander! what, reason’d? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word!

Alack, where are you? speak, or if you hear;
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Queen of Fairies
lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Pat, pat; and here’s a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our

twining house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, -

Quin. What say’s he then, bully Bottom? -

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, that never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill him-
self; what the ladies cannot abide. How an-
swear you that?

Snout. By vakin, a paraucious fear.

Shall, I believe, we must leave the killing out,
when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Shall. Will not the ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Shall. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a Lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is out more fearful wild-beast than your Lion; I say, and I ought to look to it.

Shall. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion’s neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect.--Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would assure you, not to fear, nor to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are:— and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snout the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisbe love by moon-light.

Snug. Both the moon shine that night we play our play.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonlight.

Quin. Yes it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then, you may leave a casement of the east, or west, or south, or north, where we play; open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lamp, and set he becomes to disguise, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man, or other must present wall; and let him have some platter, or some plate, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that casement shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and listen to your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that tray, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen horse-guts have ye hanging here.

So near the cradle of the fairy queen,

What, a play toward? I’ll be an assailer:
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand her.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious scent—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear—

But here’s a voice! stay thou but here a while.

And by and by I will thee appear.

Bot. Puck a stranger Pyramus than ever played but.

[Aside.—Exit. This."

Quin. Ah, marry, must you for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lovely of thee,

Of colour like the red roses on triumphable,

Most briskly Jovial, and she most lovely Jove,

As true as trust horse, that yet might never tire,

I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s pond.

Quin. Nimis’ tomb, man; Why you must not speak thus yet; that you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once, cries and all—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is now fire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are

haunted.

Pray, masters, fly, masters help!  [Exitanon Chewg.

Puck. I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round.

Through box, through bush, through brake, through knee.

Sometimes a horse I’ll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a bear;

And meigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and turn.

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, a new turn of

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are

haunted.

By our new scene, thus art changed! what do

I see on the?—

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass’s head of your own;—[Exit anon. Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are

haunted.

Puck. I see their knavery! this is to most

was of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they won’t; I will sit down here, and I will see what a thing they do that they shall bear I am not afraid.-[Song.

The cowslip, so black of bow, With orange-tawny bill.
SCENE II. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The thrush with his note so true,
The ring with his note so true.
The sweetly singing nightingale,
The sweetly singing nightingale.
With sweetly singing nightingale,
With sweetly singing nightingale.
And they sweetly sing thee to sleep.
And they sweetly sing thee to sleep.

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.
But Methinks, mistress, shew me what I love.
With silver, silver, and with gold.
With silver, silver, and with gold.
With silver, silver, and with gold.
With silver, silver, and with gold.

This out of this wood doth desire to go;
Thus she'll return here, whether thou will or no.
I am a spirit ofttimes in these woods;
This I do not know, but I do love thee.
With silver, silver, and with gold.

And I will pour my mortal groans as
That thou shalt hear as very joy go.

Enter Egeus. Enter Egeus.

1. I. And I and I.

2. I. And I.

3. I. And I.

4. I. And I.

5. I. And I.

6. I. And I.

7. I. And I.

8. I. And I.

9. I. And I.

10. I. And I.

Thus, come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
Midsummer Night's Dream

Scene and action never come in tears.

Look, where I now, I say, and yours so bare.

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you, to prove the badge of faith, to prove them true?

You do advance your cunning spurs and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy holy! These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when I saw her swear.

Hef. Nor none in my mind now you give her o'er?

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [sneaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To win thy love, shall I compare thee? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting crow.

That pure conspired with such Tunstal now,

Fond'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou holdst up thy hand: O let me kiss

This precious proof of pure while, this seal of him!

Hef. O spite! O bill! I see you all are lost.

To set against me, for your meritment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy.

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do...

But you must join, in amity, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and supererogate your parts.

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals to much Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maiden's eye,

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin; and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia: this you know, I know;

And here with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Which I will love, and will die to my death.

Hef. Never did mothers waste more idle breath.

Dian, landleader, keep thy Hermia: I will see;

If I'er be lost, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but, as guess wise, souther'd;

And now to Helena it is home return'd,

There to remain.

Lys. Helena, it is not so.

Dian. Disparate not the faith thou dost not know,

Lys. Lest, to thy peril, thus able it dear.

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Hef. What love could press Lyndard from my side?

Lys. Lyndard's love, that would not let him bide.

Helena, who more entangles the night

Than you do ever all the earth's mass of light.

Why shouldst thou lose me? couldst not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

11*
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT III.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, even Demetrius? I speak through
new, and Puck here, villain: -draws and ready. Where
the shrubbery. [Enter Lys and Dem.

Her. Yet, mistress, all this call is long of
you.

Nay, go not back.

Fri. I will not trust you, I:

Nor longer stay in your court company.

Your words, that much, are quicker for a fray:

My legs are longer through, to run away. [Exit.

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[Exit, parring Helena.

O, this thy negligence: will not the matter be:

Or else commit'th thy purpose wilfully.

Puck, like a thrush, I must make a jest.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on:

And so far hence, that I know him, my eyes are,

That I have unlearned an Athenian here,

And so far am I glad of it, do not sort,

As this their jangling I cease a sport.

Ope. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to

fight:

He, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With dressing quill, as black as Acheron;

And tread these yearly rivals so nayly,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander frame some time thy tongue,

That the Demetrius up with better wrong:

And sometime rul' on like Demetrius:

And from each other lock thou lead them thus,

Till ever their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leader legs and batty wings dodging creeps.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye:

Whose vigour hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyes fall with most wight.

When they next wake, all this decision

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers tend,

With league whose date till death shall never end.

While I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my partner, and her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monsters' view, and all things shall be

peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with

haste.

For night's swift dragons ent the clouds full fast;

And ponder shines Aurora's harbinger:

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

there,

Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and fosses have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For four last day should look their shames upon,

They willfully themselves exile from light,

And must for eye consort with black-brow'd

night.

O, but we are spirits of another sort:

I with the morning's love have off made sport;

And, like a forester, the grove I may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red.

Opening on Neptun with fair blessed beams,

Through yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But, notwithstanding, heaven: make no delay:

We may affect this business yet are day.

[Exit Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;

And I will hem them up and down;

I am fear'd in field and town:

Goblins, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proper Demetrius? I speak
new, and Puck here, villain: -draws and ready. Where
the shrubbery. [Enter Lys and Dem.

Her. Yet, mistress, all this call is long of
you.

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Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red.

Opening on Neptun with fair blessed beams,

Through yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But, notwithstanding, heaven: make no delay:

We may affect this business yet are day.

[Exit Oberon.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

[Enter Pease.][Enter Lysander and Helena.]

Lys. Will you not, till the break of day,

Shut Lysander, if they mean a fray? [Exit Pease.

Lys. On the ground,

Sleep sound.

I'll apply,

to thy eye,

Great lover, remedy,

To extinguish the fire on Lysander's eyes.

When thou wak'st,

Then look for,

True light

In the night.

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the thought of my own pain,

That every man should take his own,

In your among shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jack;

None shall go 1/2.

The man shall have her again, and all shall be well.

[Exit Pease.][Enter Helena and Lysander.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A wood.

Enter Titania and Bottom. Fairies attending.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,

Where I thy amiable cheeks do lay,

And mask thee now in thy smooth head,

And kiss the fair large ears, my gentle joy.

But when Puck is abroad,

Be with Reedy.

But Scratching-ground, Pea-blossom—Where's his morrow now?

Cock. Ready.

But Monstrous Cobweb: good monoster, get your wages in your hand, and kill me a mid-summer lamb; 1/2 in the top of a thistle; and, good monoster, bring me the honey-dew. Do set thy nine-inch 1/2 moon in the top of a thistle, monoster, and, good monoster, have a care the honey-dew may not; I would have thee to have-you even with a tawdry 1/2: higher—Where's his morrow now?

Moth. Take Reedy.

But what's your will? master Mustardseed. Pray ye, leave your courtesy, good master.

But What's your will?

But nothing, good monoster, but to help creature Cobweb to scratch. I must to the hare's 1/2: for, methinks, I am very much like a hare about the face: and I am such a tender hare, I say, my lady, but tinkle me, I must scratch.

This, what, wilt thou have some music, my good master?

But I have a reasonable good ear in music;

Let me have the tunes and the voices.

This, my lady, sweet love, what thou dost'nt to eat.

But Truly a provoker: I could music enough.

Methinks I have a great
down
to a hole of
good, sweet hay.

Hatt: 21 w.

This I have a reasonable fairy that shall seek

The grave's border, and fetch thee new nites.

But I had rather have a handful, or two, of these poet. But, I pray you, let none of your people be here; I have an exposition of sleep even now.

The wed, then, and I will wind thy in my arms.

Farewell, my love, and be all ways away.

But doth the dew-dew, the sweet honey-suckle,

Greatly swat; the female ivy so

Enter the merry fayres of the订阅.

How have I love? how done I on thee?

They sleep.

Oberon advances. Enter Pease.

Pease. Welcome, dear Robin. Seest thou this sweet night?

How dost thou now? I do begin to play.

For meeting her at late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet savours for this hateful food,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:

But she having her true love in her heart,

With concert of sweet and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew which sometimes on the bough

Was to swell the fairy round, and orient pearl, to show now within the pretty flowery eyes.

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, beg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changing child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my tower in fairy land.

And now I have in hand, I will undo

The hateful imprecation of her eye.

And gentle, Pease, take this transformed scalp

From the old Athenian swain;

That he awakening when the other do,

May all to Athens again repair;

And think no more of this night's accidents,

But as the fierce exaction of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou was wont to see;

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou was wont to see:

That's my bed for Cupid's power.

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania: wake, my sweet queen.

Fare, my dear. Whither what visions have I seen?

Methought I was manour'd of an ass.

O, there lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?

How mine eyes do behold his visage now?

O, Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head—

Titania, music call: and strike more dead.

Then countenance sleep, of all these five the sense.

Then, Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Pease. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own feel'st at ease.

The round, music. [Still music.]

Come, my master, and speak with me.

And seek the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are now in unity;

And to the temple, midnight, solemnly.

Dance in Duke Theseus' house, triumphantly.

And bless it to all its posterity;

There shall the many lovers be wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Pease. Fairy king, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning bark.

This, then, my queen, in silence and,

Trip we after the night's departure.

We the glider can compass soon.

Swifter than the wandering moon.

This, come, my lord, in our flight.

Tell me how it came this night.

The sleeping here was bound.

With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt.]

[Horner sound whistle.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.]

The Go, one of you, find out the forest—

For now our observation is perform'd:

And since we have the reward of the day.

My love shall hear the music of my hounds—

Incomple in the western valley; go:

Despise, I say, and beat the forester—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of huntsmen and echo in confusion.

Rip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,

When in a wood of Cretes they stay'd the bear

With hounds of Speria; so I have heard

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolys.


Dem. As things seem small and unsatis-

fiable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. So methinks, I see these things with parted
eye,
When every thing seems double.

Her. So methinks.
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Are you so
That we are awake? It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you

Her. I see.
And Hippolys.

Ege. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are aware: let's follow
him.
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[Ereunt.

A. They go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When will my ear come, and I will
answer—my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'—

Hey, here—Peter Quince! I Prute, the butler's-
master! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! that's
my life! I've stolen hence, and left me asleep! I
have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—
that the wit of man to say what dreams it was.
Man is but an ass, if he go about to express
this dream. Methought I was there; and then I
thought I was, and then I thought I had, but
man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say
what methought I had. The eye of man hath not
sight, the ear of man hath not been: man's hand
is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor
his heart to report, what my dream was. I will
give Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream:
it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath
no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a
play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it
the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Athens. A ROOM in Quinels's

Enter Quince, Prute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he
come home yet?

Bot. No; he cannot be heard of. Out of debt,
his name is transported.

Quin. If he come not, then the play is marred;
it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have set a man
in all Athens able to discover of Pyramus, but he

flu. No: he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. You, and the best person too: and he is
a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paramour: a paramour
is God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snu. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and
ladies more married: if our sport had gone for-
ward, we had all been made madmen.

Flu. O sweet bolly Bottom! Thus hath he
lost  sleeps a day during his life; he could not
have 'twisted a rose to us, as the duke had
not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyra-
minus, I'll be hung! he would have deserved it:
sixpence a day, to Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
ladies?
QUINT. Bottom. O most courageous say! O most happy hour!

SHERM. Madam, I am to discourse wondrous; but
as I am not the best, nor most at ease,
I will tell you every thing; right as
it lies out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

HER. Not a word of me. All that I will tell
you, is, that the duke hath bidden: Get your
apparel together; good strings to your hands,
new chins to your prances, best bran to your
palaces; every man look after his part; for,
the short and the long is, our play is preferred.
In any case, let Thisbe have clean lines; and
let not thing, that plays the lion, pare his nails,
for they shall hang out for the lion’s claws.
And, in this case, let suits be no sleeves, nor gar-
ments fit, for we are to utter sweet breath; and
I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet
comedy. No more words; away; go away.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Thesus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords,
and Attendants.

HER. This is my home, my Thesee; these lo-
vers speak of.

TH. More strange than true. I never may
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and maidens have such melting brains,
Such sighing fancies, that apprehend
More than could reason ever comprehend.
The bower, the tower, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact;
As the bright and shining images
Of young and golden apples in a glass
In a beauteous and antique temple,
The poet’s eye, in a pool frozen rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
To no local habitation, and a name.
Such tracts hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in this light, imagination some fear,
How easy is a trash supposed a bear.

HER. But all the story of the night told over,
thecathapalms, the trophies, thencourser,
More mistleth and fancy vixings,
And grew to something of great constancy;
But, however strange and admirable.

Enter Lyndon, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helen.

HER. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Joy, gads friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lyo. More than to us
May be your royal walks, your board, your bed!

TH. Come now; what mazik, what dances
shall we have?
To wear away this long age of three hours.
Between our after supper, and bed time?
Where is our usual mazik of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

PHILO. Here, mighty Thesee.

HER. Say, what advantage have you for this evening?

What mazik? What mazik? How shall we be-
LION IN THE NIGHT. DREAM. 

Pyramus and Thisbe

In the gloomy night, as I lay technology,
In the moonlight, I saw a young lady.

She was beautiful, and her beauty was
Her beauty was radiant, her eyes were bright.

She spoke to me, and her voice was sweet,
And I knew that I must follow her.

We walked together, hand in hand,
And I felt a sense of peace and joy.

But then, suddenly, she disappeared,
And I was left alone, in the darkness.

I searched for her, but she was gone,
And I knew that I would never see her again.

I awoke, and my heart was heavy,
For I knew that my love was lost.

But then, suddenly, I saw her face,
And I knew that she was still there.

We held hands, and I felt a sense of warmth,
And I knew that I would follow her again.

But then, suddenly, she was gone,
And I was left alone, in the darkness.

I searched for her, but she was gone,
And I knew that she would never come back.

I awoke, and my heart was heavy,
For I knew that my love was lost forever.

But then, suddenly, I saw her face,
And I knew that she was still there.

We held hands, and I felt a sense of warmth,
And I knew that I would follow her again.
Enter Thysbe.

This. *This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?*

Lion. *Oh.*

The Lion roars.—Thysbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

Thys. Well run, Thysbe.

Hipp. Well sung, moon.—Truly, the moon does with a good grace.

The Wall moon. — Lion. (The Lion tears Thysbe's Mantle and eviscerates her.) Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lyce. And then the moon vanishes.

Exit Pyramus.

Pyr. *Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:*

*I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.*

For, by thy beams, golden, glittering

I trust to taste of truest Thysbe's sight.

God stay, — O spirit! —

*Both men:— Poor knight, what dreadful deed is here?* —

*Both men:— What, does he see?* —

*Both men:— How can I do?* —

*Both men:— O lady, dear! O lady!* —

*Both men:— How much, how much!* —

*Both men:— What, stain'd with blood?* —

*Both men:— Approach, ye furies!* —

*Both men:— O, I am come, come!* —

*Both men:— Cut thread and thread;* —

*Both men:— Seal! crush, consume, and quell!* —

This passion, this death, the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hipp. *Bless me my heart, but pity the man!* —

*Both men:— This is my heart, this is my hand.* —

*Both men:— O, should this lovely face frown?* —

*Both men:— Since lion were there, hark'st thou my dear?* —

*Both men:— What is the latest dance?* —

*Both men:— That old, that lovely, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer.* —

*Both men:— Come, tears, confound!* —

*Both men:— Out, sword, and wound!* —

*Both men:— The play of Pyramus!* —

*Both men:— Ay, that left over.* —

*Both men:— Where heart's death hope.* —

*Both men:— This did this, this, thus.* —

*Both men:— Now am I dead.* —

*Both men:— Now am I dead.* —

*Both men:— Now am I dead.* —

*Both men:— My soul is in the sky.* —

*Both men:— Tongue, lose thy light.* —

*Both men:— These by brow.* —

*Both men:— Moon take thy light.* —

*Both men:— Now die, die, die, die.* —

[Dies.—Ereit Moonshine.]

Dem. No die, but an ace; for him, for he is but one.

Lyce. Less than an ace; man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. Without the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ace.

Hipp. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thysbe comes into the garden lover less? The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thysbe.

Hipp. Methinks she should not use a long love, for such a Pyramus; I hope, she will be lost.

Dem. A man will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thysbe, is the better.

Lyce. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moves, sidewise.—

[This.* —

*Adieu, my love!* —

*What, dead, my dove?* —

*O Pyramus, arise!* —

*Speak, speak, quite dumb?* —

*Dead, dead! A tomb.* —

*Must cover thy sweet eyes.* —

*These yellow corseful cheeks, Are gone, are gone!* —

*Lovers, make moon!* —

*His eyes were green as leeks.* —

*O sisters three!* —

*Come, come, come to me,* —

*With hands as pale as milch!* —

*Lay them in ground.* —

*Since you have shone.* —

*Well shears his thread of silk.* —

*Tear it, not a word!* —

*Come, trusty sword!* —

*Come, blithe, my trusty imbros!* —

*And farewell, friends!*** —

*Thus Thysbe such.*

[Dies.]

The Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

But, no, I assure you: — the wall is down that parted their fathers: Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company? The. No epilogue, I pray you: — for your play needs no stage. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if that write it, had play'd Pyramus, and had spelt himself in Thysbe's garden, it would have been a fine tragedy: — and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; — 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall overslip the coming morn. As much, as we could rise, so little did we watch it. This halfe-grown play hath well begot'rd. The heavy gait of night; — sweet friends, to bed. A forlorn hold we thy company in nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BIRON, Lord, attending on the King.
LONGAVILLE, Lord, attending on the Prince of France.
DUMAIN, Lord, attending on the Princess of France.
BOYET, Lord, attending on the Prince of France.
MERCIADE, Lord, attending on the Princess of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOPERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULLI, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.
MOTH, Page to Armado.
A Forester.
Princess of France.
HENRI, a Page.
MARIA, Lady, attending on the Prince of France.
KATHERINE, a Page.
JUANETTA, a Country Woman.
Oracle.

SCENE—Navarre.

ACT 1.

SCENE I. Navarre. A Park with a Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dauin.

King. Let fame, that all hast after in their lives,

Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace as in the discharge of death;

When, spite of corrompt devouring time,

The erotic vice of this present day may buy

That honour, which shall be his estate's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are,

That war against your own affections,

And beg the hope of the world's desire.—

Our late edict shall stand as true as sun:

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the more there she create,

Ever shall be fortunate;

So shall all the couples there

Ever true in lovers be;

And the plots of nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never more, be-rip, nor no more,

Nor mark prodigies, such are

Despised in matrimony.

Shall upon their children be—

With this field-sew congratulates,

Every fairy take its gate;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace with sweet praise;

For her shall it in safety rest;

And the crown the last.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

Biron. If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, (and all is mended)

That you have but anger'd here,

While these visions do appear.

And this weak and feeble theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

C Nim, do not reprehend me.

If you pardon, we will mend;

And, as I am an honest Biron,

I'll pay thee present lack

Now to take up the seraph's tongue,

We will make amends, ere long;

Biron. I will the Prince a horse give.

Go, good night without any more ado.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Biron shall restore amends.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf howls to the moon;

While the heavy ploughman sleeps,

All with weary task forborne.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

While the scroch-owl, shrieking loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in wo,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves all gaping wide,

Every one of his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run,

By the triple incant's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream.

Now are frolick: nor a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent with broom, before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

Ober. Through this house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every sif, and fairy sprite,

Beg as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty after me,

Ring and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.
SCENE I.

Lover's Labour's Lost. 133

Biron. He swears upon the gross world's hasty slaves.

Long. His weeds the corn, and still lets grow the breathing.

Biron. The spring is near, when green grasses are a breathing.

Dum. How follows that?

Long. Biron. Fest in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Long. Biron. Like an amorous shame-faced, That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I lay in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I more desire a rose

Than with a snow in May's new-danced shoes;

But like of such video to season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out; go home, Biron; adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for bacchanal spake more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And take the penance of each three years' stay.

Give me the paper, let me read the same:

And to the trick'd desires I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reasons these from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] On pain of losing her tongue.—Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Mercury, that did it.

Biron. Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentry.

[Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall lose his manly shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassage

The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak.

A man of grace, and complete majesty,

About surrender up of Aquitaine.

To her accredits, sick, and bed-ridden father;—

Therefore this article is void in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth strive to have what it may, it will; It doth forget to do that it should be.

And when it hath the thing it would have most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this fate.

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn.

Those thousand times within these three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace;

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me.

So to the laws at large I write my name:

Subscribers.

And he, that breaks them in the least degree, Stands in answer of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others, as to me;

But I believe, although I say so loudly; I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But, is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a mad traveller of Spains;
A man in all the world's new fashion planned,
That had a man of phrase in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doh ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whose right and wrong
Have chose as ample of their meaning:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight;
For intim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tunny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my misery.
Armado. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Cordatus the swain, and he, shall be our sport:
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Doll, with a Letter, and Cordatus.

Doll. Which is the duke's own person?
Armado. This, follow: What wouldst thou?
Doll. I myself reprehend his own person, for
I am his grace's thorough-bred; but I would see
his own person in flesh and blood.

Armado. This he is.
Doll. Signior Arme-Arme—commands you.
There's villain abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cordatus. Sir, the contempt thereof are as teaching me.

King. A letter from the magnific Armado?
Armado. Sir, is what ever the matter, I hope in God high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us peace.

Armado. To hear? or forbear hearing?
Long. To hear most wisely, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Armado. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriment.

Cordatus. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the Earl of

Armado. In what manner?

Cordatus. In manner and form following, sir; all the other there; I saw seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman,—for the form,—in some form.

Armado. For the following, sir?

Cordatus. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Armado. As we would hear an oracle.

Cordatus. Such is the simplicity of man to hazard after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] Great deputy, the walking visagier, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.

Cordatus. Not a word of Cordatus yet.

Nurse. No, no.

Armado. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but not so.

Cordatus. To be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cordatus. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with self-coloured eyes and red, and gloved and stopped the black-op pressed, nas ing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentle man, the like will not be daunted.

Armado. About the sixteenth: when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to this re-creation which is called supper. So read the time when: Now for the ground old; which, I mean, I walked upon; it is gleamed the park. Then, for the places where; where I was, I did encounter that observer and most propen- tent event, that draweth from my mind and pen the show-coloured ink, which blemish this sweetest, bothied, surveynyn, or seest: Set to the places, where,—it standeth words east and out from the coast corner of the curious-inlaid garden: There did I in the loo-spirited vision, that base mansion of the

Cordatus. Me.

Cordatus. But unlettered small-knowing soul.

Cordatus. Me.

Cordatus. That shallow vessel.

Cordatus. Still me.

Cordatus. Which is I remember, hight Cordatus. Of me?

Cordatus. Erased and consorted, contrary to the established, proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with,—O with,—but with this passion in my subterfuge.

Cordatus. With a sword.

Armado. With a child of our grand-daughter Armado, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Here I (as my ever-common duty pricked me) hasten to thee, in the need of punishment, by thy grace, good officer, Antony Doll; a man of good report and understanding, and honesty.

Doll. Me, an't shall please you; I am Armado.

Armado. For Jaquenetta, (so is the word as it called, which I apprehended with the eye said word,) I keep him, nay, sent word of my labours; and shall, at the least of the event, be able to bring her to trial. Thine, in all courts of all devoted and of-beholding duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Armado. This is not so well as I looked for, as the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sure what say you to this?

Cordatus. The wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cordatus. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's impious meat, to be taken with a wench.

Cordatus. He was taken with a woman, sir; I was sent with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cordatus. This was no damosel, no; it was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cordatus. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cordatus. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence! You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cordatus. I had rather pray a month with meat and plenty.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.

Armado. My lord Armado, see him deliver'd o'er—

King. Sir, and I am I in my practice that Which each in other hath so strongly sworn.

Cordatus. I must, King, Longville, and Donna.

Armado. Prithee, lie my head to say good men's words.

Cordatus. These oaths and laws will prove an arrow.

SIRAH.Come on.

Cordatus. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and she is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome to the cup of prosperity! Affluence may one day again, and till then, till these down, etc.

[Exit.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I. Another part of the same.

Armado's House.

Duke Armoury and Mus.

Hey, what sign is it when a man of

gods signs, sir, that he will look and

paid out on and the self same

hath; or,

O lord, sir, no.

he has a balance and main

VOL. 1.

ly a demonstration of the

my tender youth, why touch sooner?

my tender youth, why tender juve-

quage is, tender Jessica, as a congre-

man, according to the young days,

ough sooner, as an appointed

which we may name tough.

[Aside.

you name, sir? I pretty, and my

I am up, and am saying pretty.

are, masquerade.

pretty, because little: Wherefore

d therefore put, because quick.

you have is my praze, master?

signs at all the same signs.

sign that all is ingenious.

l be may, thou art quick in answers;

my blood, uncontrolled, sir.

not be creased.

speak the more contrary, croz

were promised to study three years

may do it an hour, sir.

pable.

my master is one three told.

ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit.

are a gentleman, and a gamester;

both; they are both the varnish

I am sure, you know how much

dance one amounts to.

the base varieg do call three.

is, sir, is this such a piece of study?

these, studied, ere you'll three

how easy it is to put years to the

and study three years in two words,

will tell you.

must see figure i.

you gave me a cipher.

[Aside.

have we done confess, I am in love;

been for a soldier to love, so am

a base wench. If drawing my

not the humour of affection would

the reprehensive thought of it, I

four prisoner, and ransom him to

it in courtesy for a new devised courtesy.

now teach: methinks, I should out-

Consolst me, boy: What great

I am in love?

and sweet Hercules—More authority

scorned; and, sweet my child, let

most of good sports and carriage.

was a man of good

a carriage: for he carried the

e on his back, like a porter: and he

Arm. O well-baited Samantha! strong joined

Samson! I do exact thee in my register, as much

as thou didst in carry ing quids. I am in love

—What was Samantha to thee, and how dear Musk?

Mus. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Mus. Of all the four, or the three, or the two;

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Mus. Of the snow-white lawn, the green.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexion?

Arm. An I have read, sir; and the rest of

Arm. Greens, indeed, in the colour of lovers;

but to have a love of that colour, master,

Samantha had small reason for it. He, master,

afflicted her for her wit.

Mus. It was no, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immediate white and

red.

Mus. Most immediate thoughts, master, are

masked under such colours.

Arm. Duties, desist, well-educated infant.

Mus. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue,

assist me!

Arm. Great inveiglement of a child; most

pretty, and pathetic.

Mus. If she be made of white and red,

Her features will not be a novice;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be a novice,

By this you shall not know:

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which nature she doth own.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason

of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King

and the Beggar?

Mus. The world was very guilty of such a

ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now
'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would

neither serve for the writing, nor the same.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er,

that I may example my digression by some

mighty precedent. Boy, do love that country

girl, that I took in the park with the rational

maid Costard: she deserves well.

Mus. To be whished; and yet a better love

than my master.

[Aside.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Mus. And that's great marvel, loving a light

wrench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Mus. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep

Costard safe: and you must let him take no

delight, nor no presence: but I must fast three

days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her

at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.

Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Joy. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Joy. That's hereby.

Joy. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Joy. With that face?

Joy. I love thee.

Joy. So I heard you say.

Arm. And an farewell.

Joy. Fair weather after you!  

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exit.  

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences,

are thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do, I shall

do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II.

Scene II. Another part of the same. A Palace and Tent at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirit.

Cost. Come, hear the king your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parity with the sole inheritor
Of all perfection, that a man may owe:
Mistress France, you are the soul of weight
Than Aquarius, a dower for a queen.
Her name as proud of all dear grace,
As nature was in making Greece dear,
When she did grace the world with beauty,
And proudly gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but

Need not the painted bloom of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not under by base sale of chagrian's tongues;
I am so good to hear you tell my worth,
That you must willing to be counted wise
In speaking your own in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tamer—good Boyet,
You are not constant, all telling came.
Both more abroad, Navarre hath made a vow;
Till payment only shall outwear three years,
A woman may approach the abbot court;
Then four to seven—yet it is a useful court.
Before we end his holiness a pate.
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Hold of your business, we sing you
An our best-moving fair advising
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France
The king, being much in the evening's delight,
Importance personal conference with his grace.
Hence, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble, yielding'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride in willing pride, and your pleasure,
Who are the vassals, my loving lords,
That here do receive with this vassal's daint?

Cost. Longueville and I.

Prin. Know you the man?

Cost. I know him, madam, as a married man.
Between lord Persigot and the bosomess his
Jacques Fauconbridge, accustomed
Cost. Nay, say not I the Longueville.
A man of average parts and a sort's mean;
With head in the air, vigorous in arms;
Nothing becoming him; but, that he would walk
The sni t. The fair vassal's globe
Of vassal's globe will stain with any soot;
A sharp wit whetted with too keen a blast;
With whose blade his power to cut, whose will all

Cost. It shall do some spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry looking lord, behold, in this
May. They say so much, that most have learned to know.

Boyet. Much short-hand'd write do wish as thy

Wh: are the rest?

ACT. II. Young Dumnian, a well accomplisht

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Wh: are the rest?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 197

Mean time, receiv'd such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make masks of to thy true worthiness;
You may not come, fair princess, in my gate;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fairly
Well;

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires commend your grace!

King. Thy wish wish I thee in every place!
[Exeunt King and his Train.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I

Biron. I would, you heard it gross.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that it do good?

Ros. My Physic says so.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eyes?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Nine, God save thy light.

Ros. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is

that same?

Boyet. The fair of Alencon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Most wise, fair, and gentle.

[Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in

the while?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, as you saw her

in the light.

Long. Parchment, light in the light: I desire

her name.

Boyet. She bath but one for herself; to desire

that were a shame.

Long. 'Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your heard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended;

She is an heir of Palaccbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or no.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to

yourself.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap

lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at

his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was
to

heed.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And what more shall I say?

No sheeps, sweet lamb, unless my head on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that

finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle master.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To thy fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentle,

agree:

The civil war of wise was much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here he

abased.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies)  
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,  
Discover me to be Nevarre is infected.  

Prin. With what?  
Boyet. With what that we love entitle, affected.  

Prin. Your reason?  
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire  
To the court of his eyes, peeping thorough desires:  
His heart, like an ague, with your print impressed.  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
His tongue, all unpaitent to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye.  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy.  
Who, tending their own worth, from where they were plac'd,  
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own mergent did quote much aman's.  
That all eyes saw his eyes embellish'd with gold:  
I'll give you Aquitain, and what is hers.  
As you give me for my sake but one loving kiss.  

Prin. Give me to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.  
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclosed.  
I only have made a mouth of his eye.  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.  
Ros. They art an old love-monger, and speak'd  
it skilfully.  

Masr. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.  
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.  
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wench's?  
Masr. No.  
Boyet. What then, do you see?  
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.  
Boyet. You are too hard for me.  
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. [Singing.]  
Arm. Sweet air! Go tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swim, bring him intimately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French heel?  
Arm. How mean'st thou? braving in French?  
Arm. No, my complete master: but to jog off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyes; now, though a note, and along a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you swallowed love by smelling love; with your hat-pentoon like over the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-d doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keet not too long in one tune, but a nip and away! These are complements, these are honours; these betray nice wencies—would that we were betrayed without these; and make these men of note, (do you note, man!) that means are affected to them.

Arm. How last them purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.  
Arm. But O—but D.  
Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.  
Arm. Caless! Those my love, hobby-horse!  
Moth. No master; the hobby-horse is but fool, and your love perhaps a hundreds. Is it have you forgot your loves?  
Arm. Almost I had.

Fency.—beginning. Can I learn her by heart?  
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.  
Moth. And out of heart, master: all, all I  
Arm. What will thou prove?  
Moth. A man, if I live; and thus, by, is, as without, upon the instant: By heart you live her, because your heart cannot come by heart; you love her, because your heart is lock'd in her; and out of heart you love her, but out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.  
Arm. I am all these three.

Arm. And three times as much more, and nothing at all.  
Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must set me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiased; a heart to be pensiord for an ans!  
Arm. He, he! what sayest thou?  
Moth. Marty, sir, you must send the ans to the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I  
Arm. The way is but short; away.  
Moth. As swift as lead, air.  
Arm. Thy meaning, very ingenuous?  
Moth. Is not a metal heavy, dull, and slow?  
Arm. Ministe, honest master; or rather, mister, no.  
Arm. I say, lead is slow.  
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say that lead is slow.  
Arm. [Exit.]

Moth. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
He requites me a cannon; and the bullet, that  
I shoot thee at the swain.  
Moth. Thump then, and [Exit.

Moth. A most acute jargon: valuable and of grace!  
By thy favour, sweet wellkin, I must sigh in face:  
Most rude melancholy, value gives than plus  
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Caste  
broken in a shin.  
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle—come, i  
Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no Fency; no  
Arm. As in the mail, sir: 0, sir, plantain, a plain plait, namely, no Fency, no Fency, no savile, sir, is a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, they enfeoffed laughter; I  
Moth. Do the wise think these other? is it a  
Arm. No page; it is an epitome or discour  
Moth. Some obscure precedence that hath taken

I will example it:  
The fox, the ape, and the hussa- 
We were still at odds, being but three.  
There's the more: Now the Fency.

Moth. I will add the Fency: say the odd  
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the hussa- 
We were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,  
And staid the odds by adding four.
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

I begin your moral, and do you follow
Fenwy.

But the ape, and the humpbeers,

I must close, before last three;

still the goose came out of door.

the edes by adding four.

good Fenwy, ending in the goose,

could desire more?

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a

poopy-worth is good, as your goose be

bargain well, to be canceling as fast and

as a fat Fenwy; say, that's a fat goose.

Come here, come here: How did this

government begin?

Try saying that a Costard was broken in

this.

Of you for the Fenwy.

For a plagiariz: Thus came a

argument in:

how's fat Fenwy, the goose that you

sell;

sell the market.

it tell me; how was there a Costard

a shin I

will sell you sensibly,

most had no feeling of it, Moth; I will

Fenwy,

running out, that was safely within,

the threshold, and broke my shin.

I will call on me of this matter.

If there be more matter in the shin,

broth Costard, I will rehearse the

man to my people:—I must

say, some goose, in this

I may not well, mean, setting there

undressing person; then were

restrained, captivated, bound;

true: and now you will be in my

and let me loose.

give them thy liberty, set thee from

and, in lien thereof, improve on the

set this: Bear this significant to the

said Faggecesa: there is remunera-

tional dam cotton: I for the best ward

manner, is, rewarding my dependents

 enrile

like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard,

of chance of man's flesh! my in-

cest. Moth.

I look to his remuneration. Remu-

eration the Latin word for three far-

nings—retribution—What's

of this inside a penny—No, I'll give

communication: why, it carries it.—Be

hereby, it is a barer name than

nor. I will never buy and sell out of

Enter Eiron.

D, my good knave Costard! exceed

me

you, sir, how much carnation rib

me nose for a remuneration?

What is a remuneration?

Easy, sir, half-penny farthing.

O, why then, three-farthings-worth of

haste your worship: God be with you!

O, stay, slave! must employ thee: this

win your favour, good my knave,

thing for me that I shall entreat.

then, would you have it done, sir? I

this afternoon.

fell, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Or, would you have it thus?

shall now, sir, when I have done it.

Why, villain, thou must know first

will come to your worship tomorrow.

Biron. If I must do this afternoon. Hack,

slare, it is but this:—

The princess came to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there was a gentle lady;

When tongues speak softly, then they name

her name.

And Rosaline they call her; ask for her;

And to her white hand see them do commend

The seals-up counsel. There's thy guidance; go.

Give him money.

Cost, Guardon.—O sweet guardon! better than

eleven-piece farthing better;

Most sweet guardon—I will do it, sir, in pm.

Guardon—remuneration.

Biron. O—shall I, forsooth, in love! I, that

A very beadle to a bonorous sight

A criticy ray, a very little scintillable;

A dwindling patient o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent.

This wimpish, whining, punctilious wayward

boy.

This simier-judor, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-ephes, lord of all objects,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liere of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of placers, king of copulatives,

Subs imperator, and great general

Of trotting parted—O my little heart—

And I to be a corporal of his face?

and wear his colours like a tamber's knob!

What? If I love! and I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clean.

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going at it, being a watch

but being caught, that he may still go right?

Nay, to be perfidious, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all!

A whitely wason with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Arians were her cousin and her guard;

And to sigh for her! To watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his Almighty dreadful little sight.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and

groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some love.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,

Boyet, Lovio, Attendante, and a Servitor.

Prin. Was that the king, that quarr'd his horse

so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whose he was, he showed a mounting

mistrust.

Well, lords, to-day shall we have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder copula:

A stand, where you may make the fairest shot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am farly that shoot,

And thereof take those who bate the good.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what, first praise me, and again

say no?

O short, joy'd praise! Not fair! slack for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. I grant it not, that it is;

Where fair is not, praise cannot masst the brow;

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[Giving him money]

Fair payment for foul words is more than den-
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Pro. Nothing but that art that you inherit: 
Pro. Therefore, my lady will be my lady.

Oh me! I shall have her.

But, come, we must spin. — New mercies grow apace, 
And, as we work, we, two, become acquainted.

Thus — I love her now: — I shall be seen.
Not without — though she might not see the law.
If she would see me, I was before her: —
That was my part: — grace, but purpose, thought to kill.
And, out of grace, and ought, is sometimes love.

Gas. What's the news, gentle Sir? You are so cheerful:

Whence, for what name sake, for praise, an evident care.

We shall be the working of the heart;
And I, for praise sake, must needs go spin.

The poor, they're skill'd, that my heart means well.

Boyet. Do you care what hold that self-same way?
Only for — praise sake, when they strive to be
Lads of their words?

Pros. sir, that praise: and praise we may after.

To any man that endures a lord.

Eext. Costard.

Here comes a number of the commonwealth:
Cost. Sir, we are two; and, pray, you, which is the head here?

Pros. I know her, fellow, by the rest
that have a break.

Cost. Why, is the greatest lady, the highest Peer; 
Pros. The prince of the realm, and the tailor.

Cost. The trickster, and the tailor! it is so; —
Truth at last.

An your waist, massars, were as slender as my waist.

One of these maid's girles for your waist should be.

Are not you, the chief woman? you are the chief of our host.

Pros. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monarch Brown, to break up thy cage.

Pros. O, my letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.

Mamans: — is not it so? — Boyet, you can carve; 
Break up this cage.

Pros. I am bound to serve — this letter is not made, it imparts you now love: 
It is sent to Jaquenetta.

Pros. We will read it, I swear; 
Break the neck of the wax, and every eye give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] By heaven, that thou art finer, more inviting; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fair than fair, more beautiful than beautiful; truer than truth itself. 'Tis a compliment in the highest sense. The magnanimous and most illustrious King Euphribus set eye upon the pernicious and including beggar Zemephon, and he saw that might rightly say, said, or, which is to say, in the vulgar, (0 base and obscure vulgar) villi-cite, he came, saw, and overcome: he came, one; saw; two; overcome, three. Who came? —

Pros. The king: Why did he come? to see. Why did he seek to overcome? To whom came he? to the beggar? What was he? the beggar. Who overcome he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side the king's? The captive is enwreath, (On whose side? The captive's.) The catastrophe is a natural; (On whose side?) the king's. On both in one, or one in both. I am the king: for so stands the comparison; then the beggar; for so remains with thy thoughts; Shall I ransom thy love? I can: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I mean thy love? I will. What shall then exchange for rage? I rage: For little, this.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou bear the Neopratian lion,
Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Some woman fills his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou serve, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his hind.

Pros. What's the name of feathers is he, that dealt this letter?

What name, what weathercock? did you ever hear her name?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Pros. Elsie your memory is bad, going over it
several times.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantom, a Mercuri, and one that makes sport.

To the prince, and his book-maker.

Pros. Thus, fellow, a word:

Boyet. Who gave thee this letter?

Pros. I told you, my lord.

Boyet. To whom should thou give it then?

Pros. From my lord to my lady.

Boyet. From which lord, to which lady?

Pros. From my lord Biron, a good manner of mine,
To a lady of France, that be call'd Rosaline.

Pros. Thou hast not mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Pros. Here, sweet, put up this; — I will be thine another day,

Boyet. [Reads.] [Ezri Princess and page.

Boyet. Who is the author? who is the mover?

Pros. Shall I teach you to know it?

Boyet. Ay, my content of beauty.

Boyet. Why, she that bears the bow.

Pros. Fistily put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horses; but, if thou please me, I will.

Pros. Have mercy the neck, if horses that thy mercy.

Boyet. Fistily put off. 

Rose. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Rose. If we choose the horse, you yourself: come.

Boyet. Fistily put off, indeed.

Pros. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the bow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Rose. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pufin of Frussia was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one at old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Pros. Thou couldst not hit it, hit it, Art it,

Boyet. Thou couldst not hit it, my good woman.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.

An I cannot, another can.

[Enter Ros. and Ranh.

Cost. By my truth, most pleasant! how bold both did fit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark that but that mark; a mark says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet it, if n't.

Rose. Were o'the bow hand! I labour heartily.

Cost. What sayest, a' most shoot nearer, or 'twill never hit the clout.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE II.

Doros. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleanly pulling her hand.

[Enter Love, coming, you talk grossly, your lips are now foul.
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to a bout.
Doros. I bear no such mischance; good night, my good vessel, my. 
[Exit Doros and Maria.
Cost. By my soul, a snaill! a most simple clown.

Lord. How know I how the ladies and I have put him down?
O my true swain! most sweet jests! most incozy val
but go.
When a jest so smoothly falls off, so obsequially, as
Armado's did,-O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her

To see him thus his hand! and how most swee
at will presently.
And his page that was that bountiful of wit! Ah
heavens, it is a most palpitating nut.

Doros. [Singing within. Exit Cost. running.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter H. Sempst, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent speak, truly; and done be his pranks, he has a good conscience.
H. Sempst. They, as you know, in sundry:
Dull. A man as a peacock, who now is not used like a weasel in the suncoats, the sky, the web
the heavens, and so forth, with the lilies of a craft, on the face of terra. The will, the land, the

Nath. Truly, master Holofrines, the epitaphs are mostly varied, I be a scholar at the least;
But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first
H. Sempst. Sir Nathaniel, I would crede.

Dull. This was not a buck crede, 'twas a pricket
H. Sempst. If I were to err in a buck crede, I would crede I
H. Sempst. I have some information yet a kind of crede, so it were, in one, way, of ex
Dull. I know, madam, I crede, and so in crede, er, in
Nath. But, I, in crede, to shew, as it were, his inclination
H. Sempst. I have an honest, unbeliev, medita
Dull. Yes, and so I crede, or rather unlerned, er, un
Nath. And in crede, uninform'd fashion, to insert
Dull. Yes, yes, the deer was not a buck crede; but crede

H. Sempst. I saw a simplicity, licentious-O thou

Dull. I saw a simplicity, licentious-O thou
H. Sempst. I saw a simplicity, licentious-O thou
Dull. Yes, and so I crede, of the divinity
H. Sempst. I would not crede that he crede in the divinity, he hath not crede in the divinity,
Dull. And so I crede, he has only an animal, only
H. Sempst. Love's having a buck crede, is a fair crede, we crede, in the world and crede, where things crede.
Dull. Yes, yes, I crede, he crede in the divinity and crede in the divinity, he crede in the flag, and crede in the flag, and crede in the flag, and crede in the flag, and crede in the flag.
H. Sempst. We shall be done here, I crede, and crede in the divinity, the animal crede, and crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity.
Dull. Yes, yes, I crede, he crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity.
H. Sempst. I crede, in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity.
Dull. Yes, yes, I crede, he crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity.
H. Sempst. I crede, in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity, crede in the divinity.

Enter Isabella and Costard.

Jag. God give you good health of mind, master person.
H. Sempst. I wish you all the good of mind. And if
Isabella. I wish you all the good of mind. And if
H. Sempst. God save the king, madam, he that has
Isabella. God save the king, madam, he that has
H. Sempst. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
Isabella. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
H. Sempst. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
Isabella. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
H. Sempst. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
Isabella. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede

H. Sempst. God save the king, madam, he that has

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H. Sempst. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
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H. Sempst. God save the king, madam, he that has

Isabella. God save the king, madam, he that has

H. Sempst. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede
Isabella. If Isabella will be a good mother to me, I crede

H. Sempst. God save the king, madam, he that has

Isabella. God save the king, madam, he that has

"Vivat, vivat, have you ever pricted in Venice?"

Isabella. Have you ever pricted in Venice?"
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE III. Another part of the same.

Enter Biron, with a Paper.

Biron. The king is beating the door; I am courting myself; I have picked a tulip; I am sitting in a garden; I pick that delicious, delicious a foot word. Well, set these down, sorrow for so, they say, the fool mad, and so say I, and I the fool, I'll prove, will I by the height love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a stamp: Well proved again on my side I will not love: if I do, hang me: if I do, will not. O, but her eyes—by this light, by her eyes, by her eyes, yes, for her two eyes; Well I do nothing in the world set me in lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me in right, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one of my secrets already; the clown here it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it. sweet close, sweeter still, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to gan: [Takes up a Petal.]

Enter the King, with a Paper.

King. Ah me! Biron. [Aside.] Shut by heaven!—Proceed, sweet tupul: they have triumph'd him with thy ballock under the last pett—[Aside, etc.—]

King. [Aside.] Do sweet a blow the golden sun gives not.

To those fresh morning dews upon the rose, The morn's the sister more than half an hour.

Through the transparent bottom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine own light.

Sweet leaves, shake folly. Who is he comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter Longaville, with a Paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more foot, appears. [Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a poet, lord, or poet, lord. [Aside.]

Long. King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship is name.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been sur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know.

Long. Thou makest the treasury, the corner-cup of society.

The shape of love's Tylburn that hangs up arm, Long I fear, three stubborn lines lack power to most.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love! These numbers will I bear, and write in press.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Biron. No, O, twins are gentle on Youth; so easy to please, that they are.

Do not call it sin in me,
To think on these thoughts you would make me swear,
That I am forsworn for thee,
Thus, sir, I say, you would be sure.

I would be sure, but an Eclipse were;
And deny myself for thee,

That I love thee: I love thee more than I am and

This will I send: and something else more plain

This is my true love's feeling pain;

A woman I love more, but I will prove,

Not in my heart, but in my eye;

We may look, but not see, at a woman; but

That is love's great deceit to society;

Tears, tears, to keep down his heart.

He has been close confederate in this plot;

Who does not weep when he is so close?

This is the love's vein, which

He loved his beauty, and such a lady;

Saw sighs rise from you, noted well your pass-

Ah me! says one; O love! the other cries;

To Long. And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

Faith infraged, which such a real deal swear?

He who shall be to be loved, and your love will

How will he, or she, there be to be loved, and your love will

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

He would not have him know so much by me;

Biron. New love: I forth to win hypernea-

All good, my love, I pray thee pardon me;

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to repro-

These words for loving, that last most in love?

Your eyes to make no coaches; in your ears;

You'll not be persuaded, it's a hateful thing;

Though, none but miscants like of something;

To see a king transformed into a goat;

To see great Hercules whipping a stag,

Whereas thy grief, O tell me, good Biron?

And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my leg's all about the breast;

To Jovian. And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

To Jovian. And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
LOVES LABOUR'S LOST.

A light, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb--

_swear._ Whither away so fast?

A true man, and God's a true God! ngalongs so.

_Biron._ I past from love, good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquemette and Costard.

_Jaq._ God bless the king.

_King._ What present hast thou then?

_Cost._ Some certain treason.

_King._ What makes treason here?

_Cost._ Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

_King._ If it make nothing neither.

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

_Jaq._ I beseech your grace, let this letter be open'd.

_Our_ _parson_ _misobeit_ it: "Twas treason he said.

_Biron._ Read it over.

_Giving him the letter._

_Where hast thou it?_  

_Jaq._ Where hast thou it?

_Cost._ In your hand?

_Cost._ It is in your hand: why dost thou then tear it?

_Biron._ A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not.

_Long._ It did more move to passion, and therefore love's heart's.

_Dum._ It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

_Pick up the piece._

_Biron._ Ah, thouwert so palpable! [To Long._

_Cost._ I were born to do me shame.

_Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess._

_King._ What?

_Biron._ That you three tools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;  

_He, he, and you, my liege, and I._

_Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die._

_O, dismiss this audience, and shall tell you more._

_Dum._ Now the number is even.

_Biron._ True, true; we are four:  

_Will these tools be gone?_  

_King._ Hence, sir; away.

_Cost._ Walk aside the true talk, and let the others stay.

_Biron._ Secret loves, sweet loves, O let us embrace!

_As true as we are, as fresh and blood can be:  

_The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face._

_Young blood will not obey an old decree._

_We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  

_Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn._

_King._ What, did these tools last show some love of thine?

_Biron._ Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  

_That like a ride and savage man of Inde,  

_At the first opening of the gorgeous mast._

_Bow's not his vessel head; and, strictest blind,  

_Kisses the base ground with obedient breast._

_What peremptory eagle-sighted eye._

_Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  

_That is not blin'ed by her majesty._

_King._ What need, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

_My_ _mistriss_ _is_ _a_ _princesse_ _moon._

_She an attending star, nearer born a light._

_Biron._ My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron;  

_O, for love of love, day would turn to night._

_Of all complexions the world's sovereignty._

_Do meet, as at a fair; in her fair cheek._

_Where several wretches make one dignity._

_Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek._

_Leaves the flourish of all gentle tongues._

_flame, painted tserchish! O, she needs it not:_

_To stop the mouth of a master's pride belonging._

_Those eyes so prancing those praise so loud doth seek._

_A wish'd herbon, fairer winter's winter._

_Might shake of silly looking in her eye._

_Beauty doth vanish age, as if new born._

_And gives the crush the crush's injury._

_O, is the sun that maketh all things shine!_  

_King._ By heaven, thy love is black as obel._

_Biron._ Is any like her? O wood divine!  

_A wife of such wood were desirable._

_O, who can give an oath! where is a book?  

_That I may swear beauty doth beauty find._

_If that she lend not of her eye to look._

_No face is fair, that is not full so black._

_King._ O paradox! Black is the bond of hell._

_The hot of dungeons, and the scowl of night._

_And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well._

_Biron._ Devil's zooms tempest, resembling storm of light._

_O, if in black any lady's brow he duketh._

_Imposing, that painting, and burning hell._

_Should ravish doters with a false aspect._

_And whereof, if this is not more unfair,  

_Her favour turns the fashion of the days;  

_For native blood is counted painting now;  

_And therefore, though we sold away dispraise._

_Paints itself black, to imitate her brow._

_Dum._ To look like her, are shining-mopped black.

_Long._ And since her time are collars counted bright._

_King._ And Ethel's of their sweet complexion crack.

_Dum._ Dark need no candles now, for dark._

_Biron._ Your mistresses dare never come in rain;  

_For fear their colours should be washed away._

_King._ Two good, your did; for, sir, to tell you plain._

_I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day._

_Biron._ I'll prove her fair, or talk till dusk._

_King._ No devil will fright thee then so much as she._

_Dum._ I never saw man hold vile stuff as does._

_Long._ Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face nest._

_Showing her about._

_Biron._ O, in the streets were placed with this eye,  

_Her feet were much too dainty for such mead._

_Dum._ O vile! then as she goes, what upon lies._

_The street should we as she walk'd overhead._

_King._ But what of this! Are we not all in love?_  

_Biron._ O, nothing so sure; and thereby all loves come._

_King._ Then love this chat; and, good Biron, now prove._

_Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn._

_Dum._ Ay, marry, there's; some fascination for this evil._

_Long._ O, some authority how to proceed;  

_Some tricks, some quibbles, how to cheat the devil._

_Dum._ Some else for perjury._

_Biron._ O, 'tis more than math;  

_Have you then, affection's men at arms._

_Consider what you may and swear unto._

_To fast, to study,—and to see no woman._

_Then great to purge the longings of your youth._

_Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young;  

_And abstinence engenders maladies._

_And what is in your opinion; do study, lords._

_In that each of you hath forsworn his book._

_Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon lose your time._

_For when would you, my lord, or you, or you._

_Have found the ground of study's excellence._

_Without the beauty of a woman's face._

_From women's eyes this doctrine I derive._

_They are the ground, the books, the academies._

_Wherein those doth spring the true Prometheus._
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter Holofem, Sir Nathaniel, and Doll.

[Scene quick as possible.

Hol. What news? What news?

Nath. I praise God for you; sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and satisfactory; pleasure without scrupulous, witty without affectation, serious without impudence, learned without affectation, and serious without hurly burly. I did converse this madmen day with a companion of the king's, who is in fiddle, I understand, or called, Don Alvaro de Amado.

Hol. Who is Don Alvaro de Amado?

Nath. His humour is lofty, his discourse perspicuous, his tongue fling, his eye ambitious, his action majestic, and his general behaviour: calm, ridiculous, and the whole not less than the least. He is too pock'd, too spruce, too affected, too odd; and, as it were, too perversity, as I fancy call it.

Hol. A most singular and choice epithet.

Nath. Take it out of that book, Holofem, out of that book.

Hol. He draws with the thread of his verse, twynier finale than the staple of his argument, I allow such fantastical phantasms, such insolent and point-deep connivances; such rakes of orthography, as to speak doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt, fine, when he should pronounce, doubt: I, e., doubt; not d, e., t. if he eleaph a calf, cant; half, half; neighbour, countrier, neighbour, weigh, abbreviate, us. This is abominable (which he would call abominable,) it is unaccountable me of meaning; No intellia, domin, to make (wanting, uncertainly, uncertain, uncertain, uncertain, uncertain, uncertain) etc.

Nath. Lose Don, bona intelligo.

Hol. Gone!—gone, for sake: for sake, a little scratch'd; 'twill be a little scratch'd; 'twill be a little scratch'd.

Enter Armado, Math, and Costard.

Math. Fidusa, qui potest?

Hol. Fidusa, qui potest?

[To Math.

Arm. Quae Graece videas, non scire?

Arm. Man of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military air, salvation.

Math. They have been as a great feast of languages, and住宿 the scratch.

[To Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long in the store-bak-

ket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long 

by the head as amorcquasaltitandissimobus: thou art never swallowed than a fly, dragon.

Math. Peace, the rest begins.

Arm. Monaster. [To Hol.] Are you not let-

ted?

Math. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is u, u, helt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ex puella, with a horn added.

Math. Ex, most silly sheep, with a horn—

You hear his learning, and are not the less.

Hol. Quiz, says, thou companion?

Math. The third of the five vowels, if you re-

spect them, or the fifth.

Hol. I will respect them, u, u, 

Math. The sheep: the other two conclude it; 

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick touch of wit, brat, map, map, and home, it rejoices my intellect: true wit.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 

ACT V.

When, therefore, a man doth in such a cause offend thee, you may cry: well done, Horatio: for it is much to be wished that this were the cause; an offence graver than though few have the grace to do it. 

So who are the rest of the wooers?—

No, no, I'll not have myself to blame. There's not a man there! 

How should that be? 

I'll have you both: first the Duke of Athens, next the Queen of France. 

What, art thou so base? 

We will have, if thou dost not, an oath of thee: thou hast spoken me in my borrowed name, or I'll have thee here to this word, and in this sort. 

Well, I'll say, and so Dull, to our sport, [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the same.

Before the Princess's Park.

Enter the Princess, Katherine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Princes, we shall be rich ere we are old, if we can live.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Yet fear not thou, but speak seriously.
The boy reply'd, An angel is not end.
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him to the shoulder.
Making the bold way by their praises bold.
One call'd his elbow, thus; and heard, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd Vla! we will see, come what will come.
The third he caper'd, and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd to the toe, and down he fall.
With that they all did tumble on the ground.
With such a senseless laughter, so profound,
That in this speech ridiculous appears.
To check their folly, passion's solemn tear.
Pris. But what, but what, some they do visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
The purpose is to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love last will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favour several, which they did bestow.

Pris. And will they so? the galleries shall be tank'd:
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd:
And not a man of them shall have the grace.
Despite of wit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour shall be shew'd:
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me this:
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall your love
Won contrary, decreed by these removes.

Ros. Come on them; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Pris. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mockery servile:
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they shall use shall To love mislike; and so be mock'd without,
Upon the next occasion that we meet.

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us'to?

Pris. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their pens'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis speak'd, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Pris. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if so be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport overthrown:

To make their ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game:
And they, will mock and depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the makers come.
Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth, Musicians and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest Beauties on the earth:

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich types.

Moth. A holy prom of the faired dames.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their backs to mortal view.

Biron. Their eyes, their eyes, their eyes, to mortal view.

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe me a
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

King. Prize you yourselves; what buys you company? Rose. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rose. Then cannot we be bought; and so, twice to your visor, and half once to you. King. If you deny to dance, let's be hold more chat.

Rose. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that. [They converse apart.

Biron. White-headed mistresse, was once sweet with this.

Prio. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there's a store.

Biron. Nay then, two treys [an if you prove a Medegiiam, worth, and malsugrey—Well, well, cleare.

There's a dozen sweetes.

Prio. Seventh sweet, alle.

If you can ceg. I'll play no more with you.

Biron. The word is in your gall.

Prio. Let it not be seen.

Biron. Gull it better.

Therefore must

[They converse again.

Dame. Will you voyouche with me to change a world?

M. Name it.

Dame. Fair lady.

M. May you so? Fair lady.

Dame. What you voyouche for your fair lady.

Dame. Please it you, as much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What was your visor made without diagrams?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason I quickly, sir, [say]

Long. You have a double tongue within your visor, and would afford my tongueless visor half.

Kath. Yeal, quoth the Dutchman: Is not vice


Kath. No, a fair board call.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, 'I'll not be your half:

Long. Take all, and wean it, it may prove an ox.

Long. Lock, why you lock yourself in these sharp muckels?

Will you give horns and horse lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die, call, before your horse do.

Long. One word in private with you, are you do.

Kath. Breat softly then, the butcher hours you.

[They converse apart.

Biron. The tongues of mocking wenchers are not

As is the paper's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be.

Above the alalat : so audible

Seemeth their conferences, their conceits have

Platter than any : bullet, wind, thought, shrill

Rov. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-bones with pure good.

Kath. Farewell, mad wenchers; you have simple-

[Sight King. Lordes, Lords, Musick and Attendants.

Prio. Twenty shillings, my fr实训e Muscovites—

Are those the breed—white wonder'd at the

Biron. Tays are they, with your sweet breathes.

Kath. Well licking wits they have, good green fat, fat.

Prio. High joy is it well, kindly you treat!
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
For all the world like echoes out of conscience quite.
But if they were all in harmless cases,
The King was skipping-rigs for a good word.
Biron. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mari. Domains was at my service, and he said:—

No spite, no threats; I say, my servant was
some music.
Keth. Lord Longaville said, I came over his head.
And trus thee, what he call'd me?

Keth. Quain, perhaps,

Keth. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Why, did you not see me there?
Biron. Well, better wise than warm.

Keth. And Longaville was for my service born.
Ll. Domains was mine, as sure as bank on tree.
Biron. Madam, and pretty statutes, give ear;
Immediately they will again be with you.
In their own estate; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Keth. And they return?
Prin. They will, they will, God knows;
And keep for joy, though they are lame with blows.
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blows the sweet snow in the summer air.
Biron. Fair ladies, maid's, are roses in their bower;
Damsels, their damask sweet comeliness is shown.
Are rags being clouded, or roses blown.
Prin. Arvant, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes in woe?
Ros. Good readman, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as design'd:
Let us complain to them what frowns were here,
Dispair'd like Moses's, in shapeless gear;
Their shallow shows, and prodigious villy pens'd,
Are their rough carriage so ridiculous.
Should be presented at our court to us.
Biron. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are all bound.

Prin. Whisp to our tents, as roses run over land.

[Exit Princess, Ros. Kath. and Marius.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Damain,

King. Fair air, God save you! Where is the princess?

Biron. She goes to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Comman'd me any service to her thither?
King. She that vouchsafes me audience for such a word.
Biron. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[Exit.

Biron. This fellow peeps up wit, as pigeons pass:
And yet it is again when Jove doth please:
He is win's pedlar: and retains his wares
At lakes and wasterns, most in kites, faire.
And we shall all by grace, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
The gallant puts theouches on his shelve;
And he born Adam, he but trooped Epen.
Epen can carry too, it is; I mean, this is he,
That bid'st us, to recount.
This is the apo of form, memorandum the nice.

[Exit. When he plays at tables, chides the dice

in honourable terms: say, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in offering,
Send him who can: he sends all, but wants;
The oxen, the bees, the thistles, the bristly
This is the brow who spells on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whites human.
And censures, that will not die in debt,
Buy him the title of holy-tongued Biron,
King. A bluster on his sweet images with my heart.
That put Amadée's page out of his part!

Enter the Prince, who'd by Biron: Rosaline,
Mari, Katharina, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behavior, what went thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hall, sweet madam, and fair time of day.
Ros. Fair, in all hall, is fort, as I conceive.
King. Costruse my speeches better, if you may.
Ros. I wish you better, I will—give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To learn to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me: and so hold your vow.
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjury men.
King. Reluse me not for that which you promise.
The view of your eye must break my oath.
Ros. You sick-came virus: vice you should have spoke?
For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.
Now by my master bound, you as pure
As the unsmelled lily, I protest.
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to your highness'妹子;
So much I hate a breaking-came to be.
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, confin'd, much to our shame.
Ros. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pinnacles here, and pleasant gardens.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtesies, and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, given undeserving praise.
We fear, indeed, confronted here with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd as space; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word,
I dare not call them fools: but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we great,
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that erasure, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong.
It were mean to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. Cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
mand you this?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

E successive, and you value me
Well, as I would, she my lover.

[Enter Costard.]

C.-I t, sir, three times three is nine.

Enter Sir John.}

Welcome, good sir! thou present a fair fray.

Sir John.-I, sir, they would know,

[Enter Costard.]

I am, as they say, but to parrel myself,

[Enter Sir John.]

When I was a boy, I was as bold as any,

[Enter Costard.]

Welcome, good sir! thou present a fair fray.

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[Enter Costard.]

Welcome, good sir! thou present a fair fray.

C.-I t, sir, three times three is nine.

Enter Sir John.}

Welcome, good sir! thou present a fair fray.

[Enter Costard.]

I am, as they say, but to parrel myself,

[Enter Sir John.]

When I was a boy, I was as bold as any,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis a poli-

ty to show worse than the king's and his

penny.

ay, they shall not come.

ay, my good lord, let me o'errule you.

I am pleased, that doth least know

it to steer to content, and the contents

and of them which is presented

confounded makes most form in

to things labouring parish in their birth.

right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armando.

noticed, I implore so much expense of

sweet breath, as will utter a brace of

along me with the King, and

deliver him a paper.

call this man serve God!

'tis true, and so it is.

speak not like a man of God's

all one, my fair, sweet, honey

I present, the schoolmaster is

sufficiently; too, too vain; too, too

I waft it, as they say, to

I wish you the peace of mind,

[Exit Armando.

vise it to be a good presence of

present Hector of Troy; the swain

great; the parish curate, Alexander:

page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas:

four worthies in their first show

or will change habits and present the

there is five in the first show.

are deceived, 'tis not so.

the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-

it, and the boy —

now at variance; and the whole world

pick out five each, take each one in

he ship is under sail, and here she

by authority, for the King, Prince,

agreed of the New Worthies.

or Costard arm'd, for Pompey.

Pompey arm'd —

You lie, you are not he.

Pompey arm'd —

With libbard's head on knees.

Well said, old mooker; I must needs

friends with thee.

Pompey arm'd, Pompey arm'd the

be great.

in great, sir — Pompey arm'd the

field, with large and shield, did

buy to sweat;

'longing along this coast, I here am

by chance;

arm before the legs of this sweet

a for Pompey

ship would say, Thanks, Pompey,

further.

great thanks, great Pompey.

I am not so much worth; but, I hope, I

I made a little fault in, great.

my last two halppenny, Pompey proves

Nathaniel arm'd, for Alexander.

Thus in the world I lived, I was the

was the

commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my

conquering might:

My accoutrements plain declare that I am Ali-

ander.

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it

smells too right for brushes.

Brom. Your nose smells, no, in this, most

tender-smelling knight.

Friar. The conqueror is dismay'd; Proceed,

good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the

world's commander —

Boy. Most true, 'tis right; you were so,

Alexander.

Brom. Pompey the great —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Brom. Take away the conqueror, take away

Alexander.

Cost. O, sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown

Alexander the conqueror! You will be scraped

out of the painted cloth, for this: your lion,

that holds his poll-axe sitting on a cross-staff,

will be given in to you; and you will be the

worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak

you away for shame, Alexander. [Nath. execr.] —

There, art thou pleas'd, you — a foolish

man! an honest man, look, you, and soon

doubt it! He is a marvelous good neighbor, in

speak; and a very good bowler half, for Ali-

sander, also, you see how — a little off

— But there are worthies a coming will

Keep some state in thy earl, and vanish.

[Exit Moth.

Hol. Judas I am —

Dem. A Judas!

Hol. Not chezret, sir —

Judas I am, eclipsed Machabaeus.

Dem. Judas Machabaeus clip't, is plain Judas.

Brom. A kinsman traitor — How art thou prov'd,

Judas?

Hol. Judas I am —

Dem. The more shame for you, Judas?

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Brom. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my master.

Brom. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on

an rider.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Brom. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A sitter head.

Dem. The head of a bodkin.

Brom. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce

seen.

Boy. The plummet of Caesar's faulchion.

Dem. The carv'd bone face on a flesh.

Brom. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dem. Ay, and in a by-stander, in a tooth-

drawer.

And now, forward; for we have yet then in

countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Brom. Vals, we have given them faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Brom. An thou wouldst have us, we would do

Boy. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And, so, adieu, sweet Judas! may, why dost thou

say?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the am to the Jane; give it him—

Hel. This is not generous, not gentle, nay, humble.

Boyet. A light for mischievous Jovius: it grows

dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machinam, how hath he

been lashed!

Enter Armado arm'd. for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achillies; here comes

Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mock's come home by me,

I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of the

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I thank, Hector was not so clean-tim-

Long. Has leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More caff, certain.

Boyet. No, no, Hector is not in the small.

Hector. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes

from

Arm. The armiportant Mars, of lances the al-

mighty.

Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A it no use.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Snack with cloves.

Dum. None, cloven.

Arm. Peace. The armiportant Mars, of lances the al-

mighty.

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so brung'd, that certain he would fight;

From noon till night, out of his position.

Arm. That flower—

That columnue.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, run thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give the rein; for it runs

against Hector.

Dum. Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and resting;

sweet chuck's, let not the boxes of the buried

when they was dead, he was a man—but I will

forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to

the Princess] I bow on me the sense of honour.

Biron. Whispers Confident.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-

lighted.

Arm. I do obey thy grace's alipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. I must not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector for surmounted Hanabi

Confident.

Cast. The party is done, follow Hector, she is
gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cast. 'Touched, unless you play the honest Tro-

jan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick;

the child lies in her belly already; you yours.

Arm. But this infirmity me among tender-

ates? thus shalt die.

Cast. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Ja-

quentin that is quick by him; and hang'd, for

Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great,
Pompey! Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved,—More Ares, more

Ares still live! Let them out!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood

in's he, will he take his spouts?

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cast. I will fight with a pole, like a north-

earn man: I'll shoot; I'll do it by the spout—

I pray you, let me borrow your arms again.

Dum. Reason for the increased worthiness.

Cast. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Mist. Master, let me take you a buttonhole

lower.

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

'Art. Give my messengers, pardner, pass me;

I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath

made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;

I go: woodward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoyn'd him in Rome

for want of linen: since we're I'll be near

he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaunettia's;

and that a姓名 next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercado.


Prin. Welcome, Mercado;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. Am I sorry, madam, for the new'ning

is heavy in my tongue: The king your father—

Dr. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Ev'ry word, my lady, in my ear.

Biron. Worshipp, away; the scene begins to
cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe from breath;

I have seen the day through the wrong of little

hole of discretion, and I will right myself like

a soldier. [Aside Worshipp.]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Biron, prepare; I will away to-night.

Biron. Prepare, I say,—I thank you, gracious

lords.

For all your fair endeavours; and entertain

out of a new'sd soul, that you vouchsafe

in your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hale,

The liberal opposition of our spirits.

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, your gentleman

Was guilty of—Fast, we, thy loyal lord.

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtained;

King. The extreme parts of time extremely

form.

All cause to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning hour of progress

Forbat the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit which Iain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpous'd; since, to wait friends

Is not so much as wholesome, probable;

As to replace at friends, but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear

of grief,

And by theselodges understand the king.

For your sake we have neglected time,

Play'd fast play with our collars; your beauty,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opened end of our intents;

And what we have been altogether,—

As love is full of unfilling strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vale;

In form'd the hair, and therefore, like the eye

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

...
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend,
Long—Steady rest, with patience; but the time is long.

Mary: I like you; few taller are so young.
Biron: Studies my lady? mistress, look on me.
Behold the window of mine heart, my eye.
What humble suit attends thy answer there?

Ros. Oh! have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and world's large tongue
Pravises you for a man replique with mock's,
Full of comparisons and woundings thole's.
Which you on all estates will venture.
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain.
And, therefore, win me, if you please
(Without the which, I am not to be won.)
You shall this twelfth month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and will converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the force of your wit, to
To enforce the painful impotent to smile.
Biron: To move wild laughter in the threat of death?
I cannot be; it is impossible.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit.
Whose influence is fraught of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hours give to fools: a jest's prosperity lies in the ear.
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: the same, the same.
Dead'd with the clamours of their own dear groans.
Will hear your idle stories, confine them,
And I will have you, and that fast withal:
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron: A twelfth month? well, befall what will befal.
I'll jest a twelfth month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so take my leave.

King: No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play.

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King: Come, sir, it wants a twelfth month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, condescend me—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will thus thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a rotter, I have vowed to Juno
To hold the plough for her sweet love three years.
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear
The dialogue that the two learned men have
It should have followed, in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. I'll agree.

Enter Holoferns, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,

As. How now, my lord, where are you going?

Dum. Where was the eagle eagle?

Enter Holoferns, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,

As. How now, my lord, where are you going?

Dum. Where was the eagle eagle?

Enter Holoferns, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,

As. How now, my lord, where are you going?

Dum. Where was the eagle eagle?

Enter Holoferns, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,

As. How now, my lord, where are you going?

Dum. Where was the eagle eagle?
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

ACT V.

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Blocks wretched men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo; Cuckoo, cuckoo,—0 word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straw,
And merry larks are ploughmen’s clocks,
When turtle tread, and roots, and dames,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Blocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—0 word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When tritons hang by the wall,
And Dack the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And dullness comes from home to mail,
When blood is sipp’d, and songs be sung,
Then nightly sings the starting cuckoo.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing dreams the parent’s ear,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Mariana’s nose looks red and raw,
Then raised croaks rise in the bell,
Then nightly sings the starting cuckoo.

V.

While gay Mariana doth feed the pot.
Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after
The songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[Exeunt.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, ¥ Sailors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon.
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
SALARINO, ¥ Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
SAL-threatening, ¥ no.
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GORDO, a Clown, Servant to
Shylock.

OLD GORBO, Father to Launce.
BALTHAZAR, ¥ Servants to Venice.
LEONARDO, ¥ Servants to Bassanio.
LEONARDO, ¥ Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, ¥

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-Maid.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magna Soet Venice. Officers of the Court
of Justice, Sailer, Servants, and other Aspira
nts.

SCENE—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I brought it, found it, or came by it,
What and in the making, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a natural address makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Saler. Your mind is tossing on the sea;

There, where your measures with party sail,—
lake-signs and rich bargers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Does every petty trafficker,
That comes to them do them reverence,
As they fly before with their warming wands.

Solen. Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where was the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and ports, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Most come to my venture, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sali. My mind, cooling my brood,
Would blow me to an age, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the easily gone, but slow;
But I should think of shallow of and fate;
And see my wealthy Andrew dier’d in mind,
Finding her high-tower, lower than her ribs,

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy festival of love,
And not think me straight of dangerous rocks;
Which touch me but my gentle vessel’s side,
Would scatter all her stores on the stream;
Enrove the running waters with my marks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? No, I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, behued, would make me sad?

But tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is swift to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, we thank thy fortune for,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor in my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sali. Why then you are in love.

Ant. I say, not in love; nor in love neither:
Then let’s see you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and therefore you
For you, to love, and love, and say, you are
Sad, because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Jason.
Nature hath made strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peer through their eyes,
And like a watchman in the chamber stand;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they’ll not show their teeth in way of smile.

Though Nester swear the jest be laughable,
MERCHANT OF VENICE

Bass. "To an unknown: Antonio, how much I have dreaded since male, by something telling a man that was lost? Than my heart meant to a great calamity; Nor do I now make mean to be abridged. From such a little rate; but my chief care is, to come fairly off from the great debt. Wherein my time, something too prodigal, shall let me go. To you, Antonio, I owe the debt, in money and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To undervis my all ends, and purposes How to get clear of all the debts I owe Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And, if it stand, you yourself shall do. Within the eye of honour, be assured, My purse, my person, my esteemed means, Lis all unlock’d to you."

Bass. In my school-days, when I had but few shillings, I shot all my fellow of the selfsame flight. That is, when I was young, Antonio—

Ant. You know me well; and I know you still.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left, And she is fair, and fairer than that word. Of wondrous virtue; sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages: To Cato’s daughter, Brutus’ Portia. Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued. To Cato’s daughter, Brutus’ Portia. Nor is the world wide ignorant of her words; For the fair winds blow in from every coast Renowned suitors; and her many looks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece; Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus’ strand. And many Jesuss come in quest of her. To my Antonio, had I but the means, To hold a rival place with one of them, I have a mind to press my suit to Cato. That I should questionless be fortunate. And, thus know’st all that my fortunes are at rest. Neither have I money, nor commodity. To take a present sum; therefore go forth, Try what my credit can in Venice do; Think to me, or to the present, To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia. Or presently inquire, and so will I.

Bass. Where money is; and I am no question make, To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Belmont. A Room in Portia’s House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a marvel of this great world. Nev. You would be, sweet maidens, if your garments were to the same abundance as your good fortunes: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that work, and think, and do, as they that starve with nothing. It is a most melancholy thing therefore to be rusty in the mean; superstition comes sooner by white horse, but composure lives longer.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Por. Good morning, and well pronounced.

Nor. They would be better, if you well used them.

Por. If I were as easy to know what was done to me, as are poor men's cottages, you would see a great change there-for, if you please, I shall make you go walk

Nor. If he would offer to choose, and the right choice, you should receive, as your father's will, if you should refuse it to him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worse, you may sit, set a deep glass of Rhine wine contrary case: for, if the devil be with that temptations without, I know he will not will it. It do any such, Norins, who am I needed to spong.

Nor. You need not fear, lady, the eye of these lords: they have acquainted i with their determinations: which is, indeed, to to their home, and to trouble you with gift; unless you may be won by some o than a father's imposition, depending case.

Por. If I live to be an old as Sibylla, I am as change as Diana, since I be obtained manner of my father's will: I am glad th of wovers are as reasonable; for there is any thing in the air, that I am, or I don't know how any of these proucess suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-them and as they name them, I will describe them: and, according to thy station level at any affection.

Nor. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a coil, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great propriety to his own good parts, that he can show himself: I am much afraid, my lady, he is his mother play'd false with a youth.

Nor. Then, there is the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as she who should say, An, if you will not have me, choose he bears merry tales; and smiles not, for he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being full of humanity and in his youth I had rather be married to a death's head, with a bone in his mouth, than to either of those that delighted me from these two.

Nor. How say you by the French lord, Moun.

Por. He made it, and therefore let him pass for a man in truth, I know it is a sin to be a smoker; but, he why, he has a house; for, he falsehood of roaring than the count Palatine: be is every man in his man: if a throstle sing, he is so full of a capering: he will feast with his own shadows. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would deserve me, I would forgive him; for I love him to mad

Nor. What say you then to Falstaff, the young barn of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not nor him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the count and swear, that I have a poor penman's picture: but, alas! who can converse with a then show. How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his double in Italy, his roundhouse in France, his bouquet in Germany, and his behaviour.

Nor. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. He hath a neighboothorship in saying he is a good man, in have you and me, that he is sufficient: yet he is as in supposition: he hath an argopy bount, another to the Indies: I mean, I was ever upon the Rhine, he hath a third at a fourth for England.—and other ye hath, squander'd abroad: But ships board's sailors but men there be lands.
This was a venture, sir; that Jacob went for
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
Becaus' you're a man of refreshments. Was this to me to make interest good?
And can you say that you have it not?
Shy. I cannot call it; I make it breed as fast—
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Basilio,
The devil can die without his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Like a villain with a smiling face.
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, a what a goodly outside scalled health!
Shy. Three thousand ducats—this is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio! many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me.
About my monies, and my vessels:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
For sufferance is the bane of all our tribe.
You call me—indeed, you call me—
And upon my Jewish tabernacle,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to it; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock—we would have monies; you say so:
Yet that did void your bond in my hearth,
And lent me, as you spurn a stranger out
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What shall I say to you, then, that I may say,
Hast a ducat money; is it possible,
A man can lend three thousand ducats
Shall I load low, and in a bondman's key,
With taxed breath, and whispering homeliness.
Shy, this,
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you these much money—
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If then will lend this money, lend it not
As to the friends; for when did friendship take
A bond for borrow monies? (Is it strange?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Kneel the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the thorns that you have staid'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no deal
Of sources for my monies, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I own.
Ant. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a country, and see there
Your single Gould; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such time, or none, or none
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be assigned for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith, I'll send to such a bond;
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not suffer to such a hand,
Fit rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it
Within these two months, and then's a month before
This bond expir'd. I do expect you
Of three times three the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christian
And Jews?
Whose own hand dealers them as such?
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me these
If he should break it, but should I gain
By the execution of the forfeit.
MERCHANT OF VENICE

Scene II. Venice. A Street.

Enter Lazzaro; Gobbo.

Gobbo. Certainly my conscience will save me when I come before my master. I know the bond of my bail is not tenable, but my conscience will save me. And so, constable, do I absolve you, as you have absolved me. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Lazzaro. Amen, amen, amen.

Gobbo. I have a good conscience. I have absolved you. Amen, amen, amen.

Lazzaro. Amen, amen, amen.

Gobbo. I have a good conscience. I have absolved you. Amen, amen, amen.

Lazzaro. Amen, amen, amen.

Gobbo. I have a good conscience. I have absolved you. Amen, amen, amen.

Lazzaro. Amen, amen, amen.

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Gobbo. I have a good conscience. I have absolved you. Amen, amen, amen.

Lazzaro. Amen, amen, amen.
MERCHANT OF VENICE. 199

Lear. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am blind, I know you not.

Lear. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might tell of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Lear of Kent, my boy.

Lear. Pray you, sir, you have no more feeling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Lear of Kent, your boy that was, your son, that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Lear. Well, well, well, after mine own heart, as I have set my heart to run away, so will I not rest till I meet mine own ground: my master's a very Jew; Give me a present, give me a bill; I am familiar in his service: you may tell every language I have with my wife. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground—O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonato, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock; these letters delivered; put the liveries so making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Lear. To him, father, show God bless your worship.

Bass. Graziano, Would 'twere thou might with me.

Gob. Her? my son, sir, a poor boy.

Lear. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.

Lear. Indeed, the short and the long is, I am served, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he saying your worship's service.

Lear. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as the traitor that he is, to keep an old man, shall fru itsly one you.

Gob. I have been a dish of dews, that I would break my father's worship; and my suit is.

Lear. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though he be old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. O, my lord and master!—What would you, sir?

Lear. Served you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, then, but last obtained thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, and hadst preferreth thee, if thou hadst been so wise; To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Lear. The old proverb is very well pasted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Gob. These speakest it well: Go, father, with thy son—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging on:—Give him a livery

To his followers. More guarded than his fellows: See it done.

Lear. Father, in—I cannot get a service, no: I have never a tongue in my head.—Well;—[Looking on his goad: if any man in my pay have a fair table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go, to, here's a simple line of facts: there's a small trick of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maidens, is a simple cunning in one man; and then to scape having a wife; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bolt—here are simple tricks. Well, if it chance a woman, she's a good witch for this year.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twining of an eye.

Enter Learneol and old Gobbo.

Gob. I pray thee, good Leonato, think on this matter:

These things being bought, and orderly before me.

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best audience shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Lear. Yonder, sir, he walks.


Gra. Signior Bassanio—

Bass. Gratiano?

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. How's your lady?—But hear thee,

Gratiano; Thus art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—

Bass. Thus art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—

Gratiano. But where thou art not known, why, there they

Bass. There's a kind of liberty;—pray thee, take pain

To stay with some cold drops of modesty

The high-sounding terms; last, through thy wild

Bass. That is misconstrued in the place I go to,

Gratiano. I have not so many eyes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the gestures of your masterly bearing.

Like one well studied in a cudent

Bass. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gage me

Gra. Nay, that were pity

Bass. You shall not hind me either.

Bass. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gage me

Bass. That purpose serveth. But fare you well, I

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest.

Bass. We will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]}


[Page from a play script]
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont.
To keep unbroken faith unforfeited,
That ever food belies: Who vinces, of a feast,
While he keep's in appetite that he sits down?
Where is the agent that don't stand against
The tenacious easiness with the ambassadeurs' fire
That he dash possesse first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit clumsy than enjoy'd.
How like a yokum, or a pegdoll,
The snaredest file past out her native lay,
Hopc'd, and enchanted by the strongest wind!
How like the geometrical, and raged sails,
With over-weight of line, and raged sails,
Lent, rust, and beggar'd by the imminent wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Said. Here comes Lorenzo—more of this here.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
Not, I call there have bids made you here?
When you shall please to play the theaters for
I'll wend as long for you then.—Approach.

Enter Jenius above, in boy's clothes.

Jen. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Or I'll awake you, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jen. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who's a man much? And who knows who knows.
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness
That I have catch'd this candle; 'tis worth the
I am glad this night, you do not look on me,
For I am such nothing of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they would, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend; for you must be my touch-bearer.

Jen. What, must I hold a candle in my shames?

They in themselves, good soothing, are too, too
Light; why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

Jen. Not come at more;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are made for at Bassambo's hose.

Lor. I will make fast the doors, and grind myself
With some more dance, and be with you straight.

[Exeunt, from above.

Jen. Now, by my hand, a gentle, and so love,

Lor. Behold me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that shine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
She shall be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jenius, below.

Jen. What art thou, some?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquerading ends by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jenius and Baldrino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gro. Master Antonio?

Ant. And, fie, Grumio! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you—
No signe to-night: the wind is come about,
Our papers gone, Messenger, and your prentice,
Have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gro. I am glad enly; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.
SCENE I. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Enter. To officier, and judge, act distinct offices.

And of opposite accents.

Act. The keen anger seems fierce like this:
Seven times faster that judgment is.
That did cause more sorrow still.
More sorrow be, that solace seek:
Much more be when kindness seek.

There is fainter light, I see,
What does it, and atop this:
What will you when I lose:
I will now go to bed:
He begrudge, and got your good.

Still more bad I shall appear
By the time I shall appear
When one look's been made to see,
Then the system namely the system.

What does the system namely:

Enter a Servant.

Here. Where is my lady?

Enter. About, then he's about at your gaze.
A young Veronese, ask one cannot before
The picture of an angel, a sedate
The system namely the system.

Enter. Your hands, whose hands appear
And cannot since appear

So likely a picture of love:
A day in April never came at event,
To fore see much happiness at event,
And cannot since appear.

Enter. My name, I pray thee: I am half afraid,
That the great, he is about,
As he, the great Antonio before he was.

Enter. So wise, so wise,
That cannot since appear,
That cannot since appear.

Enter. Clavell, true, I see no more.

[Exeunt.]
MERCHAND OF VENICE.

...bath an argosy cast away coming from Scyphis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? Is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news!—but hark!—Where is Gonzalo?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, four-score ducats.

Shy. Then stickst thou a dagger in me!—I shall never see my goblin again. Four-score ducats at a sitting! four-score ducats!—

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. No; there is something that doth in me ring, that he is your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tormentest me, Tubal; it was my name; I held it and lost, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of the rest of the human race.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal; for me an office, bespeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him, if he be forsworn; for were he out of Venice, I can make what I please; I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

SCENE II. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and a Servant.

Por. I pray you, serve;—pause a day or two,

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

I lose my company; therefore foresee, a while,

The consequence of this;—here is mine.

If you shall not understand me well

(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) you shall have mine eyes, our friend, our lord,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

To do it wrong, and you have some mouth or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

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How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

To do it wrong, and you have some mouth or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

To do it wrong, and you have some mouth or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

To do it wrong, and you have some mouth or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,

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How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

To do it wrong, and you have some mouth or two,
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

165.

Portia from this finger, than parts life from bones;
0, then be bold to say, Basanio's dead.

You, my lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper.
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Basanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
For, I am sure, you can wish some from me:
And, while your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your pains, I do beseech you,
Even as that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as west as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.
You lov'd her, I lov'd it; for intercession.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortunes stood upon the answer there;
And as did mine too, as the matter falls:
For seeing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very real was dry
With calls of love; at last,—a promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her presence.

Per. Is this true, Sir? Is it so?

Ner. Madam, it is, as you stand blind'd with.

Bas. And do you, Gentlemen, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Our least shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them, the first key for a thousand staves.

Ner. What, and so make?

Gra. No, we shall 'er win at that sport,

And stave down, and what comes here, to laugh:
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infant?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bas. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome either;
If that the youth of my new interest have
Have power to bid you welcome:—by your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome, Salerio.

Per. So do I, my lord:

Lor. I thank your honour: For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did assist me, past all saying new.
To come on him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio,
Commends him to you. [Gives Basanio a letter

Bas. Ere I see he honour,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend thrives.
Salerio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind.
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter here
Will show you his intents.

Gra. Nerissa, dearer you stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success.
We are the Jaques, we have won the flowers.

Salerio. Would you had won the dance that he has lost!

Per. There are some shed Playing o'er thy song?

That shall salute from Basanio's cheek: some clear friend dead; also nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constition
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
[Passage not clear enough to transcribe.]
MERCHANT OF VENICE. ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnifico; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and others.

Duke. What is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit Antonio, and others.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, that thou but lead'st this fashion'd thy malice To the last hour of act; and that, in truth, Thou shew'st thy mercy, and remove, more strange Than thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glance an eye of pity on his losses; That have of late so haddled on his back; Enough to press a royal merchant down, And shun communation of his state From brainy bosome, and rough hearted fist, From stubborn Turks, and Tatars, never turn'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carob flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, sure, it is to humour: Is it answer'd?

Enter Salerio and Solanus.

Saler. My lord, here comes without An messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger. Bass. I am come, Antonio! What, man! courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and eyes; that shall lose me for one drop of blood.

And I beseech you to give ten thousand ducats To have it bound? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad, if they bedload a car; And others, when the bag-pipe sing's the song, Cannot contain their erotic: For affection, Master of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes, or loathes: Now, for you answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary can; Why he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of forces Must yield to such inevitable shame, As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor will not, More than a lodge's hate, and a certain barking I hear Antonio, that I follow those A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd Bass. This is no answer, thou infidel; for to excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Duke. Do all men kill the things they do not love? Shy. Since any man the thing he would not eat? Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. Shy. What, wert thou then a serpent's egg, twice? Ant. I pray you, think you question with a Jew; You may as well stand upon the beach, And bid the main blood hate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the eve of feast for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pipes To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven? You may as well do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that! (than which what's harder?) His Hebrew heart.—Therefore I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no further means, But, with all tenderness and plain convenience, Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will. Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here. Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them, I would have my bond. Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, venturing none? Shy. What judgment shall I dread doing to wrong? You have among you many a purchasing slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, kid mules, You use in object and in slavish parts, Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs! Why sweat they under birthen? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their plaited Reason'd with such vindiis? You will answer, The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you: The pound of flesh which I demand of him, Is dearly bought, his voice, and I will have it; If you deny me, be upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgment; answer shall I have it Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss the court. Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here comes without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger. Bass. I am come, Antonio! What, man! courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and eyes; that shall lose me for one drop of blood.
SHYLOCK!

SHYLOCK is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the way you follow; Yet in the end you may be happy, Shylock. How much you may be happy.

But mercy is above this cenciad swat, It is enshrined in the hearts of kings, It is an instinct with the noblest souls, And earthly power clothe them show fear God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this,— That in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy; And that most prayest all to render the deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much, To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which I do follow, by the law of Venice Most needeth such a sentence against the merchant there. Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I renounce the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond. Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money? Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court; Yes, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er. On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart: if this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, Wert once the law to your authority; To do a great right, do it rightly; And curb this cruel devil of his will. Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established; Twill be recorded for a precedent; And many an error, by this example, Will rush into the state: it cannot be. Shylock, A Daniel comes to judgment? yes, a Daniel. O wise young judge, how do I honour thee! Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond. Shylock. Here's, most reverend doctor, here it is. Portia. Shylock, there's thine thy money offer'd to thee. Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven. Shall I be tyrannous upon my soul? Nay, not for Venice. Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off. Nearest the loan that he hath made. Be merciful! Take three times thine money; let me bear the bond. Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor— It doth appear, you are not so well-advised. You know the law, your exposition Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law, Wherefore you are a wise and learned peer, Proceed to judgment; by my soul I swear, There is no power in the tongue of man To avenge me: I stay here on my bond. And most hardly do I beseech the court To give the judgment. Portia. Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife;
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Per. Thou shalt set me on the seat.

Pars. For as thou usurp'st justice, be answer'd.

Per. Thou shalt have justice, and thou shall hear.

Gown. A learned judge:—Mark, Jew.—A learned judge.

Pry. I take this offer thee:—pay the bond three.

And set the Christian go.

Per. Here is the money.

Pry. Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice.—softly.

He mean'd to have nothing but the penalty.

Pry. Stand, an upright judge, a learned judge.

Per. Guide me preserve thee that out of the flesh.

Pry. Stand, a learned judge:—nor cut thou me, nor let

mine hand eat flesh:—if thou tak'st more,

than a set pound:—speak, but so much

stand in thy body, in the substance.

Pry. In the name of the treacherous part

Per. I am no sleepy man:—may, if the scale de turn

Pry. Now, be the scale of a hair.

Pry. But, and all thy goods are condemn'd.

Pry. So, stand, Daniel, a Daniel, Jew, I

Per. Stand,—Stand, Jew, have thee on the hop.

Pry. He with the Jew passe; I take thy fierce.

Pry. And let our principal, and let me go.

Pry. Now, is it not in the open court.

Per. Nay, I say, and he's my voice, and his head

Pry. Nay, and stand, and to every part.

Pry. He'd have nothing but the ignis

Per. Every part, I give him good of it

Pry. Every part, I give him good of it

Pry. Tarry, Jew,

Per. Tarry, Jew.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Scene I. Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise: in such a night, Troubles, thoughts, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls, And sigh'd his soul toward the Greekian vents, Where Creesus lay that night.

Jes. In such a night, Did Thiseus fearfully o'ertrip the dew, And saw the lion's shadow was himself, And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night, Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand, Upon the wild sea banks, and wept; her love To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night, Males gathered the enchanted herbs That did renew old Eos.

Lor. In such a night, Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew's, And with an unstirred love did run from Venice, As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night, Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well; Reckling her soul with many vows of faith, And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night, Did pretty Jessica, like a little swan, Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would cut-night, and the morrow come; But, hark, I hear the loving of a man.
Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Lor. Stephano is my name, and I bring word,

My mistress will before the break of day

Be here at Belmont: she doth stay abroad,

By her who knows and prays

For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None, but a holy hernus, and her maid,

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Lancelot.

Lanc. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Lanc. Sola! did you master Lorenzo, and

mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave bolling, man; here.

Lanc. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Lanc. To him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning.

[Exit Lanc.]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter.—Why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.]

Lor. How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Sull quiring to the young-syd churlis;

Such harmonie is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy venture of decay

Dost grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.—

[Music.]

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

[Music.]

Jesu, I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Feeding mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes are turned to a modest grace,

By the sweet power of music: therefore, the

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature:

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Eble's:

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music

Enter Fortesque and Nerissa at a distance.

Fortes. That light we see is burning in my hall.

Ner. For that little candle threw his beams

So shines a good deed in a mean world.

Lor. When the moon shone, we did not see the comet.

Fortes. So doth the greater glory dim the less;

Yet sometimes shines brightly as a king,

Until a king be by; and then his state

Emptiest itself, as doth an inland brook

Into the midst of waters. Music! back!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Fortes. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;

Music, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Fortes. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark.

Ner. When neither is attended: and, I think,

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

Fortes. How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise, and true perfection?

Peace, let the moon sleeps with Eurydysus,

And would not be awak'd!—[Music.]

Ner. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Fortes. He knows me, as the blind man knows

the eucalyptus.

By the bad voice.

Ner. Dear lady, welcome home.

Fortes. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare.

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words Are they return'd?

Ner. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Fortes. Go in, Nerissa,

Give order to my servants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence—

Ner. You, Lorenzo—Jessica, nor you.

[Music.]

Ner. Your husband is at hand, I hear his

trumpet;

We are no self-tales, madam; fear you not.

Fortes. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day.

Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Pil-pil, etc.

Fortes. We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Fortes. Let me give light, but let me not be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassano so for me;

But God sort all—You are welcome home, my lord.

Fortes. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio, To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Fortes. You should in all sense be much bound

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Fortes. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore, I want this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.

Grat. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would be were gelt that hid it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Fortes. A quarrel, ho, already I what's the matter?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a policy diag

That she did give me: whose was that

For all the world like cutler's poetry

You a line: Love me, and lose me not.

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

That you would wear it all your life and wear it all your grave;
Though not severe, yet very violent
You should observe your self respectively, and have
Our is, a judge's cloak—but well I know
The dark will not yet bear well on his face that
Gives him life, as if he live to be a man.
Now, I will make myself known
Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, a
Kind of bay, a little scammed bay,
No honor than thyself; the judge's cloak;
A young boy; that he'd do as I say;
I could not may my heart lie in him.
For, you were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part as slightly with you with my wife's first gift:
A thing more strong with mine upon your finger,
And twined as with faith only yours
I gave my love, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, nor the weight
That would reward him. Now, in faith, let's
Gather your wits and think of a cause of grief;
As we are, I should be sold at it.
For, I have no thought but to wear it open-hand off.
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [Add to
Give it.] Your lordship gave me this ring away,
Wishing you to have it but. Indeed, indeed,
Dearly do you; and then by the boy, his clerk,
The clerk heard me as I believe,
And not another man, nor the book, nor me take might
But the best rings.
For, who shall ring your money, your lord?
Nor, I hope, whom you remember of me.
Since, if I could add a lie onto a fault,
I shall know you in the court;
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Even so much as your brain of worth
In your the boy?
For, you may know the virtu of the ring.
Sweet Portia, if you did know him where I gave the ring,
And would sacrifice for what I gave the ring,
And more than I let you know the ring.
You may yet see the virtu of the ring,
Would the whole weight of your displaces
Now.
For, if you best known the virtu of the ring,
Fool'd her sometimes that gave the ring,
Or your own reason to maintain the ring.
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much convinced,
If you had pleased to have defended it.
You shall not know the mystery of the displaces
Or your brain.
What should I say, sweet
I was honor'd to you, and after him:
I was not with shame and courtesy,
My lord, as much as I could love.
So much because it; Portia, me, good lady;
She, by these blessed candles of the night,
And then, I think, you would have
The ring in my to give my worthy doctor.
For, I have not that there's no more near me,
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
MERCHAND OF VENICE.

My clerk hath some good commendation for you.

"Ay, and I will give them thine without a fee."

There do I give you, and remit,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

Ask for the said, or all the despicable of law.

For I desire, you drop menials in the way

Of scarred people.

Par. It is almost morning.

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied

Of these events at full: Let me go in;

And charge us there upon intercistomated

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Ore. Let it be so: The first intercistomity

That my Norman shall be on in,

Whether till the next night we had rather stay

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were coaching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I fear no other thing

So sore, as keeping unto Norman's ring.

[Exeunt.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, Brother to the Duke, and Commander of his Domestics.
AMIEL, Lords attending upon the Duke.
JAMES, in his banishment.
LE BEAU, a tatterer attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, his Wrestler.
OLIVER, the Servant of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO, the Son of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ADAM, the Gardener.
DENNIS, Orlando's Servant.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Fleur.
CORIN, a Shepherd.
WILLIAM, a Country Fisher in love with Audrey.
MAYO, representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Fredericke.
PHILBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Footmen, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usher's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequested me by will: But a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:

And there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, I keep me rationally and sensibly, speak more properly, stays me here at home subject: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the strolling of an ox? His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end clothed dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hands, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gendiness with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Younger comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will speak to me.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Adm. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Orl. What make you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to meet that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with kindness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be taught whilome.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat beans with them? What prodigious portion have I gained, that I should come to such perjury?

Oro. Are you where you are, sir? Adam, O sir, very well here in your excellency.

Orl. Know you from before, sir?

Adm. I know you, sir, from before, and know me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should to know me. The courtesy of nations allows me your better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers between us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; after, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is a tall, villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Youth musts be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me speak to you: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: he was trained me, as a peasant, injuring and hiding mee all gen-
Act III. Scene II.

[Enter Duke, Rosalind, and Celia.]

Duke. I pray thee, Rosalind; sweet my eye, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I can mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou couldst have been still with me. I could have taught thy love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so rightously tamper'd at mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in years.

Celia. You know, my father had no child but me, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, then shall he be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perchance, I will renew thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me burn treason: therefore, my sweet Rosalind, my dear Ros, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, too, and devise sports; let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Celia. I pr'ythee, no, to make sport
As You Like It.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his son comes next.

Rosaline. Three years young man, of small rank and no presence —

Le Beau. With these his young men. — He is known for having two young men.

Le Beau. This is the stud of the three wrested with the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in's

Shakespeare.
...like it.

Ori. What passion hangs these weights upon my images? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conclusions.

Réverent le Beau.

O poor Orleans! then am I overthrow'd;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

La Beaute. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: All'sk you have deserve'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misuses all that you have done,
The fluke is tomorrow; what he is, is, indeed.
More suite you be excessive, then me to speak of.

Ori. I thank you, sir: and pray you, tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beaute. Neither his daughter, if we judge by

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the humbled duke,
And here detain'd by her warbling smile,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
 Hath an displeasure 'gainst his gentle piece;
Grieved upon no other argument,
But that the people prate of her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake:
And on my life, his faults 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!—
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Ori. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

Éritis Le Beaute.

Thus must I from the smoke into the snuff-box;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother—
But heavenly Rosalind!

Éritis.

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Col. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid, have mercy!—Not a word!—

Rosa. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears, throw some of them at men come, learn me with reason.

Rosa. Then were two cousins laid up when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Col. But is all this for your father?

Rosa. No, some of it for my father's father. O, how full of brains is this working-day world!—

They are but birds that are thrown upon thes in holiday fooleys; if we wait not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosa. I could shake them off my cost; these urges are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Rosa. I would try: if I could cry hem, and have him.

Col. Come, come; you are wasting with thy affections.

Rosa. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Col. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in these, in despite of a fall,—but, turning these bets out of service, let me talk in good earnest is it possible, on such a motion, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosa. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Col. Dash is therefore come, that you should love his son dearly. By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my most virtuous father dearly; yet I hate not Orleans.

Rosa. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Col. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
FIRST SEXTED, with Lords.

Mow. I knew thee, Lord; and do you have shall I, save me?—Look, here comes the Duke.

Wit. With a stem call of anger.

Mow. Hence, hence, Mowbray, with the Lords.

Mow. My uncle, honour me to your surgeon's house.

Wit. My lord, do not you know that they are all become the Duke's friends?

Mow. Not I; but I think I am not to blame.

Wit. Then, let me bear you a message to your Grace.

Mow. To your Grace, and if you will hear me, I have something to say.

Wit. And so he says to the Duke, standing by his side:

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Mow. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?

Duke. Why, what shall we do? Why, what shall we do?
SCENE III. Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. What's there?

Adam. What! my young master! — O, my gentle master.

Orl. O, my sweet master, O my memory!

Adam. Old Sir Howland! why, what makes you here? Why are you v scourious? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Orl. Why would you be so fond to overcome
The heavy plow of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. 
Know you not, master, to some kind of man
These graces serve them that go with you.
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy praises to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Exalts him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter? Adam.

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your happiness resides.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son.
Of him I was about to call his father.

Orl. I had heard your praises; and this night he
To burn the lodging where you now are hid,
And you within it; in the fall of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his dissembling friends.
This is no place, this house is but a basherie;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
My food?

Or, is a bone and boisterous sword, enforce
A baneful living on the common road?
This I must do, I know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do what I can;
I rather will subject me to the maledict
Of a diverted blood, and bitter misery.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns.

The thirsty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse.
When service should in my old age be lame,
And unreturnable age in my old day known:
Take that: and he that doth the reversion hold,
Yes, provengrosoe canes for the sparrow
To comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty.
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious ire in my blood;
Nor did I but with outward front regard
The means of weakness and destitution;
Therefore my age is as a latty winter,
Frozen, but kind; let me have you;
I'll do the service of a younger man.
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well do these appear
The constant service of the antique world.
When service saved for duty, not for need;
Most art unto the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choose their service up.
Even with the toiling: it is not so with these,
But now old man; thou pray'st a rotten tree.
Thus can not serve so much with
In lies of all thy palmes and humanity;
But some by wayes, we'll do along together
And yet we have the truth of our things again.
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam, master, go on, and I will follow thee.

For the last grace, with truth and loyalty.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act II.

If he for good will give me any food;
I must almost to death,

"Peace.

Ros. Peace, then; if he's not the blithe

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your letters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say to you; friend,

Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love of gold,

Can in that desert place buy entertainment,

Bring me where we may rest ourselves and feed;

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,

And waits for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pray you,

And wish for her sake, more than for me own;

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not bear the hecatombs that I graze;

My measure is of cherub dispositions,

And little souls to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality;

Heedless, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of land,

Are now on sale, and at our shepherds now;

By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed: but what is, come, come,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What shall he that shall buy his land and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here last

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Bet then the cottage, pasture, and the herd,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cor. And we will send thy wagons: I like the place,

And wisely could waste my time in it.

Ros. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

So with me: if you like, upon report,

The soil, the pasturage, and this kind of life,

I'll send my very faithful freedee be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

SCENE V. The same.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

I'll under the sweet wood's shade,

Hold me to the merry note,

Sing me some lighter, come lighter:

When I do see

Wear, I pray thee, more.

When I see melancholy, measure

A warmer, a brighter weather.

When I see lesser, come lighter:

When I see

Wear, I pray thee, more.

When I see melancholy, measure

A warmer, a brighter weather.

When I see lesser, come lighter:

But with me you shall free itself.

If you do but wish me to be pleased,

In many ways, you do me more.

And some other company.

While I see some measure

I am not your company; they

If you do but wish me to be pleased,

In many ways, you do me more.

And some other company.

While I see some measure

I am not your company; they

If you do but wish me to be pleased,

In many ways, you do me more.

And some other company.
SCENE VII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A motley fool—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, who
Laid him down and beat him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good-nature, fool, goth 1: No, sir, goth 2:
Call me not fool, tell heaven have sent me for

And then he drew a dial from his pocket;
And looking on it with jack-in-the-green eye,
Says, very wisely, H. It is ten o'clock;
This may we see, goth 1: how, the world's wages:
'Tis not an hour ago, since it was nine:
And after an hour more, tell't be twelve:
And, goth 2, from hour to hour, we rise and rise,
And then, from hour to hour, we rest and rest,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear,
The motley fool this moral as the thread,
My hongs began to clog like chain-stitch;
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, and arm-intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke: What fool is this?—O worthy fool! —One that has been a

and says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain.—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he has brains enough
With observation, which the wits
In mangled form—O, that I were a fool!
I am wise.

Duke: Thou shalt have one.

Provided, that you need your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have:
And they are wise, and they are foolish:
They most most laugh: and why, sir, must

The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Dost very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to perceive a fool doth hit.
The wise man's folly is astonis'ment:
Even by the expanding growth of the fool
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke: Perchance I can tell what thou

hadst do.

For such a mock, would I do, but good?
Duke: Most maliaceous foul sin, in clothing
sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As usual as the brutality sing itself;
And all the embossed storm and horsedevil,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst then dispurse into the general world.

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can there be any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very mean do ebb?

When such a one as she, is her neighbour?
Or what be of honest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein
His folly is the mouth of any speech?
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him? If it do him right,
Then hath wronged him, (he be true.)

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—but who comes here?—
As You Like It

ACT III

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not so, since he is not, sir, that cannot.

But now for the latter part of the mercy.

Lords, I would have a plain and open argument.

O, how it was present! That look to it: I do not know what to do, whether to be wise or bold. He was beyond his bargain. Duke tells him he will come before his death, and look to it: I do not know what to do, whether to be wise or bold. He was beyond his bargain.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

256
no, as we seize into our hands;
not get them by thy brother's mouth,
but by mine. I'll take care of your
highness know my heart in
my brother in my life.
More villains than—Well, push him
there; see,
safety of such a nature
and pace his horse and lands:
unity, and turn him good.

[Exeunt.

II. The Forest.

For Orlando, with a Paper.

: there, my ears, is witness of my
strange-awed queen of night, sur-
Serve me, from thy pale sphere above,
serve, that my full life doth

In these trees shall be my books,
: haste my thoughts I'll character
: which in this forest boasts,
y virtue witness'd every where.
: care on, on enchant's,
: and unsavory she.

[Exit.

For Corin and Touchstone.

at how like you thus shepherd's life, shepherds?
: ruly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it
: but in respect that it is a shepherd's
: it is sought; in respect that it is
: it is very vile; now in respect
: it pleaseth me well; last in re-
: in the court, it is tedious. As it is
: it is my humour well;
: is not more present in it, it was much

Hast any philosophy in

: sure, but that I know, the more one
: that be that
: yours;—That the property of rain
: That good pasture
: that great cause of the
: the sun. That he that hath
: nature nor art, may command
: or comes of a very kind, but
: is one is a natural philosopher.

: ruly, shepherds?

: ruly, thou art damn'd.

: I hope,

: ruly, thou art don't; like an ill-
: all on one side.

: Your reason.

: so, I'm sure, I'm sure, they that
: should be, and am a damnation:
: a perfect shepherds.

: that, that are
: they see one, are in abasement in,

: shepherds. If I'm, Touchstone; I

: shepherds; as the behaviour of the country

: the court. You told not, you

: the court, and you keep your hands;

: or we, if you be unadvised, if courteous,

: come, compound.

: we are still hanging over our—

: you know, you know.

: and it is not the gallant of a man to

: we are in no haste at a? Shallows.

: better assurance. I say: come,

: our hands are hurt

: Your lips will feed them the sooner.

: again; a more sober man, peace.

: And they are as the wind, ever with

: the surgery of our sheep, and would you have us

: The courser's hands are perfumed with

: Most shallow man! Thou worme-sent,

: in respect of a good—Indeed—Learn of the wise, and persuade—Crest is of a

: the very uncleanly flux of a

: You have toocourteously a wit for me; I'll

: Will thou rest damn'd? God help thee,

: shall I man? God make incident in thee! thou

: Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I

: own man have, envy no

: glad of other man's good, content

: of pride, is to see my eyes glaze, and my

: Touch. That is some stop, and the name together, and to

: to bear to a bell weather; and to betray

: the head, a twelfth, to a crooked-pated

: out of all reasonable match.

: I should not be damn'd for this, the devil

: I cannot see else now how thou shouldst

: Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede,

: my new mistress's brother.

: Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

: From the east to western end,

: No jest is like Rosalind.

: Her worth, being marked, she wields the wind,

: Through all the world bears Rosalind.

: All the pictures, forest land

: An ant black in Rosalind.

: Let no face be kept in mind,

: But the fair of Rosalind.

: Touch. I'll rhyme you now, you eight together;

: Touch. For a taste:

: If a hart do lack a kind,

: Let him seek out Rosalind.

: If the cat will after kind,

: So, be sure, will Rosalind.

: Winter-greene must be kind'd,

: Must not catch and blind,

: To run with Rosalind.

: Sweetest nut hath sourdest rind,

: Such a nut is Rosalind.

: that scatent rose will find,

: Must find love's pricking, and Rosalind.

: This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you

: Roe. Peace! you shall fool; I found them on a

: True. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

: Roe. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall

: So shall I pluck it with another: then will it be the earliest

: To make thee hold, and that's the right virtue of the

: Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or

: the forest judge.

: Enter Celia, reading a paper.

: Roe. Peace!

: Here's in my sister, reading; stand aside.

: Why should this desert elate be?

: For it is unpromis'd? No:

: Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

: Shall rive any more.
Some, how brief the life of man!  
How short his erring pilgrimage!  
That the duration of a span  
Battles with his own age.  
Some, of violated vows  
For the ends of good and friend;  
But upon the fairest fraught,  
Or at every sentence's end,  
Will I resound the wise.  
Teaching all that read, to know  
The permanence of every sprite  
Heaven should be in little less.  
Therefore heaven nature char'd;  
That unbody should be still'd  
With all graces wide enlarg'd;  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;  
Clowd, did he, when the sun saw'st him?  
Wherein went he? Wherein makes he love me?  
Wherein remaines he? How part he with thee?  
And when shall we see him again?—answer me in one word.  
Tease thou the thistles nearest prick'd;  
Heaven would that the these gifts should finish.  
And 1 to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry 'Haste patience, good people!'  
Col. How now! I thank my master;—Shepherd, go off a little.—Go with him, sirrah.  
Touch. Come, Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with tug and taggery, yet with scrip and scrappary.

Col. Didst thou hear these verses?  
Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them, he said, in them were more lost than the verses would bear.  
Col. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.  
Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.  
Col. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carry'd upon these trees?  
Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the world before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I never was so berynued since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish vat, which I can hardly remember.  
Col. Trow you, who hath done this?  
Ros. Is it a man?  
Col. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?  
Ros. I cry my charge!  
Col. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquake, and so encounter.  
Ros. Nay, but who is it?  
Col. Is it possible?  
Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.  
Col. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful thing, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!  
Ros. Good my complexion! dothink thou, though I am expatriated like a man, I have a doubtst and hope in my dispossession! One inch of delay more is a Soulsea of discovery. I shall see, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak in space; I would thou couldst simmer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy self, and come out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all.  
Col. Why takest in the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings?  
Ros. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What man of man? Is he his word a bawd, or do his minds a bawd?  
Col. Nay, he hath but a little bawd.  
Ros. Why, God will send more, if he be so worse! Let me see the growth of his chin, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.  
Col. Is it a young Orlando; that wagg'd up his wrestler's bice, and your heart both in an instant.  
Ros. Nay, but the devil take smoking; spat and brow, and true maid.  
Col. I' faith, cox, 'tis he.  
Ros. Orlando?  
Col. Orlando.  
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my distressed and wretched heart? When saw'st thou him? What said he? How keep'st thou? Wherein went he? What makes he here? He ask for me? Where remains he? How part he with thee? And when shall we see him again?—answer me in one word.  
Col. You must borrow me Garanustian's most first: It's a word too great for any mouth of the age's size:—To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.  
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this form, and in man's apparel? Look he be so expressly as he did the day he was wrestled?  
Col. It is as easy to count atoms, as to render the proportions of a lover—take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance: I found him under a tree, like a drop.  
Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.  
Col. Give me audience, good madam.  
Ros. Proceed.  
Col. There lay he, stretch'd asleep, like a wounded knight.  
Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.  
Col. Cry, holla! to thy tower, p'ryther? it curvets very unreasonably. He was layn'd like a broken man, saw'd with a sword.  
Ros. O armonious! he comes to kill my heart.  
Col. I would sing my song without a burden, then bring me out of tune.  
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say so.  
Enter Orlando and Jaques.  
Col. You bring me out.—Softly, come he not here?  
Ros. 'Tis he; akin by, and note him.  
[Col. and Jaques.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.  
Col. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.  
Jaq. God be with you; yet's most as little as we can.  
Col. I do desire we may be better strangers.  
Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing.  
Col. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.  
Jaq. Beshrew that is your love's name?  
Col. Yes, just.  
Jaq. I do not like her name.  
Col. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.  
Jaq. What stature is she of?  
Col. Not so high as my heart.  
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with Goldsmith's wife, and coun't she out of rags?  
Col. No; but I answer you right pointcloth, from whence you have sworn your questions.  
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think it was
You ask me what is the matter with you.

You say you have seen a sad"...

You say you have occasion to do so.

You say you have occasion to do so.

You say you have occasion to do so.

You say you have occasion to do so.

You say you have occasion to do so.

You say you have occasion to do so.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.  ACT III.

SCENE 1:  Duke's Forest.

[Enter Duke, attendants, and Jaques; a Servant following.]

Duke: I see your majesty has taken a turn in the air. Shall we proceed to the hunting?

Servant: Indeed, my good lord, I think it is a very pleasant air.

Duke: Why, I think it is a very pleasant air. Do you think it is a very pleasant air?

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Duke: Why, I think it is a very pleasant air. Do you think it is a very pleasant air?
SCENE V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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Why, what means this? Why do you lock up
your love in silence? I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
of nature's safe-work.—O! my little life! I think it is a new phrase, wherein
I heart of my lover; as a prey tiler, that
worn the house but one more side, breaks his staff
like a willow stick; but all's leaves, that youth
moments, and silly prattle.—Who comes here?*

Essex Carol.

Essex. Master, and master, you have oft in
quired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you were singing by me on the turf,
Penning the proud disdainful shepherdine
That was his mistress.

Carol. Faith, well, and what of him?

Essex. Sir, if you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
It scarce a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Carol. O, come, let us remove
The sight of lovers furnish'd these in love—
Bring us some this night, and you shall say
I'll prove a harmless actor in their play. [*Scene*]

ESSEX. Another part of the forest.

[Enter Rosalind and Phoebe.]

Phoebe. Sweet Feste; do not scorn me; do not
Phoebe.

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
So otherwise. The common executioner,
Whose heart the season's sight of death makes
Falls not the least upon the bumbled neck,
Yet few fall partial; will you sternly be
Than let that dead live by bloody drops?

Essex. Hello Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance

Feste. I would not be the executioner:
I say, then, I will not inspire thee.
Then tell me, there is murder in mine eye;
To cry out, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the watch and warden things,
That see the covert and grazes in a month—
Should he call'd tyrants, brothers, murderers!
Now I doisman on thee with all my heart;
And if the same eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee.

Now womanish is warning; why now fall down;
Or, if thou cannot, O, for shame, for shame,
Let not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now she, the wondrous mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some sort of it; bear but upon a rash,
The Richardson and palpable impression
They raise some moment keep'st; but now mine

Where I have darted at thee, hurt thee not:
Now, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
Do not hurt.

O dear Feste, If ever, ever, ever, ever love me,

Thou must in some true dress stand on a mount—
And stand there, and there, and there, and there,

That here's been arrows cross'd.

Feste. Now, love, now, till that time.
Come near them near me, and when that time
comes.

As you would with thy women, pity me not;
As till then, I shall not pity thee.
How, why pray you? [Advancing.] Who
That you shoot, mark, and all at once,
Over the wasteland! What, though you have
(ae, by my faith, I see no more in you
That without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiful?
When a woman "sits by herself" and "feels" such emotions, she is often overcome by a sense of loneliness or sadness. The祗mothe:r's advice to the girl is to "not say anything to her" because her feelings are too intense. The woman, however, feels that she can "go through the motions" of her daily routine even though she is experiencing a range of emotions.

The boy's perspective is that his mother is always "in the way" and he can't do anything without her permission, indicating a conflict between his desire for independence and his mother's protective nature.

Easter is celebrated with the opening of the page of a religious book, which is described as "beautiful" and "proud." The book is a "commonplace book," a collection of religious texts or personal notes that are treasured by the family.

The boy's thoughts about his mother are often negative, but he recognizes her importance and acknowledges her presence in his life. Despite their conflicts, he values her role in his life and is aware of the sacrifices she makes for him.

The scene progresses with the boy's thoughts about his mother's presence in his life, and the theme of family and religious devotion continues to be explored throughout the page.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Sir, as you like it. By a gentleman of the name of Rosaliud, that may be chosen out of the group of Rosaliud; therefore beware my counsel, and keep your promise.

Or. With no less religion, than if when you were indeed my Rosaliud: So, adieu. 

Ras. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and his time is: Adieu! 

[Exit Orlando. 

Col. You have simply miscalcled our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doubtless and how thank'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done in her own nest: 

Ros. O cos, cos, cos, my pretty little toy, that thou dost know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 

Col. Or rather bottomless; that so far as you pour affection in it, it runs out. 

Ros. No, that same witched bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of sadness; that blind madness, that abases every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Alena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. 

Col. And I'll sleep. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest. Enter Jacques and Leontes, in the habit of 

Forsters. 

Jac. Which is he that kill'd the deer? 

Leont. Sir, he was. 

Jac. Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? 

Leont. Yea, sir. 

Jac. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 

SONG. 

1. What shall we have that kill'd the deer? 

2. His father's skin and horns to wear. 

1. Then sing him home; 

2. Take them to sorrow, to wear the horns. 

3. Wear a crest o'er my brow. All. The horns, the horns, the lusty horns, Is not a thing to laugh in scorn. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE III. The Forest. Enter Rosalind and Celia. 

Rosa. How say you now? is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando! 

Col. I warrant you, with pure love, and trust'd brain, he hath set his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: Look who comes here. 

[Enter Silvius. 

St. Sir, my servant is to you, fair youth—My gentle Phebe, bid me give you this: 

[The letter. 

St. I know not the contents; but as I guess, By the stern brow and misgiving action Which she did me as she was writing of it, I bear an angry temper, pardon me, I am but as a guileless messenger. 

Rosa. Patience herself would startles at this letter, And play the swallow: bear this, bear all: She says, I am not fair; that I lack measures; She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me; Were men so severe as Phebe? O's my will! Her love is not the horns that I do hunt: 

*The rest shall bear this burden.
As You Like It

ACT IV

Scene I

A field near the house

Enter Orlando and Adam

Orlando: Why, where's the shepherd?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the boy?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the horse?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the dog?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the master?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the mistress?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the servant?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the milkmaid?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the milkboy?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the man?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the woman?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the horseman?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's wife?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's son?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's daughter?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's servant?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's dog?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's cat?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's rabbit?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's mouse?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's bird?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's fish?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's turtle?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's frog?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's toad?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's snail?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's worm?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's insect?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's plant?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's stone?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's rock?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's sand?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's dust?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's air?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's fire?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's water?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's earth?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's sky?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's vault?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's grave?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's church?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's altar?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's font?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's chalice?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's censer?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's incense?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's incense stick?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's incense holder?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's incense burner?
Adam: He's gone to the woods.

Orlando: And where's the huntsman's incense holder?
Adam: She's gone to the woods.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

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Touch. Thou learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all your writers do explain, that wine is but; now you are not good, for I will be Will. Which hit, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman? Therefore, you stooe, abandon--which is in the vulgar, leave,--the society,--which is in the hurrah, company,--of this female,--which is the common term, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, stooe, then perish: or, to thy future understanding, that in this, I tell thee, thou didst away, hasten thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in imprisonment, or in slavery: I will bring thee in a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, trouble, and depart.

And, do, good William. Will. I'll risk you, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey--I'll attend, I'll attend. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Isn't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, you and, showing, she should grant it and will you persuade to enjoy her?

Aud. Neither call the gladness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love her, for I know that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the treasures old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Roz. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: this day will I invite the duke, and all his attending followers: I and you, and prefect Alcina; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Roz. O, God save you, brother.

Aud. And you, fair sister.

Roz. O, my dearest sister, how it grieves me to see there wear thy heart in a scarf.

Roz. It is thy arm.

Aud. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Roz. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roz. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Aud. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roz. O, I know where you are--Nay, 'tis true; there never was any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and Càsar's thunderbolt cast dead--I came, came, and appeared: For your brother and my sister no manner met, but they asked: no sooner asked, but they sighed: no sooner sighed, but they asked me another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the meaning: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stakes to marriage, which they will climb-inconvenient, or else inconvenience before marriage: they are in the very witch of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them! O! They shall be married to-morrow: and
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act V.

"I will be the father to the natural. But, O, how much the more I should have it to thank thee, sweetest lady, for all that it has pleased thee to do for me! By so much the more shall these leaves be dear to me, that I have been so long without them. By this means, I find a new delight in looking on them, and think of thee, who hast made them so."

"I, too, am married, sir."

"And, I will be married, sir."

"I will content you, sir."

"And, I will be married to-morrow, sir."

"To-morrow I love Rosalind, more—say you to-morrow. To-morrow love Phoebe, mean—say you to-morrow. I must meet—so, love you, I have left you commands. Shall I not find, if I live?"

Scene III. The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

'Tis tomorrow is the day of our meeting, Touch. Tomorrow we, we be married. And I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonourable, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the bookman's Jube's pages.

Enter two Pages.

Page 1: Well met, honest gentleman.

Page 2: By my troth, well met. Come sit, sir, and a song.

Page 1: Why, for whom? The little, the short, hawky, the dry, the shrill, or the sweet, or the sorry we; which are the ends prologue to a bad man.

Page 2: I think it better; and both in a time.

Page 1: Sit, sit, sit upon a horse.

SONG.

I. If you were as a rose, you were to be plucked, and the loss;

II. With a sprig and a bow, and a key motto,

III. In the garden, in the field did pass.

IV. My winter, and my spring; my spring, and my winter.

V. If you were as a rose, you were to be plucked, and the loss;

VI. With a sprig and a bow, and a key motto,
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Enter Rosalind, Silvia, and Phoebe.

Rosi. Patience come more, whiles our compact is not well.

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You shall know her on Orlando here?

[To the Duke.]

Duke. And you say you will have her, when

You bring her.

[To Rosalind.]

Rosi. And that would I, I had 1 kingdoms
to give her.

Phoe. If any man, you'll marry me, if I be willing.

[To Rosalind.]

Duke. You say you do resolve to marry me,

You'll show yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

[To Silvia.]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both

come something.

Rosi. I have promised to make all this matter

even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter.

You say you resolve, to receive his daughter?

Keep your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.

Keep you your word, Silvia, that you'll marry me,

If she refuse me:— and from hence I go,

To make these things all even.

[Enter Rosalind and Cells.]

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd-boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's former

Orr. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Meantheough he was a brother to your daughter;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Ossessed in the circles of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jov. There is, sir, another flood toward,

And these couples are coming to the ark! Here

comes a pair of very young goddesses, which in

all images are called Eros.

Touch. Salvation and meeting to you all!

When good may meet, when good may meet,

About together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter,

Hence, hence, hence, hence, hence, hence,

Ye, brought her hither;

That these might I join her hand with

Whose heart within her breast is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am your daughter.

[To Duke.]

Duke. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.]

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orr. If there be truth in sight you are my Rosalind.

Touch. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love, where?

Rosi. I have no father, if you be not he—

[To Duke.]

I have no husband, if you be not he—

[To Orlando.]

Not under wed woman, if you be not she—

[To Phoebe.]

Hymn. Peace, let looks and seeing:

'Tis most must make confusions.

These must and nothing:

They're what that make us hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true confessions.
You and you no cross shall part.

You and you are heart in heart.

[To Orlando and Rosalind]

You are in love and joined.

[To Oliver and Celia]

You are happy in each other.

[To Touchstone and Audrey]

As the winter to the spring weather.

While a woodcock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Jove's crown;

A blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen's pleasure every where;

High wealth then be hallowed:

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phil. I will not eat my word, now then are mine:

They think my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Silvius]

Enter Jaques de Bohun.

Jay. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly;

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resort to this forest,

Addressed in mighty powers, which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword;

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprises, and from the world:

His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again

That were with him exiled: This be true, I

Do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Two offers fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one, his lands witholden; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every hereafter happy number,

That have endured these days and nights

With us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Mistakes, forget this new fall'd dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, musick— and you, bridegrooms and bridemaids:

With measures hop'd in joy, to the measureless fall.

Jay. Sir, by your patience; if I heard your right.

The duke hath put on a religious dress;

And thrown him into the unpunish'd court.

Jay. de B. His head.

Jay. To him will I: out of these communications

There is much matter to be heard and learnt—

You to your former honor I beseech:

[To Duke S.]

Your patience and your virtue will deserve:

You (To Orlando) to a love, that your true talk
doth merit—

You (To Oliver) to your hand, and love, and

great alliance—

You (To Silvius) to a long and well deserved bed—

And you (To Touchstone) to wrangling; for

In two months victual'd— So is your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jay. To see no pictures, I—what you will have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd ease. [Exeunt

Duke S. Procured, procured: we will begin the time.

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[Ad dem.]

Up to a sense of this disposable epilogue: but it is no more unnecessary, than is the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inculcate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a bugger, therefore I beg will not become me; my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your whimpering, signs of you hate them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would lis as many of you as bad beards that pleased me, complications that liked me, and breaths that I detest not; and I am afeard, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make court, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt]
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- Countess of Rossillon, Mother to Bertram.
- HELENA, a Gentlewoman, presented by the Countess.
- An old Widow of Florence.
- DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
- VIOLENTA, a Neighbour, and Friends to the Widow.
- MARIANA, $ Widow.
- Ursula, attending on the King: Officers, Soldiers, 
  Sey French and Florentines.

SCENE—hearty in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Florence.

Room in the Countess's Palace.

Bertram, the Countess of Rossillon, Diana, and Ursula, in mourning.

Ursula. If you will deliver my son from me, I bury
  him, in good measure, weep o'er your battle
  man, for I must attend his funeral, as I am now in war,
  and without a successor. Shall I steal from the
  crown, or steal from the husband, yer. Pity a sir: He that
  so stew a dish and grace, would have no
  weakness, no weakness; whose weakness would
  work it, and rather than have a weep in such abundance.

Bertram. What hope is there of his majesty's return?

Ursula. What abandoned his physicians, pray whose prayers he hath persecuted, was
  and paid no other advantage than the losing of hope by
  this. Young people, sir, in his profession, is a great right to be so, Bertram
could not do it. "I was excellent, madam; the
  learnt, and have been, honourably and
  well," that was skillful enough to have lived. The
  words should have been taken, for the king's sake, he would
  have been holy of the crown, as you speak of
  you must tell it to the man you speak of,
  that was famous, sir, in his profession, and a great right to be so, Bertram
could not do it. "I was excellent, madam; the
  learnt, and have been, honourably and
  well," that was skillful enough to have lived. The
  words should have been taken, for the king's sake, he would
  have been holy of the crown, as you speak of
  you must tell it to the man you speak of,

Lef. Your counsel's excellent, madam, get from her ears.

Count. 'Tis the best heart a maiden can season
  her praise in. The remembrance of her father
  of the dead, excessive grief the memory to the living.

Ursula. If the living be enemy to the grief, the
  excess makes it more moral.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lef. How unheedful are we that?

Count. Be thou best, Bertram! and succe
  thy father.

Ber. May your sway, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
  as the mightiest may be the death.

Ursula. Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a
  few.

Lef. Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy.

Count. Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend.

Ursula. Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
  but never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
  well.

Lef. Thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
  down.

Fall on thy head! Farewell—My lord.

Count. "Tis an uncommonly tender; goad my lord.

Lef. He cannot want the best.

Count. That shall attend his love.

Ursula. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forgot in your thoughts | To Helena. I'll be servants to you.

Ursula. Be comfortable to thy mother, your mistress,
  and make much of her.

Lef. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold
  the credit of your father.

[Exit Bertram and Ursula.

Hol. O, were that all!—I think not on my

Ber. Are these graces, grace his remembrance

Lef. Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Counts so favour it to last Bertram's.
I am unknown; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That he should love all, and particularly star,
And think to wed, he is no above me.
In his bright radiance and celestial light.
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plague itself:
The fame, that would be made by the lion,
Must die for love. Twas pretty, though a plague.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

Scene I. Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florizels and Senors are at the ears: Have fought with equal fortune, andcombined by a holy truce.

Lords. Not my knowing, my lord.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we have receiv'd it.

Exit.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 197

KING. I fill a place, I know not—How long it lasts—since the physician at your father's bed? He was much feared.

HER. Some six months since, my lord.

KING. If he were living, I would try him yet.—Lead me an arm! the rest have worn me out. With several applications—nay, and ailiness between us at their leisure. Welcome; count; your men's no dearer.

HER. Thank your majesty.

SCENE III. Bouillon.

A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

COUN. I will now hear what say you of this madwoman?

SIR. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for that we wound our modesty, and make feel the clearness of our descendings, when of ourselves we publish them.

COUNT. What does this knife here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe, till I try their heads that I do not: for I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such instruments worse.

CLO. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

COUNT. Well, sir.

CLO. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go in the world, label the woman and I will do as we may.

COUNT. Will then needs be a begging?

CLO. I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNT. In what case?

CLO. In label's case, and mine own. Service is no inheritance; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bears are blessings.

COUNT. Tell me th' reason why thou wilt marry?

CLO. My poor lady, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he most needs go, that the devil drives.

COUNT. Is this all your woman's reason?

CLO. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

COUNT. May the world know them?

CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are: and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

COUNT. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLO. I am cut out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNT. Such friends are three onions, knives.

CLO. You are shallow, madam; even great friends for the knives come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He, that earns my land, spices my name, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be so candle, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood: he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood loves my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charlot the puritan, and old Foysem the papist, however their hearts are seared in religion, are as such; they may fall heroes together, like any decent cere.

COUNT. Will they ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

CLO. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way.
For I the ballad still repeat,
Which my own true love shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir! I'll talk with you more anon.

Clar, May I please you, madam, that he bid me speak?

Helin, she to you, of her I am to speak.

Clar. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helin I mean.

Count. Was this fair face the cause, yea, she.

[Song]

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond.

Was this king Priam's joy,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood.

Above the pageant of Greece,
Among many bad if one be good,
Among many bad if one be good.

Count. What, one good in ten; you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clar. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song; 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we find no fault with the tither woman, if it were the part son: One in ten, quoth a' we might have a good woman, but many man, blushing star, or if a she slight, she would mend the lottery lord's heel; and a man may draw his heart out, ere he count one.

Count. You'll begone, sir, and do as I command you.

Clar. That man should be at woman's command and yet no hurt done! Though it be to be, yet it will do no hurt; it will more of brevity over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit Clown.]

Sir, I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father besought her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there more owing her, than is paid and more shall be paid her, than shall demand.

Stre. Madam, I was very late; I came near her than, I think, she wished me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stronger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son; Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had such power because between her two estates; Love, no god, that would not exceed his might, only where qualities were level; Dianna, no mean of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised; without reason, in the first assault, or ransome afterward; This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that ever I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you with; all sense, in the less that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Clar. You have discovered this honesty; keep it to yourself; many illibleness informed me of this before, which hang no tottering in the balance, but that I believe, no mischief; Pray you, leave me: shall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further. [Exit Stewart.

Enter Helen.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If we are nature's, there are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood we take, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and soul of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.

By my remembrances of days begun,
Shall great our faults p-p-pen we thought upon.
Her eye is sick of it; I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam? I am a mother to you.

Hel. Miss honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Meaning you saw a serpent: What's another,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of these
That were enroiled mine: To this seen,
Adoption brings with nature: and choice lovers
A native slip to us from foreign stock
You never approved, with a mother's grace;
Yet, I express'd to you a mother's care—
God's mercy, madame! does it need the blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter?
That this dispensation of great ten
The many-eyes' to read, revolts eye; why
That you are only my daughter?

Hel. I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.

The count Reynolim cannot be my true son:
I am from humble, he from honour'd castes;
No word upon my parents, his all noble;
My mother, my dear lord love her; and
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would, indeed,
I were un more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister; Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yet, Helen, you might be my daughter,
God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother.

So strain upon your pulse: What, pale again! My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I am in the true, now I am in the right.

Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense of your love you have son; invention is abashed,
Against the proclamation of thy pulse;
To say, then dost not: therefore, tell me you:
But tell me then, thine so—how, book, the classics
Confess it, see to the other: and thine eyes
See so gruesomely shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only ask
And holiness disclaim thy tongue.
That truth should be suspected; Speak, 'tis so;
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clasp;
If it be not, forswear: hencefor I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Good madam, pardon me! [Exit.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. You are my son, noble mistress! 

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about in your love's behalf.
Whereof the world takes note: came, came;
In the state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appearance'd.

Hel. Then, I confess.

Count. Here on my knee, before high heaven and earth;
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love you son; My friends are poor, but honest; ask my life;
Be not offended; for I love not him,
That he is lev'd of me: I follow him not;
By any token of persuasion suit;
ACT II.

SCENE II. Paris.

A Room in the King's Palace. Flourish.

Enter King, and young Lords taking leave for Flanders. {[Exit Bertram, Parolles, and Attendants.}

KING. Farewell, young lords, these warlike principles

Do not throw these from you: and you, my lord, farewell.

Shame on you, for to boast you: if such gain all, The gift that stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd, And is enough for both.

1. LORD. Farewell, it is our hope, sir, After well order'd soldiers, to return With and find your grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart Will not consent he owes the malady That both my life betrays. Farewell, young lords.

Whether I live or die, be you the sons Of worthy Franks, or of greater Italy. These vows, that bind the heart the hour Of the last momentary: yes, that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it! when The bravest constant devils, feel what you seek.

That fated cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2. LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING. Whereof the girls of Italy, take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, Or they demand: beware of being captives, Before you see them.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING. Farewell. —Come hither to me.

[The King retire to a couch.]

1. LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay here.

Par. 'Tis not his fault: the spark—

2. LORD. Of the brave wars I have seen these wars.

Par. I am commanded here, and kept a safe

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. As my mind stand to it, boy, sail away

But I shall stay here the forenoon to a smoke, Crashing my shoes on the plain pavamenti, Till honour be bought up, and we sworn war, But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

Par. 1. LORD. There's honour in the theft.

Par. 2. LORD. I am your necessary, and so farewell.

Par. I grew to you, and our parting is a torment to me. farewell.

1. LORD. Farewell, captain.

2. LORD. Sweet monument Parolles! [Exit.

Par. None be so happy, and yet so wise. Calm, and serene, and smiling, and their loving greetings To these of mine to mine; I'll stay at home, and pray that blesses into my attempt: Some harmless goods another sense of this, What I can help thee to them shall not miss.

[Exeunt.}
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Lef. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had known'st, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That at my bending, you could so stand up.
Lef. I spake, I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And prowess from thee for't.

Lef. Good-faith, across:
Hast, my good lord, 'tis true; Will you be our'd
Of your inconstancy?

Lef. No.

Lef. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, as if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Gnicks a rock, and make you dance canary,
With such so fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise king Perkin, nay,
To give great Charles a pen is touch'd hand,
And write to her a love-line.

Lef. What her is this?
Lef. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one
Arrived, if you will see her, -now, by my faith and
Honour. If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In these light-deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaze'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see
Her. (For that is her demand,) and know her busi-
ness?

Lef. That does, laugh well at me.

Lef. Now, good Lefan.

Lef. Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder, or take off thine,
By wood ring how thou took'st it.

Lef. Nay, I'll fyt you,
And not be all day neither.

Lef. Thus be his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter Lefan, with Helena.

Lef. Nay, come your ways.

Lef. Nay, come your ways.

Lef. This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
With my lights-deliverance, I have spoke
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

Lef. Now, fair one, does your business fol-
low us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

Lef. He knew me.

Lef. The rather will I spare my praise towards
him:
Knowing, he is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice.
And, on his bed, whilst he experienced the only darling,
He made me stope up, as an only eye,
Worse than mine. This haste is much touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

We thank you, maiden; But may not be so credulous of cure.

Lef. When our most learned doctors leave us; and
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her insidious estate, - I say we must
Not stain our judges, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-care malady
To empiricks; or to discover so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A counsel, when, with what ill we come,
And what you aye desire me for your pains;
I will no more enforce mine offices on you:
Humbly estranging from your royal thoughts
A more honest and less palpable fear.
Lef. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful;
Thou know'st not to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
Hel. And you would, then know, thou hast erred so part;
I knowing all my peril, thou so art.
Hel. What I can do, you can do heart to try,
Since you set up your rest against remedy;
He that of greatest works is husband;
Oh, does them by the weakest minister;
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dad on, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

Hel. I am not an improper, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Mankind in confusion! Within what space
Haply thou mayst cure?
Hel. The greatest grace leading grass,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in mirth and occidental damp
Make Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thirteenth minute how they pass;
What is irrev from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness fadeless.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What darst thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,-
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,-
Trampled by foolish ballads; my maiden's name
Scar'd otherwise; no worse or worst extended,
With vilen tortures let my life be ended.
King. Mankind, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would stay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear: for all, that life can rate
With name of life, in thee hath estumate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
How that hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That makes these things cure, and, if I fail,
Hel. If I break time, or furnish in property
Of what I spoke, spoilt me let me die;
And well desired: Not helping, death's my fate;
No, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hope of

Hel. Then shall thou give me, with thy kindly hand,
A ROSE in the Common's Palace.

Enter Common and Clown.

Common. Come, sir, I shall want you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed, and fondly turned; for I know my footman is to be to the song.

Common. To the court? why, what place makes you special, when you put off with such a drollery?

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any cumber, he may easily put it off at court; he must, as the bye says, as his hand, and my nothing, but neither leg, hands, lip, nor ear; and indeed, such a fellow to say, God for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Common. Many; that's a beautiful answer; that will all please.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that it suits betwixt the pin-prick, the sharp-button, the shrew-mouth, or any houtch.

Common. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, so your French crown for your royal footman's suit, as Till's word for Till's time-finger, as a peculiarity for Shylock, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the end to his long, a pretty answer to a wrangling knife, as the match to the fire of the mouth; and the pudding to his skin.

Common. I say, I say, an answer of much fines for all questions?

Clown. It must for such choice, so smooth your wit, it will sit every question.

Common. It must be an answer of most modest answers.

Clown. Not a title neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak death of it, here it is, and all the choice to't? ask me, if I am a commoner, 'twill do ye not harm to hear it.

Common. To be young again, if we could; I shall be a foot in precious, looking to be the wise by your amount. Spock you, sir, are you a commoner?

Clown. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple young fellow, honest, mean, a hundred of these.

Common. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that love you.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Think, chance, more not me.

Common. I think, sir, you can eat none of this commons.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Common. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Shame reprove me.

Common. O Lord, sir,—What, ask you, or what, are your whippings, and spurs so? Indeed, your O Lord, or you twenty in your whipping; you would answer very well in a whipping, if you were but bound.

Clown. I have had worst luck in my life, in my —O Lord, sir; I see, things may go very long but not save ever.

Common. I play the noble horse-playing with the tune, to entertain it so mercifully with a bid.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Why then, save well again.

Common. An end, sir, to your business: give Hesians this,

And urge her to a present answer book:

Command me to my kinsman, and my son,

This is not caught.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Common. Not much employment for you, you understand me?

Clown. I am painfully: I am here before my legs.

Common. Have you again, —I absent presently.

SCENE III. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Laufen, and Parades.

Laufen. They say, miracles are not; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and curious. Hence is it, that we make styles of toys; compromising ourselves into seeming knowledges, when we should admit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Parades. Why, 'tis the most argument of wonder, that benefit of men in the latter times.

Bertram. And so the

Laufen. To be reconciliableness of the actions.

Parades. Sir, I see, both of Gains and Parades.

Laufen. All of the learned and unlearned art here.

Parades. Right, so I say.

Laufen. That gave him out immediately.

Parades. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laufen. Not to be helped.—

Parades. Right; there was a man accused of

Laufen. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Parades. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laufen. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Parades. It is indeed! if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?

Laufen. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Parades. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laufen. Why, your dolphin is not faster: 'tis me I speak it respects can.

Parades. Nay, 'twas strange, 'twas very strange, that in the least and the shadow of it; and he is of a most anomalous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laufen. Very hard of heaven.

Parades. Ay, so I say.

Laufen. In a most weak—

Parades. Great power, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, and his base—

Laufen. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Parades. I would have said it; you say well; here comes the king.

Laufen. Lusuecor, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a mild the better, whilst I have a tooth in my mouth. Why, he's able to bind a coracle.

Parades. What might I do? is not this Helen?

Laufen. 'Tis God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Parades. (Exit an Attendant.)

Kiss me; you, by thy palace's side.

And with this beautiful hand, whose beauty's—

Thou hast repeated, a second time received.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT III

The conversation of my gentle daughter,
Which but adorns thy meaning.

Enter several Lords.

Pole maid, sound forth this eye: this youthful

voice is the voice

Of three small swans at my bestowing.

Of whom both sovereign power and father's

name

I have to say: thy frank election make;

That but to choose, and they none to

dread.

But to each of you one fair and virtuous

mistress

Full, when new pleasant—marry, to each, but

one.

Look: to give you Carlisle, and his furniture,

Bess may have here were broken from these boys;

And as it may be.

Peruse them well: none of those but had a noble father.

Humiliation.

Heaven and through me, restored the ring to

Beau.

I understand it, and thank Heaven for

you.

Yet I am a simple maid; and therefore would

The house, I answer I am a maid;

Pole maid, that I have not been entirely:

You know my choice, as you know me.

What? was she not there for me?

Let her, I think, be taken to the court for her;

We will not lose her to any other.

God be with her!—farewell.

God save our sovereign lord, and all your

men.

Where's my servant? he is not at his post.

Pole maid, I'll bid him come to me.

Pole maid, I'll bid him come to me.

Leave me and be mine; I am swift to rise and

throw

off;

and what

things you shall find in my chamber, you may

have

them.

I'll put some names in your ear.

Theinfinitesimal, I answer I am a maid;

Pole maid, I answer I am a maid.

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What? was she not there for me?
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Scene I. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Bertram.

Ber. Good, very good; it is so then—Good, very good; let it be so. I can now say a word to you;

Ber. Undone, and for ever! What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

Ber. I will not bet her.

Ber. What? What, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parthian, they have married me—

Ber. France is a dog-bite, and it no more mercy.

Ber. The breach of a man's foot; to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what shall I do? I do not yet.

Ber. Ay, that would be known: to the wars, my boy, to the wars!

Ber. He wears his helmet in a box above,

Ber. France is a noble: we, that dwell not in beds;

Ber. Therefore, to the war.

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,

Ber. Acquire my mother with my hate to her,

Ber. And whereas I am set: write to the king

Ber. That which I do not speak: the present gift

Ber. Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Worth notice fellows strike: War is no slightest

To the dark house, and the deserted wife.

Ber. Will this capitain hold in fece, act sure

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

Ber. I'll send her straight away: To-morrow

Ber. I'll to the wars, she to her single house.

Ber. Why, these rolls boxed; there's sense in it,—'tis hard.

A young man, married, is a man that's married;

Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,

The king has done you wrong; but, I must say,

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother graces me kindly: I have well?

Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Cl. What two things?

Hel. One, that she has not been in heaven, whether God send her quickly the other, that she's in earth, from whence God sent her quickly.

Why do I think thus? I am his wife; but how do I use him, or is he unkind?
And so, my dearest sir, may I ask you a question?

Pray, sir, what is your business in this town?

I am engaged in a matter of importance to our respective countries.

Ah, I see. And may I ask, does this matter concern the peace of the kingdom?

It does. And I must ask you, sir, not to mention this to anyone.

I shall do my best to keep your confidence.

And I trust you will do so, sir.

Perhaps I may ask you, sir, a question.

What is your name, sir?

I am Sir John Smith.

And may I ask you, sir, why you are here?

I am here on a mission of state.

And I trust you will do your utmost to assist me in my work.

I shall do my best, sir.

And I trust you will do so, sir.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
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Strangers, and foes, the sword, and not him.
I see thee now no more, but in haste to horse. 
Round and round my mind's holding, good my lord. 
Bertram. Where are my other men, m'lord? -- [Exit Helena.

Go them toward home; where I will never come.

What I must make my sword, or hear the
Away, and for our flight. 

Bravely, coraggio! 

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE III. Florence.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended by two French Lords, and others.

Duke. O m'lord, come point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war?
And more thrice after.
1 Lord. Holy seems the guard
Some grace's part; black and bearded
On the opposite.

Duke. Therefore we march much, our cousin
Wead, in so jest bearmen, bent his bow
As for borrowning prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The rescue of our state I cannot yield,
That like a spring and an outward case,
That the great queen of a moonlight moon
By so cortisol portent. Therefore dare not stay
Where I think of it; since I have found
Myself in so many unexpected grooves to fall
The other as I gained.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our cousins,
That comes on their own, well, day by day,
Come here for physics.

Duke. Well shall they be;
And all the lesser men, that may from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places.

When better fall, for your seats they fall;

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

Scene II. Recollection.

A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Count and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have
And more, that he comes not along with her.

O my sweetest, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Clown. By what chance, I pray you?

Count. Why, he will look upon his foot, and
Sing, round the staff, and sing; ask questions,
And sing; give his teeth, and sing; I know a
man that had this trick of melancholy, and
A great man, so for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
And more tell him.

[Opening a letter.

Count. I do that; mind to feel, since I was at
court in all doing and all doing of the country
She nothing like your old lord and your noble
Of the court, there is no man that
And I begin to love, as an old man loves

Letters. What have we here?

Clown. Here's what you have there.

Count. What have you there, Madam? 

[Exit.

Clown. Here is a letter and a daughter.

Count. You have men for a daughter.

I have met and her, not asked her;
I made her write this, before you were

Count. And what is this, Madam?

Clown. That were enough in the
world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son.

Bertram. This is not well, rash and unbridled boy.
To try the favour of so good a k ing:
To check his indignation on thy head,
By the beseeching of a maid too virtuous.

Enter Clown.

Chlo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two sisters and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Chlo. Nay, there's a comfort in the news,
Some comfort; your son will not be killed so
soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Chlo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
hear he does; the danger is in standing still;
that's the less of men, though it be the gaining
of children. Here they come, will tell you
more; for my part, I only hear, your son was
run away.

[Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Count. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Count. Do not say so.

Count. 'Tis known to patience. — Pray you, gentleman.

I have but so many quicks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of news, on the side,
Can woman meet? Whose is my son, I pray?

2 Count. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we hand anew.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[Reads. When thou canst see the ring upon
Finger, which never shall come off, and
Show me a child begotten of thy body, that I
Can find in them, or that can call me husband; but in
Such a thing as I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Count. Ay, madam; and,
For the contents' sake, are sorry for your pains.

Count. His fair young lady, have a better cheer;
If that engaged all the griefs are done,
Then call it of a monarch: he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my bones,
And show our all my child. — Towards Florence
Is he?

2 Count. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Count. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe;
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither.

1 Count. Ay, madam, with the earliest wing of
Hawk. [Reads.] Till I have no wage, I have nothing in France.

To him, Count.

Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Hel. 'Tis but the boldness of his heart, and
His heart was not computing.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no

[Exit.

There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only he, and she deserves a lord.
That out his suit too bold boys might tend open,
And call her hourly, mistress. — Who was with
him?
Enter, with Drum and Colours, a party of the
Florentine Army, Bertram, and Paroles.

Mar. The gods foreordain it.

Par. No, so now they come—

That is Antonio, the duke’s oldest son;

That, Esclauin. Which is the Florentian?

Par. That with the plume: ’tis a most gallant fellow;

would he love his wife; if he were handsome;

He was much goodlier —let not a handsome

gentleman?

Mar. I like him well.

Par. To play, he is not honest. You’ll that

some know;

That leads him to these places; were I lady;

him that vile ravish.

Par. Which is he?

Par. That bask-an-apes with scorns: Why is

be melancholy?

Par. Perchance he’s hurt’d at the battle.

Par. Less our drum: well.

Mar. He’s strangely vex’d at something: Look, he

hastened up.

Par. Merry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy for a ring carrier!


Par. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will

bring you

Where you shall host; of entron’d land;

There’s four or five, to great Saint Jacopo bound;

Already at my house.

Par. I humbly thank you.

Par. Please it this matron, and this gentle master;

To eat with me—night, the charge, and thankling,

shall he for me; and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some present on this virgin;

Worthy the note.

Both. We’ll take your offer kindly.

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to’t; let

him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hidalgo,

hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a hidalgo.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct

knowledge, without any jealousy, but to speak of

him, as my kinsmen, he is a most worthy man;

an infinite and endless bar, an hourly pro-

mise-frailer, the ever-resting covering your

lordship’s entertainment.

2 Lord. It was fit you know him lest, re-

coiling too far in his virtues, which he hath not,

he might, at some great and trusty business, in

a main death, fall you.

Ber. I would, I know in what particular action

to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his

drum, which you bear him so confidently under-
take to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will sud-

denly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I

am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will

bold and goodwink him so, that he shall suppose

no other but that he is carried into the house of

the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents;

he let your lordship present at his examination;

if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in

the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray

you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power

against you, and that with the divine forfeit of

his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in

any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter let him fetch

his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for it:

when your lordship sees the bottom of his enve-

lopes in’t, and to what metal this counterfeited

sound
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

We are in a drama where the character of Parolles is portrayed as a complex figure, often seen as a foil to the central characters. Parolles, in this scene, encounters a woman who speaks in a language he cannot understand, leading to a humorous exchange. The scene is set in the bedroom of the Widow, where Bertram is supposed to meet his wife, but is absent, leaving Parolles to deal with her. Parolles, who is known for his boastful nature, is here depicted as being unable to understand the language of the Widow, which leads to a humorous exchange.

1. Sold. Beakos vaestos —
I understand these words; I can speak thy tongue.
Kerelyboynis. — Sir,
Beakesh thee to thy faith, for seventeen poundis
Are in thy bosom.
Par. Oh!
Manch rewenus dauchis.
1 Lord. Occerni duchesis coloutes.
1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, mockish as thou art, wilt lend thee on
To gather from thee; haply, thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show:
Their forces, their guns, their ... and I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1 Sold. But wilt thou truthfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 Sold. Acorda lista.
Come on, thou art granted space.

SCENE II. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fomblibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth is with addition! Ber, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are so modest, but a movement;
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and staid;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet saw was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No,
Ber. My mother did but duty; ah, my lord,
As you over to your wife.
Dia. No more of that!
Ber. By your leave, do not sitfus against my vows:
I was compell'd to her: but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so we serve ye;
Will we serve you: but when you have our rosses,
You barely leave our horses to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by.
But take the highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by love's great attributes,
I loved thee dearly, would you believe my oath?
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love;
That I will work against him: Therefore your oath
Are words, and poor conditions; but unrea'd;
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it, Do put so holy-crust: love is holy;
And my integrity never knew the crafts.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT IV.

Scene I. A Room in the Duke's House. The Duke and his Lord, the Count of Trieste, in a chamber. The Duke is seated at a table, with a letter in his hand. The Count is standing, holding a sword. The Duke is reading a letter, while the Count looks on with a severe expression.


SCENE III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, your deputies henceforward, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as it was when we came hither: but shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this courtier's crotchety maidservant: he has deserved me, like a double-meaning prologue.

3 Lord. Bring him forth: [Exeunt Soldiers.] He has sat in the stocks all night; poor gallows knew.

Ber. No matter; his hands have deserved it, to accept his ears so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a lady, and professions as he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very hour: or, by any of his setting him the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

1 Lord. He will be read to his face: if your lordship be in, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! damned! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush! I will come out of Porto Ternarno.

1 Soldier. He calls for the torturers: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye plant me like a paste, I can say no more.

1 Soldier. Galls chisumero.

2 Lord. Bobolino chisumuro.

1 Soldier. You are a mercenary general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live,

1 Soldier. I do not demand of him how many horses the duke is strong? What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak at the present. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my oath, to speak without credit, and as I hope to live. I shall set down your answer so.

2 Lord. Do; I'll take the sacrament o' th' hour, and everything else you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!—Sir, if you were deceiving, my lord; this is monseigneur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole thoroak of war in the knot of his ear, and the practice in the shape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for having his words clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel nearly.

1 Soldier. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I say,—with the general or thenceabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I am not so thank'd for't, as the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, my.

3 Soldier. Hullo, that's set by, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Lord. Hark! of them, of what strength they are a-foot. What may you say to that?

Par. By my truth, sir, if I went to live this noble life, I will tell you. Let me tell you, became a hundred and fifty, Sebastian as many, Cristiano as many, Iago as many; Felton, Coss, Lothwick, and others, two hundred fifty each: mine own company,

2 Lord. That is a sad business, and you know, in my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand pence; half of which scarce seat slack the snow from off their camphibs, lest they make themselves to pieces.

Ber. What must be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Soldier. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be to the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his favour, honesty, and experience in war; or whether he thinks it unsafe to employ, with well-gaining causes of gold, to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatives: Demand them singly.

1 Soldier. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a brother's predecessor in Paris, from whose he was whipped for getting the sheriff's foot with child: a demi innocent, that could not say him, nay, Dumain does see in his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his branches are forfeit to the next inquiry that fails.

1 Soldier. Well, is this such a captain in the duke's service?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and loyally.

1 Lord. Nay, look not upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Soldier. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and wait to meet this other day, to turn him out of the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Soldier. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good assistance, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my desk.

1 Soldier. Here 'is; here's a paper. Shall I read it in you?

Par. I do not know if it be the, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellent; an excellent interpreter.

1 Soldier. Tin. The count's fool and full of gold.

Par. 'Tis not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Dintis, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rosalband, a foolish little boy, but for all that, very virtuous: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Lord. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning is, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and landiwons boy; who is a whole to virgality, and devours up all the Fry it finds.

Ber. That is both wise and noble.

1 Soldier. When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

Par. After he swears, he never pays the score; Half seen is match well made; match, and well make it.

He takes pays after ditties, take it before; And say, a soldier, Dintis, told thee this: Men are to weld with, boys are not to be led; For count of this, the count's fool, I know it, Who pays before, but not when he does owe it. Those, as he cow'd to them thine eyes.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his fore-head.

2 Lord. This is your, Lord, friends, sir, the magnificent augur, and the unhappy, and unjust.
WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT IV.

Scene I: Florence.

[Enter in the House.]

[Music and staging cues here, indicating the entrance of the characters.

[As the curtain rises, we see...

[The Duke enters, followed by his entourage.

Duke: What shall we do now? We have

[He looks around, then speaks.

Duke: There is no other course but to

[He turns to the audience.

Duke: I must take my leave of you all.

[He exits stage left, leaving the others to reflect.

[ Silence

[The curtain falls as the audience applauds the conclusion of the play.

[End of scene.

[Music and applause conclude the performance.

[The audience disperses, packing up their belongings and leaving the theater.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Alf. well that ends well; still the eyes's crown;
What's the cause, the end is the remove.

SCENE V. Ressilion.
A Room in the Countess's Palace.
Enter Countess, Ladies, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a
stupid-infant follow there; whose villainous sorrow
would have made all the unhked and dourly
sadden in his colour: your daughters's
law had been alive at this hour; and your son
has been made advance by the king; than by
that ret-rolled-babe-ble I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it is the
same; the same; but I am not his maker.

Laf. I am not my son, the knave, you know, they
made a son of me.

Cio. I am no great Neubodeessar, sir, I have
not such skill in grace.

Laf. Why, you don't thon profess thyself; a
knave, or a fool?

Cio. A lord, sir, at a woman's service, and a
knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Cio. I would come the man of his wife, and do
his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Cio. And I would give his wife my bawdy, sir,
to do her service.

Laf. I will subsist for thee; thou art both
knave and fool.

Cio. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cio. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can
serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Cio. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his
phonetics is more hotter in France than here.

Laf. What prince is that?

Cio. The black prince, sir, Elia, the prince of
darkness; after the devil.

Laf. Had the king's grace there? I give thee
not to suggest thee from thy master thou
talkest of; serve him still.

Cio. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
loved a great fire; and the master I speak of,
ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the
prince of the world, let his nobility remain in
his court. I am for the house with the narrow
goes, which I like to be too little for pomp to
center; some, that humble themselves, may; but
the money will be too chill and tender; and they'll
be for the foray more, that leads to the broad
gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I began to be a wary of
thee; and I left none as before, because I would
not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my
 honour be well looked to, without any tricks.

Cio. He has a trick upon 'em, sir; they shall
be jades' teeth; which are their own right by the
law of nature.

Laf. A knave, a knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So be it. My lord, that's gone, made
him out of his; by his authority he
reasons here, which is a think's patient for
his own; and, indeed, he has no pace, but
run where he likes.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss; and I
was about to tell you, since I heard of the good

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two
Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding pestilence, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
but, since you have made the days and nights as
one,
To wear your gentle terms in my affaires,
Be bold, you do as even in my reppital,
As nothing can surmount you. In happy time:—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would speak his power. God save you, sir.

Att. God save you.

Hel. Sir, I have reasen in the court of France.

Att. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do promise, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most steep occasio-

Which lay manneris hie, I put you to
The use of your own Virtues, for which
shall none reason baulk.

Att. What's your will?

Hel. Th'art that will please you.

Att. To give this your petition to the king:
And me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Att. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Att. I see no sign of it.

Hel. He hence removed last night, and now more

There is his hue.

Wit. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. Alas! well that ends well, yet;
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

My forepast pleas, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my tears like rain on a well
Having vainly heard too little.—Away with him.
We'll sift this matter further. If you shall prove
This ring was ever here, you shall as easy
Prove that I was not—but here I am.
Where get you such a woman.
{Exit Bertram guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinking.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not.

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To understand himself. I understand it.
Vagabond'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is have attaining: her business locks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. {Reads} Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he went me. Now is the Count Rastillon a widow; his sons are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He state from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it to me, O king; in you it had lain; otherwise a seducer flames, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and tell for him: for this! If some of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafan, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

Laf. Enter Gentlemen, and some Attendants.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was mostly snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doors!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and Diana.

Din. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulets:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy
King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Din. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Din. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and there those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow and so emboldened yours,
That she, which marries me, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation {To Bertram} comes
Too short for my daughter; you are no husband
for her.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT V.

Our duty is to do the best we can, and to do so without prejudice.

What's done is done, and cannot be undone, so we must accept it.

For if a man can do what he wants, he can always go on to do more.

When a man has done what he wants, it's best to let him be.

Although it's not easy, we must try to understand why people do what they do.

It's important to remember that every person has their own reasons for acting in certain ways.

In conclusion, we must always try to see things from the other person's perspective.

For instance, if someone is feeling angry, it might be because they are not getting what they want.

Thus, it's important to listen and try to understand their feelings.

In the end, the most important thing is to do what we can, without prejudice.
TAMING OF THE SREWH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

     STorphersly a drunker, Page, Player, Huntsman, other Servants attending on
     or.
     BONDELO, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
     GRUMIO, Servants to Petruchio.
     CURTIS, Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vin-
     cenzio.
     KATHARINA, the Shrew; Daughters to Baptists and
     HORTENSIO, Sister to Bianca.
     TRAVIO, Servants to Luciedio.
     BIANCA, her Sister.
     BIANCA, her Sister.
     EO, Sister to Bianca.

INDUCTION.


I'll shew thee, in faith,
A pair of stocks, ye rogue!

And couple Clowers with the deep-mouth'd
brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest frost?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds.

1 Hunt. Why, Bawm is as good as he, my
lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scot:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as feet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all;

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here! one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breath?

2 Hunt. He breathes, my lord: Were he not

warm'd with ale.

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a winde
he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loudborne is thine
image!

Sire, I will proceed in this drunkon man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Taming of the Shrew.

Lord. I warrant you, you'll play the part.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Verona. Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Servants.

Lucentio. Take him up, sir, and let him have his part.

Servant. I'll see it done, sir.

Lucentio. Good Physic. Now, sir, you are welcome.

Physic. Why, sir? I am glad to see you, sir.

Lucentio. Why, sir? I am glad to see you, sir.

Physic. Yes, sir. I am glad to see you, sir.

Lucentio. Yes, sir. I am glad to see you, sir.

Physic. Yes, sir. I am glad to see you, sir.

Lucentio. Yes, sir. I am glad to see you, sir.

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TAKING OF THE SHREW.

Sly, Ay, the woman's mail of the house.
I Sir. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have raised up—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Haps of Greese,
And Peter Toff, and Henry Pincorneel;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Nay, Lord, be thanked for my good amusement.
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.
Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Life, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
My Lord, Sir, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam, they say that I have dream'd and slept.
Above some fifteen years and more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unte me;
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me extream of you.
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if it so be, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peace to loose your former amity.
That I should yet absent me from your bed?
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it surpris'd me so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of theucht and the blood.
Enter a Servant.
Sly. Your honor's players, hearing your amensation.
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your body.
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you bear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bases a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a comédy a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?
Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasant stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll sit up; Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world me be no younger.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua: A Public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lu. Tranio, sir; for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
TAKING OF THE GIRL.

Act 2.

scene iv. forrest. Lammerlaw.

The peasant gardener, a great limb.

And in a former love and love. and so on.

is my poor wild, and not his good workmanship.

When it is done, and see the workmen.

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SCENE II.

Gru. I am agreed; and would I had given the best horse in Padua to begin his working, but I would otherwise were well, had I been there, and to have seen him.

Enter Gramio and Hortalio.

Gru. [Advancing.] I pray you, sir, tell me—Is it possible?

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; that such a thing had been, and was, and was looking on, I found the effect of love in silence.

And since the pleasures to confess is there—

That art to meet, and meet so sure,

As known to the queen of Cunhina was,

Tranio, I love; I say, I love, Tranio,

If I should lose her, and live for her, or die for her, I know her then.

Tranio. Master, if you will not show me your love,

All the rest is out of the house:

If you have caused her, you must remain to her.

Her fortunes, if not grace, must be ungrace.

Luc. Tranio, had I, or knew I, or thought I

The conclusion, I go forward; this content;

The matter, for my charge, to thy counsel’s sound.

Tranio. Master, you look so strangely on the maid,

Perhaps you think not what so much of art,

Withal beauty to be told, and the grace,

And with such breath she did perfume the air;

That breath was all I have in love for her.

Tranio. Nay, then, the time to sit him to her.

When we have known her, we’ll call the Cretan around.

Luc. Now you are more, mark’d you not, her eyes.

Tranio. Began in such? and was not such a storm,

That several men hurriedly defend the fair?

And with such breath, so she did perfume the air; and
to be loved was all I have in love for her.

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TAKING OF THE SHREW.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.

Scene 2.

Scene 3.

Scene 4.

Scene 5.

Scene 6.

Scene 7.

Scene 8.

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Scene 175.

Scene 176.

Scene 177.

Scene 178.

Scene 179.

Scene 180.

Scene 181.

Scene 182.

Scene 183.

Scene 184.

Scene 185.

Scene 186.
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Grt. Of this morning; what a thing it is!

Grt. O this woodcock! what an use is it!

Try. Peace, woman.

Her. Grumio, man!—God save you, signior Grumio!

Grt. And you well met, signior Hortensio.

Try. wor.

Whither am I going?—To Baptista Minola. I promise to inquire carefully.

Abt. about a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning and behaviour,

Fits for her kind; well read in poetry

And other books,—good man, I warrant you.

Her. The well: and I have not a gentleman, that promised me to help me to another,

A base occasion to take in our mistress:

So shall I no while be behind in duty

Fair Grumio, below, in his stead that my deeds shall prove.

Grt. And his legs shall prove! [Aside.

Her. Grumio, this year so time to wait our love.

Love, sir, and, if you speak me fair,

Fill all you more insufficient good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to vanquish Katherine;

Yea, and in marry her, if her dower please.

Grt. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you taken note of her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an avian brooding swallol;

If that in all, unaces, I know no harm.

Grt. No, sir, we are so, friend! What composure?

Pet. See, sir, in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father, in his lively life for me;

And I hope good days and long, to see.

Grt. Sir, and, if such a life, with such a wife,

Such strange;

But, if you have a wormish, it's God's name;

You shall have our amusing you in all.

And will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Grt. Will he be so kind to me by this?

[Aside.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

To meet some person to whom this can about some ears?

Have I not in my time heard some roar?

Have I not heard the sea, pulled up with winds,

Swift, as an angry horse, chaf'd with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordinances in the field,

And herculean artillery thrown to the skies?

Have I not in an unmatched heart

Leads重要因素, weighing steeds, and trumpets'

And sir you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear

Than the head of a teasle.

[Aside.

Try. I will; I fear none.

Pet. There comes no harm.

[Aside.

Grt. Hortensio, back!—

A gentleman is happily arriv'd;

He is an honest man, and ours

I promise we would be contrivances,

And bear his charge of weapon, whatsoever.

Grt. I would it were so, and it was true.

Pet. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Her. Enough, enough; Grumio, instantly appear'd; and Biondello.

Try. Gentlemen, God save you! If it may be held

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Grt. He that has the two fair daughters:—

[Aside to Biondello.

Try. Two, sir. Biondello.

Grt. Back you, sir; You mean not her to—

Try. Perhaps him and her, sir: What love you to do?

Pet. Not her that chideth, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Try. I love no chidings, sir;—Biondello, let's go.


Her. Sir, a word ere you go:—

Are you a sufferer in the midst you talk of, you or no?

Try. Am I, Sir, is it any offence?

Grt. No; it without more words, you will get you hence.

Try. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Grt. But as it is not she.

Try. For what reason, I humbly ask you.

Grt. For this reason you shall know—

That she is the choice force of Signior Grumio.

Her. That she is the chosen of Signor Hortensio.

Try. Sotily, my masters! if you be gentleman,

De me this right,—hear me with patience—

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter bolder than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fare Leslie's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then is one more may she have:

And so she shall; Luciento shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Try. Will this, this gentleman take you at all?

Luc. Sir, give him heed! I know he'll prove a wife.

Pet. Hortensio, to whom end are all these words?

Her. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptist's daughter?

Try. No, sir, nor hear of her; I do that he hath two;

The one as famous for a swelling tongue,

As is the other for heinous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Grt. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Acheus did.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, uncle—

The youngest daughter, whom you demand for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors.

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister freem be wed.

The younger then is free, and not before.

Try. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stand up and go through among the rest;

As if you break the ice, and do this feat—

Achieve the sister, set the younger free.

For our access,—whose hap shall it to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Her. Sir, you any well, and well you do concede;

And since you do profess to be a scholar,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Try. Sir, I shall not slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may converse this afternoon,

And quaff cares to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in war.

Sire satisfy, but still let us be friends.


Try. The scholar's good indeed, and he is to go.

Petrucho, I shall be your servitor. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enters Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, not wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of us;
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT II.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
When are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gra. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let me, at least, poor pedagogue, speak twice:
Becase you are so marbleous fast.

Petr. 0 pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would

Gra. I doubt it not, sir; but you will cure your wooing—

Neighbour, this is a god very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, I have been more kindly beholden to you than ever I have been to this young scholar [presenting Lancelot] that hath been so long suffering and science: as cunning in Greek, Latin and other languages, and in oratorics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio—But, gentle sir, [to Cambio] Now, good sir, I must take leave of you.

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is in her treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, see her love to her, lead her in hell,
Till not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus gauche as this?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucietta in the habit of a

Kath. He comes, good sir! Hear, have you not a

Petr. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Bap. Do you, good sir? Pray, have you not a

Grem. I do so think, go yest orderily.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, being of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Whose vindicating quality, and mild behaviour,
And thus to show myself a forward guest,
Within your house, to make my eyes the

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

Cunning in music, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Bap. Your name is Lucio, born in Mantua.

Petr. Your wit, sir, and your good will,
For my daughter Katharine—this man,

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.
TAMING OF THE SHREW. 223

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you, bid him, 1
Remove you hence; I knew you first, 2
You were a moveable. 3
Pet. Why, what's a moveable? 4
Kath. A joint-smell. 5
Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me. 6
Kath. Arms are made to bear, and so are you. 7
Pet. Women are made to fear, and so are you. 8
Kath. No such fate, sir, as you, if me you mean. 9
Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee: 10
For knowing thee to be but young and light,— 11
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch; 12
And yet as heavy as my weight should be. 13
Pet. Should be, I should be. 14
Kath. Well is't, and like a buzzard. 15
Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee? 16
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard. 17
Pet. Come, come, you wisp; I thaw, you are too angry. 18
Kath. If I be wisp'd, best beware my sting. 19
Pet. My remedy then is, to pluck it out. 20
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies. 21
Pet. Who knows not where a wisp doth wear his sting? 22
In his tail. 23
Kath. In his tongue. 24
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare well. 26
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail I say, come again. 27
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. 28
Kath. That I'll try. 29
I'll show him. 30
Pet. I swear I'll catch you, if you stick again. 31
Kath. So may you lose your arms; 32
And if you strike me, you are no gentleman; 33
And no gentleman, why, then no arms. 34
Pet. A herald, Kate! O, put me in thy books. 35
Kath. What is your book? 36
Pet. A comb'd cock, so Kate will be my hen. 37
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven. 38
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not lack no more. 39
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab. 40
Pet. Why here's no crab; and therefore look not sour. 41
Kath. There is, there is. 42
Pet. Then show it me. 43
Kath. Had I a glass, I would. 44
Pet. What, you mean my face? 45
Kath. Well am I of such a young one. 46
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you. 47
Kath. Yet you are wind'd. 48
Pet. To with arms, 49
I care not. 50
Kath. Nay, hear you, Kate; in such you scarce do not. 51
Pet. I chase you, if I tarry; let me go. 52
Kath. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle. 53
Pet. I told you, we were rough, and so out spoken. 54
And now I find report a very liar. 55
For thou art passion, game, passing courteous; 56
But slow in speech, yet sweet as singing-time flowers. 57
Thus cannot be fraught, thou cannot not look amiss. 58
Nor into the lip, as witty women will; 59
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cried in talk; 60
But thou with music entertainment mayst wave, 61
With gentle courtesies, soft and affable. 62
Why does the world report that Kate with lump 63
O amorous world! Kate, like the bald-wig'd, 64
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
TAKING ON THE SHREW

Act II

Scene 1

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I will invite Venice,
To pay you against the wedding day.
Posnel the feast there, and set the guests.
I will our, my Katharine shall he have,
Sure a, but that say: but give me
your hand.

Scene 2

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; we will be witness
Father, and wife, and friends, alas;
To have a husband, and to have a
wife, and have much, much, and fine array;
But not, Kate, we will be married as
Katharine, at first, and Katharine, generally.
Kate: What, Kate! I am not happy in suddenly
Katharine, in happiness, how I play a
Katharine's part.

Scene 3

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; what am I not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 4

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 5

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 6

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 7

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 8

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.

Scene 9

[Characters: Kate, Katharine, and others]

Kate: Good day, Kate; I am not happy in
Kate, you play a part, and Kate, you play
Katharine's part. But I am not happy in sudden
Kate, I am not happy in sudden.
Scene II.

Gos. And may not young men die, as well as old men?—

Fay. Well, gentlemen. I am that sorrowful—On Sunday next, you know—My daughter Katharine is to be married.

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Blanch and I be brave to you, if you make this assurance?

If not, we beg of you—

And let, my love, and thank you both.

[Exit.

Gos. Ah! good neighbour—Now I fear you do not;

Sarah, young daughter, your father were a fool
To grieve thee, and, in his wearing age,
Yet were thou three times, Ten! a toy!
And old imaginings in thy nursery wither'd—

Yet I have heard a word of thee,

To speak of mine, and, in my memory good!
I am not mean, but appear'd to Laccario
Must get a tailor, and, in—supposed Visconti;
And, as I am able, I would lay it all down
Do get their children born. But, in this case of won-

A child shall get one, if I fail not of my com-

[Exit.

Act III.

Scene I. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Baptista, Louccario, and Bianca.

Lou. Pardiclear! for he that is lost in the entertainment—

Bapt. Sister Katharine where’s my daughter?

Lou. Here. Erang, saying jesting, this is of mine own idle fancy—

To see my love have such an hour—

Bapt. First, in jesting, that never read so far
To know the purpose why my daughter is so long?

Lou. Come, my lady, let me come to the middle of mine;

Bapt. Of peace, or of the several pain?

Lou. This, and my master, being here, we are free to read, the philosophy of the wise, while I groan, serve in your harmony.

Bapt. Indeed, I will not bear these leaves of mine.

Lou. Why, gentleman, you do me double wrong,

To answer for that, which resteth in my choice.

You can keep the calendar in the school; I can not be so honest, nor so patient; But learn, my master, if I please myself, he can keep all his words, howat we down—

Lou. Take you your instrument, play you the while—

Bapt. Because it is not done as you have told.

Lou. You'll have his heroic when I am in time?

To Bianca.—Hortensio replies.

Lou. Yet, let it be,—listen to your instru-

Scene II. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Baptista, Louccario, Bianca, Katharine, Laccario, and Servants.

Bapt. Ah! good neighbour,—such I tell you, and the other.

Lou. And such, as I told you before, Simial.

Lou. And Katharine, and that I am sure of Vincenzo of Verona, and that Katharine that

Lou. And, in your absence, in my man Troiano—

Bapt. Ah! good, my instrument’s in tune.

[Returning.

Bian. That’s right.

[Exit (Hortensio plays.)

O God! love!—

[Exit in the midst, and time again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conserve it—

Lou. What Simial, I know you not,—of the

Scene I.

Gos.シージァ・テルマスに、君は心を許すか？—彼の愛の秘密を、私に開示せよ—秘密について、君は彼女に対し、秘密を守ることを約束するか？

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lou. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Fiasces

Was Ajax,—call 'er so from his grandfather.

Bian. I think I believe my master; also, I propose you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

Lou. It is not yet. I, in love, to you—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Lou. You may go to Laccario and give me leave awhile;

Lou. My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lou. To learn the order of my fingering,

Lou. To teach you a gown in a hundred parts,

Lou. More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Lou. From hence forth, I mean to teach you trade;

That is the writing, truly drawn.

Lou. I, in love, to thee, or I die.

Lou. Nay, what a fool am I? I like it not:

Old fashions please me best: I am not so nice,

To change the rules for old inventions.

Lou. Mistresses, your father prays you leave your books, and help to dress your sister’s chamber up—

Lou. To-morrow is the wedding-day.

Fiasces, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

Lou. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Lou. But I have cause to prey into this pedant;

Lou. Methinks, he looks as though he were in love—

Lou. But I have cause to pray into this pedant.

Lou. In that night, I must then, for you,

Hortensio will be quit with thee, by changing.

Lou. He will be quit with thee, by changing.

Lou. He will be quit with thee, by changing.

Bian. Before Baptista’s House.
Taming of the Shrew.

ACT III.

Scene I.  Petruchio is coming in, a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candlecases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword taken out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt and chapelets; with two broken points; His horse hobbled with an old moony saddle, the stirrup of no kindred: besides, possession with the glander, and like to move in the chaise; troubled with the lumps, infected with the fashions, full of wind-gales, spiced with vanity, rai...
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the forest, travel wide:
Carry some full measure to her mistress's
Bread and wassail—go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, my merry sport,
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret:
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her, slay her, live:
I'll bring my action on the precedent
That stops my way in Padua. —

Grace for the day, we're to hunt with thieves,
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man—
Pease port, sweet wench, this shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a villain.

Re-enter Petr. Kath. and Grum.

Rept. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones:
Grum. Went they not quickly, I should die of laughing.

You, of all mad matches, never was the like!
Lad. Matron, what's your opinion of your sister?

(ENTERS Petr. Kath. and Grum, neighbours and friends, though bride and ingrate

For to supply the places of the table.
You know there wants no baskets at the feast—
Lucanio, you shall supply the ingrate's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
You shall come, Bianca, pray, how to bring it?

Rept. She shall, Lucanio. —Come, gentlemen, let's go.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Hie, fly on all tired judges! on all mad masters! and all fool wenches! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so exalted? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little past, had not my very lips been frozen to my teeth, my tongue to the root of my mouth; my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! how's Curio?

Enter Curio.

Cur. Who's that, calls so wildly?
Grum. A piece of how; if thou dost not, then mayst thou dive from my shoulder to my heel, with my greatest run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curio.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grum. O, ay, Curio, ay; and therefore live, live; cast on no water.

Cur. It is she so hot a serve as she's reported? Grum. She was, good Curio, before this frost; but then knew'st, winter makes man, woman, and beast: it is bath turned my soul master, and my new mistress, and myself, before Curio.

Cur. Away, you troublesome fool! I am no husband.

Grum. Are I but three bachelors? why, thy horse is a foot; and at long last, at the least. But will then make a fire, we shall I complain on thee in our mistress, whose hand (the being new at hand)
Yet never means to wed where he hath seem'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—Lo', there's stand a man's wife.
If it would please him come and marry her.
Tara. Balmain, good Katharine, and Bapstia.

Upon my life, Petuchio means well but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunted, I know his passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.
Kark. 'Would, Katharine, had never seen him
though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others.
Bap. Go, girl! I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a skew of thy impious humour.

Enter Bianella.

Bian. Master, masters, masters, news, old news, and such as you never heard of!
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bian. Why? is it not news to hear of Petrucho's coming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bian. What then?
Bian. He is coming.
Bap. When will he he here?
Bian. When he stands where I am, and sees
Then he will come.

Tara. This day, what—to thine old news.
Bian. Why, Petuchio is coming, in a new hat and coat, his old jack he, a pair of old breeches, thrust
a pair of boots that have been candlecases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty
sword taken out of the town armour, with a broken hilt and chipless; with two broken
points: His horse hopped with an old rusty saddle, the stirrup of no kindred: besides, pos-
essed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lumps, infected with
the fashion, full of wendi-dilla, sped with spavins, rated with the yellowed, past care of the five-
fold spotless with the stinkin's, begaun with the bota, swayed in the back, and shoulder-
shotten; never legged before; and with a half-
checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather;
which, being restrained to keep him from stumble-
bah! been often burst, and now repaired
with knots: one girl six times pieced, and a wo-
man three; which has that two letters for her name, fairly at set down in stud, and here
and there pieced with patchwork.
Bap. Who comes with him?

Bian. Sir, sir, his lackey, for all the world cap-
strom-ly like a horse; with a lison stuck on one leg, and a kersey boot-bose on the other,
gardened with a red and blue bost: an old hat
and The humour of forty fancies pricked in't
for a feather; a monster, a very monster in ap-
parel, and not like a christian footboy, or a
gentleman's lackey.

Tara. To some old humour pricks him to this fashion—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd!
Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he
comes.
Bian. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?
Bap. Ay, that Petuchio came.
Bian. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.
Bian. Why, that's all one.
Bian. Nay, by Saint Jumy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and man is more than one, and yet
not many.

Enter Petuchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you hail me.

Tara. Not so well apparel'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride—
How does my father—Gertrude, methinks you
frown;
And whereas geese this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wed-
day day;
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unpromised.
Pet. Dost this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our serious looks?

Tara. And tell us, what occasion of import
Half all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tell'st it were to tell, and hush to hear:
Suff'rant, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to disregard;
Which, at mere leisure, I will so excuse
As you and I will be satisfied with.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tara. See not your bride these uncertain
robes;
Go to thy chamber, put thy clothes on.

Pet. Nor I, I believe none; thou'lt visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Yes, I am worth, even thine; therefore hast
done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she shall wear in me,
As I can change these poor accouterments.

Tara. I love for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a soul am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

Bap. He hath some meaning in his maid still:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better e'er he go to church.
Bap. I'll alter him, and see the event of this.

Tara. But, sir, to her love concerneth we all,
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before impartial to your worship,
I am to get the man: whate'er be he,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Tuson,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised,
So shall you quickly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Loc. Were it not that my fellow scholar
Doth watch Bianco's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good methods, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tara. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business;
We'll overreach the gray-beard Gremio,
The narrow-lying father Minola;
The quixot musician, amorous Lucio;
All for my master's sake. Longaevi._

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! come you from the church?

Grem. As willingly as ever I came from school.

Tara. And she and bride and bridegroom came home?

Grem. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a green, br-
dered
A grumbling groom, and that doll shall fall.

Grem. Yes, he's a devil, a very devil.
Tara. Why, she's a devil, the devil's

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 229

Obey the bride, you that attend on her,
Go to the feast, revel and drunkenness.
Then Barnaby be fain to speak;
Katherine should be his mate,
Remember, maugre she; and so our seats be set.
Utmost the bridegroom took him such a if,
At last, prime and book, and book and
Then up, maugre he, if may be.
Fast, said the wench, where he across
And, said she; and drunk; for why, he stamp’d
in, 
Said me must be him.
In every man’s time, the
For once; — I meant, maugre he; so if
Katherine should be his mate; so of the
And he, he; and then all in the nation’s face;
Her heart grew thin and humbly,
In that I say, as he was drinking
Katherine should be his mate; so that the
If I know you, the maugre he; and
I, I; and, I; and the
[Music.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio’s Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fre, say on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all fool wags! Was ever man so beaten? I was ever man as raging I was ever man so weary? I am sure before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Were not I a little too hot, my lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me,—but I, with biding the face shall warm myself, for considering the weather, and drier than that I will take cold. Holla! ho! ho! Curtis! Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, said so oddly?
Grum. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it, thou may’st slide from thy mouth, tiller to my heel, with no greater run but my head and my neck. A few, good Curtis.
Curt. I, in my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
Grum. O, say, Curtis, say, and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.
Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported? Grum. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but now, know’d, winter tamest man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my sat master, and my wife mistress, and myself, follow Curtis. Curt. Away, you three-packed fool! I am no beast.
Grum. Am I not three beasts? why, thy horn is a horn; and so long am I, at the least. But will thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our wives, whose hand (the being new at hand)
TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

Nath. Follow Grumio.

Nath. How now, old lad? 

Grum. Welcome, you, — how now, you! ... you, — and thus much for your service: compendious, in all ready, as in a gentleman.

Nath. Alas! bring a ready! How near to my heart.

Grum. I'll see that hand, aligned by thine; and therefore be sure — Cesc's passion, indeed — I hear thy master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharine.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, as man and wife.

To hold my stamp, nor to take my hour.

Where is Nathaniel, Grumio? Philip — All here. Here, see here, my lord, my lady — Kath. Please you, madam, and teach my master manners.

Pet. Where is the fellow I saw before?

Grum. Here, see, as well as I was before.

Pet. You mean not, madam, you whom I saw in a drapery.

Did not I? I did meet thee in the park.

Pet. And didst thou see these racall's knaves with thee?

Grum. No, madam's, sir, was not fully made.

And Grumio's pumps were unarranged the other.

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's bangle was not come about.

And there were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Jack.

The rest were ragged, old, and haggardly.

Yet, sixty or more, are they come to meet you.

[Exeunt some of the Servants.

Where is the rest? — I'll find them.

[Exit.}

[Enter Serjeants, with supper.

Pet. Why, how say I? Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.

Of with my beaks, you rogue, you villain! — Where is she? — [Exit Serjeant.

Pet. I saw the color of orders gray.

As he forth walked on his way —

Out, y' man! you, and pluck my foot away:

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

[Exit Grumio.


Pet. And say my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

[Exit Serjeant. One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with — Where are my supper? — Shall I have some water? — [A cup is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash, and weep one heartily.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What is this? — Mutton? —

[Exit. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

[Exeunt. — Pet. To dinner; and so is all the meat.

What dances the deuce! — Where is the rash cock? — How thrust you, villain, bring it from the drawer,
And serve it thus to thee that love it not?
There, take it to you, bounders, cup, and all.

Through the many, we, about the stage,
You hearseful jesters, and amuseme'th slaves.

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Knoll, I pray you, husband; be not so diap'lar.

The more you are, if your were so contented.
Put, I tell thee, Kate, 'tis warm and dry:

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it signifies charity, placates anger:

And better 'tis that head of us all fast.

Hence, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,

Then feed it with such crossed flesh,

Beg pardon; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company.

Come, I will leave thee to thy busy chamber.


Push. He kills her in her own humour.

Roderic Curt. Owe. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber.

Roderic. Think'st thou of anything in the house?

And rain, and rain, and rain; and that she, poor

Known not which way is best, to look, or speak;

And sate as time ne'er vies from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming in.

Lenent Roderic.

Roderic. That brave man secretly began his reign,

And 'tis my hope it shall succeed successfully.

My future scene is empty, and passing empty;

And now I sing the psalms, with the bolder,

The way the conqueror, another way the shots;

Aye, and until this hour, I meant;

That all is done in successive vane of her,

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;

And, if she chance to need, I'll ruff and brew,

Thus a woman is hit with blindness;

And thus I'll teach her my and maudlin

He that knows how to form a shrew,

Now do him speak; 'tis charity to speak.

Enter Tranio and Hecatia.

Tria. We, that's possible, friend Licio, that Bianca

Dost many any other but Lucentio?

Yet I'll tell you, she is fair in her hand.

And, to satisfy you in what I have said,

And mark the manner of his teaching;

They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Licio. Now, mistress, prove it in what you said.

Bian. What, master, read you thy first resolve?

Licio. I read shall I use the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

Licio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of your art.

Bian. What do you say, sir? You're master of your art?

Licio. What do you say, sir? I'll use, master of your art?

Bian. What, master, read you thy first resolve?

Licio. I read shall I use the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

Licio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of your art.

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Licio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of your art.

Bian. What, master, read you thy first resolve?

Licio. I read shall I use the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

Licio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of your art.

Bian. What, master, read you thy first resolve?
TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

'Till like an apple-skin,
O, see, be, see.
Pet. Haste, haste, say thou.
Hor. Go take it hence; be gone; and say no more.
Pet. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.
Hor. Take no unkindness of his lazy words;
Away, lazy; command me to thy master.
Pet. Well, come, say Kate; we will unto your father's.

[Enter Giant, quartering the yard, quartering the yard, quartering the yard.]

[Enter cricket thou—
With a skin of thread
And quantity, thou remnant;—
The gow of thy yard,
Thou shalt have whilst thou livest!—
That last might her gown
Rising in despair; the gown is

Heard last direction;
Rule how it should be done.
I know, I gave him the stuff.
Could it there it should be made?
Air, with method and grace.
You not request to have it cut?
I said many things.

of me; then hast braved many
me; I will neither be faced nor

Haste, haste, say thou.
Pet. Haste, haste, say thou.
Hor. Go take it hence; be gone; and say no more.
Pet. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.
Hor. Take no unkindness of his lazy words;
Away, lazy; command me to thy master.
Pet. Well, come, say Kate; we will unto your father's.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like
Vincenzo.

Tran. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that
I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tran. Well.
Ped. And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'twas smooth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your
boy;
'Twere good, he was school'd.
Tran. Fear you not him. Shrew, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincenzo.
Bion. Tis that I fear not me.
Tran. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Ve-

Sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met—
Sir, (to the Pedant.)
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,-
Give me Biondello for my patronymy.
Ped. Be, son—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weathy cause;
Of love between your daughter and himself:

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TAMING OF THE SHEW.}

But then up further, and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life. Try. What countryman, I pray? Ped. Of Mantua. Try. Of Mantua, sir?—merry, God forbid! And come to Pads, careless of your life? Ped. My life! ha! I pray, for that good cause. Try. To death for any one in Mantua To come to Pads! Know you not the cause? For private quarrel? twixt this duke and him! Had publish'd and proclaimed it openly: 'Tis marvell; but that you're but newly come, You might have heard it the proclaim'd. Ped. Also, sir, it is worse for me than so; For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence, and must here deliver them. Try. He's a merry countryman, I do say, To do you so much service. This will I do, and this will I advise you; For, tell me, sir, and get never money at Poa? Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been; Pisa, renowned for grave citizens. Try. Have you been to Sir Vincentio? Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him; A merchant of incomparable wealth. Try. What is your father, sir; and how to say, In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. "Him, as much as an apple doth an oyster, and all. He. Try. To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do for you, I say, And think that it be the worst of all your fortunes, That you are like to Sir Vincentio. His name and credit shall you understand, And in my house you shall be friendly lodged; Look, that you take upon you as you should; You understand me, sir; so shall you stay Till you have done your business in the city; If this he courtesy, sir, accept of it. Ped. O, sir, I do; and will request you ever The patron of my life and liberty. Try. Then go with me, to make the matter good. This by the way; I let you understand — My father is here look'd for every day, To pass assurance of a deliver in marriage. Try. Trust me and one Baptista's daughter here: In all these circumstances I'll instruct you: Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. A room in Petruchio's House.

Kath. No, no; forsworn; I dare not, for my life. Katho. The more I pray, the more it seems absent. What, did he marry me to famish me? Bob. Breaks, that come unto my father's door, Upon entrance, have a present alms; I 'scuse, elsewhere they meet with charity: But I,—which knew how to entreat— Am star'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep; With oaths keep waiting, and with brawling fed: And that which quells more than all these wants, He doth it under name of perfect love; As who should say,—if you should sleep, or eat, "There's deadly sickness, or else present death."—I tell you, sir, I wish my case were mine. I care not what, so it be wholesome food. Katho. What say you to a meat's foot? Kath. It is my father's and Gremio, fetch it me. Katho. I cannot tell; I fear, he's choleric. What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard? Katho. A piece of beef I do love to feed upon; I like the cap and it I will have, or I will have none. Katho. Thy grace? Why, say, — Come, tailor, we meet. Katho. O mercy, God! what making stuff is hers? What's this? a above? 'tis like a demi-savour.
SCENE IV. Taming of the Shrew.

What! up and down, cared'ld like an apstater
Hasten, rap, rap, and cut out, and all this, and stand!

Like as a valet in a tailor's shop—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'd this thou this?

Her. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Fay. Robe you, to make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pat. Marry, and did; but if you remember'd,
I did not bid you make it in the bond.

Her. I heartily would have you know, sir,
Go, lay upon every feather home,
For you shall pay without my custom, sir;
I'll mind none of it, hence, make your best of it.

Kay. I never saw a better furnished gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commended.

Brook. You mean to make a puppet of me.

Pat. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of me.

Kay. Nay, says your worship means to make a puppet of me?

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

Brook. You see this, your worship means to make a puppet of me?

Kay. This: let me make you smell of it.

Brook. You, in your passion, nothing.

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

Her. Nay, it's your passion.

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

Her. Nay, it's your passion.

Kay. Nay, it's your passion.

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

Her. Nay, it's your passion.

Kay. Nay, it's your passion.

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

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Her. Nay, it's your passion.

Kay. Nay, it's your passion.

Pat. This: let me make you smell of it.

Her. Nay, it's your passion.

Kay. Nay, it's your passion.

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TAMINO OF

And—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beard to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long
I'm in a good father's case,
To have him match'd and; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some second
Ma shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curior I cannot be with her.
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Say, sir, pardon me in what I have to say—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucieno here.
Both love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
Then say I like it you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

I thank you, sir. Where then do you know,
We be affined, and such assurance taken,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Not in my house, Lucieno; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, Orme is heartening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Then at my lodging, as it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and, there this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, as so tender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pitance.

If it like me well,—Camilo, he's your home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucieno's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucieno's wife.

I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one means is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Flo.

I follow you.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Luc. Welcome! one means is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Flo.

Bap. I follow you.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biancella?

Bian. I saw your master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biancella, what of that?

Bian. Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bian. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bian. His daughter is to be brought by you to the prince.

Luc. And then—

Bian. The old priest at St Luke's church is at your service at all needed.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bian. I cannot tell; except you are breed about a counterfeited assurance of her, even privilegium ad impririmentum solvam: to the church,—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses;

If this be not what you look for, I have no more to say.

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biancella?

Bian. I cannot carry; I knew a wrench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden her windy day, and a rabbit; and so many airs; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the

THE SHREW.

SCENE V. A publick road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, of God's name; once more toward our father's: Good God, how bright and godtly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed

Sun;—But sun it is not, when you may it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it made, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharina.

Pet. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Kath. Well, forward, forward: thus the howl should run,
And not unluckily against the bina—

Pet. But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

Vin. Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away—

To Vincentio.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly so.
Hast thou beheld a fairer gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks
That stars do mingle heaven with such beauty.

Pet. I can show her so.

Kath. Vincentio, old father, my consterned eye,
That have been so besmudged with the sun,
That every thing I look on turns green.

Pet. I perceive, thou art a reverend father.

Vin. I pray thee, for my mad madam.

Pet. Do, good old grandam; and, whilst

Petruchio, thy company.

Kath. As such, and—on, thy merry company.

What way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Petruchio, thy air,—and, thou, my merry company.

That with thy strange encounter much might

Soc. Therefore be it not omitted.

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biancella?

Bian. I cannot carry; I knew a wrench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden her windy day, and a rabbit; and so many airs; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the

THE SHREW.
SCENE I. TAMING OF THE SHREW.


Enter two young noblemen, Lucellio, and Bianio; Orsino sitting on the other side.

Bian. What! and royalty, sir! for the priest is

Luc. I say, Bianio; but they may chance to send them at home, therefore leave us.

Bian. No, sir; I'll see the church c'nyour back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can. [Exeunt Lucellio and Bianio.

Enter Perdita, Katharine, Vincentio, and attendants.

Perd. He, here's the door, this is Lucentio's

Vin. My father's house more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Perd. My son shall soon choose his suit before

Vin. You shall, I shall command your welcome here, your will, for I'm sure, some care is toward.

Perd. They've keep'd warm, you were warm enough.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. I sign Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken with.

Perd. What if a man bring him a hundred dozens of eggs to make merry withal?

Vin. Keep your husbandry pangs to yourself; I shall mind none, as long as I live.

Perd. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd,

Vin. As you hear, sir, to leave frivolous

Ped. And to that end, I pray tell sir,

Vin. That his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Perd. What, sir?

Vin. Why, how now, gentlemen! [To Vin.康内利]

Ped. Why, you - have not seen his name.

Vin. O, we are spoiled, and - Yonder he is -
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT V.

Pet. Petrus affords nothing but what is kind. Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow. Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.


Kath. Mistress, how mean you that? Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me?—How then Hortensio that? Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures your husband’s sorrow by his voice:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Nay, my sight, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate! Hor. To her, widow! Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That’s my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer!—Has’t to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted fellows? O Ger. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bap. I, Head, and butt! A haughty witted body Would say, your head and butt were head and horns.

Vis. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awoke you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I’ll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,

Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my nest,

And to the person as you draw your bow—

You are welcome all.

[Exit Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. I had prevented me.—Here, Filiorio! Tranio, this bird you aim’d at, though you hit her set;

Thence, a health to all that shot and missed.

Trani. O, sir, Luciento slip’d me like his gun

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift swine, but something curish.

Trani. ‘Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

’Tis thought, your deer does hold you out a leg.

Bap. If he, Petruchio, Tranio, that you now Luc. I thank thee for that, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not yet

Pet. ‘A has a little gall’d me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

To come at first when he doth send for her.

Shall win the wager which we will profess.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?
A woman's crown.

Twenty crowns

are enough for my want, or bound,
my mean so much upon my wife.

abound.

Content.

A match, 'tis done.

This shall begin?

That will I. Go, let your apprentice come to me.

Put, I will be your half, Diana.

Be not so bold; I fear it all myself.

WINTER’S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his Son.
CAMILLUS, one of his Senators.
ANTOCHONUS, Sicilian Lords.
CLEOMENES, Dion.
Another Sicilian Lord.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

An Actor, representing the young Prince Mamilius.
Officers of a court of Judicature.
PONTIENNES, King of Bohemia.
PLOVIZEL, his Son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.

SCENE.—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes’ Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Cam. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion wherein my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference between our Sicilia, and your Bohemia.

Camil. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed—

Cam. Hestrew you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare a—no, I know not what to say—We will give you sleepy drinks: that your senses, undivided by assurance, may, though they cannot praise us, yet accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show herself equal to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted between them such an affection, which cannot cease but break new. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made a partition of their infancy, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchanges of gifts, letters, loving embasures: that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as ever a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the end of opposed winds. The heavens continue their love!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world other malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspokeable comfort of your young prince Mamilius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches when he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to live?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.—[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamilius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star have been

The shepherd’s note, since we have left our threes Without a burden: time as long as again

Would be fill’d up, my brother, with our thanks: And yet we should, for perpetuity, To hence in debt: And therefore, like a sailor, Yet hanging in rich place, I will say,

With one we thank you, many thousands more, That go before it.

Leont. Stay your thanks awhile; And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that’s to-morrow.

I am question’d by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: That may blow The un expecting winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stayed To tire your royalty.

Leont. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leont. Our seven-night longer.

Pol. It is very much, to-morrow.

Leont. We’ll part the time between them: and in that

I’ll go gaining.

Pol. Come, not we, you see; to which:

There is no tongue that moves, none, none, none

Soon as your, would win me, so, and should save.

Was there necessity in your request, although It were needful I denied it. My affairs

Are even drag me homeward: which to hinder

Were, in your love, a whig to me, my stay,

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Fairwell, our brother.

Leont. Tornor he, our guest? I speak you.

Hor. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

You, sir,

Threw him too boldly: Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia’s well: this satisfaction

The by your day proclaim’d: say this to him,

He’s kept from his best want.

Leont. Well said, Hermione.

Hor. To tell, he longs to see his son, was strong!
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: You may ride as, With one soft-kiss, a gallop. With our grace, With our love we have an acre. But to the good; — My last good was, to curtail his stay; What was my first? It has an elder sister. Or I mistake you? O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: When? Nay, let me know; I, long. 

Leorn. Why, that was when 

Three cradled months had made themselves to death. For I would make them open thy white hand, And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter, I am yours for ever. 

Her. It is grace, indeed— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever was a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend. [Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Leorn. Too hot, too hot: I delist To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have temerity cordes on me: — my heart dances; But me, for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment May a free face put on; derive a literary. From heartlessness, from baseness, little bosom, And well become the agent, it may, I grant: But to be paddling paws, and pinching fingers, As now they are: and making practiced smiles, As in a looking-glass: — and to be aware The heart of the face; O, that it entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brow.—Missmbles, Art thou my bos? 

Mam. 

Leorn. Why, that's my bewock. What, hast smil'd oft thy nose? They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come captain, We must be next; not next, but cleanly, captain; And yet the steers, the hooves, and the call, Are all call'd, man,—still signalling. [Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm.] How now, how, how, you want? Ask them my call! 

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. 

Leorn. Then want'st a tough push, and the —should that I have, To be full like me: yet, they say, we are Almost like as angels; woman say so, That will say any thing, but what they face As ever-dyed blacks, as wind, as water; false As dyes are to be shufi'd, by one that sees No burn'm twist'd his nose; yet were it true To say this boy were like me.—Come, be page, Look on me with your winke's eye; seven villains, Most dearst my colophon!—Can thy dun—I may be? Affection! thy intention steale the centre: Thine must make possible, things not so held; Communicate't with dreams?— (How can this be?) With what's utmost then coactive art, And fellow's nothing: Then, is very credent, Then mayst canioun with something; and thou dost; And that beyond communism, and I find it, and that to the infection of my brine, And hardening of my brow. 

Pol. What means Sicilia? 

Her. He is something seeming unknown. 

Pol. What is he? 

Her. How like my lord? What color? How lift with you, best brother? 

Pol. What look? How if you hold a bower of much distraction! Are you more'st, my lord? 

Leorn. No, in good earnest— Three sometimes native with betray to folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a patience To harder bosoms! Looking on the livids.
WINTER'S TALE

ACT 1

Of my boy's face, methought I did recall
Twenty-three years: and saw myself unbreeched'd,
In my green velvet coat: my dagger unsheathed,
Lost at a shop his master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How ill, methought, I then was to this kernel.
This, say the preludium—MINE honest friend!

Will you take ease for money?

Amsa. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his
dole!—My brother.

As you are fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my own friend, and then mine enemy;
My parallel, my shadow, my self, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying children, o'er and o'er
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this square
Off'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps—tongu'ermone,
How thou dost use us, show in our brother's wel-
com:

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young roper, he's
Appeared in my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours in the garden; Shall's attend you
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found.

Be you beneath the sky:—I am aging now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go, go to; I mark 'em. Observing Pol. and Her.
How she holds up the nay, the bill to him;
And arm'd her with the holdings of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
dark'd one.

[Exeunt Pol. Her. and Attendants.
Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disarm'd a part, whose better
Will hind me to my grave: contente and eloquent
Will be my knell—Go, play, boy, play—There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, encoh'd e'er now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the
arm,
That little think's, she has been stripl'd in his ab-
sence.

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: say, there's comfort
But,

While other men have gates; and those gate-
open'd.

As mine, amount the will: Should all decay
That have rivulet wives, the tenth of mankind;
Would hang themselves. Physick for'there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
When the pestilent; and it's powerful,
That

From end, west, north, and south: Be it con-
spired,

No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy.
With all and in all; must a thousand of us
Have the disease, and be't not—How now, boy, man?
Amsa. I am like you, they say.
Leon. What? Why, that's some comfort—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius: thou'st an honest
man—

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

When you cast out, it still came home.
my lay-wrench, that puts to
travailing, 
slay it, and with a composure so clear
As friendship wears at last, keep with Holmio-

And with your queen: I am his Sovereign;
In me he has wholesome reverence,

This is all:
Do not, then, hasten the last half of my heart.

Love, I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd

O miserable lady!—But, for me,

Cam. Can I stand in 1 in the presence
Of good Polixena, and my ground to do it?
Is not the obedience, if we can, a

Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

To this, and all that are his, so too.—To do this deed,

Promotion follows: If I could find example

Of thousands, that had struck as mud, kings

As these which had struck as mud, kings

0 furlough'd after, I'd not do't: but since

Norriss, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not

Let villany itself forever— I must

Pursue the court: to do't, or no, is certain

To a break-neck. Happy star, reign now! Here comes Polixena.

Enter Polixena.

This is strange! I methinks,

My favour here begins to wax.

Good day, Camillo. Cam.

Well, most royal sir!—

Poul. Chas. None, my lord.

Poul. Cam. The king hath on him such a composure,

As he had lost some provinces, and a region,

Love'd as he loves himself; even now I met him

With customary compliments; when he

Waiting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and

So leaves me, to consider what a breathing

That changes thus his manners.

Chas. I dare not, my lord.

Poul. Cam. How I dare not? do not. Do you know,

and dare not

Be intelligible to me? 'Tis therefore:

Poul. To yourself, what do you know, you must;

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your change's complexion is a mirror,

Which shows me mine change'd too: for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with it.

Chas. There is a sickness

Which puts some of us in distemper; but

I cannot name the disease; and it is catch'd

Of you that yet are well.

Poul. How I caught of me? Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have spelt the

better

By my regard, but kill'd none so.

Chas.—As you are certainly a gentleman; therein,

Clock-like, experienced, which so less adorns

Our country, than our parents' noble names,

In whose success we are guilty,—I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behove my know

Judge

Thereat to be inform'd, implies it not

In ignorant concealment.

Chas. I may not answer.

Poul. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well

must be answer'd.—Now then, Camillo,

I suppose thee, by all the parts of man,

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least

Is not this well of man;—that thou declarest

What insensibly there is of fitness that

Is reposing toward me; how far off, how near

Which way to be prevented, if to be:

If not, how best to bear it.
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Hermione, Camillus, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me, The past endearing.

ACT III.

Scene 1. The same.

Enter Hermione, Camillus, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me, The past endearing.
WINTER'S TALE

I know 'tis too well—

as he; I am glad you did not nurse

does hear some signs of me, you yet

much blood ill look on

What is this? sport?

or the boy hence, he shall not come

him—and let her sport herself

she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes

But I'd say, he had not

You, my lord, a mark how well he be but about

is of your hearts will dare to add

I am next on in this without-door form, my faith, deserves high speech.) and

she, or he; these petty brands,

I am out.

I am there; there shall arise,

have said, she's goodly; come be

I say she's honest: But be it known

and must not come to grieve it should

If I: this villain say so,

for Leicester: O thou thing,

I call a creature of thy place,

Thus making me the precedent,

in language use to all degrees,

my disdaining leave out

prince and beggar—I have said,

I have said with whom;

a traitor! and Camillo is

with her; and one that knows

would shame to know herself,

or she's, even as bad as those

re, give bold base titles; ay, and privy

No, by my life,

of this: How will this grieve you?

you shall come to cleave knowledge, that

she publish'd me! Grudge my lord,

one right me throughly then, to say

No, no; if I mistake

impartialities which I build upon,

is not big enough to bear

be got:—Away with her to prison;

is afar off guilty

There's some ill plant reigns:

anfronth, till the heav'n look

more favourable.—Good my

I come to weeping, as our sex

the want of which vain dew,

shall dry your piles; but I have,

unlike grief lodged here, which harms

a tears drown'd:—Beshooch you all, my

Be still—Be still:—To the Guard

as is 't goes with me!—Beshooch

highness, Be still—Be still:—To the Guard

a be with me; for, you see,

requires it. Do not weep, good fool!

There is no cause: when you shall know your

has desert'd prison; then abound in tears,

As I come out: this action, I now go on,

Is for my better grace—and, my lord;

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have

Leam. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Squad Queen and Ladies.]

1 Lord. Beshooch your highness, call the queen

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your

Prove violence; in which the three great ones

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord:—

I dare my life lay down; and will not, sir,

Pleas'd, to accept: I cannot

the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,

in which you accuse her.

And. If it prove

She's otherwise; I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife! I'll go in couples with her;

Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dream of woman's flesh, is false,

If she be.

Leam. Hold your peace.

1 Lord. Good my lord.

And. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some petticoats.

That will be damn'd for't; would, I knew the

I would had damn'd him: Be she honourable—

I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;

The second, and the third, nine, and some few;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine

I'll gold them all: fourteen they shall not see;

To bring false generations; they are coheirs;

And I had rather gift myself, than they

Should not produce fair issue.

Leam. Curse: no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose: I won't, and I feel't;

As you feel doing thus; and see withal

The instruments that feel.

And. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;

There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten

Of the whole dungy earth.

Leam. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my

Upon this ground: and more it would content

To have her honour true, than your suspicion;

Be damned for't how you might.

Leam. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow

Our forcible instigation? Our prevarication

Calls not your counsels; but our natural good-

Imparts this; which,—if you (or stipulated,

Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,

Relish as truth, like us: inform yourselves,

We need no more of your advice: the matter

The less, the gain, the entering in's, all

Properly ours.

And. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

Leam. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wentest born a fool. Camillo's flight,

Added to their familiarity,

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That lack'd sight only, sought for approbation,

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Act II.

Scene II. The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paulina. The keeper of the prison—call to him.

Attendants. Yes, madam.

Paulina. Let him have knowledge who I am—good lady! No court in Europe is too good for thee. What dost thou then in prison?—now, good sir.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not? Keep! And one whom much I honour.

Paulina. Pray you, then, Conduct me to the queen.

Attendants. If you have express command.

Paulina. Here's ado. To lock up honesty and honour from the access of gentle visitors—is it lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Keep! So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paulina. I pray now, call her. Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Attendants.]

And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Attendants. Paulina. We'll be so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper.]

Here's much ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady? Keep! As well as our great, and so forth, May hold together: on her frights and griefs (Which never tended lady hath borne greater), She is, something before her time, deliver'd! Paulina. A boy? Emilia! A daughter; and a goodly babe, that the queen receivs.

Much comfort is't, says, My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.

Paulina. I dare be sworn! These dangerous unsafe hours of the king be shrewed then! He must be told out, and he shall be: the office becomes a woman best; I'll take it upon me: If I prove honest enough, let my tongue bluster, And never to the red-looking anger be the trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, I command my best obedience to the queen; If she dare trust me with her little babe, I'll show't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to the loudest: We do not know How he may suffer at the sight of the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emilia. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue; there is no lady living, So meet for this great errand! Please your ladyship.

Paulina. To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer. Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design? But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lost she should be denied.

Emilia. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use the tongue I have: it will flow from it, As bolted in my bosom, let it not be denied. I shall do good.

Paulina. Now be you bold for it! I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Emilia. Madam, if't please the queen to send the

Paulina. I know not what I shall incur, to pass it. Having no warrant.

Emilia. Paulina. You need not fear it; the child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, these Freed and unshackled: and a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of; If any be the treason of the queen.

Emilia. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I will stand twixt you and danger.

Scene III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leontes. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but To bear the matter thus, mere weakness, if The cause were not in being;—part of the cause, She, the adulteress,—for the bastard king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she I can look to: Say, shall she were gone, Given to the fire, a mercy of my rest. Might come to me again. —Who's there? I shall. —I attend.

[Adressing his lord.]

Leontes. How does the boy? I shewed him. He took good rest to-night 'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharged. To me, His nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight deserv'd, dropp'd all, meet, a deep, Fass'd and fix'd the shame out in himself! Throw'd off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downright languish'd. —Leave the sleepy! go. See how he fares. [Exit Attendants.] The very thought of my revenge that way Recall upon me: in himself too mighty! And in his parties, his alliances. —Let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; makes their passage at my sword: They should not laugh, if I could reach them; My lord, shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

Paulina. Nay, rather, good my lord, be so good to me; Fear you the tyrannous passion more, alas! Than the queen's life? a gracious immured, More free, than he is jealous.
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, 
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not 
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse, 
He cannot be compell'd to 't.) once remove 
The rest of his vilani which is written, 
As ever oak, or stone, was sound. 
Loan. A callant, 
Of boundless tongue; who late hath trait her husband, 
And now loo! the trait is some of mine; it is the case of Polynes: 
Hence with it: and, together with the dun, 
Commit them to the fire. 
Paul. It is yours: 
And, might we lay the obit proverb to your charge. 
So like you, 'is the worse. — Behold, my lords, 
Although the print be little, the whole matter 
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip, 
The trick of his frown, his forehead: nor, the valley, 
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles; 
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger; 
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it 
So like to him that got it, if that hast 
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours 
No yellow in't; lest he suspect, nae does, 
Her children not her husband's. 
Leon. A gross hang— 
And, level, does art worthy to be hang'd— 
That will not play her tongue. 
And— Hang all the husbands 
That cannot do it: fast, you'll leave yourself— 
Hastily one subject. 
Leon. Once more, take her hence. 
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord 
Can do no more. 
Leon. I care not; 
I'll have thee hanged. 
Leon. Out! Can you not, 
I'll do the hang the fire. 
Not which you burn't in't. I'll not call you 
You in't. But this most cruel image of your queen 
(Not able to produce more excitation DIY Your own weak-hand'd fancy) something savours 
Of tyranny, and will ignore make you, 
Yes, unmentionable to the world. 
Leon. On your allegiance, 
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a saint, 
Where were her life? she must not call me so, 
If she did know me once. Away with her. 
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll begone. 
Look to your lake, my lord; 'is yours: save her. 
A better guiding spirit— What need these 
hand's?— 
You, that are so tender o'er her follies, 
Will never do him good, not one of you. 
So, so—Farewell, we are gone. 
(Exit. 
Leon. Then, trader, and set on thy wife to this— 
My child! away with it! even thou, that hast 
a heart so tender o'er it, take it hence, 
And see it instantly consum'd with fire; 
even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight. 
Within this hour bring me word, 'is done, 
(And by good testimony,) or I'll save thy life, 
With what then she call at thee: if thou refuse, 
And will accompany with thy wrath, any so; 
The bastard trains with these my proper hands 
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; 
For thou art not on thy wife. — 
And— 
I did not, sir. 
(These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, 
Can dispose me in.') 
1 Lord. We can; my royal here.
WINTER'S TALE

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet.

Dion. Fertilize the tale; the temple much surprising

The common praises it bears.

Cleo. I shall report,

For most it caught me, the celestial muses,

(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the re-

Of the grave wearers. O, the marvellous!

How ceremonious, solemn, and ascerety

It was in the offering?

Cleo. But, of all the rest,

And the dead-dealing voice of the oracle,

Kim to the thunder, so surfeited my sense,

That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event of the journey

Prove as successful to the queen—O, be't so!—

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,

The time is worth the use not.

Cleo. Great Apollo,

Turn all to the best: These proclamations,

So forc'd, faults upon Hermione,

I little knew.

Dion. The violent carriage of it

Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,

(Time to Apollo's great divine soul's up)

Shall the contents discover, something rare,

Even then will rush to knowledge—Oh—brave

horses—

And glorious be the issue!

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE II. The same. A Court of Justice.

Lemures. Lords, and Officers, appear properly

seated.

Lem. This session (to our great grief, we

sincerely felt)

Even should against our heart: the party tried,

The daughter of a king: our wife: and our

One of us too much beloved.—Let us be clear'd

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly

Proceed in justice: which shall have due course,

Even to the guilt, or the purgation—

Produce the prisoner.

Of. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen

Appear in person here in court.—Silence!—

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulus and

Ladies attending.

Lem. Read the indictment.

Of. Hermione given to the worthy Lemures, king of Sicilia, thus have been accused and

condemned at high treason, in committing adultery with Philoctetes, king of Bohemia; and res;

piring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king; thy royal hus-

band; the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary

to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better

safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that

Which contr adicts my accusation; and

The testimony on my part, no other

But what comes from myself; it shall scarce

led me

To say, Not guilty: mine integrity,

Being contumacious, shall, as I express

He receives. But thus,—If powers divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do.)

I doubt not then; but innocence shall make

False accusation bloom, and tyranny

Tremble at patience—You, my lord, but know

What I mean to do, my part in the law;

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,

As I am now unhappy: which is more

Than history can patience, though divid'd,
WINTER'S TALE.

Enter Servant, hastily.

Servant. My lord the king, the king!

Leontes. What is the business?

Servant. O sir, I shall be hated to report it.

Re-enter Leontes and Polixenes.

Servant. The prince your son, with more consistency and less of the queen's spirit, is gone.

Leontes. How! gone?

Servant. The queen. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.

Hermione speaks. How now there!

Paulina. This news is more to the queen—

Look down, and see what death is doing:

Leontes. Take her hence; but keep her not.

Paulina. My fourth commandment: I'll enforce the queen.

Leontes. How now my queen? (Reads) Re-enter Polixenes and Hermione. The queen. Great profession! great divine oracle!—I'll consider too. Now was my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy: For, being transported by my jealousy

Of bloody thoughts and revenge, I chose Camillo for the minister, to poison;

My friend Polixenes: which had been done, But that the good soul Camillo interceded

My swift command, though I wish death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him:

Not doing it, and being thus disarmed,

And bestrew'd with honour, to my highly guest,

Uncleas'd my practice: quit his fortunes here,

Which you know great; and to the certain hazard

Of all uncertainties himself commanded,

No rather than his honour—there be greater
WINTER'S TALE

ACT III.

PLEASING MEAN and how his party shall be made the blander!

Resign, Paulina.

Will the while! Pat my heart, مماش

What saying?

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

ACT IV.

To the dead bodies of your queen, and son:
The grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The cause of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie: and learn, and there,
Shall be my recreation: as long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to those sorrow.

SCENE III. Bohemia.

A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child; and a Man.

Ant. They art perfect them, our step but
Twice upon them.

[Enter Antigonus.]

M. Why, my lord; and so.

W. Was he bled in prison; the blood grow'd
Very thin; and present bladders. In my

Ant. I know not.

T. He was with that we have in hand at

Ant. I have seen no.

T. The master will be done to-day, get
All with you: I'll not be long, before

M. Make your best haste; and go not
To the court: 'tis like to be loud there.

[Exit Antigonus.

T. Go thou away:

[Exeunt.

End.

[Exit, poor base —

[Exeunt all the agents of

Woe!

I wish thee, my sweet. —

And, for the

P. Deceit.

I must be false, thy mother.

And, for the

A. But, for the

L. None but.

A. Some, some, —

And, for the

W. I pray you, that I have lost the scent.

[Exit Antigonus.

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —

[Exit, poor base —
WINTER'S TALE.

A1 join'd to this.—Farewell! I am more and more: that art like a laugh; I never saw so dim a face. A savage clane of robbers!—This is the case! I'll send a word by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Well, there were no age between him and me; or that youth would sleep for there is nothing in the between generations with child, wronging the making parent:—Thank you now! I am not the least of nothings, nor the least heat of the weather. There I am, my two of my best sheep; which, if I will succumb them, the monster: if I have them, wet by the sea-side, brassed by the salt wind.

Good night, and be thy will; what am I? Failing me the child! Mercy on a very pretty harm! A boy or a girl? A pretty one; a very pretty little wages: though I am not a book to read. Walking-gentlewoman in the city, she has been some men's work, some men's work: they were poor folk, that the poor thing is born.
Take care, I shall carry till my son shall carry me. Where, ho ho! Scarcely Crows.

Enter Clown.

O, ha! not so near! if there be one thing or another, seems that about them, mark me. She was two months old, by sea, and mark them not, it is in sea, for by sea: between the fowling and me, I shall be a hoitable point.

Boy, boy! mark me. Did you not see how it chased her, how it takes up the shoe! but she was not made for the sea. We are born to cry sometimes to our feet, and not for the sea. So, the ship was in the moon with her, and mark them not, you would have driven a cock into a horse, them for the hard service.—To sea, boy! If you were not for the ship, and mark them not, her name was a nobleman: not to make an end, a sea-knaves, a sea-bauble, how the poor scales roosted, and what to do till the poor goose is, the poor goose, and the poor goose, and the poor goose, and the poor goose, or the poor goose, or the poor goose.

Enter Clown.

O, no! I have enough, I have enough:—the lady is not yet cold under the gentleman's hand on the gentleman.

Clown. I had been by, to have helped and was had home by the ship's side, to her place, they, my acquaintance would have been her presence.

Enter Clown.

And what matters it to me! but look boy. Now this fellow! these no look! I will things new born. What is the matter? Look, he is a hearing boy. Look, there are:—Nay, there was: it was a boy, by the fable: this is a boy, and what is in him, boy? not a sea-goître! if the signs of the signs are begun, you are well to live.

Enter Clown.

He is here, boy, and I'll prove it as. Keep it alive; home, home, home. We are lucky, boy, and we are still, requiring nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go;—Come, good boy, home to thy sheep home.

CLO. Do you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Boy. That's a good deed: if thou may'st discover wherein that is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him; imagine me.

CLO. My son, will I; and you shall help to put him in the ground.

Boy. It's a likely day, boy; and we'll do good deeds don't. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror.

Enter Clown, as Chorus.

Of good and bad; that makes, and unfold error.—Now take upon me, in the same of Time.

To use my wings, I impose it not a service.

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide.

On or sixteen years, and leave the growth unstrung.

Of that wise god: pun in it is ever.

To overthrow law, and in one self-born hour

To plant and overwhelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, or wit is in its order.

Or what is now received; I witness to

The lines that brought them in; so shall I do

To the livings things now reigning; and make

Shake

The gathering of this present, as my tale.

Now seems to it. To you, to me, to him, I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing.

As you had sleep between. Laziness leaving

The effects of its food jealousies; so grieving,

That he slumps up himself; and gentle spectacles, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,

I mentioned a sea of the king's, which Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Equal with woodcock: What of her courses,

I list not prophesy; but let Time's new

know, when 'tis brought forth—a shepherd's daughter.

And what to her adheres, which follows after

the argument of time: Of this allow,

If ever you have seen or heard it now; if ever, yet, that Time himself doth say,

He makes seriously you never may.

Scene I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importune; 'tis a sickness, denying thee any more things; a death, to grant this.

Camillo. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been abroad, I desire to lay my leaves there. Besides, the present king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling senses I might be some agony; or 's like to think so; which is another apper to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made a better end to have had thee than thus to want thee; then, having made the business, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, most either stay to work it out by thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the helping friendship of Camillo. Of that fond suspicion, my lie, pray thee speak no more: whose very naming, 

[Exit.
**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter Antony, speaking.*

 Antony

When doth she sleep?—

[ Antony is speaking in a room. ]

[The stage is illuminated by a soft light, creating a warm and intimate atmosphere. Antony is standing in the center of the stage, addressing the audience with a calm and measured voice.]

[The audience listens attentively, captivated by Antony's words.]

[The scene ends with Antony stepping aside, allowing the audience to reflect on his words.]

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*[Act IV]"
WINTER'S TALE.

I am late of heart that way; and that is how I know,

Cla. How do you know it?

And surely, sir, much better than I was; I can

And I will every make my way out of

And press even towards my kindred's

And I bring them on the way.

And so, good-bye and au revoir, sweet sir.

Cla. Then then the well; I must go buy spices

And I must not, sir;—[Enter Down.]

Your purses are not hot enough to purchase your

I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing

If I make not this clear bring out another,

I must be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

I shall not, sir, the first part, no,

And murder he at the oldest:

A curious feast, said the lady. Your

Your foot and shrewd are one

SCENE III. The same. A Shepherd's Cottage. Enter PLATHE and PERDIA.

Pla. These your pastoral needs to each part of you.

Do as I like; no shepherdess, but Flora,

Put on and I'll be a friend. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a morning of the petty gals,

For you, the queen o' the

Sir, my gracious lord,

In every man's eyes daily, and the feeder

The last, and his hight self,

Most gentle; as you speak o' that that our feasts

In every man's eyes daily, and the feeder

We shall in haste walk over, and the

For you, the queen o' the

I bless the time;

When my good falcon made her flight across

In the father's gown.

Now Joser afford you cause:

To me, the difference foresaw dread; your great

Have not been used to fear.

Have to the point, your father, by some accident,

Have the moon, as once did O, the Great

I am a little deaf, in use his work, so able,

What would he say? Or how

I have your borrowed faces, beloved;

The sternness of my presence;

Apprehended

Nothing last longer.

The gods themselves,

Handling their destinies to base, have taken

The shapes of insects upon them: Jupiter

May not he a mad, and belaud'd the Good Neptune

Gods displease a poor humble wain,

I am a little deaf.

Their transformations

Way newer for a piece of twenty vexes;

Nor in a way to blush; since my desises

But do before makes honors; nor my contents

Here better than my feet.

O bat, dear sir,

Your assurance cannot hold, when the

Opposed, as a must be, by the power of the

One of these two must be necessaries,

Which then will speak: that you must change

Or I my life.

Pla. Thus should Plateria,

With these true thoughts, I pray you, dear ธ, and
the

And the mark of the feast; or I'll be thy wife, my lady.

Or you say I cannot.

Must own, are any thing to any, if

I mean them: I am so constant, though

Be marry, gentle;

I shamble such thoughts as these, with any thing

Thus, you behold the whole. Your guests are:

Lift up your countenance; as it were the day

Of unification of that suppliant, which

Two we have sworn shall come.

O lady fortune,

Stand you suspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Plateria and Camillo, disguised; Clow, Mops, Dorcas, and others.

Pia. See, your guests approach:

Adress yourself to entertain them sprightly,

And let's be staid with mirth.

Sheep. For, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;

Both came and served: welcome all; serv'd all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn,

At sequins and o' the table, now 'tis the middle;

On his shouluder, and his her face o' the fire

With labour; and the thing, she look to quarter it.

She would to each one slip: You are retire'd,

As if you were a flayed one, and not

The honour of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is

A way to make no better friends, more known.

Come, smooth your blushed; and present your self.

That which you are, mistress of the feast: Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,

As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [To Pol.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me

The boundership o' the day—You're welcome, sir,

[To Camillo.]

Give me those flowers there; Dorcas—Reverend sir.

For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep

Scenting, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,

And welcome to our shearing:

Pol. Shepherdess,

(Fair one are you.) well you fit our ages.

With flowers of winter.

For, sir, your growing acuteness—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers of the season.

Are our carnations, and streak'd glad flowers,

Which some call nature's bamboos: of that kind

Our rustic garden's bares; and I care not to

Get slips of them.

But wherefore, gentle maiden, in you neglect them?

For I have heard it said,

There is an art, which, in their precision, charms

With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there by;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,

Which you say, adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes. You see, gentle maid, we

A gentleman's skill is the wildest stock.

And make conceive a bark of barker kind

By bud of nobler race; This is an art

Which does most nature—chance it rather; but

The art itself is nature.

Pol. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in glad

flowes,

And do not call them hazards.

Yes, I will not put the dabble in earth to set one slip of them.

No more than, were I painted, I would wish
WINTER'S TALE.

This youth should say, 'twas well; and only therefore
Desire to seek me. — Here's flowers for you;
Lovely lavender, musk, marjoram;
The man I did, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rest weaving; these are flowers
Of midsummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of music are. You are very relentless.
Cost, I should leave grasing, were half of your
Flock.

And only live by gazuing. Out, alas! You
Had so much, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through — Now, my
Afore friend.
I would, I had some flowers of the spring, that
Become your time of day; yours, and yours:
That, I wear upon your virgin branches yet;
Your maidenhood growing; (i.e.) Proserpina.
For the flowers now, that, frightened, threat.
Fall from Dia's wagon: daffodil.
That come before the snail's darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violet began;
But sweter than the lips of Juno's eyes.
Or (you) are but breath, stale primrose,
That the unremembered, ere they can be bid
Bright Phoebe in the strength, a madly
Most accidental to maids: sold valises, and
The crow-imperial; tiles of all knoll.
The flower-de-luce bring one! Oh, thou loath
To make me garlands of; and, my sweet maid,
To swear him o'er and o'er.

For. What is a corona?

For. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on:
Not that came: or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
Flowers.

Moths. I play as I have seen them do
In Whitman's pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

You. What do you, still better what is done.
When you speak, as sweet, I'll have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'll have you play and sell so: give alone;
Pray; and, for the ordering your affairs,
Them to suit you. When you do dance, I wish
You a welcome to the east, that you might never do
Nothing that is: in the still, still, so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
As much as is in you.

Crowns, what you are doing in the present
Deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

For. To Doriace.
Your praises are too large; but that your soul
And the true blood, which fairly peeped through,
Do plainly give you out an instant, Doriace!
With whom I thought dear, my Doriace,
You would me the wise way.

I think, you have,
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you not. — But come: our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Petulla: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

I'll swear for 'em.

For. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that
Ran on the green-ward: nothing she does, or
Seems, But marks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cum. He tells her something.
That swells, and her blood look out; Good sooth, she
Is the queen of curds and cream.

Cho. Come on, strike up.

For. Mayor. Most be your mistress; marry
guard.
To meet her kissing with.

Cho. Not a word, a word; we must upon our
matters.

For. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

For. Pray, good shepherd, what
Four words is this, which dances with you
daughter?

Cho. They call him Doriace, and he beams
himself.
To have a worthy feeding: but, I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it.
He is he like sooth: He says, he loves my
daughter.
I think so too, for never gos he'm
Upon his skill, so he'll stand, and run.
As 'tis, my daughter's eye: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not here a kiss to choose,
Who never another best.

Cho. So she does any thing, I have report,
That she'll be absent: if young Doriace
Do upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not with her.

For. Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the postil
At the door, you would never dance again after
A tasseau and pipe; no, the barbague could not
Move me. I have been several times since
Y'全域 t'no money; he utters them so he bid
Solen ballads, and all men's ears grew to his
Times.

Cho. He could never come better: he shall
come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if
It did delight matter, merely set down, so a very
pleasant thing indeed, and sung immediately.

Cho. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of
All sorts; no milliner can so fit his customers
With verses; he has the prettiest love-songs for
Maids; so without bawdry, which is strong;
With such delicate burdens of dildos and feelings;
Jump she and thump her; and where some
Sweat-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, most
Much, and break a fast gap into the master,
He makes the master to answer. Whoop, do us
Some more; you let him off, but, oh, sight him,
With Whoop, do me no harm, good man.

This is a brave fellow.

Cho. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he my unembried ward?
No. He hath instails of all the colours of
the rainbow; poets, more than all the lawyers
in the town can hastily handle, though they
Come to him by the gown: inkles, cadenues,
Comrades, backs: why, he signs them over,
As they were not or harmes; you would think.
A drunk man, a demmed: he is a chance for
The shepherd and the work about the square;
Priest, bring him in, and let him up
To make a noise.

For. Furnish him, that he use no soundless
Words in his times.

Cho. A number of these pullers, that have more
Men than you think, winder.

For. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Antony, singing.

Love, no white no dazzle in snow;
Cyprus, bliss: as ever was crown;
Glorious, as ever was a damask rose.
As kiss, as ever was a lily, be one, etc.

For. Set her for a lady's chamber:
Sister, and stonneshower.
For my lady to give their doors;
Fine, and pocking-strike of steel:
What would lack from hand to hand!
WINTERS TALE.

M. Or then go's to the grandee, or what?
D. He does, you know; this do's, I tell you.
D. These heat swear my love to be;
M. These heat soon swerve to other men.
Then, which go's at any, which? what?
Ch. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentleman are in sad talk; and mind, we'll not trouble thee. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wench, I'll buy for you both.—Paller, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

And. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tapes,
Or lace for your capes?
My darling boy, may I see a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any tapes for your head,
Of the neetest, An't an't, ye wear a?
Come to the potters;
Maupey is no seller.
That dook after all men's wear a.
[Exeunt Chown, And. Dore, and Mape.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carvers, three shop-birds, three shop-birds, three sweate-birds, that have themselves all men of hair; they sell themselves for a man; but, if I have a chance which the wenchess say is a galliminner of gaslantes, because they are not in; but they themselves are o'the most, if it is not too rough for some, that know little but bowing, it will please presently.

Serv. Away! we'll now cut it; love has been too much langeely before already—I know, sir, we want you.

Pott. You may so free those that refresh us, Pray, let's see those fours three of hairbrawn.
Serv. One of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the sprule.

Serv. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rubickes hedge the Sugars. They dance, and then scount.

Pot. O, father, thou'rt know more of that here—

Is it not too fore gone?—Tis time to part them—No, it's simple, and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, the shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that dose take
Your mind from talking. Soot, when I was young.
And hasted love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knaches I would have tarry
This father's almanum, and you perr'd it.
To her acquaintance, you have let him go.
And nothing parted with it: if your last
Interpretation should chance; and call this
Your lack of love, or honesty: you were estrated,
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Old sir, I know
She press not such trothes as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and fool'd,
Up in my heart: which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who it should mean.
Bath sometimes lord: I take thy hand; this hand
As well as doves down, and as white as it;
Or Ethelstone's blood, in the fame success,
That's tailed by the northern blast twice o'ers.

Pot. What follows this?
INTER'S TALK

ACT IV.

[Scene: A room in the house of Winter's Talk.]

Winter's Talk: Ah! my dear, my dear! We are too late.

Phoebe: Oh, Winter's Talk! What will we do?

Winter's Talk: We must go fast.

Phoebe: But how can we?

Winter's Talk: We must go fast.

Phoebe: But how can we?
Of every wind that blows.

Carlo. Then list to me:

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,

But undergo this flight:—Make for Sicilia;

And there present yourself, and your fair princess,

(For so, I see, she must be) Yore Leonide.

She shall be bidden, as it becomes

The partner of your foot. Methinks, I see

Leonide, opening his free arms, and weeping

His welcome forth: raise thee, the son, forgiven-

As twere the father's person: kisses the hands

Of your fresh princess; s'eer and s'eer, divides

Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He to the hell, and bids the other grow,

Faster than thought, or time.

Fig. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I

Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father

To greet him, and to give him comfort.

Sir, the manner of your bearing towards him,

With what you, as from your father, shall deliver,

Things known between us three, I'll write you down:

The which shall point you forth at every sitting,

What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,

And speak his very heart.

Fig. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising

Thus a wild dedication of yourselves

To emin'ent waters, un梦想'd shores; most certain.

To mines enough; no hope to help you;

But as you shake off one, as your mother;

Nothing so certain as your anchors; who

Do their last office, if they can but stay you

Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,

Prosperity's the very bond of love;

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-

gether

Affection alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think, affection may sunder the check,

But not take in the mind.

Cam. There shall not, at your father's house, these

seven years,

Be born another such.

Fig. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding, as

She is of the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, Ms pity

She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;

I'll blush you thanks.

Fig. My present Perdita. —

But, O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,—

Preserver of my father, now of me;

The medicine of our house—how shall we do!

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;

Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Cam. My lord,

Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed, as if

The scenery play, were mine. For instance, sir,

That you may know, you shall not want,—one

word. [They look aside.

Enter Antonio.

And, ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, he sworn brother, a very simple gentle-

man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a cor-

terfied stone, not a rishen, glass, promender, 

bracelet, table book, baldric, knife, tape, glove,

and, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, he sworn brother, a very simple gentle-

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terfied stone, not a rishen, glass, promender, 

bracelet, table book, baldric, knife, tape, glove,
WINTER'S TALE

ACT IV.

Scene i. The same. A room in the house of Camillus.

[Enter Flora, Florizel, and Camillus.]

Camillus. What news from my son, Camillus, to the east-side?

Florizel. The weather is pleasant.

Camillus. I understand the business, I hear: To my open eye, a quick eye, and a single

Flora. Hand is necessary for a cold-person; a good man

Florizel. Is not one out for the other side.

Camillus. What an exchange has the world been to? I was a heat in here, will

Flora. Not one out for the other side.

Florizel. I thought it were not a piece of the

Camillus. What an exchange has the world been to? I was a heat in here, will

Flora. Not one out for the other side.

Florizel. I thought it were not a piece of the

Camillus. And so I smelt for my profession.

Flora. Nottingham.

Florizel. And so I smelt for my profession.

Camillus. And so I smelt for my profession.

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WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

will either push on, or plung chat business thence- wherewith I command thee to open thy affair.

Step. My husband, sir, is to the king.

Act. What advices hast thou to him?

Step. I know not, sir, nor like you.

Cio. Advantages to-morrow have a semblance; say you have none.

Step. Now, sir; I have no pheasants, cock.

Act. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made us as those are; therefore I'll not disdain.

Cio. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Step. Ah, sir, though I he worn them not handsomely.

Cio. He seems to be a more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I warrant; I know, by his pecking on teeth.

Act. Wherefore that box?

Step. Sir, there lies such secrets in this handful, and box, which may make him so hot be hot, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Cio. How shall I best thy labour.

Step. Why, sir?

Act. The king is not at the palace; he is gone.

Step. And a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if not be something of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Act. How, sir, the king's son, the son of the sheep, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Cio. What that must not be a fact, let him fly; the curse he shall have, the better be shall evil, will break the back of man, the heart of woman.

Act. Thank you, sir.

Cio. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are governable to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be a great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sharp-shelling rogue, a rambling-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some men are good; but that youth is too soft for him, say I: Draw out thy sword and a scowl; all deaths are too few, the sharpest too soft.

Cio. Has the old man ever a son, sir, do you hear?

Act. He has a son, who shall be slain alive; there, mounted over with honey, set on the head of a house of three floors; then stand, till he be thrown quarters and a drum dead; then recovered again with paper, vittles, or some other hot medicin; then draw as he is, and in the hestive day proclamation, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a walmart eye upon him; where he is to be bidden him, with full an hour to death. But what talk we of these tragically rustic, whose miseries are to be ended at, their misery.

Step. Tell me, if you hear him to be honest plain men, what you have to the king; being something greatly considered, I'll bring you where he is abroad, tender your presence to his presence, whipper him in your behalf; he shall not like you, sir.

Act. He has a son, the head of the family, and the authority be a noble man, yet he is set by the nose with gold; the rest of your purse to the outside of his hand, and more a sale: Remember, he's guarded, and fished alive.

Step. Anplease you, sir, to undertake the kind? I think you have, of what I have: I'll make it so much no, as I leave the young man to your choice.

Act. I will. I promise.

Cio. Well, give me the money: Are you a good party to this business?

Act. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a painful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it. Act. Of, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cio. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sight; he must know, his none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your paws, till it be brought you there.

Act. I will trust you. We will make toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; and I will look in the house, and follow you.

Cio. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Act. Let's be before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[Exit Shepherd and Clown.

Cio. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth: I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two mules, these three blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaints to the king concern him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against you, and what shame else belongs to? To him I will present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia.

A Room in the Palace of Leontes.
Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and a Gentleman.

Cleom. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed A Bastard's arrow: no fault could you make, so Wine would not have relieved; it fell down.

Dion. More penance, than done trespass at the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Cleom. Leont. Whilst I remember, her and her virtues, I cannot forget.

Paulina. My blushes in them: and so still think of the wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heinous it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet companion that ever man Born; his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: In one, one, you wished all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparalleled.

Cleom. I think so. Kill'd! She kill'd! I did so: but thou strikst me\footnote{Not at all, good lady.}

Dion. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoken a thousand things that Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd Your kindness better.

Cleom. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. Paul. If you would not so. You pay not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most worthy done; consider little, What dangers, by his fall of those, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Thee, and his house, with whom thou art.

Cleom. Paul. He set, and by a curious hand, the authority Of his son to the shepherd's son: In the end, he was made a base man; and the sheep, as it were, were made beasts of him. And so, by his base.
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?  
What holier, than—for royalty's repair,  
Ever present comfort and future good,—  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to it?  
Paul. There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes:  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Let's be the temple of his oracle.  
That king Leonidas shall not have an heir,  
Till his last child be found? which it shall,  
Is as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis no counsel,  
My lord should to the heavens be accurs'd  
Oppose against their wills. —Care not for fame!  
[To Leonidas.  
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.  
Leon. Good Paulina.  
—Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
Had spared it to thy counsel!—then even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips.  
Paul. And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.  
Leon. Then speak'd truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one  
Worse, and better end'd, would make her wasted spirit  
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, and say to me  
Young.  
Paul. Had she such power,  
She had just came.  
Leon. She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married  
Better end'd, would make her wasted spirit  
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, and say to me  
Young.  
Paul. I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part is  
You chose her: then I'd shrink, that even your  
Ears should rill to hear me; and the words that  
Should be,  
Remember mine.  
Leon. Stars, very stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals,—fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.  
Paul. Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?  
Leon. Never, Paulina; so bless'd my spirit!  
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to  
his oath.  
Cleon. You tempt him over-much.  
Paul. Unless another  
As like Hermione as her picture,  
Adorn his eye.  
Cleon. Good madam,  
Paul. I have done  
Yes, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To choose you a queen: She shall not be so  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd, your first queen's ghost, it should  
Take joy  
To see her in your arms.  
Leon. My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou hold sit us.  
Paul. That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath.  
Never till then  
Enter a Gentleman.  
Gent. One that gives out himself prince Ptolemy,  
Son of Ptolemaeus, with his princess, she  
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access  
To your highness.  
Leon. What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation, but force,  
By need, and accidents. What train?  
Gent. But few,  
And those but mean.  
Leon. His princes; any with you, with him?  
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I  
think.  
That ever the sun shone bright on.  
Paul. As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself  
Have said, and written, (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme) She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equal'd; thus your voice  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis strangely  
To say, you have seen a better.  
Gent. Fardon, maidens,  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtained your eyes,  
Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea- 
ture;  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the sun  
Of all professors else: make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.  
Paul. How? not women?  
Gent. Women will love her, that is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The caret of all women.  
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embrace—Still it strange  
[Exit Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.  
He thus should steal upon us.  
Paul. Had our prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.  
Leon. Pray thee, no more; thou know'd  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When we shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come—  
Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florienz, Perdilius, and  
Attendants.  
Your mother was most true to walkble, prince;  
For she did paint your royal father off,  
Conceiving you; Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so lit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother.  
As I did him: and speak of something, whereby  
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome,  
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do I and then i lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too; whom, whose,  
Though bearing misery, desire my life  
Once more to look upon.  
Florienz. By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,  
Can send his brother: and, but I know,  
(Which waits upon worn these) hath something  
More pleasant.  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he lov'd  
(He made me say so) more than all the acres  
And those that bear them, living.  
Leon. O, my brother!  
(Good gentleman) the wrongs, I have done  
Then, mix  
Albeit within me: and these thy offices,
WINTER'S TALE.

II.

y kind, we are interpreters,
with child—stockmen?—Welcome bicker,
by my father!—The child we know,
the child he ten; this paragraph to the fearful stage
(194) of the dreadful Nephene,
a man, not worth her pains; much less
of her person?—Good my lord,
as from Lixy.

Where the warlike Simbas,
his honour'd lord, is lord'd, and low'd?—
lost royal sir, from chance; from him, how
to our dear. So proclaimed his parting with his
several miles with friends) we have
rise the charge my father gave me,
test your highest; My finest train
from your city, and the sumptuous;
you are in danger, to signify
of my service in Lixy, sir,
arrived, and my words. Will have
are we sure.

The blessed gods
suffering from our sister, whilst you
are here? You have a holy father,
be generous against whose person,
if it is: I have done Sir,
the heavens, taking angry note,
not ashamed; and your father's time;
from heaven's mercy with you,
the gentleman. What might I have been,
be no father, from now have look'd on;
nothing is you;—

Farewell, a Lord.

Most noble sir, which I shall repeat, will bear no credit,
at the proof so high. These you, great
me? Pass you from himself, by me;
you to attach his son; who has
my lady and my breast cast off.

Where's Bohemia? speak
Hears in the king: I now came from him
sensitive; and it becomes
red, and my revenge. To your court
was less found, of the house, it seems;
our forgers, meet he on the way
for this morning lady, and
having taken their country quitted
his young prince.

Camillo has bewray'd me;
however, and whose honesty, till now
all weather.

I will go to his charge:—
how your father.

Who? Camillo,

Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who
will see them in question. Never saw I
you speak; they knew, they lis the
not themselves as often as they speak;
this greater to death.

O, my poor father!—

We are not, sir, nor ask we like to be;
act, as I see, will close the valleys first:

Our daughter of a king!—

My lord,

What once, I see, by your good father's

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his likeness,
Where you were. Where you were. Where you were.
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Fay, dear look up:

Though fortunate, vividly en
should chase us with my father; power so yet
Hath she, to change our loves.—Blessed you,
sir.

Remember since you own'd no more to time
Than I do now! with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate, as your request.
My father will grant precious things as fruits.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your gracious mistress,

Which he comes but a little.

Fay. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't, not a month
The queen died, she was more worth much
grew.

Than what you look on power.

Leon. I thought of her.
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

Is yet unanswered: I will to your father;
Your honour not overthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you upon which
around.

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Sir, do you see, sir, were you present at
this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the bard,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement,
we were all commanded out of the chamber
only this, methought I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child.

2 Gent. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
1 Gent. I make's a broken delivery of the business;
the changes I perceived in the king,
and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they
seemed almost, with staring on another,
to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech
in their dumbness, language in their gesture;
they looked, as if they had heard of a world
rascamed, or one destroyed: A noble passion
of wonder appeared in them: but the wreath
beholder, that know no more but seeing, could
one say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow.
But in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows

The news, Hecuba?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is
fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a
deal of wonder is broken out within this hour,
that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's reward: he can
deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this
news, which is called true, is so like an old tale,
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has
the king found his heir?

2 Gent. Most true; if ever truth be pregnant
by circumstances: that, which you hear, you'll
appear sure, there is such unity in the points.
The musing of queen Hermione—her jewel
about the neck of it: The letters of Antigonus,
found with it, which have not, it is provable to be
his character; the majesty of the creature, in
semblance of the mother; the affection of unwisdom,
which nature shows above her beauteous
WINTER'S TALE.

Act V.

—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

[Exeunt Gentlemen.

Scene II. A room in Paulina's house.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes one I have done good to against my will and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Clown. Ay, and have been so many times these four years.

Enter Duke and other Lords.

Clown. And so have I, my good lord. You see, sir, in the court of this chamber, which I suppose is the shepherd's, that we are in a master's court of many king's returns. 

Scene III. The same chamber.

Enter Duke and other Lords.

Duke. Wretched, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which added to express the death, were even then lost, when it was not known. Furthermore, in their joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye dimmed for the loss of her husband, another elevated by the grace of a daughter: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in her embrace, as she would give her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Scene IV. The same room.

Duke. The dignity of this act was worth the alliance of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Scene V. One of the principal rooms of the castle.

Duke. That which shone so bright for the sake of her master's state, which in the keeping of the first post many years, in doing and now, in doing the contrary, was made Juno: Romano, who had in himself strong, and could put both in his work, would carry to her, and stand in hope of answer; whether with all good graces, or are they gone? and there they are, you see.

Scene VI. The same.

Duke. I thought I had seen some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or three times the same night of the death of Hermione, visited the ruined house. Shall we follow, and with our company press the rejoicing?

Enter Leonato, Polonius, flowered, Paulina, Lord, and Attendants.

León. Grain grave and good Paulina, the great event.
That I have had of thee!  
Paul.  

What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well? All my services, you have brought home: but that you have encouraged  
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-

tractions  

Of your kingdom, my poor house to wait,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.  

Leon.  

O Paulina,  
We hope you with trouble: but we came  
To see the stains of our queen; your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much  
Comment.  

In many singularity; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.  

Paul.  

As she it'd peerless,  
So her dead frame, I do well believe,  
Rises whatever you look upon,  
Or bound of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely; apart; but now it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as a live power  
Still mock'd death's mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well.  

[Paulina draws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue]  

I like your silence, it is the more shows  
Your wonder; but yet speak;—first, you, my boy.  

Come, is not something near?  

Leon.  

Her natural posture!—  
Christina, dear Christina; that I may say, indeed,  
These art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not obdurate; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace—but yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So much as this.  

Paul.  

O, not by much.  
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellences;  
Which have gone by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she live now.  

As now she might have done,  
Too much for my good comfort, as it is  
New piercing to my soul.  
Oh, thou see, thou see, a life of majesty, (warn life,  
As now it coldly standes,) when first I wo'd her! I am ashamed! Does not the same rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it is?—O royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty; which has  
My eyes confounded to rememberance; and  
From thy adoring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!  

And give me leave;  

Do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I last began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.  

Paul.  

O, patience;  

The statue is but newly five-and, the colours'  
Not dry.  

Oh, my lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on  
Which sixties winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever bring me, but this; and  
But I'll let it in much sooner.  

Paul.  

Dear my brother,  

He, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.  

Paul.  

Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought of the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have strength upon you, (for the stone is  

I'd not have show'd it.  

Leon.  

Do not draw the curtain.  
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy  
May think none, it moves.  

Leon.  

Let be, let be.  

Paul.  

Would, I were dead, but that, methinks, al-

What was she, that did make it?—So, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that  

Did verily bear blood?  

Paul.  

Mastfully done:  

The very life seems warm'd upon her lip.  

Leon.  

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.  

Paul.  

I'll draw the curtain;  
My lord's almost so far transport'd, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.  

Leon.  

O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No more amazement: if you can believe  
The pleasures of that madness, let's alone.  

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd  

I could affect you further.  

Leon.  

Do, Paulina:  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel  
Could every cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.  

Paul.  

Good my lord, forbear:  

The coldness upon her lip; let it  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: shall I draw the curtain?  

Leon.  

Nay, not these twenty years.  

Paul.  

So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.  

Leon.  

Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amusement: if you can believe  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll  

[Which I protest against.] I am assisted  
By wicked powers.  

Leon.  

What can you make her do,  
I am content to look on; what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak as move.  

Paul.  

It is requir'd,  
You do swake your faith: Then all stand still;  
Or those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.  

Leon.  

Proceed;  

No foot shall stir.  

Paul.  

Music; awake her; strike—  

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel.  
Came:  
I'll fill your grave up: a stir; may, come away:  
Requital to death your unkindness, for from him  
Dear life redeem you—You perceive, she shall!  

Hermione comes down from the Pedestal.  

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as  
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:  
When this was young, you would her; now, in  
Age,  

In she becomes the enor.  

Leon.  

Let us warm! [Embracing her]  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.  

Paul. She embraces him.  

Cous.  

She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.  

Paul Ar.  

And make't manifest where she has lived,  
Or, how and 'in from the dead?  

Paul.  

That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hoast at  
She an answer; but it is not; she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while—  

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
WINTERS TALE.

ACT V.

And pray your mother’s blessing.—Turn, good lady; Our Princes is found. [Chorus. Enter the Queen and Prince of Arkansaw, who kneels to Harm.

Her. You goest, look down, And from your sacred walls permit your graces Upon my daughter’s head—Tell me, mine own, Where hast thou been preserv’d?” where? what? Thy father’s court? for thou shalt hear, that I—

Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope, thou wert in being,—have preserv’d—Myself to see the same.

Paul. There’s time enough for that; Let them desire, upon this pause to trouble Your parts with like relation. Go together, You precious winners all: your exaltation Take to each other. I, an old turk, Will wing me to some wither’d bough and there My mate, that’s never to be found again, Lament till I am lost.

Lom. O peace, Paulina; Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

SIGEDON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, with his Brother, and sons.

ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, to Egeon and Fluessa.

SIGEMI, Wife of Egeon, an Abbess of Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCIE, her servant.

Balthazar, a Merchant.

ANGELIO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

ENCHIL, a Dock-Master, and a Coachman.

BEGGE, a Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Ephesus.

ENGEL, a Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Ephesus.

SCENE.—Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Duke, Egeon, Egerius, Officer, and other Attendants.

Egeon. Pardon, Solinus, to preserve my fall, And, by the thombs of death, end war and all. Duke. March out of Syracuse, plead no more; I am not partial to infringe our law; The enemy and discord, which of late Sprung from the treachrous outrage of your duke, To merchants, our exalted countrymen— Who, having gained titles to redeem their lives, Have paid’d his rigorous statutes with their heads. For, since the mortal and intestine jure

Twixt thy sedentary countrymen and us, It hath in solemn bond been decreed, Both by the Syracusans and ourselves, To admit to no one. I, one of these towns: Nay, more. Egeon. Sir, let me speak. Duke. By any Syracusan marks and flags, Again, if any Syracusan hear, Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, His goods confiscate to the duke’s dispose; Unless a thousand marks be levied, To put the penalty, and to ransom him. Thy substance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; Therefore, by law thou art condemn’d to die. Egeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done.


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My voice ill-becomes me under the evening sun. My voice ill-becomes me under the evening sun. Disk. Well, Syracusan, my; in brief, the cause

WHY thou depart’dst from thy native home; And for what cause thou cam’st to Ephesus?

Egeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,

Than to speak my griefs unspeakable; Yet, that the world may witness, that my and Was wrought by nature, not by the offence, I’ll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born and wed, Unto a woman, happy but for me, And by me too, had not our hap been bad, With her, by joy, our wealth increas’d, By prosperous voyages I often made To Ephesus, till my factor’s death; And he, in great and vast goods at random left, Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse. From whom my absence was not six months old, Before he fell (almighty stafft), under The pleasing punishment that women bear,) Had made provision for her following me, And sent and sent, arrived where I was. There she had not been long, but she became A most joyous mother of two goodly sons; And, which was strange, the one so like the other.

As could not be distinguished but by names. That very hour, and in the unknown town,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike: Those, for their parents were exceeding poor, Brought them unto my son, to my desire, My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys, Made daily motions for our host return; Unwilling I agreed, alas! too soon

We came abroad. A league from Ephesus had we seal’d, Before the always wind-foying deep
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene I. A public place.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mr. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnus, last that your goods be soon be collected. This very day, a Syracuse merchant is apprehended for arrival here; and not being able to buy his stuff, according to the statute of the town, dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I have here to keep.

Ant. & D. Go bear it to the Censor, where we kept.

And stay brave, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time; till that, I will use the manners of the town, forest the tinders, give upon the buildings, and then return, and sleep within mine inn; for with long travel I am still and weary.

Get thee away.

Dro. &. Many a man would take you at your word, and go indeed, having so good a mean.

[Exit Dro. &.

Ant. &. A treaty villain, say that very well.

When Epaphroditus, with so much alacrity, lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, and take my stuffs, and my merchant?

Ant. I see invited, or, to certain merchants, of whom I hope to make much benefit; I cannot stay parted. Soon, at few o'clocks. Please you will meet with you upon the mark; and once more in haste.

[Exit Ant. &.

My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. &. Farewell till then; I will go lose my stuffs.

And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mes. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

Enter Merchant.

And shall that commend me to mine own content.

Enter Epaphroditus.

Here comes the almanack of yours date.

What now! How chance, then art return'd so late?

Dro. E. Returned so soon, either approach'd too late?

The tides reverse, the gulf falls from the spout: The clock hath struck twelve upon the bell.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT II

Scene I. A public place.

Adm. Nothing, my husband, nor the slave return'd.

Who has seen the master?—Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him, And from the hark he's somewhere goes to dinner:

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret: A man is master of his liberty; Time is their master; and, when they see time, They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adm. Why should their liberty than ours is more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adm. When they serve us, he takes it.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adm. There's none, but sense, would be bridled.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lab'd as so There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye, That has not some power of controlling:

The beasts, the fables, and the winged foes, Are their slaves' subjects, and at their command:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these:

The lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry sea, Indulged with intellectual sense and soul,

Of more importance than fish and fowl,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their command.

Luc. This sentence makes you to know me And Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adm. But, were you wedded, you would bear some way.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adm. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adm. Patience, unmoved, no marred though she pause; They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, ta'en with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear a cry;

But were we bereft with weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So then, that has no unlaid mate to grieve that

With urging helpless patience would reprove me

But, if thou live to see like right here,

This feel here's patience is there will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to my—

Here comes your master; now is your husband night

Easter Dinner of Ephesus.

Adm. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Luc. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and

That my two can we witness.

Adm. E. Good God then speak with him! know'st thou his name?

Luc. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.

Befell his hand, I scarce could understand it

Spoke he so suddenly, could'st not feel his action; And with so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adm. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?

Luc. I seem'd with him to please his heart.

Adm. Why, mistress, sure my master is home-

Adm. Horn-skull, thou villain?

Luc. E. I mean not, cut-pock-skull; but, sure, he's stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

The dinner time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he: Your neck both burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, sir?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:
SCENE II. THE HALL.

Enter Ant. & Drom.

Ant. The god, I pray to Dromio, is led up alive at the Contractor; and the beast itself is a canary, to serve to seek me out.

Drom. I can keep, be prudent, and not let it; I must first send him the smartest note, to have him come.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. How now, sir? is it merry humour after dinner?

Drom. As you love dainties, so lust with me again.

You know an Contractor, you received no gold?

Ant. It is true; and so have I been to him since.

Drom. The Contractor, then, I shall come and recover him.

Ant. Why is there no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bold by nature?

Drom. It is true; and so do I, for the same reason.

Ant. And why is Time such a recruit of hair, that it cannot be lost by nature?
COMedy OF ERRORS.

Act 1st.

Drst. & S. Not a man of thee, but he hath the way home.

Ant. S. Why, then didst thou confine hardy men:
plain dealers without wit.

Drst. & S. For, so it is. And, wouldst thou know what
men say, and money is the sooner lost.

Yet be both, and in a kind of folly.

Ant. S. For, what reason?

Drst. & S. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, I don’t know. I pray you.

Drst. & S. Say more then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing failing.

Drst. & S. C bigarties, etc.

Ant. S. I name thee.

Drst. & S. The one to save the money that he
spents in tawing, the other, that at dinner they
should not drop in yonder.

Drst. & S. You will think this time have proved,
there is no time for all things.

Drst. & S. Had your reason was not substantial;
who, then, there is no time to recover.

Drst. & S. Thus I mean it. Time himself is
bald, and therefore, to the world’s end, will
bear hard at others.

Ant. S. I knew, I would be a bald conclusion;
But why to wish usrender?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Drst. & S. Ay, ay. Antipholus, lock strange and
and strange.

Some other mistresses have thine sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was ever when thou wert not’sd
wont’sd
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleased in thine eye.
That never touch was welcome to thy hand,
That never sweet smell led in thy taste,
Unless I spake bold, bold, bold, or cared to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
That thee all is strange to me,
That, and, and, and, and, and, and.
And better thou dear wife’s better part.

Ah, do not away thyself from me,

Drst. & S. For, was I not so good a master that
then thou fall

Drst. & S. Then thou, thou small, thou slag, thou

Ant. S. I am transformed, master, am not I

Drst. & S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Ant. S. Thou hast, both in mind, and in thy

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Drst. & S. If thou art chang’d to aught, to a man

Drst. & S. To thee, she takes me, and I long

Drst. & S. I am an ape.

Drst. & S. To go to him.

Drst. & S. To go to me, to whom I am so

Drst. & S. To see, to see, to whom.

Drst. & S. Half, thou courtier, half the court,

Ant. S. Why, then, thou art of the king’s

Ant. S. Then, thou dost, thou small, thou slag, thou

Luc. Why were thou so to thyself, and

Drst. & S. Thou hast, thou hast, thou hast, and

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Drst. & S. What is the countess, such a man

Drst. & S. To thee, she takes me, and I long

Luc. Come, come, come, come, to see, to see, to see,

Drst. & S. Mother, shall I be power at the gate

Luc. Come, come, come, come, to see, to see, to see,

[Exeunt.]


**ACT III.**

**SCENE II.** The same.

**Enter Antinous, of Ephesus, Dromio of Syr., and Balthazar.**

**Ant. E.** Good morrow, Angelo, you must excuse me upon all.

**My mistress shewed when I keep not hours;**

Hey, then, I begg'd you at your shop,

To see the nothing of her armour.

And that to-morrow you will bring it home?

But here's a villain, that would have me down

His wise and my uplift, and so I beat him;

And showed him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did destroy my wife and house—

You are an honest man, tell me what you mean by

This?—

**Dro. E.** Say what you will, sir, but I know what you mean.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand

In this; and, if the punishment, and the blows you gave were but,

Your own hardworking would tell you what I


**Ant. E.** I think, then are art an ass.

**Dro. E.** Merry, so it doth appear

By the boil I saw, and the blow I bear,

I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that

You could leap from your base, and beware of

Your master are end, sigismondo Balthazar: Pray,

God, our cheer,

May never my good will, and your good welcome,

But I held your damsel's head, sir, and your

Welcome done.

**Ant. E.** O, sigismondo Balthazar, either at flesh or

A table full of welcome makes scarce one daily dish.

**Ant. E.** Good meat, sir, is common: that every

**Ant. E.** And welcome more common: for

That's nothing but words.

**Ant. E.** Small cheer, and great welcome, makes

Marry welcome, and

**Ant. E.** Ay, to a majestically host, and more

But though he cannot be mean, take them in good part;

Better may you have, but not with better heart.

**Ant. E.** My door is lock'd: Go bid them let

**Dro. E.** Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gilis, Jen!

**Dro. E.** Ew, Martin! Mene, malt-house, capon, escomb, kiblet, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down, at the

Dost thee conspire for weaches, that thou call'st for each more;

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from

The door.

**Dro. E.** What patch is made our portier? My

Master stays in the street.

**Dro. E.** Let him wait from whence he came, and

As thou wait, when you may.

**Ant. E.** Who talks within there? ho, open the

**Ant. E.** Right, sir, I'll tell you when, as you'll

Tell me wherefore?

**Ant. E.** Whensoever I do? I have

**Dro. E.** Nor today here you must not; some

Passion, when you may.

**Ant. E.** What that is, that keep'st me out

From the house I love?

**Dro. E.** The porter for this time, sir, and my


**Dro. E.** O villain, thou hast stole both mine

And my name; The one for'ring got me credit, the other uncle

Blames. If thou hast not been Dromio to-day in mine, Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a nose, or thy name for an ass.

**Luc. (within) What's a coil is there? Dromio,

Who are those at the gate?—

**Dro. E.** Let my master in, Lucæs.

**Luc.** Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

**Dro. E.** O Lord, I must laugh—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

**Luc.** Have at you with another: that's—

When? can you tell?

**Dro. S.** If thy name be call'd Lucæs, then

Heavens be there with him well.

**Ant. E.** Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

**Luc.** I think, he has ask'd you.

**Dro. S.** And you said, no.

**Dro. E.** So, come, help; will swarm; those

You blow for blow.

**Ant. E.** Thou bagges, let me in.

**Luc.** Can you tell for whose sake?

**Dro. E.** Master, knock the door hard.

**Luc.** Let him knock till it aches.

**Ant. E.** You'll cry for this, minion; if I beat the

door down.

**Luc.** What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town?

**Adr.** (within) Who is that at the door, that


does not call this noise?

**Dro. S.** By my truth, your town is troubled with unready boys.

**Ant. E.** Are you there wife? you might have

Break your knife's jade.

**Adr.** Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from

The door.

**Dro. E.** If you went in pain, master, this

Knife would go more.

**Ang.** Here is neither chair, sir, nor welcome; we

would fain have either.

**Bal.** In dealing which was best, we shall part

with neither.

**Dro. E.** They stand at the door, master; bid

them welcome hither.

**Ant. E.** There is something in the wind, that

we cannot get in.

**Dro. E.** You would say no, master, if your

Garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here

In the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so

Bought and sold.

**Ant. E.** Go, fetch me something, I'll break

the gate.

**Dro. S.** Break any breaking here, and I'll

Break your knife's edge.

**Dro. E.** A man may break a word with you,

Air; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

**Dro. S.** It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out with thee, blow!

**Dro. E.** Here is too much, out upon thee! I

Stray thee, let me in.

**Dro. E.** Whenfowls have no feathers, and

Fish have no fin.

**Ant. E.** Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a
crow.

**Dro. E.** A crow without feather; master, mean you

For a fish without a fin, there's a few without a

Feather: If a crow help us in, shriah, we'll pick a crow

together.

**Ant. E.** Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron
crow.

**Bal.** Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
C O M E D Y  O F  E R R O R S.

ACT II.

Three are our earth's wanderers; more than earth there is.

Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?

Shall I take my duty to my heart's true self, or shall I follow false desires?

Shall I seek the meaning of life in a blind obedience to fortune, or shall I seek it in the path of reason and truth?

And shall I seek the answer to these questions in the'shadows of the past, or shall I seek it in the light of the present?

Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?

Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?

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Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?

Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?

Earth, dear creature, how to think and speak?
COMEDY OF ERRORS. 269

Ang. What please yourself, sir? I have made it for you.

Ang. Made it for me, sir! I beg your pardon.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have!

Go home with it, and please your wife withal; and soon at supper-time I'll visit you, and then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now, for I am the person to whom you gave it.

Ang. You are so many men, sir; fare you well.

Ant. You should think of this, I cannot tell; but this I think, there's no man is so vain, that would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man must needs not live by subterfuges. Whom in the streets he meets with golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio say.

If any ship put out, then straightway.

Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter a Merchant, Angiolo, and an Officer.

Mrs. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due, and since I have not much important for you; now I look not for, but what I found.

To Paris, and want shilling for my voyage.

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus:

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He bad of me a chain; at Fye-o-loco,

I shall receive the money for the same:

Pleasure walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Courtyard.

Off. That labour may you save; me where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, see thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confidante.

For backing me out of my bond —

But soft, I see the goldsmith — get thee gone —

Buy them a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dec. If I have a thousand pounds a year, I

buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.

Ant. A man is well helped up, that trusts to

you.

I remember your presence, and the chain:

But neither chain, my goldsmith, came to me.

Belike, you thought our love was last too long.

If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note.

How much your chain weighed to the utmost count:

The fineness of the gold, and chargel'd fashion;

Which doth amount to three odd duzets more.

Then I stared doleful at this gentleman;

I pray you, see him presently discharged,

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money.

Besides, I have some business in the town;

Good signor, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and let my wife

Distribute the sum on the receipt thereof.

P usa nce, I will be true to you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to yourself?

Ant. No! fear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I'll go; Have you the chain about you?
COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT II.

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, and I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dilance, to

Your breach of promise to the Peruginus: I should have said you for not bringing it.

But like a shrew, you first begin to brail.

Adr. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the

Chair.

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either at the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fez it now you run this humour out of

breath?

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say, who's you'll answer me, or no; if not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer

you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the

Chair.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the

Chair.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour

ago.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me

much to do so.

Ang. You wrong me, sir, in denying it;

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Qf. To do; and charge you in the duke's name,

To obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation; either consent to pay this sum for me, or I'll charge you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. He's thy lie for arrest him, officer; I would not be my brother in this case.

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Qf. I do arrest the suit.

Ang. & I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bank of Ephesianum,

That stays but till her owner comes abroad.

And then, sir, bear away: our fraughting, sir, I have conveyed abroad; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and ague-rice.

The ship is in her trim: the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for bounty at

All.

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why thou

peevish sheep.

What ship of Ephesianum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waggons.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a

rope

And told thee what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as

soon;

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leis.

ure and teach your ears to live me with more heed.

By Adrianna, villain, he's thus straightforward

love her this day, and tell her in the dark

That's cowardly ever with Turkish tapestry.

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall baulk me: his thee, slave; begone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exit serv. Ang. Officer, and Ant. E.

Dro. S. To Adrianna! that is where we dwell.

Where Dromio did claim me for her husband

She is too big, I hope, for me to compound.

Timber I must, although against my will.

For servants must their masters' minds fulfill.

[Exit.

SCENE II. The seven

Enter Adrianna and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive astutely in his eye

That he did place a fellow-salt upon thee?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merry?

What observation must I in this case,

Of his heart's mysteries uttling in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant it, he did me none; the more my

wert

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger

here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresaw

he were.

Luc. Then pleased I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy

love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest soul might

move.

First, he did praise my beauty: then my speech

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its

will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sore,

ill-fav'd, worse-liver'd, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, blunt, blunt;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil loss is wait'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were wide:

Far from her not the burning cries away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do's

curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse: count

now, make haste.

Adr. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? he is well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tatter limbo, worse than

hell;

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is bottom'd up with shell;

A fiend, a fairy, pale as rough:

A wolf, a dog: he has a mouth in buff;

A back friend, a shoulder-claque, one that cour-

terminds.

The bush of alley, crooks, and narrow

lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-

footed well.

One that, before the judgment, carries poor soul

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know, what is the matter;

he is rest

on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrest't? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested

well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rests him, that

can I tell:


SCENE IV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Will you send him, sir, merchant, redemption, the money in the chest?

Adv. Oh, little sir, listen.—This I wonder at.

Is it known to me, thou shall be in debt?

Tell me, wert thou sent as a merchant?

A chest, a scheme; do you not hear it ring?

Adv. What, what, what?

Dro. No, no, the bell! 'Tis time that I were

It was now ten I left him, and saw the clock strike on.

Adv. The hours come back! that did not I never lose.

Dro. O, yes, if any meet a sergeant,

[Exit Loctasia.]

SCENE III.
The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus.

Ant. S. How do you, man? I must, but cloth make me.

Adv. If I were your well acquainted friend,

Adv. This is my house; there's money, bear it tonight.

Ant. S. I am from Adam, and from the place;

And bring the master home immediately.

Const. I am on my way down with counsel.

Const. Your counsel, and my injury.

SCENE IV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Ant. S. The fellow is distant, and so am I;

And here we wander in illusions;

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cost. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

Is it, sir, you have found the godsmith now?

Is it, sir, you know him now?

Dro. S. Nay, he is worse, he is the devil's donkey; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wench says, God damn me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench; and they appear in men the angels at light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; stop, light, wench, wench; come out near her.

Cost. Your ease and you are all miseries merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect upon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Then shall you tell me of supper?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. And you must then, I shall tell you then of supper?

Thou art, as you are all, a scrawny, I conjure thee to none, to none, to none.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner.

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised; and I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some thyself ask but the pouring of one's self.

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-done; but she, so scrotes, would have a chain.

Master, be wise, and if you give it her.

The devil will drive her chain, and frighten with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the danger comes upon me.

I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let be.

Dro. S. Fie pride, says the penman; Mistress, that you know. [Exeunt Ant. and Dromio.]

Dro. S. Now, out of devil's Antipholus you read, Else would be never so demure himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty deniers, and for the same he promised me a chain.

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The occasion that I gather he is mad.

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad rafter, he told me at dinner, of his own doings being shot against his entrance.

Belle, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shore the doors against his way.

My wife, as other to her home, this house,

And tell his wife, that, being immate,

He rush'd into my house, and took possession.

My ring away!—This causes I refuse thine.

For forty deniers is too much to lose.

SCENE IV.
The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. S. Fear me not, man; I will not break away.

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am tied for.

My wife, as a wayward mood today;

And will not lightly trust the messenger;

That I should be at home, but I'll tell you:

'Twill amount hurriedly in her ears, and here comes my man: I think, he brings the money.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV.

Dr. E. Sir, methinks, you did not die at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shot out?

Dr. E. Perchance your doors were lock'd, and you shot out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me then?

Dr. E. Said false, she herself revile you then.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid ruin, mean, and scorn me?

Dr. E. She did; the kitchen-wench scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from home?

Dr. E. In verity, you did;—my house bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. E. In't good to sooth him in these countries? Patch. It is no shame; he gives his man, And yields it to the humour of his fancy. Ant. E. This hath suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. E. I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dr. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might, But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. I should not. But I have witness, that she did.

Dr. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness.

That I was sent for nothing but a rope! Patch. Mistress, both man and master is present;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks; They must be bound, and hold in some dark room.

ANT. E. Say, wherefore dost thou lock me forth today, And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. E. Did not, gentle master, I receive no gold;

But I come, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. E. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Adr. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a dammed pack, To make a housewife object scorn of me:

But with these necks I'll pluck out these false eyes, That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Patch. And his assistants bind Ant. and Drs.

Adr. E. Bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Patch. Master company;—the seal is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

ANT. E. What, will you murder me? Thou goiter, thou, I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Patch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Ant. E. What wait thou then, thou pernicious officer? Hast thou that delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself? Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. E. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee; Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it, Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to his house.—I am not unhappy strumpet.

Dr. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
SCENE IV.  

ANT. II. Out of the way, villains! wherefore dost thou hold my hand?  

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be

Good men, stand up, or the devil—

LORD. God help, poor souls, how try do they talk!  

ANT. E. Hear me, my dear; you, go you with me.  

[Aside to Fusch and assistants with Antigonus and Dromio.

Say now, whose suit is it arrested at?  

ANT. E. Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know him?  

ANT. II. I know the man: What is the sum he owns?  

ANT. E. His whole estate.  

ANT. II. Nay, how grows it thus?  

ANT. E. Den for a chain, a chain, and hand of him.  

ANT. II. He old beguiled a chain for you, but had it not.  

COURT. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  

Came to my house, and took away my ring,  

(The ring, i' the sight upon his finger now.)  

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.  

ANT. II. It may be so, but I did never see it;—  

Come, gather, bring me where the goldsmith is,  

I long to know the truth hereof at large.  

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

LORD. God, for thy money: they are loosed again.  

ANT. II. And answered, with naked swords: let's call more help.  

To have them bound again.  

ANT. E. Away, they'll kill us.  

[Enter Officer, ANT. and Luc.  

ANT. E. I see them witches are afraid of swords.  

ANT. II. Shall, that would be your wife, now run from you:  

ANT. E. Come to the Countess; fetch our staff from thence.  

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.  

DRO. E. Faith, stay here this night, they will really do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a strange nation, that last for the mountain's back that shall marry off our marriage, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and two witch;  

but, I'll not sit about for all the town;  

Therefore away, to get our staff aboard.  

[Exeunt.  

ACT V.  

SCENE I. The same.  

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

ANT. E. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;  

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  

Though most dishonestly doth deny it.  

ANT. II. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?  

ANT. E. Of very reverend reputation, sir,  

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.  

ANT. II. How might bear my wealth at any time.  

ANT. E. You softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.  

ANT. II. Me; and that self chain about his neck,  

Which he borne, most most unostentiously, to have.  

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  

SIGNOR ANTIP. I wonder much  

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,  

And meet without some search upon yourself,  

With circumstance and oath, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so proudly:  

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  

You have done wrong to this my bondman,  

Who, but for staying on our country,  

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.  

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?  

ANT. II. I think, I had; I never did deny it.  

ANT. E. Yes, that you did; and forewore it too.  

ANT. II. Who heard me to deny it, or swear at it?  

ANT. E. These ears of mine, thou knave, didst hear none:  

Fire on thee, wretch! 'tis play, that they live at  

To walk where any honest men resort.  

ANT. II. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  

I'll prove mine honesty against thee presently, if thou dost denial.  

ANT. E. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.  

Eder Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.  

ANT. II. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake: he is in mad.  

ANT. E. Some got within him, take his sword away;  

Bied Dromio too, and bear them to his house.  

DRO. E. Run, master, run; for God's sake take them.  

This is some private;—In, or we are spoild.  

[Enter Antipholus and Dromio to the Priory.

Enter the Abbot.

ANT. E. Be quiet, people: Wherefore thou bringest  

ANT. II. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.  

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  

And bear him home for his recovery.  

ANT. E. I know, he was not in his perfect wits.  

ANT. II. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.  

ANT. E. How long hath this possession held the man?  

ANT. II. This week he hath been heavy, now, and  

And much different from the man he was;  

But, this afternoon, his passion  

Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.  

ANT. E. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?  

Buried some dear friend? Hath not his eye  

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?  

His sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  

What of these sorrows is he subject to?  

ANT. E. To none of these, except he be but last;  

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home,  

ANT. E. You should for that have reprehended him.  

ANT. II. Why, so I did.  

ANT. E. Ay, but not enough.  

ANT. II. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.  

ANT. E. Rapily, in private.  

ANT. II. And in assembly too.  

ANT. E. By, not but enough.  

ANT. II. It was the care of our confidants.  

In bed, he slept not for my urging it  

At board, he fed not for my urging it:  

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  

In company, I often glanced it;  

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.  

ANT. E. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.  

The venom elbow's of a jealous woman.  

Poison more deadly than a man's death marks;  

It seems his sleep was hinder'd by thy railing;  

And therefore comes it that his head is light.  

Thou set'st his sense was assiduously by thy  

brass;  

Thou sayst his sports were hinder'd by thy  

brass;  

sights, marks, and digestion.  

Thou set'st up his ire of fever bred;  

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  

How ever, I shall speak to him;  

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;  

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
He broke from those that had the guard of him
And, with his hand attendent and blindest,
Each one with brulish passion, with drew
swords,
Met us again, and, maddly bent on us,
Chas'd us away, till resistance was at an end;
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whether we pursued them;
And here the abbess shut the gates on us,
And I will not suffer us to fetch him out;
Nor shall him forth, that we may bear him
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy com-
mands,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for
helps.
Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd as my
warder.
And I to thee enjoin'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I consid-
er, him, none of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Serpent.

Serr. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your-
self!
My master and his man are both broke down.
Bought the maid's a row, and bound the doctor.
Whose head they have sung off with brand-
iards.
And ever as it bblad, they throw on him
Great piles of pill'd marrow to quench the hair.
My master prays patience to the lady and the
while.
His man with wiser ticks him like a fool;
And, sure, unless we send some present help,
Between them they will kill the composer.

Enter Duke attended; Ennoin bare-headed,
with the Headman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
Every friend will pay the sum for him.
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Duke. She is a serjeant and a serjeant lady;
It cannot be, she hath done these wrong.

Duke. May it please your grace, Antonipus,
my husband.
Whom I command of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this till day,
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
The servants prov'd it to their master,
(With him his bloodman, all as mad as he.)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
In many things in their houses, bearing hence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did take.
Once did he get bound, and sent him home,
That his servants might order for the wrongs.
Here that and there his fury had committed.
Above, I wot not by what strong ensnare,

Enter Serpent.

Duke. Sweet recreations bar'd, what doth en-
still
But moody and dull melancholy;
(Kinman to grin and countenance despair.)
And, at her heels huge infectious troop
Of yale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man, or beast.
The consequence is, thy jealousy fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demaund'd himself rough, rude, and
witty.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. Sirs. Let the sieve man to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Adr. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring him in
by force.

Adr. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary.
And I shall privily make him from your sight,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my liberty in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Dirt his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore, let the harrier bring thee hence.

Adr. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have due the approvd measure I have,
With wholesome syrupes and holy prayers,
To make of me a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not budge, and leave my husband
here.

And ill it doth bewray your hollowness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Adr. Quaintly into the duke of this industry.

Adr. Come, go; I will walk prosecat at his feet;
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take possession of my husband from the street.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;
Amen, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Bendeth the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Aryanman merchant,
Who got this day into this bay;
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behaved publicly for his offence.

Mer. Where; when come we, we will behold
his death.

Luc. Know to the duke, before he pass the
abbey.

Enter Duke attended; Ennoin bare-headed,
with the Headman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
Every friend will pay the sum for him.
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Duke. She is a serjeant and a serjeant lady;
It cannot be, she hath done these wrong.

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Whom I command of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this till day,
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
The servants prov'd it to their master,
(With him his bloodman, all as mad as he.)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
In many things in their houses, bearing hence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did take.
Once did he get bound, and sent him home,
That his servants might order for the wrongs.
Here that and there his fury had committed.
Above, I wot not by what strong ensnare,
COMEDY OF ERRORS

Act I, Scene 1

Duke. Saw'st thou him murder at the abbey here? Cause: To ass, my lord, for your grace. Duke. Why, this is strange—Go call the abbot hither.
I think, you are all mad, or your mad.
[Enter an Attendant.
Att. Most mighty duke, command me speak a word.
Duke. Happily I see a friend will save my life.
Att. And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what then will
Att. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
Duke. And is not that your bosom? Dromio?
Duke. Within this hour I was his henchman, sir.
But now, I thank him, grace's in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unheard.
Att. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Duke. O, ourselves we do remember, sir, by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Poins' patient, are you, sir?
Duke. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Att. And I never saw you in my life, till now.
Duke. Oft grief hath changèd me, since you saw me last.
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defects in my face:
But tell me yes, that thou dost not know my voice.
Att. Nay, Dromio, nor thou? Dromio:
Duke. O, no, trust me, no, no, no.
Duke. I am sure, thou dost.
Duke. If, Ay, sir? but I am sure so, I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Att. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Have them so crack'd and splintered your poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knew'st not my noble boy of unkind care?
Though now his graven face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's dimple'd brow,
And all the constellations of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My waking lamp some falling slender left,
My drift deals ear a little:—All these old witnesses (I cannot cry)
Tell now, do not say my son Antipholus.
Att. And I never saw my life.
Duke. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
They should not acknowledge me in misery.
Att. The duke, and all that know me in this city.
Can witness with me, that it is not so?
I never saw Syracuse in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, my lord's servants
Have been my patron to Antipholus.
During which time he never saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee duteous.
Enter the Abbot, with AntipholusSyracusan,
and Dromio Syracuse.
Duke. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd; and—[All gather to see him.
Duke. Whoever bound him, will lose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Drogon, if thou he's the man
That bast a wife now call'd 'Sylla,'
COMEDY OF ERRORS. ACT V.

That here thee at a burden two faire sons; O, if thou be'nest. These deceiver pawn 1 for my faire here.

Duke: It shall not need, thy father hath his life. Cesar: Sir, I must have that diamond from you. 

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks to my good chees. 

Ant. A. Renowned Duke, vousetake to take the pains To go with us into the abbey here, And bear at large discouree all our frences—

And all that are assembled in this place, That by this sympathized one day's error Have we you, I am a go, keep us company, And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I lost gone in travell Of you. I have found all this present hour— My heavy burden here delivered.

The duke, his husband, and my children both, And you the accouter of their nativity, Go to a goosip's feast, and go with me— After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke: With all my heart, I'll goope at this feast. 

[Enter Duke, Abner, Egan, Courtnoer, Merchant, Angler, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your gown and shipboard? 

Ant. E. Droon, what stuff of mine has thee ernt by?

Dro. S. Your gowns, that lay at hand, sir, in the Coeurs.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Droon;

Come, go with me; we'll look to that anon: 

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. 

[Enter Ant. S. and Ant. E. Droon, and Sir. 

Dro. S. There is a fair man at your master's house.

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; 

The now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my wife, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth. 

Will you walk in to see their glazing? 

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. S. That's a question: how shall we try by? 

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the sooner; till then, let that first.

Dro. S. And then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother: 

And now he's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exit.

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNGAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, Duke.
DONALD, King of Scotland.
MACBETH, Duke.
BANQUO, Banquet.
MACDUFF, Steward.
LENNOX, Loyal.
ROSE,
MENofiEY, BANQUO.
ANGUS,
GILLIAN, Son to Banquo.
BANQUO, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
NOBLEMAN OF SCOTLAND.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
PEASE, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
SIR SIMON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
Novacom, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
A SCOTCH DOCTOR.
A SCOTCH DOCTOR.
SOLITUDE, A Porter.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentleman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, and other Witches.

SCENE,—In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England: through the rest of the play, in Scotland: and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open place.

Thud and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

8 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
MACBETH.

II.

Come, Conspirators!-

[Enter Banquo, Macduff, Lennox, with Attendants; a Blowing Snare, and Prelates.]—

Madam, enter King Duncan, Macbeth, Banquo, Lennox, with Attendants; a Blowing Snare, and Prelates. This is the conjugal, a good and happy father, fought for superiority; he, brave Banquo! Is it the King's knowledge of the brawl, that have you done? He stood on his head; and I am pleased with the present suspense of nature and in the western seas a man, and I am the same reason. He is a marvellous Macbeth!-well I do believe that I am welcome, with his brandish'd steel, and I am a man, till I cut off the sleeve; and I will make haste, nor taste arrow'd till I have made his move to the chips, and he shall dance upon our halter-hooks. A Royal assisted by a worthy gentleman! and when the sun rise, let there reign justices and direful thunders so strong, whose comfort would be to say, 'Will the King of Scotland, be so bold as to have me shipped to the rescue of our countrymen, and our supplies of men, and me as well. Dominey! let this thus, Macbeth and Banquo. Ye gods! are angels in the heart, the hem of her girdle, and his words becomes thee, as thy words, sir, if he will?—Go, get him curtsied. Excit, Old Man.

Enter Hecate.

Are you here?—

The unworthy chime of Hecate, that a noise looks through his eyes, and I am-—

... and the King of Norway, with a heavy piece of the sky, and himself, with terrible numbers, by that most treacherous traitor.

The chase of Cawny; 'gan a violent conflict; Till that Ponce's brother. There is no proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point, devotion, arm against arm, Constraining his levant spirit; and, to conclude, The victory fall on us:—

Duns. Great happiness!—

Scene. That nor

Scene. The Norris's king, avails composition; Nor would we deal him burial of his men, Till he demand the Saint Colins' Inch. Ten thousand dollars to our present use.

Duns. So more that these of Cawny shall deserve.

Our boon request—On, presence of his death, And with his former this great Macbeth. Hence, I'll see it done:—

Duns. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?—


3 Witch. Sister, where thou?—

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had christened in her lap, And mound'd it, and mound'd it, and mound'd it:—

[Aside, etc., as quoted.

Arrived thee, witch! the ramp'd roman crier. Her husband's to Alleppe gone, master of the Tiger.

But in a snow I'll thither sail, And, like a cat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind. 1 Witch. These are kind. 3 Witch. And I mother. 1 Witch. I myself have all the other; And the very parts these have been. All the quarter that they know. 1 Witch. The shipman's card. I will drink him dry as hay: Sleep shall, neither night nor day, Hang upon his head-bone lid; He shall live a man forsooth; Wears out his nights, nine times nine, Shall he wind it, wind and pipe: Though his back cannot bear it, Yet it shall be tempest toss'd. Look what I have. 2 Witch. Show me, show me. 1 Witch. Here I have a piece of thimbles, Wreck'd, as homeward as did come. 3 Witch. A drum, a drum; Macbeth does come. All. The weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do they go about; Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice again to make up nine; Peace! the charter's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen. Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these? So wither'd, and so wild in their suits; That look not like the inhabitants of the earth, And yet are not? Love you I or are you aught? That man may scath no nearer? You seem to understand me. By each at once her changy finger laying Upon her skinny lips—You should be women, And yet your looks forbid me to interpret That you are so. Macbeth. Speak, if you can. What are you?—

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Dearer of Glares!—

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Glares of Cawny!
MACBETH

Act i.

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Ban. Good air, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I name 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 seems rapt within; 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 favor or your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lower than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet, much happier.

3 Witch. Thus shall you get kings, though time be
none.
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sibyl's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? I the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of time,
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.

Macbeth. Thence shall you get kings, though time be
none.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seems corporeal,
Melted
As breath into the wind:—Would they had
stayed!

Ban. Were't such things here, as we do speak about
Or have we eaten of the impenetrable root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. And than of Cawdor too; lest it not
so.

Ban. To the selfsame time, and words. Who's there?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receive'd, Macbeth:
The news of thy successes: and when he reads
Thy personal vittories in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do content,
Which should be thine, or his; Scone's d'ath with
that.

In vying over the rest of the selfsame day,
Fear's like the stout Norwigan rankes,
Nothing afraid of what thyself dost make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Cannons both with moss; and ever one did hear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee
Hence. 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?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor liveth: Why do
you curse me

Who was the thane, live yet;

But order heavy judgments on his head;
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined
With those of Norwai, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with all
He laboured in his country's wrecks, I know not;
But treason capricious, unbrothered, and proud:
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—Thank you for your
pains;
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me,
Prom'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted base,
Might yet encindle you unto the crown;
Bear the thane of Cawdor: But his straights;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest tribule, to betray us
In deepest consequential.

Comes, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. Two truths are told
As happy prologue to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle
men.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me scorns?—If good,
Commingling in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor!
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose aid may deafen me and my hair,
And make my second heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than what I suffer't in悬 supreme;
And nothing is.

Enter Lennox.

Lennox. Look, how our captain runs.

Macbeth. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like strange garments; so eat not to their
mould,
With the aid of use.

Macbeth. Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stand upon your
lesse.

Macbeth. Give me your favour:—my dull brains
were struck
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains
Are requir'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us bow and the king—
Think upon what hath chance'd: and, at next
moiiff,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

SCENE IV. Fore. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and attendant;

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Macbeth. My lord,
They are not yet come back. But I have spelt
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 lily: he died
As one that had been staid in his death,
MACBETH. 279

away the dearest thing he had, a careless trust.

There’s an art, a noble construction in the face: gentleman on whom I build’d it was—O, a servitious creature! Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

my ingratitude even now yon to me: Thou art so far before, and so long a paraphrase in slow and slow are these. "Would, would, hadst less disd’n

incapacity both of thanks and payment in turn come not only I have left to say, or less than more than all can pay. The answer will be ready I move, it pays itself. Your generous part in our plans; and our duties to them and unto, children, and ser-

men, what they should, by doing every of your love and honour.

Welcome hither; not to pluck thee, and will labour

our full of growing.—Noile Banquo, as it must be known new born know as, let me unfold thee, thou to my heart.

If I grow, is it your own.

My plentiful joys, a balance, and in hide themselves of narrow. Thou, Alexander, thou, whose places are the nearest, know, well蛛 must not stand upon.

Macleod: what we name hereafter, I of Cumberland; which honour must

our nobleness, like stars, shall shine forever.—From hence to Inverness, as farther to you.

he rest is labour, which is not m’d for

self the barrow, and make joyful acting of my wife with your approach; if she were a friend of

My worthy Cawdor! I was prince of Cumberland—That is a

I must fall down, or else o’erlap.

[xlii.]

awry it lies. Bears, hide your faces! I see my black and deep distress;

not at my hand but yet let that be,

[Exeunt.

me, worthy Banquo; he is full so

recommendations I am felt.

must to me. Let us alter then, it is gone before to bid us welcome: this happening. (Flourish. Erseun.

SECKE V.

A Room in Macbeth’s Castle.

Lady Macbeth, reading a Letter.

They met me in the day of success; as almost by the perfection report, they ce’d them; their mortal knowledge turn’d to doctrine to question them for, minds hieroglyphs—it self, in which they

Whiles I stood rest in the wonder but immense from the sign, who allow;

sad, nor word cannot subject me, and re

unto, to be nothing as, true, with, Hail, what doth not the soul of greatness;

by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and foretell.

Glimps thou art, and a Cawdor shall be:

What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy

It is too full of the milk of human kindness.

To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great: Art not without ambition; but without:

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst be,

That wouldst thou holily; would’st not play false,

And yet wouldst not wrongs win; 'twould not have, great Gliam.

That which cries, Thou dost must do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Then, without should be done. Me. His he that: hither.

That I may pour my spirits in those me;

And cherish with the valour of my tongue All that implies thee from the golden round, Which face metaphysical and doth seem.

To have thee crown’d, within.—What is your

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou must say to me:

Is not thy master with him who, wife? so, Would have inform’d me:—Laud to thee. Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming;

One of my fellows had the speech of him; who, almost dead for breath, had nearly more than Thou would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him warning, He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse;

That crooks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my settlements. Come, come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, come me here:

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full Of direct cruelty! make thick my blood, Step up the access and passage to remove; that no compassionings sallings of nature

Shake my full purpose, nor keep peace between The effect, and it! Come to my woman’s breasts, and take my milk for gall, you murdering mul-

Wherever in your eighteen substances You wait not nature’s mischief? Come, night,

And pull them in the dastard stroke of hell? That my keen knife see not the wound it makes; Nor has seen seen through the blanks of the dark, To cry, Hold, hold!—Great Gliam! worthy Cawdor! Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transport me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

Mack. My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? Mack. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
MACBETH.

Lady M. Only look up clear; To ailer favour ever is to fear: Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI. The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboy: Serenade of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Macbeth, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Duncan: This castle has a pleasant seat: the air Ninety and sixty97 readily recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Malcolm: This guest of summer, The temple-haunting marlant, does approve, By his lordly manners, that the heaven's breath Breathe warmth in every part. No judiciary, nor coatage of vantage, but this bird Hath made his prudent bed, and procur'd a cradle! Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed, The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. See, see! our honour'd hoar! The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, While we do thank God for his grace, and then thank you, For what you bid God yield us for your pains, And thank them for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service, Therefore we twice and once, and then done double, Were poor and single business, to contend Against those honour'd deep and broad, whereon Your majesty loads our house: For those of old, And the late dignities bear'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Duncan: Where's the thane of Cawdor?

Lady M. He was with you in the hea'res, and had a purpose To be his victor: but he ris'd 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 Yourselves, and what they are, in company To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, Still retain your own.

Duncan: Give me your hand: Command me to mine host; we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

Scene VII. The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and Trumpets. Enter, and pass over the Tapestry, a Silver, and divers Servants with Dishes and Sermicas. Then enter Macbeth.

Macbeth: If it were done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but the blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here. But here, upon this bank and shoal of time— We'd jump the life to come—but, in these cases We have judgment here: that neither death Nor sleep can lull us, then together 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 sufferer shut the door From dangerous access; to the great husk By his own hand he hath seal'd up. Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been As his摈 share in great office, that his virtues Will plead like a spirit, being armed against Deep damnation of his taking off:
SCENE II.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a Servant with a Torch before them.

Time. How goes the night, boy?

Servant. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. So late, sir; not later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword;—There's husbandry in heaven.

Servant. Their candels are all out.—Take thee that too.

Banquo. A heavy summons has his lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep;—Merciful powers! Restrains in me the cursed thoughts, that nature Grows weary'that she repose to wake me my sword;—

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Who's there?

Servant. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's third thou.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Braves form, great largess to his officers;
The discourse he grants your wife withal, By the name of most kind hearse; and shot up In me Turner's consideration.

Servant. Being unprepared, Our well become the servant to defect;

And what else should you have wrought.

Banquo. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have shown what they intend.

Servant. I think not of them.

Banquo. Yet, yea, where we can obtiain an hour to serve,

Would sprest it in some words upon that business.

If you would grant the time.

Servant. At your kind'st leisure.

Banquo. If you shall cleave to my consent,—

Where 'tis.

It shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My beam, branch'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be comfort'd.

Servant. Good reposes, the while.

Banquo. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

[Exit Banquo.

Servant. Good morrow; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready.

She strikes upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The ha'nted one to my mind? Come, let me clutch thee;—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art not thou, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? I feel not thus:

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.

This is the very unction which was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fool of; other senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still:

And on thy blade, and does, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informes

These base eyes—Now 'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain's deeper: witchcraft celebrats

Paul Hecate's offerings; and witt's murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf.

Whose bow's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and true-set earth,

Hear many steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones praise of my where-abouts;

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now sits with it.—Whilest I threat, he lives;

Words to the heart of deeds too cold blood gives.

(A bell rings.)

I go, and it is done; she shall invite me

Hear them, Dissemble; 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 thee drunk,

What hath quench'd thee, hath given me fire:—

[Exit. Macbeth.—

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern's at good night. He is a knave.

The doors are open; and the serviled guests

Do mock their charge with smoke: I have heard

That death and nature do consist about these,

Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [Aside.] Who's there?—what, ho! Lady M. [Alack I am afraid, they have swalk'd,

And 's not done—the attempt, and not the deed.

I conjure thee—Hark! I laid their daggers ready.

He could not miss them;—Hid be not resembled My father as he slept, I had not.—My husband!

[Exit Macbeth.

Macbeth. I have done the deed:—Dost thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

[Exit. Lady M. Ay.

Macbeth. Who lies in the second chamber?

Lady M. Denialbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. 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

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried, God bless us! and, Amen, the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce

It had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. It is not the least thing which all men should not:

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more.

Lady M. Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;

Sleep, in that house where in the cold peace

The death of each day's life, e'en labour's bane,

Beneath of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief in life's fast—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house.

Glasgow, bath murder'd sleep; and therefore—

Cauter. Sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thanes.

You do understand your noble strength, to think so lamenably of things; do, art ye water, and wash that filth which is in your head.—Why did you using these daggers from the place?

They bear there; gocarry them; and I care not.

The sleepy grooves with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more; I am afraid to think what I have done.

Look out again, I care not.

Lady M. In form of purpose—

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as pictures: his the eye of childhood,

That tears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooves within,

For it must seem some sport.

[Exit. Knocking within.

Warre is that knocking? How's it with me, when every now appal me?

What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Well all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand! No! this my hand will bear,

The multiform seas incendiary,

Making the green one red.

Enter Lastr 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 west entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little window clears us of the dead.

How easy is it this? You contemptible

Hath left you unattended—[Knock] Haark harder:

Knock, knock, knock: Get on your nightcap, lest occasion call us,

And show me these two watches—now, look how these

So joyously in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, you must not know my thoughts.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking? I would not confound—[Knock

Scene III. The same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.


Most fiendish murder bath broke ope

The Lord's appointed temple, and solemn

The life in the building.

Macb. What's the matter? Len. Mean you his majesty? Macb. Approach the chamber, and douse your sight

With a cold censer—Do not bid me speak;

Speak, and they speak yourselves—Awake!—

Enter Macb. and Len. Ring the drum—Murder! and treason.

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! wak's!
MACBETH.

SCENE IV.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great dream's image.—Malcolm! Banquo! As
So grave a purpose rises up, and walk like
To counteract this horror! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.

Macb. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murmur as it fell—0 Banquo! Banquo!—

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murdered!—Lady M.

Lady M. What, in our house?

Macb. Too cruel, any where. —Dear Duff, I pray you, contradict yourself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I not best die an hour before this chance?
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toy's; renown, and grace, is dead;
The woe of life is drawn, and the more less
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Dona. What is this news?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the beard, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped:—the very source, it is stopped.

Deal. Your royal father's murdered.

Macb. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done:
Their hands and faces were all bad'd with blood.
So were their daggers, which, unswip'd, we
Upon their pillows:
They stand'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.

Deal. Why was that?

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Dona. Who can be wise, unseen, temperate, and fearless.

And neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the power reason.—Here lie Duncan,
His silver skin heb'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
Just
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murder.
Sleep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Umanently break'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!

Deal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That must may claim this argument for ours?

Macb. What should be spoken.
Here, where our fate, hid in a aureole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet break'd.

Macb. Not our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Bar. Look to the lady. —[Lady Macbeth is carried out.
And when we have our naked fractures hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet.
That know this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Peers and scribblers shake
us;
In the great hand of God I stand;—and, thence,
Against the upspring'tonfulctence I fight
Of remorseous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

Al. No all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on many readiness,
And meet P'l the hall together.

Al. Well contented. —[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consent with them:
To show an awful 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
tongue.
The nearer bloody.

Mal. bloody drops murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the arm. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be clamor of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

SCENE IV. Without the Castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old M. There's more than ten I can remember well.
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dream'd, and things strange: but this
Hath tripped former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is night's preponderance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the glare of earth restrain?
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.
Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain.)
Beautious and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, sung
out,
Contesting 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon. Here comes the good Macd.—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?—

Macb. Why, see you not?—

Ross. 'Tis known who did this more than
blow'd dead.

Macb. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. What good could they pretend?—

Macb. They were unbend'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are wish'd away and fled; which put upon them
Negreacion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrill'd ambition, that will make war
Three own life's means—Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macb. He is already nam'd; and some are seen
To be invested.
MACBETH

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fore's. A Room in the Palace. Enter Banquo.

Ban. This how it now, King, Cawdor, Glane, 
As the weird women promise'd: and, I fear,
Then play'd it most fully: yet I was said,
It should stand in thy possibility;
But that myself should be the root and father 
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon Macbeth, their speeches shine,) 
Why, by the vertues on thee made good,
They should not make thee wretch'd as well.
And set me up in hope! But, hush: no more.

Enter mused. Enter Macbeth, as King; 
Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Ross, 
Lauda, Ladies, and Attendants.

Mac. How's our chief guest?

Len. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Mac. To-night, we hold a solemn supper; it
Will you in good presence be present with us.

Len. Let your highness Command upon me: to the which, my duties
Are with most unbecomable love
For ever knit.

Mac. How did you this afternoon?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mac. Should we have else desist your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosper-
ous.)

Len. In this there was a counsel; but we'll take it now,
'tis how you can rule?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twist this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or two.

Mac. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac. We hear, our bloody cousins are but 
strew'd
In England; and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parents, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, there-withal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Go to hence with you.
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call us
Upon us.

Mac. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so do I command you to your backs.

Ban. Farewell.

[Exit Macbeth.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The point of our welcome; we will keep convivial
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you.

Len. Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Ladies, &c.

Len. To them is nothing; But to be them is nothing, shall
us.

Mac. Bring them before me.—[Exit Attendant.]

Ban. To be them is nothing; But to be safe them:—Our foes in Banquo
Stuck deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd:—'Tis much
he daren;

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: so, it is said.

Mac. Antony's was by Caesar. He said the

When first they put the name of Klag upon us,
And made them speak to him; then, prophesying
They had him to their father.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grate,
Thence to be wrenched, from the bottom upwards.
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue there I'll fill my mouth;

Put rancour in the vessels of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the cause of man; to make them kings:
To make them kings: the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, curse, cut, hate, to the last,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

[Enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay till we call.

Was it not yesterday we spake together?

Ban. It was so, so please your highness.

Mac. We'll then, now
Have you considered 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: thus I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were born in hand; bow crown'd;
Write, the instruments;

Who wrote with them; and all things else,
that night,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Mac. Thus did Banquo.

You made it known to us

Ban. I did do; and went further, which a nor
point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose-heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd you for ever?

Ban. We are men, my hags.

Ban. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
cuped.

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguished the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-bred, the wild, the lion-line every.
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him club'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the unconsum'd bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a matron in the file,
Not in the bay, and say it; and
I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your money off;
Grapple and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were peace and peace;


Whom the vile blows and bawls of the world

And I another,
MACBETH

MACBETH

As weary with dissipaTions, toadst with fortunes, That I would set my life on easy chance, "'Twas Man; or be 'er at 'ch.'
Both of you

Mack.

Here, Banquo was your enemy.

Mack.

True, my lord.

Mack. He is no more: and in such bloody distance.

That every minute of his being threats Against my secret of life: And though I could With bare-head power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will enshroud it; yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine. These love I may not bear, but wait his fall Where he himself shall draw down: and thence it is, That I to your estates do make love; Having been banished from the common eye, For many weighty reasons.

2 Mac.

We shall, my lord, do what you shall command us.

1 Mac.

Though our love—

Mack. Your spirits shone through you. Within I will advise you where to plant yourselves: Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time. The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night; And something from the palace; always thought, That I require a clearance; and with him (To leave no ruins, nor bushes, in the work,) Banish his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence, I do think, is less material To him; and his father’s, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Remove yourselves apart; I'll come to you now.

2 Mac.

We are resolv’d, my lord.

Mack. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. It is concluded—Arizona, thy soul’s flight, If it be heaven, may find it out to-night. [Exit.

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. Mack. I will. [Exit.

Lady M. Notch’s dead, all’s spent;

Where our desire is yet without content: To the end that we may return;

Then, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone? Or give your company making? Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died While these they think on? Things without re-


deadly;

Should be without regard: what’s done, is done.

Macbeth We have scratch’d the snake, not kill’d it; She’ll sinn, and be herself; whilst our poor selves Remain in danger of her former tooth. But let the fame of things disjointed,

Both the worst of suffer,

Leave will our soul 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. Dreams in his grave; After his fatal fever, he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestick, foreign envy, nothing, Can touch him further.

Lady M. Play, my lord; create my lord; Block o’er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial Among your guests to-night.

Macbeth So shall I love,

And so I, pray, be you: let your remembrance Apply in shame: presume no more on me; With eye and tongue: swear that the white that we Most love our honour in these flattering streams; And make our faces wizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must have this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpion’s stings in my mind, dear wife!

Think wondrous yet; they are unassail’d; Then be thou jocund: be the bat hung down His cluster’d flight; are, to black Hecate’s

Macbeth. There’s comfort yet; they are unassail’d; Then be thou jocund: be the bat hung down His cluster’d flight; are, to black Hecate’s

Wing, the sharp-burnt beetle, with his fiery beam, Hath rung night’s yawning pause, shall there be

A dead of dreadful note.

Lady M. What’s to be done?

Macbeth Be innocent of the knowledge, dear chuck,

Till thou applauds the deed. Come, sweet smiling night; Spread up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Curse, and spur to that great bent Which keepeth me pale—Light thinness; and the crow

Make sing to the rocky wood:—

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

Whiles night’s black agents to their play do

Thou marvel’st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things, beguiled, begin, make strong themselves by

So, pr’ythee, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE III. The same.

A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join us with us?

Macbeth He needs not our mistrust: since he delivers Our offices, and what we have to do, To the direction just.

2 Mur. Then stand with us.

Enter Macbeth.

3 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 Mur. A light, a light! 

3 Mur. Stand to ‘t.

Ban. It will be rain to-night. [Exit.

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was’t not the way?

2 Mur. There’s but one door: the sun is set.

2 Mur. We have lost half of our affils.

1 Mur. Well, he’s away, and how much is done. [Exit.

End of scene.
SCENE IV. A Room in State in the Palace.

A banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macbeth: Much you know your own degrees, sit down; sit first, and let the guests come in.
Lady Macbeth: Thanks to your majesty. Macbeth: And how, the hearty welcome. Lords: Our bosoms keep her state; but, in best time, we will require her welcome.
Lady Macbeth: Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macbeth: See, they encounter thee with their best side.

Lady Macbeth: We are the best of the cut-throats.

Might: He is good.

Might: That did the like for Florence: if thou didst it, thou art not the nonpareil.

Lady Macbeth: Most royal sir.

Might: Be sauced.

Lady Macbeth: Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect:

Might: Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:

Lady Macbeth: As broad, and general, as the casing air:

Might: But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound round:

Lady Macbeth: To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Might: Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he

Might: With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;

Lady Macbeth: The least a death to nature.

Might: Thanks for that:

Lady Macbeth: There the grown serpents lie; the worm, that's bad;

Might: hath nature that in time will venom spread.\non teeth for the present—get thee gone; some now

Lady Macbeth: We'll hear ourselves again. [Ere i Murderer.

Might: My royal lord,

Lady Macbeth: You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

Might: That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

Lady Macbeth: Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at home.\nFrom hence, the sauce to meet is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Might: Sweet rememberance—\n
Lady Macbeth: Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on that.

Len. May it please your highness sit? [The Ghost of Banquo raises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Might: Here have we now our country's honour rest'd,

Lady Macbeth: Were we not more than a person of our Banquo present?

Might: Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Lady Macbeth: Than pity for mischance!

Might: His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness,

Lady Macbeth: To grace us with your royal company?

Might: The table's full.

Len. Here, a placereserve'd: sir, Where?\n
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Might: What is't that you have done this?\n
Lords: What, my good lord?

Might: Thou canst not say, I did it: never think

Lady Macbeth: Thy gory locks at me.
MACBETH.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle of a Cauldron boiling.

Thuder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
MACBETH. ACT IV.

3 Witch. Harpier cries—'The time; the time.'
1 Witch. Round about the cask on go!
In the pond'son enthralls:—
Thou, that under cobles stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Stirred the Venus, sleeping got.
Boil then first o' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fishy snake;
In the cauldron boil and take:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog.
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble.
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gull
Of the ravin's solace stark.
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Livers of black goats; tripe of knave;
Gall of a goat; and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse:
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of bistort-straggled beale,
Dobr'd-herbe'd by a drab.
Make the gruel thick and slat:
Add thereto a tiger's chandron.
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.
Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share in the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and impish goblins ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.
1 Witch. Black sports and wire,
Hot spirits and grey;
Mine's, single, single,
You must not song;

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes;
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.
Mac. How now, my sect, black, and midnight hag?
What use do you I
All. A deed without a name.
Mac. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Though you come to bin with it I answer not:
Though you name the uncle, and let them fight
Against the churchmen; though the pity waves
Condemning and scolding our navigation;
Though blackened corn be holp'd, and trees hewn,
Though bread be moulder in your saucers' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their head, their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's reserve tumble abroad,
Eat till destructions weaken, weaken me
To what I ask you
1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Deman.
3 Witch. We'll answer.
1 Witch. Say, if thou rather hear it from our mouth,
Or from our master? 'tis a deal.

Mac. Call them, let me see them
1 Witch. Pour in some of his blood, then hath eaten
Her nine farrow: press, that's suavest
From the murderers' gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, duly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.
Mach. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou none:
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macbeth! Beware the name of Fife—
Descend—Enough
Mach. What's e'er thou art for, for thy good caution,
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright—But one word more—
1 Witch. He will not be commanded: have
another
More potent than the first.
Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Hast! I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Mach. He bloody, bold,
And resolute: to scorner of men: for one of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
[Descends]
Mach. Then live, Macbeth; What said I fear of thee
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a heart by heart: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pubbeliished &c. &c. a lie:
And sleep in spite of threaten—What is this,
Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned,
with a Thistle in his Hand, cries
That rises like the issue of a Kurt;
And wares upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.
All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be Blood-bled, proud;
And take no care Who chases, who镳, or where comes; Macbeth shall never VANISHED be, until Great Roman word to light Dummisbell shall come against him.
[Descends]
Mach. That will never be;
When women rape the forest; but the tree
Unfix'd earth-bounded root, sweet sentimental
of it.
Rebellions bad, the never, till the wood
Of Roman rest, and our high-land Macbeth
Swell for the love of nature, pays his breath
To tune, and melodic rust
Thou to know one thing; Tell me, if thy art
Can tell a man shall Banquo's seed ever
Rise in the kingdom
All. To know more.
Mach. I will be satisfied: show me this;
And an eternal curse fall on you: Let me know:
WhyJack, that this heaven? and what noise is this
[Descends]

1 Witch. Show!' 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch. Show!
10. Show his eyes, and grow his heart;
Come like a shadow, so respect.
Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage:
in order; the last with a Glass in his Hand;
Bumpus following.
Mach. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo's
Thou dost not wear mine eye-scales;—And thy
mouth,
Thou other g-land-browed, is like the first;—A little
is like the former;—Pithy hugs.
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start
eyes.
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The fits of the season. I dare not speak much for them:
But creel are the times, when we are traitsors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold
Our friends and foes in one and the same esteem.
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But that which we do fear opens wild and violent
Facts, and make our threats seem but words.
Each way, and more.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I’ll be here again:
Things at the worst will come, or else climb
upward.

To what they were before.—My pretty comrade, Blessing upon you!—

L. Mac. Pardies he is, and yet he’s fatherless.

Ros. 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 Ros.]

L. Mac. Nay, then, your father’s dead;
And what will you do now now will you live?

Ros. As birds do, mother.

L. Mac. What, with wind and rain?

Ros. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Mac. Poor bird! you should never fear the
pitfall, nor the gin.

L. Mac. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set free.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Mac. Yes, he is dead; how will thou do
for a father?

Ros. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Mac. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Ros. Then you’ll buy one to sell again.

L. Mac. Thou speakst as with all thy wit; and
yet I think
With wit enough for thee.

Ros. Was thy father a traitor, mother?

L. Mac. Ay, that he was.

Ros. What is a traitor?

L. Mac. Why, one that swears and lies.

Ros. And is all traitors, that do so?

L. Mac. Every one that does, as a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Ros. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie?

L. Mac. Every one.

Ros. Who must hang them?

L. Mac. Why, the honest men.

Ros. Then the liars and swears are fools; for
those are liars and swears enough to best the
honest men, and hang up them.

L. Mac. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But
how wilt thou do for a father?

Ros. If we were done we could wrap for him:
If you would not, it were a good sign that
I should quickly have a new father.

L. Mac. Poor traitor! how thou talkst.

Enter a Messenger.

Mass, bless thee, fair dame! I am not to you
known.

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you near;
If you will take a homely man’s advice.
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright your thus, mesthins. I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were full unkind.
Which is too near thy person. Heaven pre
serve you?

I dare chide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Mac. 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, sometimes
Accompanied dangerous folly. Why then, shut;
Do I put that, which usually defends,
To see, I have done no harm.—What are
these faces?

Enter Macduff.

Mrs. Where is your husband?
MACBETH.

ACT IV.

L. Macb. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

M. He's a traitor.

S. Thou liest, thou shame-curd villain.

M. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.] Young fry of treachery!

S. He has killed me, mother; run away, I pray you.

[Dies.

Lady Macbeth, crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.

SCENE III.

England. A room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

M. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

M. Let us rather 

M. Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birth'dom: Each new

N. New widows howl; new orphans cry, new

S. Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yel'd out
Lurk'able tales of doleful news.

M. What I believe, I'll wait;
What know, believe; and, what I can resolve,
As I shall find the time toFriend, I will
What you have spoken, it may be so, perc'hanse,
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our

W. 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 through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To avenge an angry god.

M. I am not treacherous.

M. But Macbeth is
A good and virtuous nature may recall,
An imperial charge. But crave your pardon;

M. That which you are, your thoughts cannot trans-press.

A. Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brow's of
taunt such. Yes, verily:

M. Yes; I have lost my hope.

M. Perc'hanse, even there, where I did find
My doubts.

W. Why in that renewal left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong bonds of

W. Without leave taking— I pray you,
Let not my jealousy be your displeasure,
But mine own satisfaction: You may be rightly
just,

Whatsoever I shall think.

M. Fear, fear, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy have-more.

M. For good-dress does not check thee—wear thou

M. Thy title is affect'd—Pare thee well, lord;

W. I would not be the villain thither than think't

M. For the whole space that's in the tyrant's group,
And the rich East to boot.

M. Do not offend:

W. I speak not as in absolute fear of you
I think our country sinkes beneath the yoke; it

W. Let us, I think, add to her wounds: I think, with

W. There would be hands uplifted in my right;

M. Who, here, from gracious England, have I offended
(With only thousands? But, for all this,

W. When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more sins than it had before.

More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

M. What should he be?

M. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so graft'd,
That, when they shall be open, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Enter him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confederate brains.

M. Not in the legions

W. Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

M. I grant him bloody,

M. Lur'gious, extravagant, false, dishonorable,

W. Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

M. That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my Blameless: your wives, your daugh-

W. Your maidservants, and your maids, could not fill up

W. The cleane'st of my lust; and my desire

W. All content impediments would o'ertake,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,

M. Than such one to reign.

W. Bloodless inopeprance in

M. Nature is a tyranny; it hath been

W. The untimely emptying of the happy throne,

W. Fear not, you may take upon you what is yours: you can

W. Convey your pleasures in a question perfectly.

W. And yet we do not; the time you may so

W. We have willing dares enough; there cannot be

W. That full to your desires so many

W. As will to greats, to dedicate themselves,

W. Finding it so indeed.

M. With this, there grows,
In my most ill compass' alteration, such

W. A strange aviance, that, were I king,

W. I should cut off no more for their lands;

W. Deny his jewels, and this other a house:

M. And my name having been a name.

W. To make the longer more: that I should enlarge

W. That worse unkind against the good, and loyal,

M. Destroying them for wealth.

W. This aviance

W. Sticks deeper: grows with more purposes root

W. Than summer's seeding lust: and it hath been

M. For our sweet of claim her husband: Yet do not fear;

W. Scotland hath ye courage to fill up your will,

W. Or your more own! All these are portable,

W. With other more advanced.

M. But I have none: The king-becoming

W. No, your reign is

W. As justice, verity, temperance, stillness,

M. Beauty, prudence, mercy, loveliness,

W. Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,

W. I have no wish of them; but ask and

M. In the diversities of each several course,

M. Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should

W. Pour the sweet milk of counsel into my

M. Upon the universal peace, counsel

M. All unity on earth

M. Of Scotland! Scotland!

M. If such a one be fit to govern, speak

M. Not to live, but to reign in truth.

M. With an at that tyrant bloody-excepted,

W. Would it needs be:—thy wholesome days again?

W. Was at the foundation of that throne

W. By his own merit: in a stable accord'd,

M. And does his breath his blow?—The royal

W. Was most shanced king; the queen, that bare

W. The man that bare

W. This was her knee's; than on her feet,

M. Did—every day she bare—Here was well—

W. These roots, their principle, upon myself,

W. Have bough't it not from Scotland—O, my trust,

M. Thy hope end here!

M. Macbeth, thus noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
MACBETH

Scene III.

"What the black spirits, monsignor?" thought I.
"To the good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth!
"By many of them, you both sought to win me.
"Into power! and marked whoso plucks me
"From over-reckless haste! But, God above
"Hath between them and me! for six days now,
"I put myself in thy direction.
"Unseen’s mine was distraction: here shudder
"The woods and blazes! I'll break up, revel,
"For strangers in my nature. I am yet
"Unknown to woman; meet was farewell;
"Seemed have coveted what was mine own;
"At no time broach my fate! would not betray
"The devil in his fellows; and delight
"No less spurned, thus live! my first false speaking.
"Was this upon myself? What I truly am,
"Is thus, and my poor country, master; to command.
"Wilt thou, indeed, follow thy mere approach,
"Old whisper, and that thousand warlike men,
"At ready at a word, acting forth;
"Now well we gather; and the chance of goodness
"Be like our warranted guard! Why are you all
"Fled? Such welcome and unwelcome things
"The hand to remembrance.

Enter a Doctor.

"Well, what news? — Comes the king forth? I pray you?
"Doctor, sir; there are a crew of wretched
"Men, that say espous’d: their deadly convulsions
"Be much hung, at his last touch.
"Such senses loss his heart given him, they
"Prescibly seem.

"Thank you, doctor.

"What’s the illness hereabouts?

"Maid. The king’s brain:

"Doctor. Of the evil; a most marvelous weak in the great king;
"Which rages, since my hero remains in England,
"I know not how; but his body’s heaven.
"Himself last known: but strangely visited people,
"All kinds and grisly, pinted in the eye;
"The more despair, the remedy, he comes.
"Monday, speaking about their works,
"Put in with holy prayers, and then spoken,
"To the sounding roundly he leaves.

"Into the bedchamber: With this strange virtu

"He built a wondrous gift of poetry;
"And he did sing about his throne,
"That speak him full of grief.

"Sir Doctor.

"Maid. Sir, who comes here?

"Doctor. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

"Maid. His unwelcome mien, with every motion;

"The more I know him! Good God, that is,

"The means that make us transform! Sir, Amen.

"Maid. How runs Scotland where it is?

"Doctor. Some fear it.

"Maid. Almost should I know itself! It cannot

"Be said of our manner, but our grave: where

"Hair of the body’s, is once seen to smile;

"Where earth, and grave, and shrugs that rest

"Are mock’d: art mock’d! where sudden sorrow

"A modest passing; the dead man’s friend;

"Is there sincere, who for; and good man’s

"Expire before their flowers in their cuts,

"Dying, or ere they sinken.

"Maid. O, relation,
MACBETH.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane.  

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have these two days written with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked? 

Gent. About an hour, Doctor. But I have seen her since, without her hair, her night-robe over her shoulder, even as she walked to church. 

Doctor. And what is her present state? 

Gent. She is out of her mind. Doctor. And what is she now doing? Look, how she rubs her hands. 

Gent. It is an accentual motion 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 spell. 

Doctor. She is very much gone. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance. 

Lady M. But, damn'd be I! I say! 

Doctor. One: Two: Why, then 'tis time to do:—

Heil is worthy—Fy, my beard, the soldier, and aloud:—What know'd who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 

Doctor. Do you mark that? 

Lady M. The two nights she had a wife: Where is she now?—What will these hands never be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that! 

Doctor. 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.
MACBETH

SCENE V. 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 taste with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences, have pronounced me

For a pure and genuine monarch: so much of

Shall ever have power on thee.—Then fly, take thenes.

And argue with the English spices:—The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,

Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil sees thee black, thou cream-fac'd bane!

Where goest thou that goest look so sour?

Serc. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and overdo thy

These bloody boys. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! I hear these linen things of

Are cowards in the heart. What soldiers, why

Here?—

Serc. The English forces, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, if I say I this push

Will choke me over, or drown me now.

I have live' d enough; my way of life

Is full in to the rear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As humour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Course, not long, but deep, and bottom, mouth-honour,

Breath, which the poor heart would fail deny, but dare not.

Sey. Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I' ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hatch'd.

Give me my armours.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I' ll put it on.

Sey. Seal out more horses, sirk the country round;

Hang them that talk of fear.—Give me mine

armours.

How doth your patient, doctor?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Curs she of that:

Cans she not minister to a mind diseas'd?

Doc. I can: from the memory a rootest sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antick,

Chaste the sad bodkin of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon his heart?

Doc. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Three phisicks to the dogs, I'll none of

it:—

Corne, put mine armours on; give me my staff:—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from

Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my hand, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

would applaud thee to the very echo.

That, and she'll answer again.—Full't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, emmu, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hences?—Hearst they

Doc. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I' ll not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doc. 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 Clavering, Malcolm, old Siward, and his son, Macbeth, Caldbuck, Angus, Lenox, Rome, and Soldiers.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

Men. We doubt it nothing.

Sil. What wood is this before us?

Men. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier how he has done a bough,

And heart before him; therefore shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery

By err in report of us.

Sil. It shall be done.

Sil. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

Our setting down before.

Mal. To his main hope:

For where there's 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.

Let our just numbers Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrious soldiership.

Sil. The time approaches,

That with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we own.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issues strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which, advance the war.

Ere we match, marching.

SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Clavering, 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 singly to scorn: here let them lie;

Till famine, and the age, eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have made them dearful, heard to

beard,

And beat them backward home. What is that

near?

Sil. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mal. I have almost forgot the taste of fear:

The time has been, my senses would have

cool'd;

To hear a night-shriek, and my full of hair

Would at a dismal treatise run, and sit

As life were in't: I have supp'd full with

hers;

Dissens, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,

Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sil. The queen, my lord.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a work—
MACBETH.

ACT V.

Ye, Siue: Siue: though that calls be thyself a better name.
Then say I be hell.

Mack. My name’s Macbeth.

Yo, Siue. The devil himself could not presume a nite.

More hateful to mine ear.

Mack. No, nor more feared.

Yo, Siue. Then lies, attended tyrant: with my sword

I’ll prove the bo to thoo spake’t...

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Mack. Thou want great homes—

Mack. But swords I smile at; weapons laugh in scorn, Braanish’d by man that’s of a woman born.

[Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Mack. That way the noise is—Trent, 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, where are

Are hid to hear their strawes: either thoo, Mack.

Or else my sword, with an unbladder’d edge,

I shood again undecided. There thou shouldst not be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest use;

Shooff lieed: Let me find him! For Ish.

And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siue. This way, my lord:—the castle’s gayly rendered:

The tyrants’ people on both sides do fight;

The noble thoos do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siue. Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exit. Alarums.

Re-enter Macbeth.

Mack. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword 7 whilst I see live, his

Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macbiff.

Mack. Turn, bell-bound, turn.

Mack. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much charg’d

With blood of thine already.

Mack. I have no words, my voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Mack. Thou beast labourer.

As easy mayst thou the incomprehensible

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:

Let fall thy blade on valiant Macbeth,

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield

To one of woman born.

Mack. Despair thy charm;

And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv’d,

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother’s womb

Untrimmedly begotten.

Mack. Accursed be that slander that tells me so,

For it hath caus’d my better part to sneer,

And be these juggling feasts so much belov’d,

That taker with us as a double weapon;

That keep the word of woman to our ear,

And break it to our hope—I’ll not fight with thee.

Mack. Them yield thee, coward.

Mack. To be the show and gaze of the time:

We shall see thee, as our rarer monstrosities are,

Painted upon a pole; and underwith,

Here may we see the tyrant.

Mack. I’ll not yield.

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,

And to be child with the rabbit’s ears.
MACBETH. 295

MACBETH—cont’d.

He's worth no more:

They say, he parried well, and paid his score:

So, gentlest in the breach—there comes never comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hall, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stans:

The usurper's named head: the time is free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak thy salvation in their minds:

Whose voices I desire along with mine—

Hail, king of Scotland!

All.  

KING OF SCOTLAND, hail! 

KING JOHN.

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FRANCIS OF POULNEET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

SIEGE, the Dauphin.

CHALTILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELIZOR, the Widow of King Henry II. and 

MOTHER OF KING JOHN.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and 

NOE, is King John.

LADY PAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the 

Bastard and Robert Paulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, He-

taries, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other 

Attendants.

SCENE,—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I. 

SCENE I. Northampton.

A Room of State in the Palaces: 

King John, Queen Else, Eunuch, Paulconbridge, 

Eunuch, Sally, and others, with Chaillot, 

K. John, Nov. 

K. John, Queen, Chaillot, what would

Chet. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of

in his behaviour, in the majesty.

The queen's majesty of England here.

At a first beginning,—court's and majesty!

K. John, Else, good mother: hear the em-

Chet. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son.

Arthur, Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories:

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

Which weaves usurping these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disapprove of this?

Chet. To show to the world our war for war, and 

for blood,

Contemplated for extortion:—so answer D.orgn-
KING JOHN.

Act I.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent me here!

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Dear me to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou a lightning in the eye of France;

For ere a candle burn its taper,

The thirtieth of my son's age shall be heard;

So, base! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath;

And while thou pourest of thy own despair,

As a necessity of his own heart:

Pentrebov, look to't; Farewell! Chastise

[Exeunt Constable and Pembroke.]

EB. What now, my son, I have not yet read

How that ambition Constantine would not cease;

That this King France and Pembroke shall be heard;

Then the right act of a man?

This might have been prevented and made

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With such wise counsels more promote.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,

For us.

EB. Your strong possession, much more than

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me;

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northumberland, who whispers EB.

EB. My liege, here is the strangest contrary

Come from the country to be judged by you,

That ever I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—Exit Sheriff.

That she was indeed a woman, shall say

Enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and

Philip, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge: What men are you?

Robert. Your faithfulest subject, I, a gentleman,

Born in Northumberland; and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;

A soldier, by the honouring heart

Of Constantine knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou then?

Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-

bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the

heir then?

You came not of one mother then it seems.

Robert. Most certain of one mighty king.

That is well known; and, as I think, one father.

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you rather to heaven, and to my mother;

That I doubt, as all men's children may.

EB. But no more, man, thou dost slate

thy mother.

And would let her bear with that difference.

Robert. I, madam, I, a brave man for it;

That is my father's face, and none of mine;

Who if he can prove, 'tis pego mine,

At least from fair five hundred pounds a year;

Heaven guard my mother's house, and my land.

K. John. A good man this fellow:—Why, being

Doth he claim to thine inheritance?

Robert. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slandered me with bastardy;

But who's I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

That I am as well begot, my liege.

Fair (fall the bones that took the pain for me!)

Exhibit our father, and see if he be mine.

If Sir Robert did begot us both,

And were our father, and this son like him—

Old Sir Robert, father, on my knee,

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
KING JOHN.

SCENE I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archdeacon of Amuria, and Forces: on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces; Lewis, Constables, Archers, and Attendants.

Lady F. Where's that slave, thy brother? where is he?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the great, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou Mercury

Sir Robert's son! Why accents thus at Sir Ro-

Bast. He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, will you give us leave while our, good friends, good Philip.

Bast. Philip—spare—James, there's boys abroad; I'll tell them more.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:

O, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed

Per Francia, for Francia; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, sister; good fortune come to thee.

Per thou was then in the way of honesty.

[Enter all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was.

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now am I make my Joan a lady.

Good day, Sir Rochester, God-speed, fellow.

And if she comes to George, I'll call him Peter:

For he does honour doth forget men's names:

To be respective, and too sensible.

He knew his footstool at my worship's seat:

And where my knighthood is sufficed, there

My picked man of countries—My poor sir, (Then, leaving me my sword, I began.)

I shall be a jot—That is question now;

And then I must answers—Like an A B C—

God, says expostulation, does best command;

At your service, sir—No, sir, says questions, I, sweet sir, at your service.

And, as we ever answer's what question would.

This is an ease of compliment; and

And talking of the Alps, and Apenines,

Kings, and the river Po,

For she's a wonderful society;

And, as sweet and sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though, I will never perish to deceive,

Yet, I'll mean to last as long as I can live.

For in it, shall the footsteps of my reign;

But then comes in such haste, in rising others;

What woman can love her husband, then shall take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Cooze! it is my mother!

How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily?
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By fancy we'll call to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
As our importance, kinsman is he, come,
To spend his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to reclaim the nation
Of thy unassisted, English John:
Embassies he sent, him give you welcome, kinsman.

Arist, God shall forgive you Caesar-de-Lion's

The coffee, that you give your offering life,
Shadows their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
My heart, full of unsatisfied love;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Love, a noble boy! Who would not do the best?

Aust. Upon thy father's side I lay this amiable kiss,
As well to this destination of my love;
That to my bosom I will no more return,
But Anglers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that yale, that white and shiverer,

K. Phi. Peace be to England; that war return
From France to England, there to lose as much as
England we lose; and, for, that England's sake,
With burden of our honour here we sweat:
This call of ours should be a work of
But then from loving England, art is far,
That thou hast undertook his hoary king
Cost off the instance of poverty,
Outlandish mean state, and sleep a sleep
Upon the maiden virtue of the state.
Look here, say thou, my heart, for I say,
These says, these borses, were moulded set of

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died to Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into an huge a volume;
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother hers,
And this his son: English was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that these art called a king,
When living blood due to these emperors beat,
Which owe the crown, that then unwearied:
K. Phi. From whom hast thou this great composition, France,
To draw a demur or offer thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supreme judge, that and

In an act of his great authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made one guard, this boy
Under whose warrant, I implore the wrong:
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.
K. Fksi. Peace, gentlemen; I am appointed authority,
K. Phi. Exeunt; it is to beat unsectionary.
K. Phi. Who is it, that shall call Xarper, France?

K. Phi. Let me know answer,—the uncertain son.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chalot is arrived.—

Chal. Then turn your forces from this galley
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, remembrance of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse wind,
Whose leers I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him allying is the magnificent,
As Alex, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her last note, the Lady Branch of Spain:
With them a muster of the king's troops,
And all the unsual humours of the land.

K. Phi. A good master, boy, that thing thy

K. Phi. A good grandam, boy, that would but

K. Phi. Then set the devil, air, with
As a may catch your head and you alas.
Yea the amazed of whom the present good,
KING JOHN. 299

SCENE I. While valour plucks dead liens from the beard; In clay our pride, and in our dust our right; Speech, look on't; faith, I will, I faith.
Black. O, will it? did he become that then's child?
That did trespass the limb of that robe! Beat. It lies as nightly on the back of him, As great Athens' shield upon an ass— But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back; Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack, And, while you kneel, I sit on you. What meaneth this same, that does us ours
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Let us determine what we shall do next.

Law. Wilt thou, and feel, break off your con-

Kings, this is the very root of all— Edward, and Ireland, Aquitaine, Maine, In right of Arthur do I claim of thee; With it thou reign, and lay down thy arms? K. Rich. Life is as soon—I do not doubt it.
Fr. Amurth of Argotia, yield thee to my hand; And, out of all thy fear, I'll give thee more Than e'er the reward of France can win: Grieve not the day.

Fr. Not the day:—
Eli. Come, give to the grandson, child. Canst. Or, child, go to your grandfather, child; Give the grandchild kingdom, and if grandchild will Give in a piece, a mercy, and a thing:—
He is a good grandchild.

Arth. Good my mother, peace! I would, that she were now in my grave; I am not worth this cell that's made for me. Eli. His mother chases him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Canst. Now shame upon you, who's she does our peace? His grandson's wrong, and not his mother's action.

Draw these dear arrows, moving pearls from his poor eyes. What becomes shall take in nature of a foe; Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be shed On their arrows, justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. These arrows, therefore, and the arrow of heaven and earth! called them elsewhere, then, and those unmoral of the domination, royalties, and rights;
Of the oppressed boy! This is thy eldest son's

Inconstancy in smiling but in thee; Thy son is not in the poor child's scale; But the law is laid on him, being the second generation, Honored from thy unassuming womb.

K. Phi. I have but this to say,— That he's not only plagued for his sin, But God hath made him sin and her the plague. On this renounced issue, plague'd for her; In such a time, and his injury Her injury, the hearse to his soul. All plagued is the person of this child; Are John. My a plague upon her! Eri. That minded would I, I can produce A will, that had the title of thy son.

Canst. What news, who does that? I will, I will. wicked child?
A woman's will: a wicked: grandchild's will! K. Phi. Peace, boy; peace, or we lose impor- tance.
It will be an argument, to cry at
To those that heard it: we cannot believe. Some strongest arrows bitter to the walls, And the man that makes his hoarse best to speak. Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Columns upon the stage.
I Cit. Who is it, that hath warm'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. You loving men of angels, Arthur's subjects. Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parts.
Eri. Our men advantage.—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here Before the eyes and prospect of your town, Have bitten more in your astonished: The cannon have their bowers full of wrath; And every cannon doth they, to spit forth Their iron indignation against your walls: All preparation for a bloody song: And merciless proceeding by these French, Confront your city's eyes, your whining gates; And, but their sleep deprived of stones, That as a twist do guide you about, By the compilation of their ordinance By this time, through the speed of time, Not been disbanded: and wide havoc made For bloody power to rush upon your peace. Not, on the sight of us, your lawful king, Who painless, with much expedient march, Have brought a mass among before your gates To save our nation's three thousand cheques, Beheld, the French, arm'd, vouchsafe a puritie And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire, To make a shaking fever in your walls, They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke, To make a farther silence in your ears: Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, And let us, in your king; whose beloved spirits, Forwaxed in this notion of swift speed, Cover themselves within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Eri. In this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vouch'd upon the right Of him it holds, stands young Plasigasthe; Son to the elder brother of this man; And king and heir, and all enjoy.

For this day, this day, we, the French, we The worthy nation, and the great Londoners, Being no farther enemy to you, Than the constraint of impossible note, To the relief of this oppressed child, Religiously provokes: he pleased them To pay that duty, which you truly owe, To him that owes it; namely, this young prince. And that our arms, like to a moosed heart, Save in respect, have all offices well up; Our unanimous makes voidly shall be spent Against the invincible alms of heaven; And, with a blessed and sure'd retire, With aock'd swords, and helmets all uncon- triv'd, We will bear horse that lovely blood again, Which here we came to spend against your town, And bear your children, when, and you, to peace. But if you family pass our profound offer And not the arms of your obstinate walls Can hold you from our messages of war; Though all these English and their discipline, Were heaven's holy haste, to be sent to you. Then, tell us, shall your city call us back, In that behalf which we have challenge'd it? This day's the day, and we shall prove it, And stand in blood to our possessions. I Cit. In short, we are the king of England's subjects.

K. Phi. For him, and to his right, we hold this town.
K. John. We acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
KING JOHN.

ACT II.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king.

To him will we prove loyal; till that time, to him will we prove loyal; till that time, have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Dost not the crown of England prove the king? And, if not that, I bring you witness.

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breech.

Best. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as those.

Best. Some bastards too.

K. Phil. Stand in his face, to controul his claim.

Best. Tell ye compound whose right is worthiest. We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. I'll God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall foot,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amer, Amen! —Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Best. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon,

And stole on horseback at mine host's door,

Touched us some lencce.—Sirs, were I at home, I, Sirs, were I at home, [To Austria,] with your lionesses.

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Best. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Best. Speed them, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. I shall be so [To Lewis] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand—God, and our right.

Scene II. The same.

Alarums and Excursions: then a Retreat.

Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;

Who, in the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose son he scatter'd on the bleeding ground;

Many a widow's husband graving lies,

Coldly embracing the discourag'd earth;

And victory, with little ease, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French;

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd;

To enter conquerors, and to proclaim

Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;

King John, our king and England's, doth approach,

Command of this hot and stormy day.

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver bright,

Hither return all gift with Frenchmen's blood;

There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That is removed by a staff of France;

Our canvas return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd forth:

And, in the bloody troop of banners, come

Our lusty English, all with purpling hands,

Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your arms: whose equallity

By our best eyes cannot be consumed:

Blood hath brought blood, and blood have aw'd blood;

Strenuous match'd with strength, and power

Contrast'd with power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh as even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side. King John, with his Power;

Elinor, Blanch, and the Dauphine; at the side,

King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and France.

K. John. France, haste thou yet more blood to cast away.

Say, shall the current of our right run as

Were passage, vv'rd with thy impudence,

Shall leave his native channel, and over

With course the distress'd even thy confounding shore;

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A feeble progress of the ocean:

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sw'd us drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France:

Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,

That sw's the earth this chasms overflows,

Before we will lay down our just burden arms.

We'll put thee down, against whom these arms

We bear.

Or add a royal number to the dead:

Grace the scroll, that tells of this war's less,

With slaughter coupl'd to the name of kings.

Hast thou made, how high thy bloody base?

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O. now doth deskill him his dismal char of steel.

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

And now he leaps, roaring the flood of men,

In uttermost differences of kings.

Why stand these royal frames unarm'd then?

Cry, havoc, kings! I back to the staunch field.

Then let confusion of one part confound

The other's peace; till then, blues, blood, we deaths.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen present?

E. Her. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

K. Phil. Speak, in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy.

And bear possession of our person here:

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

O. A greater power than we, demons all the And, till we be undecked, we do lock

Our former rags in our strong bard's gait

Knit of our tears; until our tears resolv'd

Be by some certain king purg'd and dispose.

B. We by heaven, these speculums of Angiers

But yon, kings; and stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, where they gave and point

At your indusrious sever and acts of death:

Your royal presence to walk by trace,

Do like the occasions of Jerusalem,

Be friend to a while, and both conjointly bend

Your strongest showers of tallard's showers:

By east and west let France and England meet;

Their battering cannon, charg'd to the mouth:

Till all these head-blowing cloumors have had their

The flinty ribs of this contemplous city:

I'd play incessantly upon those jacks,

Even till unform'd destruction

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, discharge your united strength,
KING JOHN.

Scene II.

KING. Here's a day,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death;
Out of his rage! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,
And keepable rage.
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As made of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannot yet be made of this fury?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and burn:
He gives the baptism with his tongue;
Our ears are edged; not a word of his
But stuns his biter in a fit of France.
Zounds! I was never so belted with words,
Since first said I my brother's factor, deal.

KING. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like not well—France shall we yoke our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground:
Then, after, lips shall be king of it.

KING. And if there be but one, might a king—
Being strong, as we say, by this provision:
Let us be thus—day, where will you?

KING. We will from the west will send destruction
Into the captive's house.
And, if it please the earth,
Our shearers from the south,
Shall rain their death's blood upon this town.

KING. O, prudent device! from north to south
And Austria and France shoot in each other's mouths.

KING. I'll shun them in the seas, away, away;
I think her wise, great kings! withdraws a while to stay.

KING. And I, for you, peace, and fair-fac'd
Leaves.

KING. You shall my smellsome stroke or wound;
My breath of me, full of benefits,
That here must sacrifice for the field.

KING. Fates, you will on, with favour;
We are beat in honor.

KING. That stanches there of Spain, the lady

KING. I mean in England. Look upon the years
Since when has been the country's hope,
And that lovely maid?

KING. Where should she be? I mean in France?

KING. My kingdom love should, in such a time,
Go, in such a heart,

KING. That in our crowns and dignities,
Shall gird her bridal belt; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and such ceremony,
As she is beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any prince of the world.

KING. What say you, then, boy? look to the lady's face.

KING. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder see in a wondrous mirror,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Does make your son a shadow; because
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now indeed I behold myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

KING. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

KING. Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow—
And quarter'd is in her heart. This is her lover's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quitted, there should
In such a love, so vile a lust be.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is this:
If he in thought or word revok'd his line
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking
Can with any former man's will in mine;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it timely to my end.
Further I will not suffer you, my lord,
That all I see in your case is love.
This that nothing do I see in you,
Though much of thought, besides, deserved
Be your judge,
That I can find no credence meetable
KING. What say you, my lord? What say you, my lady?
Blanch. That he is honor'd, in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall yon good man.
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love.

K. John. Then do I give Volusianus, Tournai, Maine.

Pleasors, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee: and this addition more: Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philp of France, if thou be pleased withal.

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It like us well.—Young princes, clasp your hands.

Aunt. And your lips too! for I am well assured.

That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phil. Nay, citizens of Augiers, open your gates,

Let me in; for that security which you have made:

For to St. Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—

Is for the Lesser, in the Greater house:

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:

When I tell him, who knows, Lew.

She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. Lord by my faith, this league that we have made,

Will give you a son, in my very little care.—

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turned another way.

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all.

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond: and this rich town,

We make his lord of.—Call the Lady Constance

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fulfill the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her in a declaration.

Go we, as haste as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for unprepared point.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the Wall.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad compeers: still.

A true, a true, a true, a true, a true.

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, (whose honour conscience buckled

Whose zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier;) I rounded in the ear

With that same purpose changer, that's as light

That beaker, that still breaks the paste of faith;

That daily brexes: for that is all we are,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,

Who having no external thing to lose

But the word mad, whose the poor mail of

That unthrifted gentleman, talking commotion

Commodity the is of the word;

The word, who of itself is good well,

Made to and to the world;

Till this advantage, the vile-diminuishing him,

This sway of mad in the commodity,

Makes it the richer, and the word the wiser.

From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this some less, the commodity.

This lawn, this park, this all-changing word,

Clap'd on the costerd edge of sickle France,

Hath drawn hewn from his own determin'd soil,

And house-folk, and house-folk,

To a most loose and vile-condemned peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not good sense and

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
KING JOHN.

And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O! To touch the safety thou art permitted to. But art not great, but great; and the best man. But when her humorous Ladyship is by. And artis a fluent greatness. What a will are these? A ramping fool: to brag, and stamp, and swear, Upon thy beauty! Upon our bloody slain. Hate thou not spoke like thunders on my side? Been sworn my soldier! hiding me depend. Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a man’s size I dif tit for shame. And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs. Answer, O, that a man should speak those words: But hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs. Answer, that a man do not say so, for villain, for thy life. But hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.

Enter Pandolph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, ye apostolic deputies of heaven.

To thee, King John, my holy errand is. I Pandolph, of fair Milan cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the legate here, Do, in his name, religiously demand, Why thou against the church, my holy mother, So willfully dost amerce, and, force perforce, Keeper London, Archdeacon of Canterbury, from that holy seat? This is our present holy father’s name, Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatory,

Can task the first breath of a sacred king? Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the month of Eng. January.

Add thus much more.—That no Italian priest Shall take a scold or tell in our dominions; But he that shall not utter and an unpleasing With our nuncio, of such a noble head, So under him, that great supremacy, Where do we reign, we shall alone uphold, Without the assistance of our cardinal’s hand: So tell the pope: all reverence set apart, To him and his supremacy in this.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom, Are led so greatly by this meddling priest, Dreading the curse that may ensue but at last; And, by the merit of side gold, brass, dust, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who, in that case, sells pardon from himself: Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led, This juggling wench, with revenue cherish! Yet I, alone, alone, de me oppose Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. There, by the lawful power that I have, Thou shalt stand cur’d, and excommunicate: And blessed shall he be, that doth revok From his allegiance to his hatred; And meritorious shall that hand be call’d, Censured, and unworthy as a saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hateful life.

Cost. O, lawful let it be, that I have room with Rome to curse a while! Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen, To my keen curses; for, without my wrong, There is too long hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There’s law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
KING JOHN.

Cost. And for mine too; when law can do no right, Let it be certain, that law be no wrong; Law's cannot bind me to do ill By him that holds his kingdom, holds the law; Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, No man can enter into a legal course To cure a patent Philip of France, on peril of a curse, Let go the hand of that arch-bishop; And raise the power of France upon his head, Unless he do submit himself to Rome. Eli. Look at them pale, France! do not let them lay thy hand.

Cost. Look to that devil lest that France repent, And, by depending hands, hell lose a soul. Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal. Bas. And hang a calf's skin on his recurrent limbs. Aust. Well, raffian, I must pocket up these wrongs. Because—

K. John. Your brethren best may carry them. Cost. K. John, what say'st thou to the cardinal? Cost. Was it not said, as the cardinal? Lew. Behold thou, father; for the difference Is, in purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, The truest of England for a friend: Forego the easier. Blanche. That's the curse of Rome. Cost. O Lewis, stand fast; for the devil tempts thee here, In likeness of a new untrimm'd bride. Blanche. The Lady Constance spares not her faith, But from her need. Cost. O, if thou grant me my need, Which only lives but by the death of faith, That need must needs enter into this principle,— That faith would live again by death of need; O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up; Keep my need up, and faith is exalted down. K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this. Cost. O, be removed from him, and answer well. Aust. Do se, King Philip; hang no more in doubt. Bas. Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most suit me. K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more. If thou standst to communicate, and curst'd? K. Phil. That reverend father, make my person yours, And tell me, how you would bestow yourself, The royal hand and name are nearly knott: And the confederacy of our award联合 Here, or not, may vent itself in blood With all my sound strength of loyal voice, The last truth that gave to soul of grace, Was, true, we, true faith, true, most true, Our kingdom, and our royal name; And even before this time, but now more.— No longer than we well could wash our hands, To clasp this royal bargain up of peace. Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstand With slaughter's pencil; where ravens did paint The fearful difference of increased kings: And shall these hands, so lately pur'd of blood, Be newly joint in love, so strong in both, Disprove this science, and this kind regret? And last and lose with faith, lost with heaven. Make such unconstant children of counsel As now avail to snatch our palms from pain; Treason faith sworn; and on the marriage bed Of dwelling peace to march a bloody host, And make a riot on the gentle brow Of true sincerity? O holy sir, My reverent father, let it not be so; Out of my grace, devise, certain, impose Some gentle order, and then we shall be bane'd To do your pleasure, and cease these frays. Pand. All form is formless, order orderless, Save what is opposite to England's love. Thereto to arm! be champions of our church Or let the church, our mother, breathe her care, A mother's ease, on her revolving son. France, then may hold a serpent by the tongue. A caned lorn by the mortal paw, A faith and anger by the breath, Than keep in peace that hand which then dost hold. K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith. Pand. So make that faith an enemy to faith: And, as a civil war, sett's faith to cause Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy First made to heaven, first be to heaven per- formed: That is, to be the champion of our church! What enmity we see, let we swear against them! And may not be performed by thyself; For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss, Is not amiss when it is truly done; And though a true heart, where doing tends to ill, The truth is then most done and not ill done: The better act of purpose mustowse, To mistake again, though indirectly, Yet in brief is thereby grows direct, And falsified fat shewed curs't; as fire cools fire. Within the searched veins of one new born'd. It is a fiction, that doth make vows kept; But those are sworn against religion. By what thy swear, so, against the things thou swear'st; And mak'st an oath the curry for thy truth Against an oath: The truth that art unsure To swear, swear only not to be forsworn: Else, what a mockery should it be to swear? But thou dost swear only to be forsworn: And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear. Therefore, thy better vows, against thy first, In thy doth ill-them to thyself: And better seal'd with never was it they make Than arm thy constancy and thy richer parts Against the worldly base sense: Some upon which be part our prayere now become. If thou must make us; but, if not, thousand The ill of all of ours, light on thee: So, every, as that shall not shake them off, But, in desert, do make their black weight An. He scorn'd that resolution? But! Will not be! We will not be a suavet man of this earth! Let Faith, to arts! Be it your wet play? As I did, let it be your best play! And we will raise a war with slaughter's men: Shall bring the trumpet, and call churls: Curses! of hell—be measures to our pomp! On hand, he or she—alack! these new hand in my mouth—beggar'd for the same, Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce. Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms Against mine uncle. O, upon my knee, Made hard with knolling, I do pray to thee, Thou reverent Damion, after not the done Fors the holy love of heaven's name. Black, now shall I see thy love: What more may Be stronger with thee than the name of wish? Cost. That which upbolder him that thee upholds,
Scene IV.

King John.

His honour: O, those honour, Louis, think how vast and just it is, and now your majesty shall know it! Who could say, my majesty? now you shall know it. I will say it. When gold and silver beckons me to come on, I love your kindness and respect, I do fall upon you, and shall not drive me back. When you do so, I will pray to God that I may remain so. For your fair safety, I come, I kiss your hand. Ed. Pardon, my good cousin. K. John. Cest, farwell. [Exit Bastard.] Ed. Come hither, little knave; mark, a word. [She takes Arthur aside.] K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my good Hubert.

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary cash
Lives in this house, hereby ceremony.
Give me this hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am bound for thee:
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend; but hast no cause, to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and cery time doth more slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good,
I had a thing to say,— But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the ground,
And with the pleasure of the world,
Is all too wantin, and too full of gawds.
To give us audience,— if the midnight bell
Did with its note from thence, in solemn month,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And there possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that sturdy spirit, melancholy,
Had banish'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, plus, still ticking up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And stain their cheeks in this torment,
A passion hateful to our purposes;) Or if that from could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without things ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceits alone,
Then in thy depth, I would do thee thought:
But oh, I will not,— Yet I love thee well;
And, by my truth, I think thou lovet me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjacent to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.
K. John. Do I know thee, thou wouldst not? Good Hubert, Robert, Hubert, thrice three eyes
On you young boy? I'll tell thee what, my friend
He is a very servant in my way;
And, whereas of this feat, mine doth stand,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Then set thy keener.
Hub. And I will keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave
Hub. He shall not live.
I could be merry now; Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll, I will not.— Yet I love thee well.
Remember,— Madam, fare you well;
I'll send these powers over to your majesty.
K. John. For England, cousin; Hubert shall be your man; attend on you.
With all true duty.— On toward Calais, oh! [Exit.]

Scene V. The same. The French King.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.
K. Phi. So, by a resting tempest on the flood,


KING JOHN.

ACT III.

I love them from their bonds; and cried aloud, 
O that these hairs could so redeem my sons, 
As they have given these hairs their liberty! 
But now I marry at their liberty, 
And will again commit them to their bonds. 
Because my poor children are imprisoned, 
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say, 
That we shall see and know our friends in bonds. 
If that be true, I shall see my boy again; 
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child, 
To him that did but yesterday spew me, 
There was not such a gracious creature born. 
But now will canker sorrow eat my bed, 
And chase the native beauty from his cheek, 
To whom I did but yesterday say, 
And he will look as hollow as a ghost; 
As dim and meagre as an age's fin; 
And so he'd die; and, rising as again, 
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven, 
I shall not know him; therefore never, never, 
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. 
You hold too hollering a respect of grief. 
Constance. He talks to me, that never had a son. 
K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child. 
Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child. 
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me; 
Plucks at his pretty locks with his pretty hands. 
Remembers me of all his gracious parts; 
Ruffs out his vacant garments with his form; 
Then, he reason to be fond of grief. 
Fare you well: and you such a lease as I, 
I could give better comfort than you do— 
But will not keep this form upon my hands. 
[Leaves her hand-draw.] 

When there is such disorder in my wit, 
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son! 
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! 
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's curse. 
[Exit.

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. 

Exit.

Leven. There's nothing in this world can make me joy; 
Life is as serious as a twiced-told tale, 
Veris the dull ear of a drowsy man; 
And bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste. 
That it yields not, but shame and bitterness. 
Pand. Before the coming of a strong damson, 
Bred in the instant of sorrow and hatred. 
The fit is strongest, and that is true, 
On their departure most of all show evil. 
What harm have you lost by losing of this day? 
Leven. All days of glory, joy, and happiness. 
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had. 
No, no: when fortune means to meet most good, 
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost. 

In this which he accounts so clearly won: 
Are you not grieved, that Arthur is his prince? 
Leven. As he writeth, as he is glad he hath him. 
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your suit. 
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit; 
For even the breath of what I mean to speak 
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub, 
Out of the path which shall directly lead 
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark, 
John hath sw*r'd Arthur; and it cannot be, 
That, while warren life play in that infant's 

The mishap'd John should entertain an hour, 
One minute, nay, one quarter breath of rest: 
A scoprit, snatch'd with an untruly hand, 
Must be his beauty maintaine'd as gain'd: 
And be, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makess nice of no vile hold to stay him up;
KING JOHN.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for I cannot but so.

Let what shall go by young Arthur's fall!

Pos. Ye, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pos. How green are you, and fresh in this old world?

John, says you please; the times confuse with you.

For he, that stops his safety in true blood,
Shall seek no bloody safety, and nothing.
This act, so quickly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and loose up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall stay forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
Of anger, of distress, of hate, of self.

And those, which by the day, no common wind, no customary event,
But they will prove more than his natural cause,
And call them courts, professions, and signs,
Absurdities, passions, and tongues of heaven,
Falsely promising vengeance upon John.

Yet, he may be, he will not touch young Arthur's life;
But himself safe in his imprisonment.

Pos. O, see, when he shall hear of your approach.

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that hour he dies, and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And win the title of unchanging change,
And pick strong matters of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' end of John.

Meantime, I see this matter all on foot;
And, O, what better matter bears for you,
Then I have narrate.—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ramassing the church,
Obtaining charity: if the a low French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To trains ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, trembling about,
Assumes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent;
Now that their souls are topful of offences,
For England go; I will wait on the king.

Les. But the reason makes strong actions; Let us go?
If you say, ay, the king will not say, nay.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Hub. Heat me these three hours; and look thou

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the session of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which thou shalt find with me.
Pos. But the child shall bethe be, how be thou, and watch.

I attend, I hope, your warrant will bear out

The action.

Hub. Unseasonably scruples! Fear not you: look

Up! [To Young Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Ester Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a sight
The time may serve—now you are an)

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
KING JOHN.

Act IV.

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pam. This must again, but that, 'tis your highness pleases.

Was once superstitious: you were awkward before.

And that high royalty was never plac'd off;

The faiths of men nor stain'd with revolt;

Pam. The same: again, and then, that your highness pleas'd.

Thou art indeed. To guard a title that was rich before,

To give refined gold, to paint the lily,

To smooth the ice, or add another lust

To bind the roses, or with taper light,

To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,

Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

You that your royal pleasure must be done,

This is the act as an ancient tale new told;

And, in the time's respect, the lusciousness,

Being urg'd at time unseasable.

Sad. In this, the antique and well noted face

Of plain old form forgiv'd,

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thought's to fetch about:

Startles and frights our reason;

Makes round opinion sick, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pam. When workmen strive to do better than look well,

They do confound their skill in court-rooms:

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;

As patches, set upon a little leavish,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sad. To this effect, before you were new crown'd.

We breathed our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness to overhear it; and we are all well pleas'd.

Since all and every part of what we would

Both make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation.

I have poss'd you with, and think them strong:

And more and more strong, (when lesser is my fear.)

I shall incline you with: Mean time, but ask

What you would have removed, and that is not well;

And well shall you perceive, how willingly

I will both hear and grant your request.

Pam. Then I, (as one that am the tongue

To sound the purposes of all their hearts.)

Both for my-self and thee, (but chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies,) heartily request

The enforcement of Arthur: whose restraint

Must the murmuring lips ofSEM1m said among

To break into this dumb dumb argument,—

That in rest you have, in right you hold,

Where thou art, which, as they say, among

The steps of wrong,) should move you to new up

Your tender kinman, and to clothe his days

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercises?

That the time not have this
to grace occasions, let it be so rest,

That you have bid us ask his liberty;

Which you have already further ask'd,

Than whereupon our seal, on you depending,

Counts it your will, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction—Hubert, what news with you?

Pam. This is the man should do the bloody part.
Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye then beat; where is that blood, That I have seen inhabiting those cheeks? Bear down thy weather—Now goes all in France.

K. John. Pray go to France to England—Never such a power For any foreign preparation, The copy of your speed is learned by them; For, when you should be told to prepare, The tidings cause, that they are all arriv’d.

Enter a Messenger.

K. John. Where hath it slept? Where is my mother’s care? The picture of my heart could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it? Despite she, in her ear, In stopp’d with dust; the first of April, died Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord, The Lady Constance in a frenzy that Three days before; but this from rumour’s tongue. I defy you; true or false, I know not. K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion! O, make me amends with me, till I have pleas’d My discontented purse—What! mother dead? How wildly then walks my estate in France— Under whose conduct came those powers of France, That then for truth give out, are landed here?

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pamplin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy With these ill tidings—Now, what says the world? To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff My head with mere ill news, for it is full. But if you be afraid to hear the worst, Then let the word, unhurt, fall on your head. K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was warned.

Under the title but now I breathe again. Aloft the flood; and can give audience To any tongue, speak it of what it will. K. John. Have you spied among the clergymen, The some I have collected shall express. But, as I travelled hither through the land, I find the people strangely fantastical; Possess’d with rumour; full of idle dreams; Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear; And here’s a prophesy, that I brought with me From forth the streets of Pamplin, where I found With many hundreds trudging on his heels; To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes, That ere the next Ascension-day at noon, Your highest should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Ralph, and you with me. K. John. In a chamber. K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him. And on that day at noon, whereso, he says, I shall yield up my crown; let him hang’d; Deliver him to safety, and return; For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin. K. John. Hubert with Peter. Hearst thou then the news abroad, who are arriv’d? K. John. The French, my lord; man’s mouths are full of it.

Besides, I must, Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury, (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire.) And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill’d to-night; On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go; And thrust thyself into their companies; I have a way to win their loves again; Bring them before me. K. John. I will seek them out. K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better feet before.— O, let me have no subject enemies, When adverse foreigners affright my towns With dreadful press of stern invasion! Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels; And fly, like thought, from them to me again. Back. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. K. John. Spoke like a spritely noble gentleman— Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need Some new eagles between me and the peace; And be then he. K. John. With all my heart, my liege. Let Hubert. K. John. My mother dead! Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, live moons were noon to-night. Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about The other four, in wondrous motion. K. John. Pers moons? Hub. Old, and baldamis, in the streets Do prophesy upon it dangerously: Young mother’s death is common in their mouths; And when they talk of him, they shun their breath, And whisper one another in the ear; And he, that speaks, doth grieve the heart’s wrist;
KING JOHN.

ACT IV.

This report is on their irrational rage;
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forget the wrongs that my passion made
Upon the tensure; for my rage was blind,
And for my passion's eyes of blood
Seemed there more hideous than those art
Over more true love; but to my close being
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I confine these last words; now move more fast.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, on the Walls.

Arthur. Oh! the Wall is high, and yet will I leap down,
Be crowned, be pitiful, and hurt me not—
I should have died, I had my might—
To wish him dead: let them haste more to kill!

Art. Ha! He come, my lord. Why, did you not perceive me?

K. John. Art. This is not the king that you expect me:
For sure, nor have I come to you to ask
To walk with me in love and life;
And yet the weight of my arrival
To understand is to dry up my eye
Of danger too easily, when I am nere it.

K. John. What have you brought me here for?

Art. Nay, my lord, let us not be too severe
On such as we have promised. But to speak
How I was sent from the king of France,
Myself with him sent from England,
A holy faith, but yet not religious;
Quoted, of right to be a deed of love,
This might not make a deed of me,
This might not make a deed of me,
But I am a fit kath that abhorred aspect,
Finding fit for thee, noble Arthur:
Art. Nay, I will, by my faith, be employed in anger,
I will only brood with these of Arthur's death;
And then, to be enkindled by a king,
Make my advancement to destroy a prince.

K. John. My lord,

Art. Mark; let us then shok thy head, or
When I take the dark's what I professe:
Or turn an eye of doubt upon my face,
And, consequent, the rude hand to set
The deed which both our fortunes held to tame
Out of my sight, and never see me more.
And did in actions, as in words, with joy;
Yet, without a principle, the heart correct,
And, consequent, the rude hand to set
The deed which both our fortunes held to tame
Out of my sight, and never see me more.
My soul have one, and my state is here,
For in my state, and in my power of men,
This kingdom, the comfort of blood and bread.
Risibility in my tumultuous words;
Between our concourse, and my soul's concourse.
Arm against your other enemies.
In your grace, and your state is here.
SCENE III.

KING JOHN.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin. Penn. There, tell the king, he may inquire as out.

[Exeunt Lords.

Big. Here's a good world;—know you this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,— Art thou damned, Hubert?

Hub. Big. Do but hear me, sir; Thou art damned as black—nay, nothing is so black:

Thou art more deep damned than princes Luci

sifer: There is not yet as ugly a seed of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul, Beate. If thou dost but believe To this most cruel act, do but despair,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread That ever spider twisted from her womb Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will Be a beam to hang thee so; or wouldst thou burn

But put a little water in a spout,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to suffice such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I be not, Sir, I am six of thought, Beate. By guilt of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embroiled in this heathen clay, Let hell be strong enough to terrify me !

I left him well.

Hub. Go, hear him in thine ear.

I am sure, methinks; and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy, then, thou turnest England up;

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm Is fled to heaven: and England now is left

To tug and swarm, and to part by the teeth

The uncover'd interest of@RestController

Now, for the bare-plot'd home of majesty,

Both dogged was brittle his angry crest,

And snarled in the gentle eyes of peace;

Now powered from home, and discontented at home,

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits

(As doth a raven on a sickly breast)

The imminent decay of wrested pomp

Now happy he, whose cloak and circumsion can Hold'nt this tempest: bear away that child;

And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth brook upon the land.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[Глине, King John the Crown, From this my hand, as holding of the Pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

And from his holiness me all your power To stay their march: now we are unlaid.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people mastered with obedience;

Sweated allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood; to foreign royalty.

This boundary of misten'st arrow honour

Breathed by them only to be qualified,

Then pause not: for the present time's so sick,

Pand. Of the dauphin post do stand accord'd to this: And this, so wise, and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unknown god of armies. And prove a deadly bloodshed, but a jest, Exampled by this solemn spectacle.

Big. It is a damned and a bloody work.

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If it be the work of any hand.

But if it be the work of any hand?

We had a kind of light, what would ensue;

It is the shameless work of Hubert's hand;

The practice, and the purpose of the king;

From whose obedience I hold my soul,

Knowing before this rule of sweet life,

And dishonoring his blameless excellence.

The increase of a new, a holy new;

Never to have the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and silence,

Or have any glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of revenge.

Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

Arise, Sir John, the king hath sent for you.

Big. O, he is bold and brushes not at death—

Avoid, thou hateful villain, get thee gone.

Penn. I am no villain.

Big. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.

Hub. Your sword is bright, Sir; put it up again.

Big. Not till I'st chimney in a murderer's skin.

[Huber. Stone back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say.

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself;

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lost 1, by marking of your rage, forget.

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, doggett! dare't then brave a boisterous

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend

My innocent life with my unarm'd person.

Big. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Sir, do not proove me so;

Yet I am none: Whose tongue scribbler speaks false.

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Penn. Out, you to prison.

Big. Keep the peace, I say.

Hub. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Palamunde.

Big. Thou wast better call the devil, Salisbury.

Big. If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy lusty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword, big fellow;

Or I'll smite you and your constating iron.

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What will you then, removed, Palamunde?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am no murderer.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not my hour since I left him well; I honoureth him, I love'rd him: and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

[Hubert not those cunning waters of his eyes.

For villany is not without such raiment:

And he, long trained in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with us, all you, who wouldst abhor

The uncleanness of a dagoner's home,

For I am stilled with this smell of sin.
KING JOHN.

Act V.

SCENE II. A Plain, near St. Edmondsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Maken, Powbrook, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My Lord of Pembroke, let us be oped out, And keep it safe for our reckoning: Return the precedents to these lords again; That being our fair demands, both they, and we, pursuing over these seas, May know wherefore we took the marauders, And keep our lawful firm and inevitable.

Lewis. Upon your oaths to me it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary seal, and unseared faith, To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a man of yours Should dwell in such a discontent, And heal the inveterate canker of one wound, By making many: O, it grieves my soul, That I must draw this metal from your side To be a widow-maker: O, and there, Where honourable renown and defence, Cries out upon the name of Salisbury: But such is the infection of the time, That, for the health and safety of our right, We cannot deal with the very hand Of stern injustice and confounded wrong— And let this year pass over my favoured friends That we, the sons and children of this Isle, Were born to see so sad an hour as this; When in our state we step after a stranger sword, Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies’ ranks, (I must withdraw and weep Upon the spot of this unfortunate cause,) To grace the gentles of a land remote, And follow unaccountable colours here's What, her fair sword, but thou couldst not remove That Neptune’s arms, who clippeth thee about, Would bear thee from the knowlege of thyself, And grapple thee unto a pagan shore; Where these two Christian armies might combine The blood of victims in a vein of league, And not to spend it so unmeasurably.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in this; And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom, Do make an ecchymise of thy body. O, what a noble combat hast thou fought, Between compulsion and a brave respect! Let me wipe off this homely cold dew, That vitiously doth process on thy cheeks: My heart hath melted at a lady’s tears, Being an ordinary translation. But this effusion of such mazy drops, This dew, blown up by toppes of the south, Starts mine eyes, and makes me more amased Than had I been the vaulty top of heaven. Fug’d qu’o’er with burning motors Left up thy brow, remourned Salisbury, And with a great heart heave away this storm: Command these waters to these lady eyes, That never saw the damp world emerge: Nor meet with fortune other than at leasts, Full of good hopes of good things. Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the source of rich prosperity, As Lewis himself:—so, noble, shall you all, That knit thy sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Randolph, attended.

Randolph. And ever these, methinks, an angel speaks, for he, where the holy legate comes space, To give us warrant from the hand of heaven: An on our party set the name of right, With holy breath. Hail, noble prince of France! The next is thus—King John hath receiv’d himself to Rome: his spirit is come in, That so stand out against the holy church, The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Scene IV.

KING JOHN.

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like a eagle over his eyrie tow'r'd
To source annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, ye ingrate revolted
You bloody Norrices, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush, for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale visag'd maidens,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
In peace.
We grant, thou canst outsold us: fare thee well.
We hold thee time too precious to be spent
With such a braggart.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Lew. No, I will speak.

Pand. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Lew. Indeed, your drums being beaten, will
cry out,
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brace'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the wellin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder of the

[Not trusting to this belling legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,
It warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day,
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up your drums to find this danger out.

Pand. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt]

Scene III.

The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert!

Hub. Badly, I fear: how fares your majesty?

K. John. This favor, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Meas. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, towards Swinstead, to the

[Exeunt]

Scene IV. The same. Another part of the same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so strong with
fruits.

Pem. Yon trumpet again: put spirit in the French;
If they be weary, we may wear them out.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Enter Macduff. What news? where is my lord?

Macduff. The dauphin is at Marston; the English are beaten.

Mess. Image on, image on! who was your leader?


Mess. Who were your leaders? who were your leaders?

Macduff. Macduff, Macduff, and Lord Howard of Effingham.

Mess. What, were you taken?—shame, my lord!—

Macduff. Lord, I was taken. I am, indeed, a traitor.

Mess. How do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. In prison?—whence?

Macduff. From London, my lord.

Mess. From London?—when?

Macduff. Last night, my lord.

Mess. Last night?—who has my lord?

Macduff. My lord is here, my lord.

Mess. My lord?—how?

Macduff. Here by the hand, my lord.

Mess. Your poor country—your poor country—

Macduff. My country is lost, my lord.

Mess. Lost?—I hope not.

Macduff. Lost, my lord, lost.

Mess. How do you bear these deaths? how do you bear these deaths?

Macduff. I bear them, my lord, as a man.

Mess. What, do you bear them?—will you bear them?

Macduff. I bear them, my lord, as a man.

Mess. And how do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. How do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. You are taken, my lord; you are taken.

Macduff. I am taken, my lord.

Mess. And how do you bear these deaths?

Macduff. I bear them, my lord, as a man.

Mess. How do you bear these deaths?

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Macduff. I am taken, my lord.

Mess. And how do you bear these deaths?

Macduff. I bear them, my lord, as a man.

Mess. How do you bear these deaths?

Macduff. I bear them, my lord, as a man.

Mess. And how do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. How do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. You are taken, my lord; you are taken.

Macduff. I am taken, my lord.

Mess. And how do you bear these deaths?

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Mess. And how do you find yourself?

Macduff. I find myself in prison, my lord.

Mess. How do you find yourself?
SCENE VII. The Orchard of Swinester-Abbey.  

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.  

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood is spent in mortality; and his pure brain is the soul's frail dwelling-house.  

Doth, by the life's command, that it makes,  
Pour'st out the ending of mortality.  

Enter Pembroke.  

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds himself beyond all.  

That, brought into the open air,  
In such a storm, the burning quality  
Of that foul poison which assails him.  

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard.  

Doh he still rage?  

Pem. He is more patient  
When than you look upon; and sanguine,  
P. Hen. O vouchsafe of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their extremities, will not feel themselves.  
Dost thou remember, when we wert upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them human; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, which he pricks and stings.  

With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, in their dying, press to that's held,  
Confounded themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should stay—  
I am the organ to this pale fainting swan,  
Who chances a deathful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of death, sings  
His soul's most tender in his last retiring rest.  
Ser. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are  
To set a form upon that tidings  
Which his highness left so shapeless and so rude.  

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in  
King John in a Chair.  

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow—  
it would not set at window, nor at doors.  
Then you so hot a summer in my bosom;  
That all my boughs creame up to dust;  
I am a shrivelled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrivel up.  

Ser. How fares your majesty?  

K. John. Peace, peace,—dead fare,—dead, forsook,  
ecast off.  

And some of you will bid the winter come,  
To threat his icy fingers in my brow;  
Nor let my king'ssed-riven rollers take their course  
Through my head's bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, 
And comfort me with cold—I do not ask you  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingratitude, you deny me that.  

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!  

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison,  
Is, as a foul, curled to a tongue  
On uneatable convents.  

Enter the Bastard.  

Bast. O, I am mad! with my violent motion,  
And gipsy's sport to see your majesty.  

K. John. This is the art come to set mine  
eyes.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EDMUND of Langley, Duke of York.
H ENRY, Duke of BOLINGBROKE.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
BURGESS.
LADY, created to King Richard.
GREEN.

Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, his son.
Lord Ros. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwilliam.
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Mowbray, another Lord.
SIR PIERCE of Exton.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain to the Duke of Richmond.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.
Lord Treasurer, Officers, Bishops, Lords, two Gardeners, Keeper, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE—dispersely in England and Wales.

ACT I.


K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour’d Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son?—
Which thou, for love of me, didst suffer live.
Here withal comes Henry Hereford, Thomas Mowbray, Gaunt; I have, my liege,
Tell me more, hast thou sound’d him?

K. Rich. If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthy be as a good subject should,
On no known ground or fault in him?—
Gaunt. As near as I could sit him on that arm.

K. Rich. Tell me more, are there no persons seen in him,
Aimed at your highness? no inordinate malice.
When did they call to your presence, face to face?
And from your brow to brow, our two lives will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak—

Exeunt Attendants.

High masters! are they both, and full of use,
In rage dead as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. Several years of happy days have fall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving legs!—
Nor, each day still better other’s happiness;
Until the heavens, our earth’s great help,
Add another title to your crown.
K. Rich. We thank thee both; yet one but answer.

As well appear by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Conspirators, what shall thou then chuse?
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

K. Rich. First, (heaven be the reward to my speech)
In the dedication of a subject’s love,
To preserve the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misgivings late,
Come Heir-appellant to the princely spere—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my growing well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
On my divine and answer in heaven;—
Thus I entreat, in an inuocent;—

Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
Since, the more fair and crystal in the sky,
The paths but seen the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the nose,
With a foul traitor’s name stuff my throat;
And wish, to please my sovereign, I were men;
What my tongue speaks, my right-handed sword
may prove.

No! Let not my cold words here accost my real.
’Tis not the trial of a woman’s war,
The latter flattering of the eager tongues,
Can interpose the cause between us twice:
The bed he’s on that must be cool’d thee first;
Yet can I not such name’s patience boast,
As to be hush’d, and sought at all to say:
First, the last reverence of your highness confers
From my own powers and speech, my few speeches;
Whose else would meet, until it had returned;
These terms of treason doubled down his head,
To shine with his high blood’s royalties,
And let him be no known to my lieges,
I do it, and I speak it at him.

Call him—let them be no known to my lieges,
A slanderous coward, and a villain:
Whose means to maintain, I would allow him none;
And meet him, were I tried to run a foot
Even to the frozen regions of the Alps,
Or any other ground infallable.
When ever France—sighs doth set his feet,
Mean till, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most truly doth he live,
Doing, resolutely coward, there I throw
my case.

Dissemble here the kindred of the kind;
And let this be, like God’s bower’s cry;
Whose ear, unblest, makes thee to expect;
It shall, in all the waste of his wealth,
In the sight of thy crown, make him resell;
If any good against thee, arm to arm,
What have I spoke, or thou couldst on our lives?

K. Rich. I take it up; and, by that word I swear,
Which part that my knighthood on my shoulder,
I shall choose thee in any fair degree;
Or other name design’d knightly trial;
And when I mount, five may not light.
If I in true, or majority light.
K. Rich. What does our consent lay to Mowbray’s charge?
It must be green, that can inherit me.
So much as of a thought to call in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove.

It true—.
KING RICHARD II.

Scene II. Mowbray hath receiv’d eight thousand nobles, in names of leadings for your highness’s soldiers; the which he hath detain’d for jewel employments.

Like a false traitor and malicious villain. Besides I say, and will in battle prove. Or here, or elsewhere, to the utmost verge. That ever was survey’d by English eye.— That all the treasons, for these eighteen years Confess’d and conspired in this last. Fetch from these Mowbray their first head and arm, and cry, Further I say,—and further will maintain Upon his head, to make all that good. That he did plot the death of Gloucester’s death; Suggest his son-in-law’s adversaries; And, commenced, I, like a traitor cool and sly, Set out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like according Abel’s, cries, Even from the tombs of those on earth, To me for justice, and rough chastisement; And by the griefs were our eyes down, And the arm shall do it, or this life be spent. Then high a pitch his revolution nears.

Thomas of Norfolk’s, what say’st thou to this? No, O, let not your eye see this in your face, And bid his ears a little while be still. Till I have told this slanderer of his blood, He’s a good man, false so foul a liar. K. Rich. Mowbray, separate our eyes, and ears.

Wept by his brethren, so my kingdom’s heir, (As he is but his father’s brother’s son.) Now by my soul’s view I make a vow, Such odious entrance to our sacred blood Should ever receive them, now fasten. The smirking blushes of my upheld soul; His is my subject, Mowbray; so are thou; Free speech, and favour, I thee allow. Nor, when, Hollingbroch, as low as to thy heart, There is no merit, or merit’s meat. These are of that respect I had for Calais, Did urge’t I duty to his highness’ soldiers: The other part of my’s I must confide. For that my sovereign’s base was in my debt, Upon remainder of a due account, Since last I went to France to fetch his queen. Now shall we do this thing. For Gloucester’s death; I slew him not; but to my own disgrace, Since by his death my present’s lost. For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, Thus I have read the sacrament. One did I make my dish for your life, A treason that did vex my grievous soul; But as I last receiv’d the sacrament, I did consume it, and exactly begg’d Your grace’s pardon, and, I hope, I had it. That’s the report, and more of Citizens. It came from the rancour of a villain, A current and some aggravating traitor: Whose head I am to cut off and slain: And most unnecessarily hard down my gage Upon the overturning traitor’s feet, To give a loyal gentleman. Even in the best blood chamber’d in his bosom: In base whereof, most heartily I pray God to make peace shall become my age

K. Rich. Want-kind gentleman, be roll’d Throw down, my sea, the Duke of Norfolk’s gage. K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his. Gaunt. Then, Harry? when? Obdurate bide, I should not bid again. K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no host. Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, as thy father. My life thou shalt command, but not my shame: The one my duty owes; but my fair name. (Despite of death, that lives upon my grave.) To dark dishonour’s use then shall not have I am disgrace’d, impeach’d, and baffled here; Have’t to the soul with blander’s venom’d spear: The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood Which breath’d this poison. K. Rich. Whereas thou must be withheld! Give me his gage—Treason makes sequites tame. Nor. Yes, but not change their spots; take but Dam. Or resign my gage. My dear, dear lord, The parent treasure mortal times affords, To bear in life, and die a noble death. Mine honour is my life; both grow in one. Take honour from me, and my life is done: Then, fear my legs, mine honour let me try! In that I live, and for that will I die. K. Rich. Then, throw down your gage; do you begin. Dam. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin! Shall I seem creat-tumbled in my father’s sight? Or with pale bagg’d face impeach my height Before this sordid dart! Ere my tongue Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong, Or sound so as a parrow, my teeth shall tear The slavish motive of remaining fear, And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, Whereof, in the揭开men, even in Mowbray’s face. [Exit Gaunt. K. Rich. We were not born to be, but to command: Which since we cannot do to make you friends, Be ready, as your lives shall answer it, At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert’s day; There shall your swords and lances arbitrate The swelling difference of your lest? hate: Since we cannot stone you, we shall see Justice design the victor’s chivalry. Lord Mowbray, command our officers at arms Be ready to direct these incess-alums! [Exit. SCENE III. The next.

A Room in the Duke of Lancaster’s Palace. Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloucester’s blood Both mine, and yours, my lord, than yours explain, To stir against the butchers of his life, But since correction birth in those hands, Which made the fault that we cannot correct, Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven; Which when he sees the hour ri[s on earth, Will rain hot vengeance on offenders’ heads. Dutch. Finds broodhood in the sun no sharper spur. Rich. Edward is thy old blood, no living fire? Edward’s seven sons, whereas theyselfe left one, Were seven, plights of his sacred blood, Or seven fair branches springing from one root. Some of those were dry’d by nature’s course, Some of those broaches curt, but by heaven’s curse But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glos- For one脖 full of Edward’s sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most royal root, is crack’d, and all the precious liquor void;
KING RICHARD II.

Is hearken, and his summer leaves all fade;
By every hand, and murder's bloody axe.
As, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that God, that wondrous
That melts, that self-sow'd, that fashion'd thee.
Made him a man; and though thou liv'rt, and
Yet art thou slain in him: truth dost consist
In some large measure to thy father's death.
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not instance, blazon, it is despair;
In suffering thus thy brother to be slav'd,
Shew not the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching young murder how to butcher them.
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble tears.
What shall I say—'to revenge my Glosston's death,
Gaunt, Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy appointed in his sight,
 Hath caused his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge: for I may never live
An angry arm against his uniter.
Duke. Where then, shall I make my cry?
Gaunt. Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.
Duke. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt,
Then to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Herford and all Mowbray first:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Herford's spear,
That it may never butcher Mowbray's breast:
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser back,
And throw the rider heaving in the lists.
A cause so receiv'd to my cousin Herford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her days.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell. I must to Coventry;
Agreed, to be glad with thee, as good as me.
Duke. Yet on one point and all, farewell! boundless
where it falls,
Not with the empty holiness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all;—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall be more able to your service.
With all good speed at Pleshy must you
Alack, and what shall good-old York there see,
But empty belie and unanswer'd wails,
Unstood offices, untroubled stiles?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere;
Deshate, desolate, will I here and die;
The last leaf of thee takes my weeping eye.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists set out,
and a Throne. Herald, &c. attening.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and Annele. 

Anne. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
Aue. Yes, at all points: and longs to enter in.
Anne. The duke of Norfolk, sightfully and cold.
Stay but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Anne. Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Pluribus of Trumpets. Enter King Richard
who take his seat on his Throne; Gaunt, and
several Noblemen, who take their places.
Trumpets sound, and uncover their Trumpet within.
Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of your champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, my
Fourth act,
And what you com't, thus knightly clad is
arms;
Against what man thou com't, and what he
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thy heaven, and thy valor:
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk.
Who neither come engaged by our oath,
(Which heaven defend, a knight should violate!
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my ascending issue.
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him in defence of myself,
A traitor to my (foe), my king, and me;
And, as truly fight, defend me heaven!
(He takes his seat.
Trumpets sound. Enter Belingsgrove, in
armour preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshall, ask your knight is armed,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither.
Thou placer in habitations of war;
And formally according to our law
Pose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. It is thy name, and wherefore com'nest thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom com'nest thou; and what's thy
quarrel?
Speak truly, and so defend thine honour!
Belings. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby.
Am I, who read'st here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's
valour.
In lists, of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous.
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And, as truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair displays.
Belings. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand.
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men,
That vowe a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And living farwell, of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty gives your lightness,
And leaves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our
arms.
Couns of Hereford, as the name is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my Moor! which if to-day thou shal,
Lament we may, but not revenge the death.
Though, O, let no noble eye mistake a tear
For me, if I be grieved with Mowbray's anger.
As comptently, as the valiant Saxon fight;
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight—
My loving lord. [To Lord Marshal, I can my
legion of ye:
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle—
KING RICHARD II.

Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But in young age, and churlish drawing breath,
Let, as at English feasts, so I regard
The dainnest feast, to make the most most reveal;—
O then, the earthly author of my blood.

[To Dansi.]
Whose youthful spirit, in me reverenced,
Dost with a peaceful vigour lift me up
To reach at victory issue my head;
Add proof unto my angry with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may slay Hasting's wanton goal,
And forthwith make the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty favour of his son.

[Exit. Dansi. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
a happy man!]
Be swift like lightnings in the execution;
And let thy blow doubly redoubled,
Full like an armed thunders on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rose up thy youthfull blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mans iniquity, and Saint George to live!
[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune,
cast my lot,
There live or die, true to King Richard's threat.

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did capture with a fever heart.
Cost off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden unconquell'd enfranchise;
More than my dying soul doth celebrate
This pleasing change, with mine adversity.

Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as so jest,
Go to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I say
Farewell with favour couched in these eyes—

Order the triall, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats.]

Nor. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby.

Boling. Peace, and God defend the right!
Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope,
I, thy—amans.

All. [Rising.] The king is here [To an officer] to
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

[Exit. All.]
1 Nor. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby.

2 Nor. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby.

3 Nor. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby.

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On peace to be false and recreant.
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And darts him to set forward to the fight.

2 Nor. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk.

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, dishonour;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Assenting but the signal to begin.

Nor. Mowbray, trumpets: and set forward, com-
batants.

[Charge sounded.]

Stop, they shall break his warrior down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their beltes and
their spear.
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these thanks what we deserve

[Draw near.]

[To the Combatants.]

And by the counsel we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be污ld
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;
An heap of bones, and bare desolate
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's
swords:
And for the sake that the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-spiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival vanity and high conceit,
To wake our sleep, which in our country's
crude
Draws not the sweetest infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rose up with boisterous untamed
drums,
With harsh resounding trumpet's dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood.

Therefore, we banish you our territories;
You, count Hereford, upon pain of death.
Till twice five summers have surch'd our fields,
Shall not regain the, fair dominions,
But tread the stranger to the banishment.

Boling. Your will be done; This must my

But that sun, that warms you here, shall shine on
me;
And those his golden beams, to you fare well,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
down.

Which I with some unwillingness pronounces;
The fly-slow hours shall not determine
The lessness of this exile;
The hopeles word of—never to return
Breathe against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A broken reverence, my most sovereign
liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A least of pleasure, not as sovereign,
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I forsworn at your highness' head.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrung viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument one's up,
Too far to be turned upon a nurse,
Too far to be turn'd upon a nurse,
Too far to be turn'd upon a nurse,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with
e.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear, by the pure delight that you can to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves.)
To keep the oath that we administered—
You never shall (as help you truth and heaven's)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Neither look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regrett, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-born hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or commit any ill.
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as mine enemy

K. Rich. Let them lay by their beltes and
their spear.
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these thanks what we deserve

[Long speech.]

Draw near,

[To the Combatants.]

By the counsel we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be污ld
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;
An heap of bones, and bare desolate
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's
swords:
And for the sake that the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-spiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival vanity and high conceit,
To wake our sleep, which in our country's

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
down.

Which I with some unwillingness pronounces;
The fly-slow hours shall not determine
The lessness of this exile;
The hopeles word of—never to return
Breathe against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A broken reverence, my most sovereign
liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A least of pleasure, not as sovereign,
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I forsworn at your highness' head.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrung viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument one's up,
Too far to be turn'd upon a nurse,
Too far to be turn'd upon a nurse,
Too far to be turn'd upon a nurse,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with
e.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear, by the pure delight that you can to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves.)
To keep the oath that we administered—
You never shall (as help you truth and heaven's)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Neither look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regrett, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-born hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or commit any ill.
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as mine enemy

K. Rich. Let them lay by their beltes and
their spear.
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these thanks what we deserve

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Draw near,

[To the Combatants.]

By the counsel we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be污ld
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;
An heap of bones, and bare desolate
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's
swords:
And for the sake that the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-spiring and ambitious thoughts,
KING RICHARD II

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter, a Drummer, and two Page Boys.

Drum. The Drum is sounding; the trumpets are blaring.

Page Boys. Go, messenger, to the King, and bid him rise and hear the news from the Drummer.

SCENE II

Enter, a Messenger.

Mess. O, sir, have you seen the Drummer, who is waiting for you?

Page Boys. Please pardon us, sir, but we have been occupied and have not noticed him.

Mess. I understand. We must act swiftly in the face of the enemy.

SCENE III

Enter, the King.

King. What news do we have from the battlefield?

Page Boys. We have not heard yet, sire.

King. Then we will have to wait.

SCENE IV

The King decides to go to the battlefield.

King. I will take charge of the army and lead it to victory.

Page Boys. May we accompany you, sire?

King. Of course, but I will need some advisors.

SCENE V

The King and his men set out for the battlefield.

King. We will overcome our enemies and bring peace to the land.

Page Boys. God bless you, sire.

SCENE VI

The King and his men victory.

King. We have won the battle and the people of the land are free.

Page Boys. Thank you, sire.

SCENE VII

The King and his men prepare to return home.

King. We must take care of our kingdom and ensure its prosperity.

Page Boys. We will do our best to serve you, sire.

SCENE VIII

The King and his men return home.

King. We have accomplished our task and are ready to return home.

Page Boys. We are happy to see you back in safety.

The end.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in Ely-house.

Guent, as a Coach; the Duke of York, and others, attending by him.

Guent. Will the king come? that I may breathe the last.

In whoseosen counsel to his anointed youth.

York. Verily, not yourself, nor strive with your breath.

For all in vain come confounded to his ear.

Guent. O, but they, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where are the scarcest, they are seldom spent in vain.

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words to pain.

He, that so move must say, is better more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught

More are men's ends marked, than their lives before.

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;

Write in remembrance, more than things long past.

Though Richard my life's concern would not lose,

My death's end and tale may yet unseat his ear.

York. No; it is stop'd with other flattering praise of his state: then, there are found

Lascivious metes; to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen:

Report of fashions in proud Italy:

Whose manners still our tardy asphyl nation

Lumps after, in base imitation.

Where death the world thrusts forth a wantry,

(If he be new, there's no respect how vile)

That is not quickly hush'd into his ears;

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will death mutiny with what regard.

Direct your bins, whose way hush'd will choose;

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath will then lose.

Guent. Must needs, I am a prophet now in sp'ird.

And thus existing, do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small matters last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes, that spare too fast betimes;

With eager feeling, feet doth choke the fonder

Like vanity, insatiate comcom:

Consuming means, soon prey upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this sacred seat,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This fortress built by nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone, set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a most defensive to a base,

Against the enmity of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home

(For Christian service, and true chivalry)

As is the sepulchre in unshoonde Journe.

Of the world's ravous, blessed Mary's son;

This land of so dear soule, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now bring'd not (I do prophesyeing it)

Like to a temple, or selling farm;

England, bound in with the triumphal sea,

Whose rocky shore beas bear back the environlg

Of watery Neptune, new builded in with shame,

Dyke, barren, and return garrish bands;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

O, would the scandal vanish with my life.

How happy were my ensuing death

Enter King Richard, and Queen: Anmer, Budby, Tunvo, Bartou, Roso, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: sect mildly with his young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with him?

Guent. O, how that name bellis my composition.

Old Guin, indeed: and guin in being old;

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who, abstains from meat, that is not guin?

For spite of England how have I wrought in't;

Watching her too late, learning all guin.

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict last, I mean—my children's looks.
KING RICHARD II

[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter.
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Hamson,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quinnc.

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Buckingham.
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of
war.
Are making bider with all due expence.

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had are this; but that they stay.
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall slack off our slavish yoke,
Loose out our drooping country's broken wing,
Rid them from breaking paven the blussbled crown.
Wipe all the dust that hides our sceptre's glit,
And make high majesty look like itself.
Away, with me, in pass to Ravenspur:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so.
Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.
Rose. To home, to home! urge doubt to them that fear.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Queen, Bosky, and Bagot.

Bosky. Madam, your majesty is too much sad.
You promised, when you partied with the king,
To lay aside life-barring heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself.
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause.
Why should I welcome such a guest as grief.
Save bearing awre to so sweet a guest?
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unsex sorrow, rife in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and in my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing, it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bosky. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shades.
Which show like grief itself, but are as sad.
For sorrow's eye, glancing with burning tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly parted up,
Show nothing but confusion by their parts.
Distinguishing form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure;
Finding shapes of griefs, more than himself, to
wail?

Which, look'd on as it is, is sought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not;
more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my lowest soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: How'er it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy and
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think.—
Make me with heavy nothing falst and shriek.

Bosky. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief: mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess.
But what it is, that is not yet known:
What I cannot name; 'tis nameless care; I wot.

[Exeunt.

Queen. God save your majesty! — and well met,
gentlemen —
I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.
Why hop'st thou so? so 'tis better hopes,
be it;
KING RICHARD II

ACT II

Scene one. — Antony. I would say, "pray, pay me no more."

Exit Antony. — Antony, get thee hence, his money.

Enter King Richard, and Sir William Herbert.

The King: How now, Sir William Herbert?

Sir William: My good Lord, how are you come hither?

The King: How comes it that I was so late?

Sir William: My Lord, you were detained in the town of

The King: What? I am come to see you;

Sir William: My Lord, I am come to see you;

The King: What news you tell me, Sir William Herbert?

Sir William: My Lord, I bring you word of the death

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Sir William: My Lord, I am come to see you;

The King: What news you tell me, Sir William Herbert?
SCENE III.

By night of all that I have, your noble company.

Boeing. Of much less value is my company,

Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

Boeing. Who is this, young Harry Percy,

Sent from my lord Warwick, wench of some

Harry, have you lost your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learned'd

The loss of him. Now what was his reason?

He was no so rememb'red, what last we spoke

Percy. Have you the noble Percy been proclaimed

On every hand? But, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,

To offer service to the duke of Hereford; and

And sent me o'er by Berkeley, to discover

What power the duke of York had levied there;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgotten the duke of Hereford,

Percy? No, my good lord; for that is not

To love him, to love him. Wherefore, as I did remember;

I never in my life did look on him. North.

North. Your grace learn to know him now: this is

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service;

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

Which other days shall ripen and confirm

To the quick dispence and desert. Boeing. I thank you, gentleman Percy; and be

Spare. I cannot understand nothing else so happy,

As in a soul remembrance of my friends; and,

As my fortune ripens with thy love,

Shall be all thy true love's recompense:

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus

South. What far is it to Berkeley? And what stir

Keep good old York there, with his men of war?

North. There stands the castle, by you toft of

Manor, with these hundred men, as I have

And in it is the lords of York, Berkeley, and

Baynes; same else of name, and noble estimate.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willyoughey.

Blood with quarrel, fiery-red with haste.

Boeing. Welcome, my lord: I want your love;

Percy. Your presence makes us rich, most noble

Whiles. And far Surround our labour to attain

Boeing. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of

Whiles. All my infant fortune comes to you;

Stands for my beauty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

Boeing. Most noble lord, your answer is to Lancastor;

And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue.

Before I make reply to saith you say.

Boeing. Miserable me not, my lord; its not my

North. It is the lord of the court, your grace;

Is to your good words. But who comes here?

Boeing. Lord Berkeley.

North. My lord, my answer is to Lancastor;

And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am not tutor's uncle; and that word grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Well have those banish'd and forbidden lies;

Dare once to teach a prince of England's ground?

But then more why—Why have they banish'd

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And oatentation of despoil'd arms?

They of old days could hold this arms of mine,

Now prisoner to the paley, chaos thes,

And minister correction to thy fault?

Boeing. My gracious uncle, let me know my

Fault; on what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree.—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

What art a banish'd man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of that time,

In brave arms against thy sovereign.

Boeing. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd

North. But as I come, I come for Lancastor,

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an unconjectured eye:

You are my father, for, methinks, in you

I see old Gamali alive? O, then, my father!

Will you permit that I shall stand condemned

A wandring vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pock'd from my arms perfect, and given away

To apostat unprofit? Wherefore was I born? If

That my cousin king, be king of England,

It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

Had you first died, and he had been thus trussed

He should have found his uncle Gamali a father,

To come his wrong, and chase them to the bay.

I am destined to see my livery here,

And yet my letters patent give me leave;

My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;

And these, and all, are all amias employed.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,

And challenge law: Atoms are deceived me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of true descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much armed.

Boeing. It standeth your grace upon to do him right.

York. Thus men by his endowments are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
KING RICHARD II.

ACT II.

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope; Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shamed?

Greed. That he, our hope, might have revis'd
His power, and driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The bandit Bolingbroke repels himself, And with uplifted arm is safe arriv'd.

At Richmond.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid I

Greed. 0, madam, the too true; and that is

The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy.

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bashy. Why have you not proclam'd Northumberland?

Greed. We have: whom the earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants led with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my joy.

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir; Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy; And I, a gazing new-deliver'd mother, Have too to go, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bashy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me? I

Shall dispair, and be at rest.

With contented hope; he is a flatterer, A parasite, a keeper-buck of death, Who greatly would dissolve the bands of life, Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his good neck: O, full of caution, and in fiery looks;

York. Should I do so, I should be my thoughts;

Comfort. We suffer; and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief. Your husband he is gone to save our state. What others come to make him live at home; Here am I left to undergo his law? What, weak; and, weak as I am, I cannot support myself.

York. Next hour, the hour in which he is arrived; Now shall he try his friends and flatterer's hand.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? Why, so, I go all which way it will.

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold.

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Servant. The news to Flashy, to my sister (this) as her;

But let me from a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

Servant. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship;

Treason, as I come by, I call'd thee;

But I shall grudge you to expect the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Servant. An hour before I came, the little died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tale of woe!

Covers rushing on this sad fold! come! come!

I know not what to do—i will God so, my utmost had not provok'd him to it.

The king, he cut off all my head with his sword.

What, are there no posts despatch'd for life or

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister,—come, I would my: 'pray, pardon me.'

Go, fellow, to the Servant; get these bags, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is here.
KING RICHARD II.

Before I make reply to ought you say.

Berk. Mistrust me not, my lord; it is not my meaning.

To raise one title of your honour out—

To you, my lord, I come (what have you will,)

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fight our native peace withuilt-down armes,

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words

To you, my lord; I come (what have you will,)

Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle:

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee.

Whose duty is decentable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tell, tell, grace me no graces, nor uncle me no uncle: I am no traitor's uncle; and that war-grace, in an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those handfast and forbidden legs

Dared once to touch scath of England's graces?

But then more why:—Why have they dared to match

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom?

Frighting her pale-face'd villages with war,

And association of despicable deeds?

Com'th that because the unamity king is home? Why, faithful boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal breast lies the power.

Were I but now lord of such but yesthy, as when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Raised the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French; O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the paleys, chaste thyself,

And minute correction to thy fault?

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banished man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy grace,

In brave arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished.

Henceforth;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster,

And noble uncle, I demand redress.

Look on my wrongs with an interested eye: You are my father, for marriages, in you I am old Gaunt alive: O, then, my ladies! Will you permit that I shall stand condemned, A wood-nag wagstrond; my rights and royalties Pluck'd from my arm merce, and given away To apsart unduits! Wherefore was I born? If that my cousin king, the king of England, It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster. You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman, Had you first died, and he had been thus root down, He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father, To rescue his wrongs, and chase them to the bay. I am denied to see my livery here, And yet my lawless patent gives me leave: My father's goods are all distraint, and sold: And there, and all, are all mine employed. What would you have me do? I am a subject, And challege law: Attorneys are denied me: And therefore personally I lay my claim To my inheritance of free descent.

Nord. The noble duke hath been too much show'd.

Rose. It standes your grace upon to do him right. Will base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT III.

I have had feeling of my counsel's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right.
But in this kind to come, in loving arms,
Be his own warrior, and out on his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be.
And you, that do ask him in this kind,
Costly retaliation, and are rebels all.

North. The noble dake hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ever be joy, that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess.
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign sway of the king's feet:
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as ne'er. Be, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us.
To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy. Hales, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weep, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go with you;—but yet
I'll pause;—
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A camp in Wales.

Enter Salis bury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together;
And yet we hear no tidings from the king:
Therefore we will dispurse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman.
The king repose all his confidence
In thee.
Cap. 'Twixt thought the king is dead: we will not say
The last lives in our country are all wither'd,
And mortal frits the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale moon looks lonely bleakly on the earth,
And thunders drop in silence fount our fearful change.
Rich men look sad, and routs dance and lisp.
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rags and war;
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings—
Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[Exit Salis bury.

Sed. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, wo and unrest;
Thy throne now wait upon thy foes;
And crostly to thy good fortune.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men—Bushy and Green, I will not see your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies).
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king:
A happy gentleman in blood and lineage,
By unhappied and disfigured guise,
You have, in manner, with your sinful base,
Made a divorce between his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks.
With tears drawn from her eyes with your false
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misunderstand me—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sign'd all my English breath in foreign clods,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my sufferings,
Dispossess'd my parks, and deliv'd my waste woods:
From my own windows torn my household case,
Ras'd out my imures, leaving on my legs
Save men's opinions, and my living bones.
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twis all this,
Condemns you to the death:—let these deliver'd
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the strokes of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Let's, farewell.
Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take
Your souls, and plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd:
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away:
To fight with Glosfbeare and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Coast of Wales. A castle in view.


K. Rich. Barkley's Castle call you this at all?
Aum. Yes, my lord: How breaks your grace the air.
To stand in my kingdom once again—
Dread earth: I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their hars' hand.
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in thought
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Bushy. Pardon thy sorrow, I weep for thee,
My noble earth, Nor with thy sweets, comfort his ravious sense;
But hit thy spires, that suck up thy season,
And heavy cauldron pots, lie in their way;
Being annoyance to the tenderest feet,
Which with wraping sea's, to cramp them
Yearning tendril's, to zone enchain'd;
And when they from thy horn; pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a humble nosegay;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's armes:
Let not thy girdle, against my permission—
This earth shall have a feeling, and these words
Prove armed soldiers, are our native king
KING RICHARD II.

Act V. Scene III.

Enter Salisbury.

SALISBURY. Welcome, my lord; how far off lies your power? So near, or rather, off, my gracious lord.

This weak arm: Dis incumbent of a tongue.

And hide his speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

And classed all my happy days on earth:

Or call back yesterdays, bid time return,

And shall have twelvethousand fightmen:

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

Orishments thy joy, friends, fortune, and thy

For all the Whitsmen, hearing thou wert dead,

And go to Belongbroke, desolate, and fled. Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand

And triumph in my face, and they are yet:

And all so cleft, so dither, so ageno,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

So that we'll be safe, fly from my side.

For time hath not a blast upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake, thou bluegarded majesty, thou sleepst.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name; a young subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

To favours of a king. Art you not high?

High as our thoughts: I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who

Comes here? Enter Scoopen.

Scoopen. More health and happiness builds my

To me can any man come but thee, deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart pre

The worst is worldly love thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;

And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Sirres Belongbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll set him up, and give him his fellow so:

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Cry, destruction, ruin, loss, decay:

The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scoopen. Glad is it, that your highness is so

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unreasonable stormy day:

Which makes the silver rivers drown their

At if the world were all diseased to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Belongbroke, covering your fearful land

With blood so white, and bears last by them

White-bearded have arm'd their thin and hairless

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's veils.

To strike back and live, and all our female joints

In so wood[y and against thy crown:

The very bedmen hear to bend their bows

Of double bend year against the state;

Yes, distast women manage rusty bits

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel

And all the worse; then I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bosy? where is Green?

That they have it the disgraceful enemy

Measures, confound all these peaceful steps:

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Belong-

Scoopen. Peace have they made with him, in-

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, dammed without

Dog's, easily won, to frown on any man!

Sminks, in my blood-hurt warm'd, that sting

Three J udash, each one three worse than Judas.

Would they make peace? terrify hell make war

Upon their sportive souls for this offence!

Scoopen. Best love, I see, changing his pro-

Turn to the sourest and most deadly hate:

Again reverse their souls: their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom

Have felt the wound of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bosy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-

Scoopen. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no

Let's talk of graver, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make out my sorry name, and paint my dead:

Writs sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:

Save our deceased bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our names, our Belongbrookes, and

And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which roves as pastures, and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us ask upon the ground,

And tell and stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been depred, some slain in war,
KING RICHARD II.

KING: The news is very fair and good, sir John. Richard, not for seven moons, hath bid his head.

YORK: It would become the Lord Northumberland.

KING: To say—King Richard—Alack the heavy day!

When one of us, the king should hide his head?

No, no. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief.

York: The time hath come.

KING: Would you have been so brief with him, he would have been as brief with you, to shorten you.

For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistrust not, uncle; further than you should.

York: Take not, good cousin, further than you should.

Exit Bolingbroke.

Enter Percy.

Percy: What, what, will not this castle yield? The castle royally is manned, void, against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally.

Why is the Prince no king? Percy: Yes, my good lord; Percy doth contain a king: King Richard is

Within the limits of your time and space:

And with him are the Lord Austria, Lord Salisbury.

Sir Stephen Scroop: besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn,

Tell me the name of the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, as in the rude stile of that ancient castle;

Through banner trumpet, and the breath of parle

Into his mind's ear, and thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees his knee the kiss King Richard's hand,

And with true grace, true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: father come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my labourment repeal'd,

And lands restored again, freely granted.

It not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dews with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen.

The which, how far off from the mind of Boling

Boling. It is, such crimson temp't should bebrandish'd

The fresh green lap of this King Richard's land,

My sleeping duty; which should show

So, singly as much; while here we must

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain—

Northumberland's advance in the Castle, with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threatening sound.

That from the castle's tailor'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well pe'ved.

Men of this, King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thundering shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;

The rage to his, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

Such one, and mark King Richard how he

Boling. Roused, and answered by another

Trumpet within. Francisco. Enter on the stage King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,

Annabel, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York: See, see, King Richard doth himself appear.
KING RICHARD II.

On you proud man, should take it off again With words of scorn! O, that I were as great As is my soul's ambition! or lesser than my name! Or that I could forget what I have been! Or not remember what I must be now! Swell's thus, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to beat, Since base have scope to beat both thee and me. Meet, Northumberland! come back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit? The king shall do it. Must he be depônd? The king shall be contented: Must he lose The name of king? of God's name, let it go! I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads; My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage; My gay apparel, for an ains-man's gown; My figure good, for a disk of wood; My sceptre, for a soldier's walking staff; My subjects, for a pair of carved staves; And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little grave, a little grave. Or I'll be buried in the king's highway, Some way of common trade, where subjects' heart Be hourly trampled on their sovereignty: For on my heart they tread, now while I live; And, blest once, when they are upon my head? Aumerle, thou weep'st! My tender-hearted cousin. We'll make fast weather with doleful tears; Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer cloud, And make a desert in this revolting land. Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus,—To drop them still upon one place, Till they have trebled us a pair of graves Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies Two kinsmen, dîg'd their graves with weeping ruts. Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but silly, and that one man. Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland, What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court doth attend To speak with you; may'st please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton, Waiting the message of overly taxes.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base.


Eater King Richard, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart, and do duty to his majesty.— My gracious lord.— [Kneeling. K. Rich. Fair cousin, you daune your princely knees. To make the base earth proud with kissing it. Me rather had, my heart might tell your love, Than my unpais't eye see your courtesy. Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know, This high at least, [at his own head,] although your knee be low. Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
KING RICHARD II.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they will de
serve to have.

That know the strongest and most trust to get,—

Unliss, give me your hand: may, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What will you have, I'll give, and waiting too;

Nor do we know, what news will have we do-

Set on towards London—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yes, my good lord.

K. Rich.

SCENE IV.


Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Que. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden?

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lad. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Que. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore let us choose some other sport.

1 Lad. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Que. Of sorrow, or of joy?

2 Lad. Of either, madam.

Que. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wasting,

It loss increase, the name of sorrow;

Or of it grief, being altogether had,

It more increase to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it breeds not to complain.

Lad. Madam, your speech is short.

Que. 'Tis well, that thou hast name.

But thou shouldst assign me better, would'st

thou then speak.

Lad. I could weep, madam, would it do you

good.

Que. And I could weep, would weeping do me

good,

And never sorrows any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's stay into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a Gardene, and Two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: We are foreurs with we.

[Queen and Ladies retire

Gard. Oh, bless thou up your dangling apric-
cocks.

Which like unruly children, make their sire
Sleep with oppression of these prodigious weight:

Give some succussion to the keen twigs.—

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of two vast growing sprays,

That look too lately in our commonwealth:

All must be main in our government—

You thus employ'd, I will go west away

The noisome words, that without profit suit

The will's levity from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a
jale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of woods; yet fairest flowers cheat't up,

Her fruit-trees all unopened, her hedges midst,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Springing with capricious?

Gard. Hold thy reason.

Be that hath suffered this disorder'd spring

Blessed now himself with the fall of his fall.

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did

shelter,

That scents in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Essex, Green,

I know, what, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

 Hath set up the wasteful king.—Oh where is

That he had not so much'd and don't his land,

As we this garden! We at time of year

Threw down the back, the skin of our frost east

Lost, being over proud with sap and blood,

With too much riches it confined itself;

Had he done so to great and growing men.

They might have li'd to sleep, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superstition hush'd

We lay away, that caringLaughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite grown
down.

1 Serv. What think you then, the king shall be
departed?

Gard. Departed? he is already; and depart'd,

'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

Que. O, I am prov'd to death,

Through want of speaking: I, thou, and thine's
likeness, Coming from her concealment,

To dress this garden, how dishonour

They harden'd countenances some this unwilling
news?

What, what no serpent hath suggested thus

To make a second fall of cursed men?

What shall the do? say, King Richard is depart'd!

Hark! thou, not, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how.

Cannot these by these ill tidings, speak they

wretch?

Gard. Famine me, madam; little joy here is,

To breathe this news: yet, what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke: that one, too much in weight:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

And some few vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so:

I speak no more than every one doth know.

Que. Numble machinery, that at so light of

feet,

Doth not thy emissary belong to me,

And must I hast that knows it? O, then think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep

Thy sorrow in my breast! Come, ladies, go,

To seek at London Iamilton's king in war.

What, was I born to this? that my soul look

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gardener, for telling me this news of war,

I would, the plains then graft'st, may never

[Enter a Serv and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be

no worse,

I would that all were subject to thy curse.

Here did she drop a tear: here, in this place,

Sit a bank of rue, sour herb of bitterness.

Run, every for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

In the resemblance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the

Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the
KING RICHARD II.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Earl Bolingbroke, Angers,ứnge.

To the King:

"The time is now past when,

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

To thee, too, and, in that load, do lie

To rise as quiet as thy father's soul.

Thou, and the banishment of Norfolk say,

Engage it to the trial, it lies thus.

And now if I do spur a forward horse,

The word, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I must meet Surrey in a wilderness,

On that day, when I had sent two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,

If he may be repelled to try his honour.

Boiling. These differences shall all rest under gage.

Till Norfolk be repelled: repelled he shall be,

And though many enemy, renew his son's

To all his lands and counties; when he's return'd,

Against Angers we will enforce his trial.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ; in glowing Christian fire,

Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;

And, with'd with works of war, retired himself

To Italy; and there, as Venus gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,

Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boiling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Indolent. Sweet peace convinced his sweet soul

To the bottom of good old Abbeyham!—Lords apppellants,

Your differences shall all rest under gage,

Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From place-pluck'd Richard; who, with willing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high accretion yields

To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,

And long live Henry, of that race the fourth!

Boiling. In God's name, I'll ascend the royal throne.

Car. Mary, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,

Till I be becoming me to speak the truth.

Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were so much as to be spunged judge

Of noble Richard; then were nobles would

Learn him forbearance from so soul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who shal save, that is not Richard's subject?

Theirs are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them.

And shall the figure of God's majesty

And shall the figures of God's majesty

The captain, attendant, deputy select.

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

He judged by his subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God.

That in a Christian climate, soul rule,

Shall show no haline, or heath, or shed a dead

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
KING RICHARD III.

In Heaven's peace, by Heaven's bosom, I, your pocket, your stay.
My lord, at Hereford, where you call on, I, your heart, I, your stay.

The blood of English shall manure the ground, and future ages grow on this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels, and, in this seat of war, unmolested wars.

Darius, horror, fear, and mutiny.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boiling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view.

He may surrender; so we shall proceed without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.]
Boiling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest, procure your sureties for your days of answer.

Re-enter York, with Richard, and officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for in a king?
Before I have shaken off the regal thoughts
Whereof I reign'd? I hardly yet have learned
To know the sweet, bitter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave a while to trouble me.

Te this submission. Yet well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Din did they not some time, all half to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand
sum, mine.

God save the king? Will he man say, amen.
Am I both blind and deek? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he:
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him to do,

To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tried majesty did make thee offer,
To the restoration of thy state and crown.

To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. [Here, cousin, cousin.

On this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is the golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two baskets filling one another.

The emptier ever dancing in the air,
Sweat, and, the other down, unseen, and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my gries, whilst you mount up on
To Henry Bolingbroke.
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To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. [Here, cousin, cousin.

On this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is the golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two baskets filling one another.

The emptier ever dancing in the air,
Sweat, and, the other down, unseen, and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my gries, whilst you mount up on
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. [Here, cousin, cousin.

On this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is the golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two baskets filling one another.

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Drinking my gries, whilst you mount up on
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. [Here, cousin, cousin.
KING RICHARD II.

Scene I. London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, Attendants, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way.

Enter Lord Bolingbroke.

Bolingbroke. To follow Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To where first holds my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us meet, if this feuillel'd earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

Bolingbroke. But soft, but me, or rather do not see,
My fair youth sickness of thy meeting here;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
From which weep'd, the truth of what we are
Ah, thou the most in this old king did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tombs.
And not King Richard; thou most heartlessness
Why should haft-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee.

When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

Bolingbroke. To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream.
From which awake'l, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this; I am sworn brother, next,
To criminate; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hence thou to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have strik'n down.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind?
Transfigur'd and weaker? Hath Bolingbroke
Depend'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn over, with false humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed! if ought but beast.
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, Iam dead; and that even here thou tak'st, as from my death-deck, my last living leave.
In winter's tempestous nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and tell them all the tale
Of foul usurpers, long age bred!
And, ere thou bid good night, to quiet their,
Tell then the lamentable fall of me,
And send the heralds weeping to their bedside.
For why, the senseless braves will sympathise
The cause of our moving groans,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in abodes, some cold, black,
For the deposings of a righting king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
You must not suffer, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order taken for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder without
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends his throne:
The time shall not be many hours of age.

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

K. Rich. Farewell! thou torment'st me ere I can come to hell.

Bolingbroke. Uprose it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough.
KING RICHARD II.

More than he is, ere foul sin,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to sit;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'nt
the way
To plant unrighteous kings, wilt know again,
Being 'er's so little word, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and desired death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forth
with K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; twist my crown and me;
And then, between me and my married wife—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the chime:
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She some adorning bitherto seems May,
Sent forth like Hallowmass, or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thiseth let me
know.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one sea.
Weep thou for me in France. I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be not the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
K. Rich. Twice for one step I groan, the way being short.
And when the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in sorrow wearisome it's brief,
Sine, welding it, there is much breadth in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; there was no
scowl part.
To take on me to keep, and kill the time. [They kiss.
Mr. [Take again.
Now more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.
Enter York, and his Duchess.

York. My love, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?

Duchess. At that end stop, my lord.
What rule misgovern'd handle, from windows
thrive?
York. There is he, and publish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
brooke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbrooke!
You would have thought the very wine slow
spake.
So many greatly lords of young and old
Through casements stared their desiring eyes
Upon his visage: and that all the walls,
With painted images, had said as much.
Jesu preserves thee! welcome, Bolingbrooke!
Whiles he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed lower than his grand uncle's neck,
Despair'd them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duchess. Also, poor Richard I whose ride is the while

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage;
Are ill bested on him that enters next,
Thinking his praise to be sufficient.
Even so, or with much more contempt, cometh
eye's
Died scow'ling on Richard: no man cried, God save
him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
His face still consisting with tears and smiles,
The lodges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
Strengthened
The hearts of men, they must perform have
meeted;
And barlimain itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents
To fling out are we ever so subjects now,
Whose state and humour I for awe allow.

Earl Aumerle.

Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was, that is lost, for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rotland now:
I am in parradise's pledge for his truth.
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
Duchess. Welcome, my son; Who are the voices now
That swear the green lap of the new-comer spring?
Amer. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;

God knows, I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
of time,
Last you be cropt'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? I hold these jaws and triumphal.
Amer. For ought I know, my lord, they do.
York. You'll be there, I know.
Amer. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs about thy
bosom?
Amer. You, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Amer. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Amer. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence.
York. Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
Amer. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to
not show it.

I fear build.

What should you fear?

Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
for thy part; 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what dot he with a
bond?
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Buy, let me see the writing.
Amer. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
not show it.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.
Enter York, and his Duchess.

York. My love, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?

Duchess. At that end stop, my lord.
What rule misgovern'd handle, from windows
thrive?
York. There is he, and publish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
brooke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
KING RICHARD II.

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will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. [Exit Guard.] Mean treason—villain! treason! slave! that is the matter, my lord! [Aside to] What is within there? [Enter a Servant.] Huddle my horse. 

What answer? What answer is there? [Aside to] What is it, my lord? 

I live in my own, I say; saddle my horse, borrow, by my life, my truth, 

said the villain. [Earl Servant.] What's the matter? said the man, with a voice—What's the matter, my lord, what answer? it is no more peace like most swear.

The life answer! Re-enter Servant, with Boots. 

Ring me my boots, I will unto the king. Enter Aumerle—poor boy, then! Earth, never more come in my sight! [To the Servant.] I see my boots, I pray you, sir, York; what will you do? not hold the treason of those own? Never so; or else we will have to, meaning, see drunk up with time, 

how long my far son from mine age, of a mother's happy name? then I in his name, he is not that name? 

I come from the dark conspiracy? 

of sires here have ta'en the sacrament. 

in Jacob, at Oxford. 

He shall be come! 

him here! Then what is this man? away. 

son I were two twenty times my son, speak here. 

Have thou good' th' God for him, done, thou' be more test. 

I know my mind; thou dost not suspect, we have no equal to thy bed, to a hundred, not thy son; 

or else it was, or not of that mind, for thon as a man may be, a lie, or any of his lies. 

Make way, worthy woman. [Exit. 

ther, Aumerle; mount upon his horse. 

and set before him, the pardon you do acquit thee. 

long before; though I be old, 

but to rise as fast as York; 

with it rise up from the ground, 

have pardon'd thee: Away; 

[Exit. 

SCENE III. 

A Room in the Castle. 

February, as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Can we man call of my unbought son? 

first months since I did see him last— 

these being over on this last! 

of God, thy lord's, he might be found! 

London, amongst the taverns there, 

they say, to daily doth frequent, 

with those companions; 

they say, as stand in narrow lanes, 

our water, and rob our passengers; 

in a crew. 

now, some two days since I saw prince. 

And said him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

What means our comrade, that he stares and looks so wildly? And what shall I do, and what, my lord? 

Percy. His answer was— he would unto the king; 

and from the commonest creature pluck a glove, and wear it as a favour; and with that 

He would overcome the noblest challengers. 

As absolute, as desperate; yet, through both 

I see some sparks of a better hope, 

While other days may happily bring forth. 

But who comes here? 

Enter Aumerle, hastily. 

Amer. Where is the king? 

Boling. What means the king? 

Our comrade, that he stares and looks so wildly? 

Our God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty, 

To have some conferences with your grace alone. 

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and hear us here alone.—[Exit Percy and Lords. 

What is the matter with our comrade now?— 

For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 

[Knels. 

My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth, 

Unless a pardon, ere I die. 

Boling. Intendest, or committed was this fault? But the first, how heinous o'er it be, 

To win the alter-love, I prithee then? 

By grace. 

Amer. Then give me leave that I may turn the key. 

That no man enter till my tale be done. 

Boling. Have thy desire. [Amer. locks the door. 

York. [Within.] My lies, heauen; look to thyself; 

Thou hast a traitor in thine presence there. 

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing. 

Amer. Stay thy revengful hand; 

Thou hast no cause to fear. 

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king; 

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face? 

Open the door, or I will break it open. 

[Exit York. 

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak 

Recover breath; tell me how near is danger, 

That we may arms at hand. 

York. Pursue this writing here, and thon shall know 

A treason, that my haste forbids me hence. 

Amer. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past? 

I do repent me; read not my name there, 

My heart is not considerate with my hand. 

Twice, villain, see thy hand did set it down. 

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king; 

Peal, and not here, begot his punishment: 

Forgot to pity him, lest thy pity prove 

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart. 

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspirator— 

O loyal father of a treacherous son! 

Thou, whose, innocent, and silver lornam. 

From whence this stream through muddy passage. 

Hath held his current, and swifl'd himself! 

The overflow of good converts to bad; 

And thy abundant goodness shall cause this 

This deadly blot in thy disgracing son. 

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's law; 

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame, 

As the fifteen since those aspiring father's gold. 

Men honour those where his dishonour dies. 

Or my shame's life in his dishonour lies; 

Then sit in me in his life; giving him breath, 

The traitor lives, the true man dies, just to death. 

Thou. [Within.] What do, my liege! for God's sake, 

Let me live.
KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I. Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and others.

Bolingbroke: So that by this Intelligence we learn, The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury is returned to meet the King, who lately landed, With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Rich. Not so far from hence, here is his head.
York. It would bewear the lord Northumberland.
To say, King Richard:—Attack the heavy day When such a sacred king should hide his head! North. Your grace mistakes me; only be brief.

Left 1 his tide out.

The time hath come,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would Have been as brief with you, to shew you,
For taking to the head, your whole head's length. Bolingbroke: Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. He is not, good cousin, farther than you should.

Bolingbroke:—I know it, uncle; and oppose not Myself against their will:—But who comes here? Say, Percy. Well, Harry; what, will ut this castle yield? Percy. The castle royally is mine, my lord, Assigned by my ancestors.

Bolingbroke: Royally! Why, it contains no king? Percy. Yes, my good lord, It doth contain a king: King Richard lies Wreck'd, by cruel death; and, by cruel death, servile death. But with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury.

So Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Bolingbroke: Noble lord! [To North. Go to the rude rise of that ancient castle; Through brasses trumpet sent the breath of praise Into his rude ears, and thus deliver: Harry Bolingbroke: On both his knees, both kiss the King Richard's hand, And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart, To his most royal person: kiss his hand Even at his feet to lay my arms and power; Provided that, my business resolv'd, And lands restor'd again, he be freely granted; If not, I'll use the advantage of my power, And lay the summer's dust with showers of rain From the wounds of slaught'rd Englishmen: The which, hee far off from the mind of Bolingbroke, It is, such crimson temper should behold. The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land, My stooping duty tenderly shall show. Go, signify as much; while here we march Upon the grasy carpet of this plain.—Northumberland advances to the Castle, Let's march without the noise of threatening drum. That to the castle's todt'rd battlements Our fair appointments may be well prov'd. Methinks, King Richard and myself should assault With no less terror than the elements Of fire and water, when their threatening yoke At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven: Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding wader: The rage be his, while on the earth I rain My waters; on the earth, and not on him. March on, and mark King Richard how he looks A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet. Enter, on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York: See, me, King Richard doth himself appear.
SCENE III
KING RICHARD II.

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
Where his red rays are bent
To dazzle his glory, and to chain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet locks he like a king, behold, his eye,
As bright as in the eagle's, lightning shot
Controlling majesty; alack, alack, for wo,
That any harm should stain so fair a shrine!
K. Rich. Woe are we smitten; and these long have we known.
To watch the inward tending of thy knee,
To Northumberland.

Because we thought counsel thy lawful king,
And if we be, how dare thy pains forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the banner of God
That hath disowned us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grasp the awful handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have heard
Have torn their souls, by tearing them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yea, know,—your teacher, God-consented,
Is mourning in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armed of patience; and they shall strike
Ye, passengers, yet unawed and unaided,
That lift your rascal hands against my head,
And hold the precious crown in thy hands,
Tell Bolingbroke, (for youth, methinks, he is),
That every stain he makes upon my head,
Is dangerous treason. It is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crow be broke for live in peace,
Two thousand brotheresses, or nuns shall ill become the house of England's face;
Change the completion of her maid pale peace
To aucrict [accretion?], and before
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The king of heaven saved; and the lord the king
Should go with civil and united arms
Here, where so long with hard invasions,
Hardy Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;—
And by the memorable tomb he aures,
That stands upon the royal granaries' bones;
And by the royalties of both thy bloods,
Crested that spring from one most gracious
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Composing all that may be Secretary for said—
His meaning hidden yet no further scope,
Then for his loyal royalties, and to beg
Benediction immediately on his knees:
Which as thy royal party granted most,
His glancing arms he will commended to that,
His heart's desire to strike, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, in just;
And, as I say a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns.

His utmost comely is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall he accomplish without contention;
With all the gracious assurance thou hast,
Mark to his gentle bearing kind commands.—
We do defend ourselves, comely, do we not.
[To Aumerle.

To look so poorly, and to speak so dry,
Shall we take back Northumberland, and send
Defence to the tender; and so die?
And have our lord; my lord? He'll go with gentle arms,
Thou best friend, and friends their helpful
K. Rich. O God! O God! that ever this tongue
That call the patience of bread, almost
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of such; O, that were as great
As is my grief, less than your name!—
Or that I could forget what I have been;
Or not remember what I must be now?
Swell's the heart, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to beat
Since loss have scope to beat both thee and me.
North. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be conversed; Must he lose
The name of king! O God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gay apparel, for a shrieve's gown;
My figure, gaited, for a sheath of wood;
My stomach, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of cowled saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grays,
A little, but a little, of thy grace.
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects live.
May hourly trample on their sovereign's heart:
For my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why should you hear from Aumerle, they won't it;—My under-hearted counsellors.
We'll make a feast with despised ears;
Our signs, and they, shall lodge the summer cold.
And make a death in this refreshing land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes.
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus.—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have treated us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid.—There lies
Two kinclans, dig'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see,
I talk but silly, and you must at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord of Northumberland.
What says King Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?
Wanting the manage of our idle yews.
[North, retire to Bolingbroke.
In the base court? Baseness, where kings grow base,
To come at traitor's call, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down! Down, court it down, king!
For night-cowl shrink, where mounting tacks should sing.
K. Bolingbroke. What says his majesty?
North. Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.
Bolingbroke. Stand all apart.
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—
To make the base earth proud with kissing him:
My rather head; my heart might feel your love;
Then my unsung eye was shot with courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know.
Thus high heaven. [Harsh, as if sworn hard;]
Although your knee be low.
My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boiling. So far be mine, my most undeserved
lord.

As my true service deserves your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserv
e to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get—

Eucate, give me your hand; Inclining, try your eyes;

Tears above their love, but want their remedies.

Cusam, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we merit, what force will have we do—

Set on our Lady, London—Cusam, is it so?

Boiling. Yes, my good lord.

K. Rich. That I must not say, no.

[Flourish. Exit.]

SCENE IV.


Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

K. Rich. Tell me, is the world fall of tubs, and that my fortune

Rise against the bias?

Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore no dancing, girl: some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy.

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether unworthy,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it haste not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. The well, that thou hast cause:

But thou shouldst please me better, would's thee woe.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, come here the gardourns;

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

A wreathless grave unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one Seth so

Against a change: We are forlorn with we.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling sprin
cocks,

Which like unruly children, make their rife

Stout with exaggeration of their prodigious weight;

Give some importance to the lurking twigs—

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go round away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I Sup. Why should we, in the compass of a pain,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?

When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds, yet fair flowers crook'd up,

Her fruit-trees all usurp'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Bewitching with capersgay?

K. Rich. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring,

Must think how to set her with the fall of summer:

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did

shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Boilingtongue;

I mean, of Wilton's, Blundell, Queen.

1 Sup. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Boilingtongue

 Hath sn't the wasteful king.—Oh what play

is it,

That he had not so trim'd and dress'd his land,

As we this garden! We at time of year,

Do wound the bark, the skin of one fruit tree,

Less, being over proud with sap and blood,

With too much foundation, that he had done so
to great and growing men,

They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of luty. Jove! Superfluous wives

We hop away, that tearing boughs may live:

But he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown

down.

1 Sup. What think you then, the king shall be

depair'd?

Gard. Depair'd he is already; and depair'd,

'Tis doubt, he will be: Lettura came last night

to a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,

That tell black talings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,

Through want of speaking! Thou, old Adam's

license, [Coming from her concealment. Set
to dance this garden, hence Ignore.

Thy harsher tongue sound this unspeaking news:

What Ear, what serpent hath suggested thou

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, King Richard is depair'd?

Dost thou, then, little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,

Canst thou by these ill tidings speak, thou watch?

Gard. Pardons me, madam; little joy have I,

To breathe this news: yet, what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Boilingtongue: their fortunes both are weight;

In your lord's sea is nothing but himself,

And some few rancies that make him light;

But in the balance of great Boilingtongue.

Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post ye to London, and you'll find it so;

I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Numbre mischance, that so light of

Doth not thy embassage belong to me,

And am I first that know'st it? O, then think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep

Thy service in my heart. Come, ladies, go,

To meet at London London's king in wo—

What, was I born to find't that my sad look

Was to make the solemn thong eminent? Boilingtongue,

Gardener, for telling me this news of wo,

I would, the plants thou dost yet, may never

Bear green; so that thy state might be no

more worse;

I would I skill were subject to thy curse—

Here did she drop a tear: here, in this place,

I'll set a heart of rue, sour herb of grace; Rue,

For evil for evil, here shortly shall be seen.

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exit.]
KING RICHARD II.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Bolingbroke. Call forth Bagot—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind—
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death?
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed it?
The bloody issues of his times and race.
Bolingbroke. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bolingbroke. Stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bolingbroke. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring,
Sends to assure what once it hath delivered.
In the mean time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length
That wields a sword from the fruitful English heart?
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that then you had rather refuse The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Thus Bolingbroke's part to England.
Adding, what bliss this land would be, If, in this your cousin's death—
Amerle. What humour shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair star,
On whose account to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour lost.
With the extender of his base impudence—
There is my gage, the maunual seal of death,
That marks thee out for the foe; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said is false,
To thy heart's-bled, though being all too true To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Bolingbroke. Bagot, forbear, thou shall not take it up.
Amerle. Excepting one, I would be the best In all this presence, that hath merited so.
Bolingbroke. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, in gage to him:
By that fair arm that shows where thou stand'st I heard thee say, and unaffectedly spakest it,
That thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death, If they despise't it, twenty times as lost; And I will turn thy speech to thy heart, Where it was forgiv'd, with my mayor's point.
Amerle. Then dost not, sourer, live to see that day.
Fitzwater. By my soul, I would it were this hour.
Fitzwater, then art damned to hell for this.
Percey. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true.
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage, To prove it on thee in the extremest point Of moral breaking; seize it, if thou darst.
And, I do not, may my hands rot off, And never handful more resolute steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe! Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn Amerle. And spare us with as full as many lies As may be hold in thy treacherous ear.
Percey. There is my gage, the man's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Amerle. Who sees me else by heaven, I'll throw it I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well.
The very Aumerle and you did talk.
KING RICHARD I.

Act IV.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown? K. Rich. Ay, by jove, for I must needs be; therefore no more, for I resign to thee. Now mark me how I will wound myself— I give this heavy weight from off my head, and this swolled arm, from off my hand. The pride of knighthood, and all that is in me; With mine own hands I wash away my crown, With mine own hand I cast it from me, And with mine own hand I do wear it again. With mine own hand I do raise it from the dust. All pomp and majesty I do forswear! My name, my state, my wealth, I forgo. My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny: God pardon all those, that are lookers to me! And with mine own hand I shall make thee, Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieve; And thou with all these, that have all achieved! Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit, And soule by Richard in his earlie part. God save King Henry, making Richard says, And send him many years of sunshine days! What more remains? North. No more, but that you read [Offering a Paper]

These accusations, and those grievous crimes, Committed by your person, and your followers, Against the state and profit of this land, That, by confusing them, the souls of many May deas that you are worthily depos'd. K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravell out My sayings, that I am false? Gentles Northwestern, If thy offences were upon record, Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop, To read the lecture of them? If thou wouldst, Shouldst thou find one blemish article, Containing the deposition of a king, And crack the strong warrant of an oath, Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven? Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me, Whilst that my wretchedness doth bate myself, Though none of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilate Have here delivered me to my base crew, And water cannot wash away your sin. North. My lord, despiseth; read over these.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see; Yet salt water blinds them not so much, But they can see a sort of traitors here. Nay, if I take mine eyes upon myself, I find myself a traitor with the rest: For I have given here my soul's consent, To unloose the pomposo body of a king; Make glory base: and sovereignty, a slave; Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant. North. My lord, despiseth; read over these.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou hast beguiled, bounding man, Nor none of them I have, no name or title; No, not that name was given me at the first, But 'tis my birth—Alack the heavy day, That I have worn so many winters out, And know not what name to call myself! O, that I were a modesty king of snow, Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke, To melt myself away in water drops! Good king—great king, (and not yet greatly good.) An if my word be sterner yet in England, Let it command a murmur higher straight, That it may show me what I face in me. Since it is bankrupt of his majesty. Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an Attendant]
KING RICHARD II

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears; Come home with me to London; I will lay A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. [A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar’s ill-erected tower,
To whose first beam my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke;
Here let us rest, if this rebellion last.
Have any resting for true king’s queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or see not, we.
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh from this ourselves let us tear.
Ah! then the model where old Troy did stand;
The map of honour; then King Richard’s tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous bun,
Whose hard-favoured grief be lodged in thee.

When triumph is become an ale-house guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not as,
To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former State a happy dream;
From which we woke, the truth of what we are
Shuns us but this; I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grime necessity; and he and I
Will keep a lesson till death. He to the Franchise,
And cloutier there in some religious house;
Our holy lives must win a new world’s crown,
Which our profane hours here have streikens down.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind?

Transform’d and weaken’d? Hath Bolingbroke
Dosed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The limb, dying, burneth forth his pow,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To be “sapsucker’d”; and with those, papilike,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And brand us with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts: indeed, if worth but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good! sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou art.
As from my death-bed, my best living leave,
In winter’s tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful shape, long ago existed,
And are but this, but good sight, to call their grief,
Tell then the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping in their beds.
For why, the senseless sounds that sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will rally, and some coal-black.
For the升值ing of a righting king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

Nord. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang’d,

You must to Poictiers, not unto the Tower.

And, mandate, three hundred ten to you.
With all the speed you must away to France.


The remonstrant Bolingbroke scarce my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age.
SCENE I. The same.

A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Daughters.

York. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest.

K. Rich. When weeping made you break the story off, Of our two princes coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

K. Rich. At that sad end, my lord, Where rude magistrates hands, from windows tops,

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbrooke, Mourned upon a hot and fiery steel, Which his aspiring sons seem'd to know.

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course.

K. Rich. Dearly divers'd—Bad men, ye violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me; And then, betwixt me and my married with—

Let me kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me; And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made—

York. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. 'Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

York. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one wo.

Weep thou for me in France; for I thee here; Better far off, than—nay, be 'yer the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, muse with groans.

York. So longest way shall have the longest means.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart. Come, come, in weeping sorrow let be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is much length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

York. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To keep thee and to keep, thy life I take.

K. Rich. We make we wanton with this fond delay,

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.]

KING RICHARD II. Act V.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Daughters.

York. So now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a green.

K. Rich. We make we wanton with this fond delay,

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.]

York. What should you fear? What is the matter of small consequence.

K. Rich. What should you fear? What is the matter of small consequence.

York. Bound to himself 2 what doth he with a bone.


York. He is bound to 2 With, thou art a fool.

K. Rich. He is bound to 2 With, thou art a fool.

York. What doth he with a bone.

K. Rich. He is bound to 2 With, thou art a fool.


York. He is bound to 2 With, thou art a fool.

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K. Rich. He is bound to 2 With, thou art a fool.
SCENE III.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.  

Enter Aumerle, hastily.

Aumer. Where is the king?  

York. Bolingbroke.

Aumer. What means our cousin, that he stays and looks so wild?  

York. God save your grace; 1 do beseech your majesty.

Aumer. Good迎接, he be content; it is so more Than my poor life must answer.

York. Why answer?  

Aumer. Peace, foolish woman.  

York. I will not answer.—What is the matter, sir?  

Amer. Good mother, be content; it is so more Than my poor life must answer.

York. Why answer?  

Enter Aumerle, with Bolingbroke.

York. Bring me my boots; I will into the king.  

Bolingbroke. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art answer'd,  

Hence, thou answer'st more sov'ren in my sight.  

[To the Servant.  

York. Give me my boots; I will into the king.  

Bolingbroke. Why, York, what wilt thou do?  

Will then not hide the trepass of thine own?  

Have we been slow? or are we like to have?  

Is not my tendering date drunk up with time?  

And wilt thou place my fair son from mine age,  

And use it as a mother's happy name?  

Is he yet like thee? is he not mine own?  

York. Thus fond mad woman,  

Whence that concealium that dark conspiracy?  

A dozen of them here have it on the sacred,  

And interchanging set them down their hands,  

To kill the king at Oxford.  

Bolingbroke. He shall be gone;  

We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?  

York. Away.  

Aumer. Good woman! were he twenty times my son,  

I would approach him.  

Bolingbroke. Hallo thou ground for him,  

As I have done, Gentles be more pitiful.  

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,  

That I have been disloyal to thy lord,  

And that he is a husband, not thy son:  

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;  

He is no other then a man may be,  

Not like to me, or any of my kin,  

And yet I love him.  

York. Make way, unruly woman.  

[Exit Bolingbroke.  

Aumer. After, Aumerle: mean'st thou open his name?  

Spear, post; and get before him to the king,  

And shew the paper we do accuse thee.  

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  

I could not but to ride as far as York:  

And never will I rise up from the ground,  

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd that away:  

Begone.  

SCENE IV.

Windsor.  

A Room in the Castle  

Bolingbroke, as King; Percy, and other Lords.

York. Can no man tell of my untruthful son?  

To fall three months since I did see him last;  

If any plague befalls you, 'tis he.  

I would in God, my lords, he might be found:  

Languishing in London, under the favours there;  

For there they say, he daily doth frequented,  

With unseemly base companions;  

Even such, they say, as stood in variance lately,  

And keep our watch, and rob our passengers;  

Why he so wants, and inadequate boy,  

Takes on the part of honour, to support,  

So dissolute a crew.  

Percy. He was some two days since I saw the prince;  

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford:  

Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke, and rest.  

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the scene,  

And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,  

And wear it as a favour; and with that  

He would embrace the ladies-challenger.  

Bolingbroke. As dissemble, as desperate ye, through both  

I see some sparks of a better hope,  

Which elder days may happily bring forth.  

But who comes here?  

Aumerle, hastily.

Amer. What means the matter?  

Bolingbroke. What means our cousin, that he stays and looks so wild?  

Amer. God save your grace. 1 do beseech your majesty.  

To have some conference with your grace alone.  

Bolingbroke. Withdraw you, and leaves us as solitaries.  

Amer. What is the matter with our cousin now?  

Amer. For ever may my knees grow to the earth.  

Bolingbroke. Thy soul answer?  

To the Servant.  

York. Give me my boots; I will into the king.  

Bolingbroke. Why, York, what wilt thou do?  

Will then not hide the trepass of thine own?  

Have we been slow? or are we like to have?  

Is not my tendering date drunk up with time?  

And wilt thou place my fair son from mine age,  

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York. Make way, unruly woman.  

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And shew the paper we do accuse thee.  

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  

I could not but to ride as far as York:  

And never will I rise up from the ground,  

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd that away:  

Begone.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT V.

Boling. What shall I do? An applicant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and a base, great kinsman!
Boling. To speak with me, pity me, open the door; A beggar, beggar, that never begged before. Boling. Our cause is alter'd,—from a serious thing, And now chang'd to The Beggar and the King. My dangerous counsel, let your mother in; I know, she's come to pray for your soul. York. If she do pardon, whomsoever pray, More sins, for this forgivness, prosper may. This father'd joint eat off, the rest goes sound; This, at least, alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man! Love, loving not itself, none other can. York. Thou frantic wench, what dost thou mean?

Boling. Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear? Duch. Sweet York, be patient! Hear me, good York.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech; For ever and I shall kneel upon my knees, And never see day that the happy see, Till thou give joy; until then let me stay. By pardoning Richard, my transgressing boy. Aunt. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my head.

[Kindly.

York. Against them both; my true joint befriend'd be.

Duch. If they may not thrive, if thou grant any grace! Boling. I shall the more, form the contented soul. [Kindly.

York. Plead's he in earnest? look upon his face; His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast; He prays but faintly, and would be denied; We pray with heart, with soul, and all beside; His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; Our knees shall kneel till the ground they grow; His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity. Our prayer do out grey hair; then let them have That mercy, which true prayers ought to have. Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—st and up; But, pardon, first; and afterwards stand up. If I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach, Pardon should be the first word of thy speech. I never long'd to hear a word till now; Say, pardon, king; let thy tongue give thee how; The word is short, but not so short as an err. No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so vast.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, Par- donnez-moi.

Duch. Doth thou then pardon pardon to de- stroy? Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, That sett'lt the word itself against the soul. Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land! The chopping French we do not understand. These eyes beg to speak, set thy tongue there; Or, in thy pious heart plant then thee ear; That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce, Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse. Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Do not move to stand; Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me. Boling. O happy vanities of a low-born kinsman! Yet I am sick for fear; speak it again; Twice saying pardon, does not pardon swain,
Not 1, nor any man, that but man is. 
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be wed 
With being nothing.—Maid me, do I hear? [Music]
Ha, ha! I keep time. How now sweet music is! When time is broke, and no proportion kept! So is it in the musick of men's lives. And here have I the gauntness of ear. To check time broke is a disorder'd string: But for the concord of stile and time, Had not an ear to hear my true time broke. I wasted time, and now doth time waste me. For now hath time made me his ministering clock. My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they far.
Their weights en to mine eyes, the outward watch, Where'er my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, do cleanse them from tears. Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is, Am dissonant mutes, that strike upon my heart. Which is the bell? So sighs, and tears, and groans. Show me times, and hours—but my time Runne posting in Beltingbrookes proud joy. While I stand feeling here, his lack of the clock. This music made me, let it sound or save! For, though it have helpt madness to their bliss, In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad. Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me. For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard Is a strange breach in this all-blasting world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hall, royal prince! K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer! The cheapest of us is ten guinea too dear. What art thou? and how comest thou hither, Where no man never comes, but that saul be that brings me food, to make unfortunate live? Groom. I was a poor groom of the stable, king. When thou wast king; who travelling towards York, With much ado, at length had gotten leave To look upon my sometimes royal master's face. O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld, In London streets, that conversation, When Beltingbrooke rode on roan Barbary! That horse, that so carefully had dress'd! K. Rich. Rod he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend, How went he under him? Groom. So proudly, as if he did not the ground. K. Rich. Be sure that Beltingbrooke was on his back! That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; This hand hath made him proud by clipping him. Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down, (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck Of that proud man that did near his back? Forgiveness, here! why do I rail on thee, Since thou, created to be made by man, Was born to bear? I was not made a horse; And yet I bear a burden like an ass, Spur-gall'd, and thr'd, by jangling Bolingbroke. Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer Groome. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit. Keep. My lord, wilt you hum to fall to? K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wilt want to do. Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who

 Lastly came from the king, commends the count-
try. K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and that! Patience is staid, and I am weary of it. [Beat the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help! Enter Exton, and Servants, armed. K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault? Villains, these own hand yields thy death's instru-
ment. [Snatching a weapon and killing one Go thou, and kill another room in hell. [He kills another, and then Exton strikes him down. That hand shall burn in never quenching fire, That stagger's thus my person.—Exton, thy fear.

Bol. With the king's blood stain'd the king's own land. Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high! Whilest my green flesh sinks downward here to die. [Dies. Enter. As full of valor, as of royal blood: Both have I spilt! O, would the deed were good! For now the devil, that told me— did well. Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead king to the living king I'll bear; Tucks hence the rest, and give them buried here. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants. Bol. King uncle York, the latest news we hear— Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Chester in Gloucestershire; But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

WELCOME. Welcome, my lord! What is the news? Nortb. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness. The next news is,—I have to London sent The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent: The manner of their taking may appear As large discussed in this paper here. [Furnishing a paper.

Bol. Bolingbroke. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains; And to thy worth will add right worthy gains. Enter Fitzwater.

FITZ. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London The heads of Grosve and Sir Henry Scoll; Two of the dangerous consorted traitors, That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forget: Right noble is thy merit, well I not.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle. Per. Percy. The grand conspirator, abbott of West-
minster, With other in consequence, and sure meadsoile, Hath yielded up his body to the grave: But here is Carlisle living to abuse Thy king's dominion, and see'ssance of his pride. Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom— Choose out some secret place, some reverend room, More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life; So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT V.

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exon. Great king, within this coffin I present
The buried head; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exon, I thank thee not; for thou hast
Brought a dead of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exon. From your own mouth, my lord, did I
This deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilty conscience is worse for the labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the shades of night.

And never show thy head by day or light—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of weal,
That heaven should appropriate me, to make me grow
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on solemn black inclosetment;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood from off my guilty hand—
March slowly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. (Exeunt)

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales.
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
W. 1ST WORCESTERSHIRE.
SIR WILLIAM BLUNT.
SIR THOMAS PERCY.
SIR HENRY PERCY.
SIR HENRY PERCY, 1st Earl Northumberland.
SIR HENRY PERCY, 2nd Earl of Northumberland.
SIR HENRY PERCY, 3rd Earl of Northumberland.
SIR MICHAEL, a Friend of the Archbishop.
ARCHBISHOP, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENOWER.

SIR RICHARD VEROM.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POYNES.
GADSHILL.
PETO BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Northumberland, and Sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Gonsalvo, and Wife to Northumberland.

MRS QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

SCENE—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so was with care
Find we a time for frigid peace to pant,
And breathe with wintry accents of new broils.
Now the time is come, and we received
No more the thrice entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hoofs
Of hostile horses: those opposed eyes
Which,—like the terrors of a troubled heaven,
All of our nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intolerable
And furious noise of civil butcherry.
Now, in mutual, well becoming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindness, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut our master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight.)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,

To chase these pages, in these holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
For this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And boasts 'tis to tell you—we will go:

Briefly we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle sons Westmorland,

SCENE—England.

K. Hen. So forward this dear expedience.

West. If my liege, this haste was but in question,
And many limits of the charge set down.
But we must march: when all abhorr'd, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news:
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,
Leaving the men of Hereford to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rule bands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misrule,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshmen done, as may not be
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord,
For most unquiet and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and then it did import
On Holy-maiden day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Stout,
At Holmoorsden met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their content, did make haste,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, and true-indeed friend.

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
And armed with the variation of each soul
Betwixt the sweet Holmoorsden and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
SCENE II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

The part of Douglas is dismembered:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty
Half'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Hotspur's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur
Looked
Mandate earl of Fife, and eldest son,
To Heaven, Douglas, and the earls of Atholl,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoild?
A gallant prize? ha, comio, is it not?

Wait. In faith,
It is a compact for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yes, there these mocks at me and, and
me at them.
In every way my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of as least a son:
A son, when is the term of honour's tongue:
Ages will bear, the very straightest plant;
Who would not enter a garden, and her pride:
Whirl'd, by locking on the praise of him,
See rent and dishonest with the breath
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proud,
That some mighty tripping fairy had exchang'd
To spin his candle, e'en when they say, and
Withal he had his head, and was deserv'd.
And not be mock'd, as Phair, the Planagrand.
Then would I have him Harry, and his name
But let him from my thoughts. What think

Of this young Percy's pride; the prisoners,
Which he has in his adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends the word,
I shall have none but Mandate, and Sir Fife.

Wait. In this his manner marching, this is Worthy
Malcontent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him, and the wars of Atholl,
The great strength against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer you.
And, for this cause, we most must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Comes, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Worcester, so inform the lords;
But cause yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
This last and last we may be trusted.
Wait, I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
P. Hen. These are as fast-witted, with drinking
of old ale, and unmentioning time after supper,
And sleeping upon boughers after noon, that thou
hast not nerves to demand that truly which
they were wont to do.
What the devil hast thou done to do with the time of day?
Unless they were couple of a skilly, and gallons express, and
Great boughers of boughers, and dined the sign,
Of keeping hounds, and the thickest walk myself
a fair hot white and yellow taffeta; I see
make of why thou shouldst be so superfluous
to demand the time of day.

Fal. By heaven, I am very sore now, Hal:
for these shall take purchase by the moon
and seven stars; and not by the moon
and seven stars.

Fal. And, pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save the
grace, majesty, I should say; for grace thou

P. Hen. What, come?

Fal. So, by my word; not so much as will
Come to see an egg and butter.
P. Hen. Well, then how them, commend, without

P. Hen. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art
king, let me ask, that are aged of the people of the
land, and ask, let me ask, that are aged of the
land, that are aged of the land; that are aged of the
land, let me ask, that are aged of the land.

P. Hen. Then thou sayst well, and it holds well
too; for the signification of that are the
months' men, such skilly and blood like the sea;
being governed as the sea is by the moon.
As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely
relished on Monday night, and most dissembler
spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in now,
in as low an obs as the foot of the ladder; and,
by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the
gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayst true, lad.
And in my house of the tavern a most, sweet
and merry.
P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad
of the castles And is not a bluff jackin, a best
sweet time of drummers.

Fal. How now, how now, wag, what's,
in the open, and thy quiddities? what a plague
have I to do with a buff jackin?
P. Hen. Why, what a pres have I to do with
my heart.

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning,
many a time and oft.
P. Hen. Did ever call for thee to pay thy
part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid
all there.
P. Hen. Yes, and elsewhere, so far as my
commodity stretches; and which it would not, I
had used my credit.

Fal. Yes, and as much as, that were not here
apparent that are not here apparent;—But, I,
by your grace, sweet wag, shall there be gallant
and standing in England when thou art king; and
restoration thou boastst as it is, with the rusty
corn of old father anlick the law; Do not thee;
when thou art king, I am a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? Or race? By the Lord, I'll be
a brave judge.
P. Hen. Thou lodgest false already; I mean,
you shall have the hanging of the honors, and
so become a very hangman.

Fal. No; I am, Hal, well; and in some sort it
jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in
the course I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of souls?

Fal. Yes, for obtaining of souls; where the
hangman hath no less whereby.

Fal. I am, Hal, I am, I mean, as melancholy as a gibbet, or a legg'd bear.
P. Hen. Or an old item; or loving the
happiness

Fal. Of a Liniodishe

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a bare, or the
melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unanswerable similes;
well art, indeed, the most copulative, rascalish,
—sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pray
thee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would
go to God, thou, and I know where a commodity
of good names were to be looked: An old lord
of the council raised me the other day in the
world; but I marked him not: yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded
him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the

P. Hen. Thou dost well; for wisdom sits not
in the streets, and so may regard it.

Fal. O how best damnable iteration; and art,
indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done
much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive that for
thee. I see, Hal, I knew nothing of her.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Jack?
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I.

Scene i.

FALSTAFF. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and tangle

FOE. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

POINS. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Points!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a

FALSTAFF. O, men were to be saved by mice, what holes in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

FALSTAFF. Hen. Else he had been damned for covering the devil.

POINS. But, my lad, my lad, to-morrow morning, 'tis four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with their goods. I have rovers for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will staff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, starve at home, and be hanged.

FALSTAFF. Hear me, Yeoman; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chaps? I

FALSTAFF. Hal, wilt thou make one?

FALSTAFF. Hen. Who, I rob? I am they not by my faith.

POINS. There's neither honesty manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

FALSTAFF. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cuck.

POINS. Why, that's well said.

FALSTAFF. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

POINS. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

FALSTAFF. Hen. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I pray thee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

FALSTAFF. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and be the care of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hours may befall, and what the prince may (for reputation sake) prove a false thief: for the poor abuses of the time want censure. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

FALSTAFF. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, all-hallow summer! Exeunt FALSTAFF. POINS. Now, my good sweet honest lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Faulstaffe, Bardolph, and I, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

FALSTAFF. But how shall we part with them in eating forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them and make an indent meeting; wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then

FALSTAFF. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to ourselves.

POINS. Yea; our horses they shall not see, I'll tinge them in the wood; our visages we will change; after we leave them; and, sarrah, I have cases of paint for the horse, to make our noses outward groomes.

FALSTAFF. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be a true-bred towards as ever stood back; and for the third, I fear me, a long way can he see reason, I'll wear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this suit will bring; and, in the reproach of this, live the jest.

FALSTAFF. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow at night in Eastcheap, there I'll expect. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord. Exeunt Points. Hen. I know you all, and wilt a while upbraid

The may'st humour of your idleness;
Yet harmless, and a terror to the peace,
Who dast permit the base contagious clouds
To another's bounty from the world.
That, while you really are the engine
Being needed, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the fool and ugly mist
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for
And, nothing pleasant but rare accidents.
So, when this house behaviours I throw off,
And pay the debts I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falter poor man's hopes,
And, like bright metal on a sulky ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my soul.
Shall show more greatly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foot to set a cull.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

SCENE III. The same.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indigities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You treat upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
Down, and fat rogue that little of respect,
Which the proud souls now wear, but to the proud,
Wor. We mean to serve, my sovereign liege, little
deserves.

The scourge of greatness be to be used on it;
And that the same greatness too, which our own
hands
Have helped to make so partly.
North. My lord—
K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see
Danger and distrust in thine eyes;
O, sir, thy presence is too cold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The modest fear of a servant's brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need

will they adventure upon the exploit themselves?
Their fitness, shall have no sooner accosted, but
we'll set upon them.
K. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us,
by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to ourselves.
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we'll set upon them.
SOUND III.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Your use and counsel, we shall need for you.—
[Enter Worcestere.

You were about to speak.—
[To North. You are my good lord. Those prisoners in your highness' name de

manded.

Which Her. Pacey hence at Holmdeon took. Were, as he says, not with such strength denied.

As is deliver'd to your majesty;

Either envy, therefore, or misconstrual

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Her. My liege, I did deny no prisoners. But, I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toll

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, truly dressed,

Which was Missa; his chins, new, new, new,

Show'd like a star'd bed at harvest home;

He was perfumed like a milliner:

And with this finger, and this thumb he held

A pox'd beer, which ever so ameno

He gave to me, and took it away again:—

'When I was young,' said he, 'when I was next came there.'

Took it in mind,—and will he smile, and talk'd?

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He called on Owen Glendower, with a name

To bring a shrew'd unsound'st one nonsense

Distracted and his wild-colly.

With many holiday and lady terms;

He question'd me; among the rest demanded

My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I should tell them, all was well made, there was no cold

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my head, and so I' understood;

Answer'd negligently, I know not what;

He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,

To see him shine so bright, and smile so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentleman,

Of guns, and drums, and sudden wounds, (God save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign thing on earth

Was parcell'd, for an inward bane;

Oh, and that it was great pity, of it so, it was.

That villains saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good fellow had destroy'd;

So cowardly, and, but for these vile guns,

He would not have been a motionless;

This build unjustly chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, so I said;

And he went not so.

Come current for an accusation,

Bred out my love and your high majesty.

Blind. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord.

Whatever, Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest re-cold,

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, he say it now. I say,

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;

But with proviso, and exception,—

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight.

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, to my soul, hath willfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight.

Against the great magician, damns' Glendower;

Who, though with angry words, in the month of March

Hath hastily married. Shall we confer then

Before he comply, to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we in our house, and indeed in fear,

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;

For I shall shape that man my friend;

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolting Mortimer.

Yet he never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war—To prove that true,

Needs no more but one tongue for all these wounds,

Those dashed wounds, which valiantly he took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,

In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hurtment with great Glendower;

Three times they breath'd, and three times did they

Drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:

Who then afflict'd with these bloody locks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

And bid his crisp head in the hollow bank,

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did lace and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let him not be disgrace'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost beli me, Percy, thou dost beli me;

He never met with Glendower with revolt.

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Act thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer;

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me,

As Owen Glendower shall you know.

Next to the border,

We licensed your departure with your son;

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exeunt Kingdom Henry, Blunt, and Train.

But. And if the devil come and roar for these,

I will not send them;—I will after straight,

And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,

Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with cholera? I stay, and

Pause awhile;—

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcestere.

But. Speak of Mortimer?

"Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:—

Yes, on this side, and no more. You'll empty these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop 't the dust,

But I will lift the down-hold Mortimer.

As high as air is the unhallowed king,

At this ingrate and cask'd Bolingbroke.

Novat. Brother, the king hath made your nephew Earl.

[To Worcestere.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

But. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again,

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-

claimed, By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king

(Whose love is us as God pardon) did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be receiv'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide

To the crown?—

But. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king. If

That word's on him on the barren mountains stars'd.
I'll have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

War. Farewell, kinman; I will talk to you,
When you are better served to advantage.

North. Why, what a whip-tongue and impatience!

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood?

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whip-y and snappish with reds,

Nottled, and stung with pinzures, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. [Plains]

In Richard's time—What do you call the
A plague upon't—it is iniquissome—

Twas when the madcap duke his uncle kept
In his uncle York—where I first knew my losses
Unto this king of smiles, the Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspur.
North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true—

Why, what a breach of courtesy this
This fawning greyhound then did profess me!

Look—when his infant fortune came to age,
And—youth Harry Percy—and, kind cousin,
O, the devil takes such corners!—God forgive

Good uncle, tell thine tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, 'tis again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, Palsam.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish pride
Deliver up through without their ransom straight.
And make the Douglas' son your only name.
For present in Scotland; which for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written—be assured,
Will easily be granted—You, my lord,

To Northumberland.

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall send thence those noble people
Of that same noble priory, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Nay, he is not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Saysoop.
I speak not this in estimation.
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And who will not be bold to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. [Aside.] Upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, let's step in.

[Aside.] Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
And then the power of Scotland, and of York;
To join in Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceeding well said.
Wor. And he'll no little reason bids as speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can;
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied;
Till he hath found a time to pay us homes.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his locks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we shall be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be amissly)
I'll sneeze to Gloverside, and hard Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
[As I shall fashion it,] shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now are at such much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good cousin;—we shall thrive, I trust.
Wor. North. Why, O, let the horse be shirted,
Till fields, and blowers, and grooms, applaud our sport!
SCENE II. Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carpenter, with a banner in his hand.

Carp. Good morrow, master Godshill. It holds custom, that I told you yesternight: There's a banishment in the wild of Kent, hath brought these hundred marks with him in gold; 'twas him sold it to no one of his company, but right at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath assistance of charge too, God knows what. There's a 30s. for eggs and butter; They will set him presently.

Godshill. What shall I do with Saint Nicholas? If I hang him, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and, then, I turn, he's a fat dog. There are other Trojans that they dream not out of the night, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if masters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landers, no long-staff, no great masons, some of these and, mustache, purple-bossed matchworms; but with nobility, and tranquility; burgomasters, and great entiers; such as can hold it; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I find they pray meditatively to their saint, the commonwealth, and, rather, not pray to her, but pray for her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

God. She will, she will; justice hath learned her. You cattle, you catch them, and take them, and, when you have the receipt of turnip-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the lady than to turnip-seed, for your walking invisible.

God. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a purse to purchase all. The queen in our purchase, as I say a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a true man.

God. Go to; Home is a common name to all women. But the enter bring my gilding out of the stable. Farewell, you mildly knaves. [Exit.

SCENE II. The Road by Godshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Potts; Bardolph, and Falstaff, at some distance.

Potts. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he rests like a gummied velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Falstaff. Falstaff! Falstaff! In possession, and he hangs!! Pots! P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidnayed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!!

Fals. Why, Potts! Hal? Potts. P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll seek him. [Exit Falstaff.

Potts. Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph,—Potts!—I'll stars, I'll rob a foot further. An I were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlets that ever came with a truth.

Eight yards of inane ground, in tresuries and ten miles abot me; and the stone-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon them when thieves cannot be true to one another;

Cham. Where is—A plague upon you all! Give me my horses, you rogues; give me my horses, and be happy.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts; lie down; say dines close the star of heaven, and list if thou cannot hear the tread of travellers.

Fals. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being dead? God give me their flesh so fair about again, for all the sins in the
fathers exchequer. What a plague mean ye to come thither? P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not called, thou art uncalled. Fal. I pray thee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse: good king's son. P. Hen. Out, thou rogue! I shall be thy scold. Fal. And straight-ways call my own heir-apparent garters! If I be taken, I'll peac for this. An I have not sadders made on you all, and sung in the house, a cup of sack be my poison; When a jest is so forward, and about too, I hate it. Enter Godolphin.


Bard. What news? Gadz. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going in the king's exchequer. Fal. Ye lie, ye rogue: 'tis going in the king's tavern.

Gadz. There's enough to make us all. Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you shall four front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they shall find me. P. Hen. How many be there of them? Gadz. Some eight, or ten.


Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises? Poins. Here, Harry; stand close, and here. [Exit P. Hen. and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole say; every man to his business.

Enter Traveleurs.

1 Tres. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk about a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Tres. Jim bime-by.

Fal. Strike down with them; cut the villains throats: Ah, wheresom caterpillars! bacon-fat knaves! they hate us youth; down with them.

1 Tres. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gallbladd Murderers: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuff; I would, your store were here! O, bacon, and what ye kneas, young men must live: You are grand jurers are ye? We'll jure ye, Whith.

[Exit Fal. So, driving the Traveleurs out.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could then and I rob the thieves, and get mercy to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be come of council, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [Rushing out upon them. Poins. Villains. As they are arising, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, ran away, leaving their money behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now marry to horse; The thieves are scattered, and possess'd with fear. So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer, Away, good Ned. Falstaff swears to death, And lands the lean earth as he walks along; Won't run break ing, I should pity him. Poins. How the rogue roared! [Exit.

SCENE III. Warwick. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.

—but, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented also: An in the respect of the love he bears our house—he shows in this, he loves his own house better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous:—Why, that's certain; I have done 'em all, and take the brush with it; but I tell you, my lord, fear out of this means danger, we pack this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is good; but you have named, uncertain; the time itself converted; and your whole past too light, for the counterpart of so great an expectation. Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly bird, and you be. What a back-brain is this? By the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frothy-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York, that is the general course of the action. Zoideon, an I were now by this rascal, I could brail him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Thoughts? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the south of the next month; and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pageable rascal is this? an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in every sincerity of fear and cold heart, will be to the king, and take open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to bastis for moving such a dish of skinned milk with so handsome an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these three days. Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banishment woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what's that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou art alone? Why hast thou left him?—in thy chief's stead? I think thou hast white hair and grey, And given us treasures, and my right of these, To thick-eyed madness, and care mend melancholy. In thy feast-someness, I see they have weath'd, And heard these murmurs tales of iron wars; Such terror of man's hour, so bound to God; Cry, Conyngham!—to the field! And then thou talkl

[Of walls and tents; of trenches, tents, Of palisades, fortresses, parapets; Of battlements, of cannon, culverin;]
Of prisoners' rancour, and of soldiers' slaine,
And all the sorrows of a heady fright.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so war,
And thy soul been so long in such storms of humility. Sire, that beams of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like lightning in a late-disturbed heaven:
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what presents
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I myself, that else he loves me not.

Enter. He is with Guiliano with the packet gone.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

Sirs, He is, my lord, an hour ago.

He hath besought his enemies to bring these horses from the sheriff.

Servant. One horse, my lord; he brought even now.

He has break fasted, a coarse one, it is not fit.

Servant. It is my lord.

Enter. That room shall be my chamber.

Well, I will back him straight; O pity me!
But Butler head forth into the park.

Enter Servant.

Servant. But hear, your lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my lady?

Lady. What dost thou in such company?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, thou mad-head, and ape!

Wretch! hast not such a deal of spleen,
As thou wast wise. In truth.

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear these more than Martinesse and death.

About his title; and hath seek for you,

To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Sir, do not ask me. I shall be wary, love.

Lady. Come, come, come, you paragon, answer me,

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break the false finger, Harry, and

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler!—Love I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world.

To play with meaner, and to lift with lips;

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God give me, my lady,

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nor, will you, if you speak in jest, or so.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see my ride?

And when I am in horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But laugh you, Kate;

I must not, you have henceforth questioned me

Whether I love you or not, my lady.

Whether I mean it, and: to conclude,

This evening soon I have you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise.

Thus Harry Percy's wife: countess you are;

But yet a woman; and for secrecy,

No, lady, I lie; for I well believe,

Those will not utter whom thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. Harry! I say, Harry.

Hot. Not an inch farther. But laugh you, Kate;

Whether I go, either shall you go too;

To-day will I cut a stroke, as you desire.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

SCENE IV.

Easteachep. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry and Pons.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little—

Pons. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggheads, amongst three or four score coppers. I have been entirely lost, and dinner was very late, and I was very sensible of it. Sire, I am sworn brother to a brood of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their satisfaction, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet am I the king of courtesy; and tell me falsely I am no prince Jack, the Pal-staff, but a Cornishman, a lad of musketry, a good boy—by the lord, as they call me—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Easteachep. They call—drinking deep, dying scarce; and when you break in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, indeed, Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give this thou pennworth of sugar, chipp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinner: one that never spake other English in his life, than—

Pons. Welcome; with his shrill addition, Anon, anon, sir! SCORE a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till the staff come in, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee this cloak.

Pons. Francis?

P. Hen. Then art perfect.

Pons. Francis?

[Exit Pons.

Enter Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir! Look down into the Pomerangethe, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. From my lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Pons. Within! Francis! Within! Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon, sir! Five years!—I have a long lease for the sharing of sugar. But, Francis, doest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indolence, and to show in a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Francis. From, o lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Pons. Within! Francis! Within! Francis! From, o lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Pons. Let me see.—About Michaelmas next, I should—

Francis. I cannot, Francis. From, o lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Francis. From, o lord, sir! I will give thee for it a thousand pound; say thou will, and thou shalt have it.

Pons. Within! Francis! Francis! Francis! From, o lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Francis. From, o lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. Nay, but hast thou, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—twas a pennworth, wasn't it?

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FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II.

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sail: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to much.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear these words?

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vinter.

Vinter. What! standst thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit.]

Fr. An old man, with half a dozen more, are at the door: Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vinter.]

[Re-enter Points.

Points. Ask an honest sir.

P. Hen. Shrew, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door: Shall we be merry?

Fr. As much as we can for my part. But

be wary; What cunning match have you made with this jest of a drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed the manners of the world from the old days of King Adam, to the papal age of the present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Vinter with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis? [Exit.

Fr. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have friends worse than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman—his hunting is up-stairs, and downstairs: he eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Horseman of the night: he that kids me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—For upon this quiet life,

I want not. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hard thou kill'dst to-day? Give me more

bitter a drink, says he: and answer, Some fourteen, an hour after; a tale, a tale. I spy thee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brown shall play dame Mortimer himself. Rice, says the drunkard. Call in rice,
call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Polo.

P. Hen. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a variety too; merry, and amuck—live me a cup of sack, boy—[Exit] I'll have some stock, and mend them, and foot them too.

A plague of all cowards—live me a cup of sack, rogue,—I'll take you thence.

[Exit.

P. Hen. Didst thou see Tom Tugger, a fellow of better? I'll see him better, that medled in the sweet sake of the son of the diet, the diet hold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's time in this sack too.

There's drinking and eating to be found in viandes enough: yet a coward is more than a cup of sack with him in it: a pig-headed swine—he thy ways, old Jack; die whenever will. If manhood, good manhood, is not to get upon the face of the earth; and am a better boy, the three live not three good men unbound, in England; and one of them God help the while! a bad world, I say I would.

I were a weaver; I could pedlarize at any thing; a plague of all cowards, I say all.

P. Hen. How now, good sack! what matter

you are.

Fal. A long's son? If I do not beat the out of thy kingdom with a dauber of bad, and drive away the more like a lack come to grace, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you wearer round mail! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and set me free.

P. Hen. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, as ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. I am not straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of a roguish? A plague upon such backing! give me thou that will face me—

Fal. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drinkest last.

P. Hen. Ay, or for that. A plague of all cowards, I'll say I.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the man's

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[End of text]
PS. King. Pray tell them I have your orders to give for the death of the Duke. But I followed me close came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the slain I laid.

PS. Hol. I then brought; eleven hourmen men grew out of two.

PS. Hol. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten hounds, in Kendal grey, came at my back, and let drive at me:—for it was dark, Hal, that there couldnt we see any true hand.

PS. Hol. These three, like the father that begot them: grow as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, then, shall hand of gun: then know, paint thy thoughts, otherwise, grievously low-knee.

PS. Hol. What set thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth? You Hol. Why, how shouldst thou know these men in Kendal grey, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell me thy reason; what expect thou from this?

PS. Hol. What, upon compulsion! No; were I at the straggard, or all the ranks in the world, I would not tell you I was compulsion. Give you a reason or compulsion, if reason were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

PS. Hol. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this管理体系, the law by power, this iniquitous, this beggarly hill of flesh.


PS. Hol. O, to breathe to raise what is like thee!—you talk to your yard, you speak to your cow, you walk to the thorn.

PS. Hol. Well, tell us thine, and then to it again: and when thou hast left thyself in base complicity, hear me speak but this.


PS. Hol. We two saw you fear set on four; you brand, you, and more of them, was vassal and skirled of their wealth.

PS. Hol. When now plain a tale shall put you thence. Then did we two set on you. With the sword, outcaste you from your price, and have it; yes, and can show it you here in the house. Now, Fairfuss, you start you out away as nimble, with a sharp dexterity, and revenge for mercy, and still ran and sneaked, as soon as heard bell-call. What a slave art thou, to attack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight. What truth, what bravery, what manhood, assay now find out to hide them from this open and apparent shame?

PS. Con. Come, let's hear, Jack; What think you of thine now?

PS. Hol. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that was to have ye; and master: Was it for me to kill the hair apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, then, know ye, I set at valiant as Hercules; but beware instants; the lion will not touch the true prince. What Golden Master: I was a coward and nothing: I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thee, for a valiant hen, and the lion, for his lord, the lion, I say great are you have the money. —House, clap to the door; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.

PS. Con. Come, your reason, Jack, gold, all the the time of good fellowship come to you? What shall we be marry? shall we have a play exting?

PS. Hol. Counsel; and the argument shall be, fly removing away.

PS. Hol. All is right: of that, Hal, an thou loves me.

Enter Houseman.

Houseman. Here's my lord the prince; then you, then you.

PS. Hol. How now, my lord the haste? what sayst thou to me?

Here. Marty, my lord, there is a noblemen of the court at door, would speak with you: he saith he shall be in haste.

PS. Hol. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

PS. Hol. What manner of man is he?

Marty. An old man.

PS. Hol. What doth gravity of his age at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?


PS. Hol. God speed, and I'll send him packing: [Exit.]

PS. Hol. Now, now, are thy lady, thou went'st fair;—so did you, Norse, so did you, Bardolph;—you are free too, you ran away upon instant; you will not reach the true prince, no.—is it?

Bardolph. I ran when I saw another man.

PS. Hol. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so haddled?

Bardolph. Why, he nailed it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded me to say so.

PS. Hol. And to tinkle our noses with spear-guards, to make them bleed; and then to besheath our garments with snow: to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that, I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous doctrine.

PS. Hol. O villain, thou hast been a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and comfort taken with the manner; and, for once since thou hast blushed extremly; Thou hast fear and sword in thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instant hasteth then for it?

Bardolph. My lord, do you see these moreons? do you behold these rebels?

PS. Hol. I do.

Bardolph. What think you they portend?

PS. Hol. Like divers and cold persors.

Bardolph. Chose, my lord, it rightly taken.

PS. Hol. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Some lines, Jack, here come moreons.

Bardolph. How now, my lord's presence?—How long left age, Jack, since thou sawest thine own age?

PS. Hol. My own knees? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the instant: I would have crept into an ambassador's thumb-ring: a plague of singing and grief! it blew a man up like a bladder. There's hollowness news abroad; here was the John Braycie from your father; You must to the court in the morning. That same maid follow of the north, Faircie;—and he of Wales, that gave entrance the bartian, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his own bannese upon the cross of a Welsh hook:—him, What, a plagus, call you him?—

PS. Hol. O, Gloucester.

PS. Hol. Gwen, Owen, the snow—and his son-in-law, Merriom; and old Northumberland; and that upright man of our country, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

PS. Hol. He that rules at high speed, and with his pistols, this in the field of Shilling.

PS. Hol. You have it hit.

PS. Hol. So did he never the sparrow.

PS. Hol. No, so did he never the sparrow.

PS. Hol. So he so rashly hasted himself, he;—he will not be Understand.

PS. Hol. Why, what a rash act then, it, they for revenge, they for revenge.

PS. Hol. O' horseback, ye suskito! but, afoke, he will not bring a foot.

PS. Hol. Yes, Jack, upon instant.

PS. Hol. I grant ye, upon instant. Well, he is there too, and thou, Faircie, and a thousand horsemen more: Wutersey is within twenty miles away to-night; thy father's head is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as milking muckett.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

Falstaff. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hearty company, we shall buy mendsheads as they buy bob-mills, by the hundred.

Hotspur. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.

But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly absurd? I saw thee being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower; art not thou horribly afraid? Dost not thy blood thrill at it?

Hotspur. Not a whit, 1 faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Falstaff. Well, than wilt be hourly child to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Hotspur. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me in several particulars of my life.

Falstaff. Shall I content: This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Hotspur. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a brazen dagger, and thy rich cushion for a pie-crust.

Falstaff. Well, all the fire of grace be not quite out of me, I will move. Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept: for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Camys Jays vein.

Hotspur. Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hotspur. This is excellent sport, 1 faith.

Falstaff. Thou wilt not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hotspur. 0, the father, how he holds his composure!

Falstaff. God be saved, lords, convey myiful

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hotspur. 0 rare! he doth it like as one of these harlotry players, as I see ever.

Falstaff. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tuckle-brain.-Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the campagne, the more it is widened on, the fatter it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou hast art my son, I have partly thy mother's will, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, I will make thee of that line, and to be thy father: I will train thee up in the way of thy nether lip, that doth want want. I will then be son to thee, here lies the point:—Why, being so good a sport, thou art a gentleman at point at.

Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a butcher, and eat blackberries? I question not to be asked.

Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? I have a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth define so doth the company thou receivest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears: not in pleasure, but in passion: and though I am in a mood now also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Hotspur. What manner of man, an it like your master?

Falstaff. A good portly man, 1 faith, and corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and out of these, now and then, a very merry smile, his age some fifty, or, by-hadly, inclining to three-score. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff, but so he is he by his loved, he doth deceive me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his look. If the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the juice, so is his deportment. There is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the not punch. And tell me now, thou vengeful man, how was I to speak to thee again?

Hotspur. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand forward, and I'll make thee say it.

Falstaff. Defy me, if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and manner, hang me up by the heels for a rabble-rough, or a pulseless bear.

Hotspur. Well, here I am set.

Falstaff. And here I stand, thy law.

Hotspur. Now, Harry, 7 whom come you?

Falstaff. My noble lord, from Esteshaep.

Hotspur. The complaints I fear of thee are graver.

Falstaff. Siodark, my lord, they are false—say, I'll challenge for a young prince, 1 faith.

Hotspur. Sweem'st thou, ungracious boy! hearest mever look on me. These art viciously carried away from grace; there is a devil behind thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a man of thy companions. Why dost thou converse with the crust of humours, that holst such bounties of frankness, that scowl pears of droppeles, that hoar bombast of sack, that wide clock of a gut, that roasted Mannugbe or with theudding in his belly, that revered vice, that gray incontinence, and that ruffian, that so many years? Wherein he is good, but to take sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein comely, but in craft? wherein craven, but in villany? wherein in villain, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in no thing?

Falstaff. I would, your grace would take me with you: Wherein means your grace?

Hotspur. Why, with that ridiculous dissembler of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded man.

Falstaff. My lord, the man know.

Hotspur. I know he is old, the more the pity. His white hair doth witness it: but that he is having your revenge a whisperer, that I utterly despis. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help his wish! I wish to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Fralon's less kine are to be loved. O, my good lord, bane Pea, bane Batllerh, bane Falstaff; bat for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore every good old bane; and every good old bane, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Hotspur. I say the 1d morning heard.

Ereunt Hostes, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bardolph. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monosyllabic watch, is at the door.

Falstaff. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostes, anxiously.

Hotspur. O Jesu, my lord! my lord —

Bardolph. What rules upon a fool's jest? What's the matter?

Hotspur. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door, the licence is come to secour the house. Shall I let them in?

Bardolph. Doth thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit; thus art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Hotspur. And then a natural coward, without instinct.

Falstaff. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, set; if not, let him enter: if I become not a young man, a play and my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a bitter as another.

Hotspur. On hide this behind the arras—why
P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Easter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sheriff. First, pardon me, my lord. A hoo and cry

Has fetched a certain man into this house.

P. Hen. What man?

Sheriff. One of them is well known, my gracious lord.

A gross false man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For myself, at this time have employ'd him.

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That by-laws, or house-room dinner time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd with:

And say no more than you leave the house.

Sheriff. I will, my lord; There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so; if he have robbed these men,

His guilt is answerable; and so, farewell.

Sheriff. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; it is not?

Sheriff. Indeed my lord, I think it is, my lord.

P. Hen. This silly rascal is known as well as

Paul's, go, call him forth.

Pauls. Pauls—fast asleep behind the arras,

And snoring like a horse.

P. Hen. Back, back, back; he bats his breaths:

Search his pockets—[Pauls awakes.] What hast thou found?

Pauls. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be; read them.

Pauls. Item, A capon, 2s. 6d.

Item, A pancake, 2d.

Item, A sack, two gillons, 5s. 6d.

Item, A word after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a dozen.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-

worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

Will he keep close; we'll read it at some advantage: there let him sleep till day:

Fill us the carousal, and let us avoid all

Warm, and thy place shall be honourable.

I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot;

In the morning, and I trust his death shall

Be a summit of twelve-score.

This money shal be paid back again with advantage. By with me return in the morning, and so good morrow, Pauls.

Pauls. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bungar.

A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Gloucester.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure.
And an inscription full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glos-

dower.

Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester! A plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glendower. No, here it is.

Sitt, counsellor Perry! sit, good cousin Hotspur.

For by that name as oft as Lancaster.

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And, cousin Mortimer, as often as he hears

Owen Glendower speak of.

Glendower. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning croossa; and, at my birth,

The glare and light of such a translation of the earth,

Shall'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done.

At the same season, if your mother's cat had

But kisst, though, y'hadst know'd he e'er been born.

Glendower. I say, the earth did shackle when I was

born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you'll shackle.

Glendower. The heavens were all on fire, the earth

did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shackle to see the heavens

enfleshed me.

And not in fear of your majesty.

Disseased nature shinneth breaks forth

In strange confusion; all the seeming earth

Is with a kind of unlook'd and vex'd

By the hoppiness of my mind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement

Shakes the whole habitus earth, and topples down

Stupes, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our generous earth, having this diestemperature,

In passion shackle.

Glendower. Comes of many men

I do not hear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you more again of that my birth.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The gates ran from the mountains, and the birds

Were strangely clamorous to the brightened fields.

These signs have much'd me extraordinary;

And all the course of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's soul,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better

Thewhich —

To disease.

Mort. Pardon, cousin Percy; you will make

him read.

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Who calls they?—or can any man;

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glendower. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com-

mune with——

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, too, to shame the
devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the

devil.

Glendower. If thou hast power to raise him, bring

hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him

hence,

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, cousin.

Glendower. No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glendower. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke

made head

Against my power: threes from the banks of

Hot. And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,

Boastful home, and weather-beaten back.

Glendower. How 'scapes he ague, in the devil's name?

Glendower. Come, here's the map: Shall we divide

our kingdom.

According to our three-fold order ta'en.'

Mort. The archdruidson hath divided it

into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hinderin,

Pembrook broad and boundless,

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,
F
c


Your queen, friend, and companion, God save you, Gracious Lord! 

Glew. A shorter time shall need me to you, lord, And all things shall your lady come: Your wish whom you now must steal, and take me leave. For there will be a world of water shed. Upon the parting of your wives and you. 

ft. Multitudes, my mirth, south from Burton. In quantity equals not one of yours: But how this price be, no man can guess. And come now, from the best of all my hand. A huge half moose, a monstrous castle court. Will have I the mean in this place damns'd up; And here the sun and silver Trend shall run, In a new channel, fair and even. It shall not be with such a deep indent. To rob me of so rich a bottom here. 

Glew. Not wind? It shall, a mist; you see it doth. 

Mort. Yea. 

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up. With Life advantage on the other side; Gliding the opposed current: as much, As on the other side it takes from you. 

f. Yea, but a little chance will trench him here, And on this north side win the cape of land; And then be run straight and even. 

ft. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it. 

Glew. I will not have it altered. 

ft. What? Will not you? 

Glew. No, nor you shall not. 

ft. Who shall say me nay? 

Glew. Why, that will I. 

ft. Let me not understand you then. 

Glew. I can speak English, lord, as well as you. 

ft. For I was train'd up in the English court: Where, being but young, I framed to the harp. Many an English lady, well-beloved. And gave the tongue a helpful ornament: A virtre that was never seen in you. 

ft. My lord? And I am glad of it with all my heart; I had rather be a knight, and cry—new. Than of these same metre ballads-mongers: I had rather hear a brace canstick turn'd, Or a dry wheel grate on an axles; And that would set my teeth nothing on edge, Nothing so much as mincing poetry; You split the foret'gait of a slathering nag. 

Glew. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd. 

ft. I do not care; I will give thence so much land. 

To any well-deserving friend; But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll care on the ninth part of a hair. Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone? 

Glew. The moon shines fair, you may away by night; 

ft. I'll in and haste the writer, and, withal, Break with you of your immediate houses: I am afraid, my daughter will run mad, So much she doth on her Mortimer. [Exeunt.

But must I? Is there a word? Oh, he's a bold one, As in a true house, a running wife: His words must be—I had rather lie. With cheese and garlic, in a window, far, Than feed on ears, and have him talk to me, In any place of Christian worship. 

Mort. In fact, he is a worthy gentleman; Exceedingly well read, and great. In strange transactions; wanton as a lion, And wondrous addictive; and so hallowed in Amours of ladies. What shall we do? 

Glew. He holds your temper in a high regard. And court's himself even of his uncles' hands. Where you do cross his mind, what does he? We wrangle, that man is not alive, Might as to have tempted him as you have done, Without the taste of danger and reproof; But do not use it oft, lest he come against you. 

ft. In fact, my lord, you are too willful beyond. 

And since your coming hither, have done enough To put him to brace his patience. You must now begin, lord, to amend this fault: Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, sorrow. (And the nearest grace it renders you,) Yet oftentimes it doth present hard rage. 

ft. Defect of manners, want of government, Prelate, haughtiness, arrogance, and disdain; The least of which, haunting a noblesse, 

ft. Leathen men's hearts; and leave behind a stale Upon the beauty of all parts besides, 

ft. Beguiling them of commendation. 

ft. Well, I am school'd; good manners is your speed! Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 

Reader. Glendower, with the Ladies. 

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,— My wife can speak no English, I see Welsh. 

ft. Glendower, my daughter weeps: she will not part with you. 

ft. She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars. 

Mort. God bless father, tell her, that she, and my Lord Percy. 

ft. Shall follow in your conduct speedily. 

ft. [Glendower speaks to his Daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same. 

ft. She's desperate here, a prattling self-will'd harlotry. One that no persuasion can do good upon. 

ft. Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh. 

ft. Mort. I understand thy looks: that my soul 

ft. Whose troubled down from those swelling heavens, I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, In such a parley would I answer thee. 

ft. Lady M. speaks again. 

I understand thy kisses, and thine mine, And that's feeling disputation; 

ft. But I will never be a truant, love, 

ft. Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly-pouch'd, Song'd by a fair singer in a lover's bosom, While, with a true heart, I wrote to her late. 

ft. Glendower, if you wish, then she will run mad. 

ft. Lady M. speaks again.
FIRST PART KING HENRY IV.

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales and I must have some private conference: but he is not at hand.

For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done That in his secret doom, out that my mind He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me; But then dost, in thy life.

I make me believe,—that this art only mark'd For the but vengeance and the red of heaven, To punish thy misdeeds. Tell me, can Such inordinate and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such base, such mean alims.

Such bare pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal, and yoked to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood, And hold their level with thy princely heart?

F. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could Quit all offices with as clear excuse, As well as I, am reasonable, I can purge Myself of many I amcharg'd withal:— Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in my youth, I have sometimes tell'd,— Which shall the ear of greatness most meet hear,— By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath fancy wander'd and irregular, Find pairing on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me won'er Harry, At thy affections, which do hold a wing Quite from the sight of all thy ascension. Thy place in council thou hast hardly lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood: The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd; and the sound Prophetic does forebode thy fall. Had I the liv'ry of my present terrors So common buckskin'd in the eyes of men, So stile and cheap to vulgar company; Opinion, that did help me to the crown, Had still kept loyal to possession; And let me in repentance banishment, A fellow of so much, so likelyhood By being seldom seen, I could not air, But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at. That men would tell their children, This is he; Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke? And they, who stole all courtesie from heaven, And dress'd myself in such humilitie, That I did place allegiance from men's hearts, Loud should be the blushing of their mouths, Even in the presence of the crowned king. Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new; My presence like a young green apple, Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state, Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a least; And worn, by eumes, such solemnity, The sleeping king, he ambusc'd up and down With shallow Jesuit, and rash lover wits, Soon kindled, and soon burnt: carried his state Minced his royalty with earing fools; Had his great name profan'd with their scorns: Grew a companion to the common streets, Enroil'd himself in every mean's beseech. That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, They murmur'd with hench; and began To laugh at jilting boys, and stand the push Of every man's spite comparative.

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FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

SCENE I.

Henry, and his son, Prince Hal.

Prince Hal (to his father): Father, I love thee not. If thou hadst been my father, and I thy son, I would have shown thee a son's love. But thou hast been a king, and I thy son, and I will show thee a son's love. If I were a man, I would kill thee. But I am a prince, and it is not fit for me to kill thee. Therefore, my father, I will show thee a son's love.

King Henry: My son, I love thee not. If thou hadst been my son, and I thy father, I would have shown thee a father's love. But thou hast been a prince, and I thy father, and I will show thee a father's love. If I were a king, I would kill thee. But I am a man, and it is not fit for me to kill thee. Therefore, my son, I will show thee a father's love.
not think you had been an ignis fatuus, or a tail of windmills; there’s no purchase in money. Or are you a capital throne, an everlasting kind of bright light? Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in looks and流泪, walking with thee in the night between tavern and tavern: but the man that thou hast drunk in, would have bought me lights as good as cheap, at the cheapest chandlery in Europe. I have maintain’d that Salamander of years with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it.

Hard. Blood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God’s mercy! I should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now, dame Portia the hen? have you inquireth yet, who picketh my pockets?

Fal. Who? why, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant; the tith of a hair was never lost in this house.

Host. Ye lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaven and lost many a hair: and I’ll be sworn, my trust was picked; for, lo, you are a woman, so.

Host. Who? I tell thee: I was never called to a wine before.

Fal. Go to, you know well enough.

Host. No, Sir John, you do not know me, my lady; if you knew Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a saucer of beer: it: I bought you a dozen of shirts in your book.

Fal. Doctor, RIchard down: I have given them setting to sir’s wives, and they have made tenderers of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of sight shilling an ell: you owe me money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How poor! I look upon his face; What can they feed him with? Let them coin his cheese; I’ll not pay a denier. What, what can you?”

Host. I shall not take none ease in mine house, but I have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my great at forty pounds.

Fal. O Hostess! I have heard the prince tell me, he know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Host. What says thee, mistress Quickly?

Fal. How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I tumbled altogether behind the bars, and had my pocket picked: this house was turned bawdy-house, they pick pocket.

P. Hen. Why did thee let them bold Jack? Let them coin all thy cheese; there’s no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bottom of things: they are all full of thieves, and mulct.

Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoremonger, infidel, enmigrant Israel, if there were any thing to thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong; Art thou not ashamed?

P. Hen. Nay, I say, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, tis a double labour.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

H. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come not this June, and this civil battling hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hogs-bailes, by the hundred.

Flu. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading this way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being here apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such cowards again, as that fiend Daffos, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art not thou horribly afraid? dost not thy blood thrill at it?

H. Hen. Not a whit, I prithee; I lack some of the instinct.

Flu. Well, thou wilt be horribly child tomorrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

H. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Flu. Shall I contend?—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

H. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leading dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Flu. Well, as the fire of grace be not quite out, I will shew thee more. Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept: for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cymric's vein.

H. Hen. Well, here is my key.

Flu. And here is my speech—Stand aside, nobility.

H. Hen. This is excellent sport, I prithee.

Flu. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Flu. For God's sake, lords, convey my triestful queen.

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it like as one of these harlequin players, as I ever see.

Flu. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-head; Harry, I do not only marvel where thou art gone, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the commons, the more it is trampled on, the faster it grows, in youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it withers. That Poet, thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish banding of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then then be son to me, here lies the point—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a nicker, and eat blackberries? I question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take pones? I question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do say, when dry, doth not so much obey the company thou keepest for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in earnest not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wonders, but in acts also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often metted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Flu. A good poverty man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a talking voice; and, think, his age some fifty, or sixty: lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; that makes a jest, but he tell me he discovered me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, so companionately I speak of, there is virtue in that Falstaff: he keep with, the rest beside. And tell me now, those wealthy varlet, tell me, where last thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak the king? Do thou stand for my father, and I'll tell thee.

Flu. Dost thou fear? if thou dost it lead so gravely, so majestically, both in word and manner, hang me up by one hand for a robber-scout, or a porter's hanger.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Flu. And here I stand—Judge, my master.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whomsever come you?

Flu. My noble lord, from Exeter.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Flu. Slight, my lord, they are false—say, I'll violate ye for a young prince, I prithee.

P. Hen. Swear' st thou, grave witness? hasty—fifth ye never look on me. Thou art violently rid away from grace; there is a devil here too, in the likeness of a good old man: a man of mean is thy companion; and dost thou converse with that trench of humours, that boiling-bath of baseness, that scowl parent of dropesces, that huge bombard of sack, that staffers cheek-bag of guts, that roasted Manutings ox with the pudder in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray lady's image, that lady of twenty years? Wherein is he good, but to take sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to serve a capon and eat it? wherein courteous, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things wherein worldly, but in nothing.

Flu. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous admirable meademaker of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Stanely.

Flu. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Flu. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I sincerely say. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, than many a good old man I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's less line are to be loved. No, my good lord; but now, in faith, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and cresset white hair, honest he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish the Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [A smocking heard.]

(Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.)

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Flu. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff.

Flu. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick; What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; there come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Flu. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And then a natural coward, without instinct.

Flu. I deny your major; if you will defy the sheriff, so'st thou, if I be not a cast as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be as strange a fellow as any a hundred other.

P. Hen. Go hide thee behind the arras—
FIRST PART OF KINGS HENRY IV.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning arrows; or of fiery birds, The frame and huge foundations of the earth, Shack’d like a coward.

Why, so it would have done.

At the same season, if your mother’s cat had But kites’d, though yourself had ne’er been born.

I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your naughtiness.

In strange evocations: on the burning earth Is with a kind of colossal gush and vexid By the impounding of fiery wind.

Within her womb; which, for enlargement, Was diverse.

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down Stagles, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this distemper, In passion shook.

Come in, of many men I do not hear these expressions. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that, at my birth, The brute of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the brightest fields. These signs bore mark’d me extraordinary; And all the course of my life do show, I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea. That clings the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out, she is but women’s son, Can trace me in the tawdry ways of art, And hold me up in deep experiments.

I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.

I’ll in disguise.

Mort. Friends, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. Come, let call spirits from the vastly deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man.

But will they come, when you do call for them? Glend. I say, I can teach you, cousin, to comand.

The devil.

And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil, By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.

If thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither, And I’ll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence. O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come, No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head Against my power; thrice from the banks of Sandys bottom! Severn, have I sent him, Boarless home, and weather-basten back. Hot. Home without boost, and in foul weather too.

How scarce he agues, in the devil’s name?

Glend. Come, here’s the map: Shall we divide our righe.

According to thy three-fold order taken? Mort. The archbishop hath divided it into three limits, very equally: England, from Tyne and Tillotmore hither, By south and east, is to my part assigned; All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound,
FIRST PART KING HENRY IV.

To Owen Glendower: and, dear son, to you The remnant notward; lying off from Trent And our indentures triplicate are drawn; Which being seal'd and interchangingly, (A business that this night may execute,) To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I, And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meet your father, and the Scottish power, As is appointed at Shrewsbury.

My father and Glendower is not ready yet; Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days: Within that space [To Glendower] you may be drawn together Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come: From which you may not steal, and take no leave; For there will be a world of water shed, Uncovered parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Melancholy, my moost, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours; See, how this river comes meanking in, As on the right is the best of all my land, A huge half moon, a monstrous castle out; I'll have the current in this place, he doesn't up; And here the snug and silver Trent shall run;

In a new channel, fair and equably; It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To run on so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yes, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side; Gilding the opposite continent as much, As on the other side it takes from you.

War. Yes, but a little charge will treach her here,
And on this north side win this cape of land; And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge shall do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Mort. What shall I say now?

Let me understand you then,

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp Many an English ditty, lovely:
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A victor that was never seen in you.

Hot. What? and I am glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kirtan, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-ree; And that would cut my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poesy.
'Tis like the fore'ld gait of a slogging rag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; 'tis give twice so much land.

Glend. To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark me, you;
I'll exact you from the part of a hair.

Hot. What the industrius drawn shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away

And I'll in and haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your presence here; I am afraid, my daughter will run mad.
Be so much dead on her Mortimer.

[Exit.]
Mort. O, I am ignorant myself in this. 

Gladie. Yes, sir, you are on the warranty note by your name.

And you must be so good as to have her lap, and the sides sweep that please you, and on your eyelids crown the god of sleep, 

Charm your bosom with pleasing heaviness; 

Making each difference twixt wake and sleep, 

As in the difference between daylight and night. 

The time before the heavenly farmyard team 

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart, I'll sit and hear her sing.

By that I mean out out; I think, it's drawn.

Gladie. Do so;

And those ornaments that shall play to you, 

Haunt in the air all manner images from hence;

And straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, you are perfect in lying down.

Come, quick, quietly; I think I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Goe, ye giddy goats.

(Gladsen speaks some Welsh words, and then the March plays.

Hot. Nay, I perceive, the devil understands Welsh.

And like me, he has, he's so homorous.

By'rd, you are good, a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by harmony. Let still, ye shall, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady Mary, my brach, howl in Welsh.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then he shall.

Hot. Never; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help him!

Hot. To the Welsh horn they go.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[AS Welsh Song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not more, so good north.

Hot. Not yours, is good north! Heart, you arose like a cock-fighters' wife! Not you, in good heed and, as true as I live, and, As God shall midst me, and, As safe as day; 

And give the same account survey for thy oaths, and, as safe as day; 

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, 

A good man, of all the fathers; and I live in, and, as safe as day; 

And such a piece of pepper-ginger-bread,

To desert you, and Sunday-cumbrun.

Curtains drawn.

Lady P. I'll sing, and sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be a cook, and, as true as I live, and, As God shall midst me, and, As safe as day; 

And give the same account survey for thy oaths, and, as safe as day; 

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, 

A good man, of all the fathers; and I live in, and, as safe as day; 

And such a piece of pepper-ginger-bread,

To desert you, and Sunday-cumbrun.

Curtains drawn.

Mort. With all my heart.

[Enter.

SCENE II. - A Room in the Palace.

Enters King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I must have some private conference; but to bear

For we shall presently have need of you.

Then, my Lord of Ormonde.

I know not whether God will have it so.

For some displeasing service I have done, That in his secret stormed, out of my head

He'll hand revengement and a scourge for me; 

But then once, in my passages of life,

Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd 

For the hot vapors and the end of heaven, 

To punish by missing footsteps. Tell me else, 

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such peer, such bear, such herd, such mean attempt, 

Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As those art match'd with, and grafts to, 

According to the greats of thy blood, 

And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offices with as clear excuse, 

As well as, I am doubtful, I can purge 

Myself of mine own strong remembrance; 

Yet such extremity let me bear,

As in reproop of many times detest'd.—

Which of the care of greatness must must hear,—

By smiling pricks-thanks and base newmongers, 

I pray, for fear this thing, which was my youth 

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,

First pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. I pardon thee. I now desire thou let me wonder 

With thine affection, which do hold a wing 

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Thy place in council then haste rudely lost, 

Which by thy younger brother is supplied; 

And art almost an alien in the hearts 

Of all the court and princes of my blood: 

The hopes and expectations of thy time

The king and me.

And so much, as the courtiers must Abhor, to the greats of thy blood, 

And left me in repulsive banishment, 

A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir, 

But, like a comet, I was wander'd at 

That none would tell their children. This is be;

Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 

And draw'd myself in such humility, 

That I did shuck allegiance from men's hearts, 

Loud abused and set on us, 

Even in the presence of the crowned king: 

That did keep my person fresh, and new; 

My presence, like a rat in a cage, 

Never, seen, but wander'd at: and so my state, 

Stale, but shapeless, showed like a feast, 

And seen, by excess, such solemnity.

The skipping king, he send'd up and down 

With shallow justice, and rash hasty suits, 

Soon knif'd, and soon burn'd; car'd his state; 

Mingled his royalty with carping looks;

Had his great name profan'd with their scars; 

And gave his consequence, against his name, 

To imitate jailing boys, and stand the push 

Of every baseless warlike blast.

Grew a compassion to the common streets,

Enfeebled himself to popularity: 

That he did daily show'd they'd see my eyes, 

They surfeit with hunger; and began

To further the same, and other a little

More than a little is by much too much so, 

When he had occasion to be seen, 

He was bit at the neck, and in June,

Hard, not regarded; seen but with such eyes,

As sick and blunted with company, 

Aforesaid his extremity with a little

Such as for want in admiring eyes: 

But nothing show'd, and show'd their eyes down

Stir'd in his face, and render'd such aspect

As slowly men use to their adversaries;
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III.

The long-grown wounds of my imprisonment:
If not, the end of life calls all bands:
And I will do a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebel dice in this—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,
heretofore.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speech.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, yet,

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
In my eye. Then get our speed, I pray thee,
As ever off'd soul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westminster set forth
to-day:

With him my son. Lord John of Lancaster:

For this the advertisement is five days off—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we comtempl'd, will
Our meeting in Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall match through Glossterbury: by which
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days since
our generals forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
Our bands are full of business: he's resolv'd,
Advantage fees him fat, while men's-side.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern.

Kath. Falstaff and Bardolph.

Edl. Bardolph, am I not fallen away sadly
since this last account? I do not know I do not
speak well. Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an
apple on a branch. Well, I'll repent, and that seriously.
while I am in some mending; I shall lose of the
heart shortly, and then I shall have no courage left.
As I have not forgotten you, we inside of a church is made of, I am a preacher,
wherein the badge of a church Companions, the badges in the company, have been the sign
of St. John, you are so fearful, you cannot

Edl. Why, there is it—some one a hairy
son, make me merry. I was as virtuously
given as a gentleman need be; without
enough; were little, three, not above seven
weeks: we at a bawdy-house, we met on a
quarter of an hour; the best is the
three; how long since.

Bardolph. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
we must needs be out of all companies, but at
reasonable companies, Sir John.

Edl. If thou shouldst die, and I should
answer for thee, and I answer for thee, our
adventures, they bear the lantern in the streets—but in the most
of them: and at the knout of the burning lamp

Bardolph. Why, Sir John, my face does you no
harm. No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use
of it as many a hundred of a death's head, as a
moment of-it: I never see thy face, but I think
thou art a meritoried knave, and hast lost last in purple;
for there he is in his old, burning. It
then went away any further. I went
away, and it should he all the better for it; but
then it came again. I went
away, and it should he all the better for it; and
not indeed, but for the light in thy face, the
out of ordinary darkness. When thou ranst out
God's hill in the night to catch my horse, and
Bardolph. So be it. Then the world will
say, Sir John, that you have no company, but by
yourself.

Edl. Falstaff, I come to make a
business with thee.

Kath. Troth, I'll be sworn, I make as good
use of it as many a hundred of a death's head, as a
moment of—
not think thou hadst an ignis fatuus, or a ball of wildfire; there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a strewed saint, more everlasting than a thousand marvs to links and torches, walking with thee in the night between taverns and taverns: but the sack that thou hast drank dronk, would have bought me light as good cheap, as the destitute chandl- er's in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salas-mander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Burd. Boldly, I would my face were in your belly!

Ful. God's mercy so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hosts.

Host. How now, dam'sell Pendar the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Ful. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, master of men, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Ful. You know hostess; Randolph was search- ed and many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go, go, you are a woman.

Host. Who'll 1 tell thee? I was never called so in mine own house before.

Ful. Go, you know well enough.

Host. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to begrudge me of it: I bought you a dozen of your sausages back.

Ful. Douglas, Rhyde Douglas: I have given them away to his master's wives, and they have made brolers of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shilling a sike. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Ful. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He he, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Ful. How poor? look upon his face; What will you rich? let him come in his hose, let them coin his pouch; I'll pay a penny, what will you make a youngster of me? shall I not too true be questioned, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's, worth forty marvs.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Ful. How the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cop; and now my husband, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching. Fulstaff makes the Prince, playing on his trumpets like a jie.

Ful. How now, lad, is the wind in that door, faith? must we all march?

Host. Yes, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Ful. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Host. What say you then, mistress Quickly? Was this the master husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Ful. Good my lord, hear me.

Host. What say you then to me, mistress Quickly?

Ful. What say you then, Jack?

Host. The other night I fell asleep here behind the table, and had my pocket picked; this house is termed beauty-house, they pick pockets.

Ful. Why then believe me, Hal? three or four hundred of forty pound a piece, and a seal-ring of my grandmother.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I did hear your grace say so: And, my lord, I swear

speaks most vively of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Ful. You'd doing, what? did he not?

Host. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, madam Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Ful. What thing? what thing?

Host. Say, what thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Host. Am I so thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy neighborhood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Ful. What art a womanhood, alas, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave then?

Ful. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not what's in her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knowest.

Ful. Host. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slandereth thee most grievously.

Ful. He be doth, you my lord; and said this other day, thou owest him a thousand pound.

Host. Does, does, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Ful. A thousand pound, Hal? a million? thy love is a million, and yet I want thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Ful. Did I, Sir John, you said so.

Host. Yes, if he said my ring was copper.

Ful. I say, his capper; Darst thou be as good as thy word now?

Ful. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare not, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Host. And why not, as the lion?

Ful. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? no, on, to, I pray God, my giddy break!

Ful. Host. Of, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! let, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all built up with guts, and kidnack. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why, thou whoreson, impudent, abominate rascal, if there were any thing in thy pockets, tavern-deckings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candies to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were wracked with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong; Art thou not ashamed?

Ful. Host. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and they the more flaky. — You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Ful. Host. It appears so by the story.

Ful. I do not, I forgive thee, I go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacified. — Still! Nay, why's thee gone. [Exit.]

Host. Houses, my Lord, in the news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Ful. Host. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: — The money is paid back again.

Ful. I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: for speaking truly.

In this fierce war, we are not thought bolder,

Yet our actions shall the Douglas have.

As I am a soldier of this season's stamp

Shall go in general current through the world.

By heaven, I cannot gather:

The cause of our cause; but a brief place

In my heart's bosom, with as much as yourself.

Wilt thou ask the word to answer me,

Dou. Three times in the honor of the king.

Mow. I know not on the ground,

But it will be from.

Dou. Aye, and 'tis well.

Enter Monmouth, with Locke.

What news hast thou there?—I can but think

Mon. The news are good from my father—

Hot. Love you from him?—why cares he not home?

Mon. He cannot come; my lord, he's gone

Hot. God! when, and whence the last intelligence?

Win. Within two or three days. Whence? In Paris?

Hot. Under these arms. Can they know this?

Win. My lord, I know it not; I have not asked.

War. I pray, my lord, let me be both.

Dou. He did my lord, four days are I set.

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his own people.

Win. I would, the state of things, I knew it first been

Mon. By that means had he been killed;—

Hot. Well now! drop now! this is sudden death.

Mon. The more life-blood of our enterprise;

"To cut the wolf's head, even to our camp;—

For his head is but a barren chase;

And that his friends by donation would not

Resign a friend, nor think it meet,

To lose more men and land dear a trust.

On any small reward, but on his own.

Hot. Yet doth he give us bold advertisement.—

That when our small we should joy.

To see how fortune is disposed to us:

For, as he writes, there is no flawing now;

The king is enraged, and doth so well

With our purposes. What say you to it?

If our, your father's sickness is a cause to us.

Hot. A perilous goast, a very limb lop'd off,—

Yet in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it.—We are good,

To set the state wealth of all our states

All at one cost. I set to us much a main

On the one hazard of our dreadful hour.

Yet we are not gone; for this we should read

The very situation and the end of horse,

The very fort, the very almost bound

Both of our battalions.

"Faith, and so we should: We now see a means of a greater resolution;—

We may boldly spin upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A station of retirement lives in this—

A repute a home to fly unto,

If the devil and machines be not big

Upon the hundred of our dares.

War. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and air of our attempt

Would have been a. It will be thought

By some, that know, not why he is away.

That wisdom, loyalty, and more alike

Of our proceedings, kept the ear from hence;

And think, how such a station hence

May turn the tide of fearful notions,

And breed a kind of question in our cause:

Must keep aloof from strict observance;

And on all opportunities, every step from whence

The eye of reason may peep in upon us.

This absence of your father's doth a certain

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not seem'd at.

Hot. You strain too far.

Either, if his absence make this case,—

He is a master, and more great opinion,

A kind of our great enterprise.

I trust you have been here; for men must think,

We want no man; nip, can we teach a head,

To pour out the uniform, with his help,

As our foes do, and with our hands,

Yet not a word, yet there are those who are whole.

No. As we have think'd; there is not such a

Spirit of constancy, as is the term of fear.

Enter Sir Roland Vernon.

Vern. My own, Vernon's welcome, by my soul;

"The sun of wise counsel, seven thousand

That day's wise shining reign.

"In memory of wise words; with him, Princes;

"No harm; What ever?—

And further, I have learn'd.

The thing I say twice, set forth,

The night is not the evening preparation.

Hot. He is a while, where is his lord.
SCENE II.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

RISE FROM THE GROUND LIKE FEATHERED JESTERS,
And vanished with each crush into the seat.
As if an angle had down from the clouds,
To save and wind the dusty Pegasus,
And with the world with noble horsemanship.

KING. No more, no more; worse than the sea
In Madras.

This praise doth nourish ages. Let it
Come, and give us joy.

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And in the face most of mock our joy.
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The most hot Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the nose in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this fire's mystic so nigh.

BULGAR. Let me take care the thicket.

KING. Hurry to Harrow shall, hot horse to horse.
Next, and next on, till one drop down
That the diviner was dead.

Ver. There is more news.

KING. I heard it in Winchester, as I rode along.
He can have his pipe this fourth day.

DOUG. That's the west wind that led us.

WAR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

KING. What may the king's whole battle reach

Ver. To thirty thousand.

FAL. Forty let it be:

KING. Father and Gloucester being both away,
The power of our may serve so great a day.

Ver. Let us make a master speedily:

DOUG. That's the best news that we can hear.

DOUG. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear.

Ver. Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Publick Stand near Coventry.

Enter Paladine and Bardolph.

PAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry:
Fill me a battle of such; our soldiers shall march through:
We'll to Tutbury-Coffield to-night.

BARD. We have the money, captain.

PAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This battle makes an angel.

PAL. As if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it
Make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the
Coinage. But my lieutenant Pleio met me at the
Talbot's end.

BARD. I will, captain; farewell. [Exit.

PAL. If I do not distinguish of my soldiers, I am a
nonentity. Sir John, have misread the king's
Damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
And fifty soldiers, three hundred and red pounds.
I press none but good householders, yeoman's
sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as
had been aul'd twice on the land; such a
Commodity of young rowdies, as had as lief hear
The devil a drum; such as fear the report of
A caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt
Wild-fowl. I press me now but such toughs
And better, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
Than a child's; and send them out their
Services; and now my whole charge consists of
Anchors, corporal, lieutenants, gentlemen of
Commons, slaves as we are in the painted clath,
Where the glutton's dogs licked their bones; and such as,
Indeed, were never soldiers.

BARD. Do you offer young sons to younger brothers,

PAL. No, not yet; I have not presented to
you the choice; but you may hear how
You shall fill up the rooms of them that have
Bought out their offices, that you would think,
That I had a hundred and fifty that I'm not
Practic'd, but only keeping, from eating
draft and beer. A mad fellow met me on
the way, and told me, I had unloosed all the gadders,
And pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen
such scars-crows. I'll not march through
Coventry with them, that's flat—Nay, and the
Village march wide between the legs, as if they
Had guts; nor; but I had the most of them
Out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in
All my company: and the half-shirt is two
Miles, looked together, and thereon over the
Shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves;
Exceeding short, and bare; too boggary.

Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, blow John? how now, quit?

WAR. What, Hal? How now, what? what a
devil doth thus in Warwickshire?—My good
lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I
Thought your honour had already been at
Shrewsbury.

WEST. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than that
That I dare there, and yet too; but my purposes
Are there already: The king, I can tell you,
Looks, and speech, as we must away to-night.

PAL. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant
As a cat to steal cream.

FAL. I think, to steal cream indeed; for
Thy thief hath already made thee better.
But tell me, John; whose fellows are these that
Come after

WAR. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals

FAL. Tut, none to look: food for powder, food for powder;
They'll fill a pit, as well as better: such men,
Men, mortal men, mortals.

WEST. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are
Exceeding good.

FAL. 'Tis true, they are.

WAR. What is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall
Stay too long.

FAL. Well,

WAR. To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning
Of cease.

Suits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Westmoreland, Douglas, and
Vernon.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

VER. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him them advantage.

HOT. Why say you so? looks be not for supply?

VER. So do we.

VER. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

HOT. Good counsels are advised; sir not to
night.

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well;

HOT. You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas by my life,

DOUG. If we be so bedazzled, we shall
Ver. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold, hold, hold, hold,

VER. As you, my lord, or so.

DOUG. Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

HOT. Which of our fears

VER. Yes, or to-night.

DOUG. Content.

VER. To-night, say I.

HOT. Come, come, it may not be

I wonder much, being men of such great head.

VER. I told you so.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act IV.

In short time after, he departs the king.

'Soon after, he departs him of his life: And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state; To make this war, suffer'd his kinsman March (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd, Indeed his king,) to be engaging in Wales, There without resource to be forlorn: Drunken'd me in my happy victories; Brought to entrap me by intelligence: Raised my uncle from the council-board; In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; Broke each on each, committed wrong on wrong: And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out This head of safety; and, whilst, to pay Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king? Hot. No, Sir Walter; We'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king; and let there he impac'd Some matter for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love

Hot. And, may be, as we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do. [Exit.

SCENE IV. York.

A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. His, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief.

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;

This to my cousin Somon; and all the rest To whom they are directed; if you know How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gost. My good lord, I guess their tenor.

Arch. Take enough, you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must be the touch; Piteous at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand, The king, with mighty and quick-risen power, Meets with the Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir M.

What with the sickness of Northumberland, (Whose power God will) And what with Owen Glyndwr's absence, (Who was with him was rated nigh too, And comes not in, 'tis ruled by prophecies),

To wage an instant trial with the king. Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mowbray, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there's your kinsman of Worcester; and a head Of gallant wary scots, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath no

The special head of all the land together; --The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmoreland, and Oglethorpe Blunt; And many more corru...
Scene I. The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.


K. Hen. How bloody the sun begins to pour Above your tinsel habit! the day looks pale At his distemper.

P. Hen. The southern wind Doth play the trumpet to his purpose:

And, by his hollow whisper in the leaves,

Foresails a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the風ers it let symphony;

For nothing can seem sad to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Honour now, or never, Worcester! 'tis not well

That you and I should meet upon such terms.

As now we meet: You have done well of grace;

And made us all our easy rules of peace;

To weep our old times in homely meed;

That is not well, my lord; this is not well.

What you will do, I will you again unlast

This chastised knot of all-subjected war;

And move in that excellent orb where

You give the fire of natural light;

And be no more an exalted monster,

A poaching of fear, and a contumelious

Of broadside mischief to the tender morn.

War. Hear me, my liege:

For some time past, I could be well content

To entertain the end of my life

With quiet hours: for, I do protest,

I have not sought the day of this clime.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it; how comes it then?

P. Hen. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, closest, peace.

War. It pleased your majesty, to hear your foe.

Of favour, from myself, and all our house;

Yet all I must remember you, my lord,

We were your friends and dear friends to you.

For you, my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and paid day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand.

When you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and my son,

That brought you home, and boldly did endure

The dangers of the time: You swore to us,

And you did swear that oath at Lancaster:

That you did nothing purpose against the state;

Nor claim an inch further than your own fells' right;

The seat of Chnt, dukedom of Lancaster:

This we we swore our oath. But, in short space,

It rained down fortune showering on your head;

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,

What with our help, what with the absent king.

What with the injuries of a wanton time

The seeming victories that you had borraged;

And the cowardly and sullen wars, and the king

The king in his unholy Irish wars.

That all in England did repulse him dead;

And from that time all sorts of fair advantage

You took occasion to be quickly wood

To grip the general away into your head:

Forget your oath to us at Dover:

And, boasting of us, you cast us as

As in a beggar's guilt, the snook's bird,

The scrofulous:—

Drew by our feeling so to great a bulk,

That even our love does not increase your sight.

For fear of swallowing: but with mingle wing

We were once had, for safety sake, to fly

Out of your sight, and raise this present head:

Whereby we stand applauded by each multitude.

As you yourself have forg’d against yourself;

By tainted usage, dangerous connivance,

And violation of all faith and truth

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have anteculated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;

To face the grammar of rebellion.

With some fine colours, that may please the eye

Of fickle changings, and poor discontent,

Which wage, and tell the shore, at the news

Of marketable innovation.

And never yet did insurrection want

Such water colours, to impart his name;

Nor moisty beggars, staring for a time

Of tumultuous hurly and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul

Shall pass full dearly for this encounter.

It once they join in trial, to tell your nephew,

The prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Pever. By my troth,

This present enterprise set off his head,

I do not think, a braver gentleman.

More active-valiant, or more valiantly reared,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive.

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may again remember

I have a transm swap to chevry.

Yet as, I hear, he doth account me his;

Yet this before my father's memory.

I am content, that he shall take the cold

Of his great name and good reputation.

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so far as we yet venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infallible

Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no.

We love our people well: even those we love,

That are misused upon your country's part.

Both he, and they, and you, yes, every man

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:

So tell your counsel, and bring me wood What he will do;—But if he will not yield,

Rebels have no room with me any more.

And they shall do their pleasure. So be it good! We will not now be troubled with reply:

We offer fair, take it advise.

[Exit Worcester and Vernon.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life;

The Douglas and the Hesapien both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.

For, on their answer, we will set them on;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just.

[Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.

Pll. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,

And heastice me, so [his a peice of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing: but a cousin can do thee

That friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Pll. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why then invest God a death: [Exit.

Pll. Oye so ye not yet: I would have thee to pay him before his day.

What need I be so forward with him, that calleth not on me? Well, 'tis no matter how and worth, but how and money price. And me, yes, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour be bought? No, sir: nor can honour be bought. No. Or take away the grace of a wound? No. Honour hath not in it surgery then? No, how is the honour word; is it in that word, honour? What is that honour? Alg. A trim reckoning! Who heil it? He that died of yestery. And so he feel it? No. Is it sensible then? Yes, to the death.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT V.

There was no pause. But let us tell the world—
I am in no way sorry for the day.
Lament not, my friend, nor argue with the day.
I am not sure if any day is at all
Not quite at all.

SCENE I. The House of York.

First Messenger

What news, good friend?

Second Messenger

The King is come to London.

First Messenger

Well, I am glad of it. And how he comes?

Second Messenger

He comes to-day, as I am sure you know.

First Messenger

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First Messenger

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SCENE IV. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Speech</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hot</td>
<td>The king hath many marching in his costs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doug.</td>
<td>Pardon me, by my sword, I will kill all his costs!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Hen.</td>
<td>I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, until I meet the king.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot.</td>
<td>Our soldiers stand tall fairly for the day.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Other Characters. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could scarce shot-first at London, I fear the shot here; 'tis no scoring, but upon the rate.—Shall we that art with us? Sir Walter Blunt—there's hurry for you. Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too! God keep lend out of me! I used no more weight than mine own eels—have I led my waggonjoune where they are peppered; there's hot threes of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword!

Many a noblesman his stark and stiff
Under the hand of conquistors munching:
Whose deaths are unaveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pray you give me leave to breathe a while.—Sure Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made Hal a prince. You shall not see my sword: but take my pistol, if you will.

P. Hen. Give it me; What is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot; 'tis hot; there's that will slack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

P. Hen. What! it's time to jest and dally now?

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll preserve him. If he do come in my way, as he do not, if I come by his will, let him make a carbuncle of me. I like not such grinning humour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save so; if not, honour cannot belooked for; and there's an end.

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hotspur, Prince Henry, Prince John, and Westmoreland.

K. Hen. Pr'ythee, Harry; overweening I; all is too much for me.

Hot. Harry, overweening myself; thou bledst too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Sir, I, my lord, unless I died too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,

And lessen your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so;

Though you would here, lend me to his test.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord: I do not need your help.

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this;

Where state's nobility lies trodden on,

And other arms triumph in massacre!

P. John. Westmoreland, our duty this hour is: for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt P. John and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,

And I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,

With better maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy Lends nature to us all!

[Exit.

[Aside. Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads;

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear these colours on them.—What art thou,

That counterfeits the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas,

Grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows than hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys,

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field!

But, seeing them fall'd on me so luckily,

I will easy thee; so lend thyself.

Dou. If I fear, thou art another counterfeiter;

And yet, in faith, thou hast birth like a king:

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whom thou seest,

And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the king being in danger, enter

Princes Henry.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou

Never to hold it up again!—the spirits

Of Shirley, Stafford, Hunt, are in my arms:

K. Hen. The prince of Wales, that threatens thee,

Who never promised, but he means to pay.

They fight; Douglas slays.

Cherrib. my lord: Hal! save your grace!—

Sir Nicholas Gavens hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while;—

Thou hast resceiv'd thy lost opinion;

And show'd, thou maist some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue, thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O Heaven! they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I heardkin for thy death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And save'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gavens.

[Exit Henry.

Eke. Hotspur. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speakest as if I would damp my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. I say again, Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one English brook a double reign.

Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall I, Harry, for the hour is come

That I must survey some of your blood to me.

Thy name in arms was now as great as mine;

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee

And all the budding honours on thy great,

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy valour.

[They fight.

Eke. Falstaff. Hal! to N, Hal! to N, you shall

Find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.

Hoopen is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth;

I better know the loss of brittle life,
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

A UT V.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart! I'll wear an antimony, how art thou shrunk! When that thy body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now, two pores of the vilest earth Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead.

Be not so acute as to print a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, Thou shouldst not make me hear a show of zeal; — But let my father's hate thy mangled face; And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself for all those signs of tenderness. Adieu, and take thy peace with thee to heaven! Thine ignominious sleep with thee in the grave, But not remembrance in thy epitaph. [He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! Could not all that flesh Keep up in a little hole? Poor Jack, I saw it! I could have better spared a better man. O, if I should have a heavy mind of thee, In a long, long winter in an icy tomb, Death hath not struck so a deathly stroke today, Than to hear thine bloodstained name, Embolstered with a red letter by; Till then, in blood, by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

[In the middle of the stage.

Embosed! I'll then embosom thee to-day, I'll give you know to powder me, and eat me up, to-morrow. 'Tis time to count coffins, or that last testament Be hold me safe; and let me out. Counterfeit me, I lie, I am no counterfeit: To do, it is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby lives, is an excellent counterfeit, but the time and perfect image of the man. The better part of a nation is in the better part of its war, and in the better part thereof, I have saved my life. I am Iago's end of the camp: in Percy, things be well; How, if he should, counterpoise, and thus be killed.

Nothing compels me but vexes, and not only vexes me. Therefore, stand, [R. to L. k. i.] with this new wound in thy breast, let me along with me.

[Enter Hotspur on his horse.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, fall bravely here; Thou art a man.

P. John. But, will'st thou have worse? Did you not tell me, that last man was cut off?

P. Hen. Fool! I saw him dead, Theodore and blushing.

P. John. That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak. We will not bear our eyes-cast. Then art not what thou seem'st!

P. Hen. No, that's certain: I am not a dead man: but if I be not in Falstaff, then am I Jack. There's Percy; [To his son.] Here's the old dead. If your father will do me any harm, I say, if not, let him kill old Percy himself. I think he'd be either cruel or dull, I can say to my own.

P. Hot. If thy name, Percy, I kill'd myself, and not thee dead.

P. Hen. Then, lord, lord, how this world is given to lying:—I grant you, I was down;—

[Enter the trumpet sound, the day is over,

Come, bring your baggage neatly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll pilot it with the happiest heart.

[Enter Lord Percy and Lord John.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow. Let's be gone.

SCENE V. Another part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others, with Westmorland, and Vernon, presently.

K. Hen. These men did rebellion find a refuge— Ill-mannered Westmorland! did we not send great. Punish, and terms of love to all of you, and wouldst thou turn our offers cruel?— Above the tender of the kindest trust! Three knapsacks upon our party came to-day, And anchor'd, and many a man's courage, Had been alive since. It be like a show, And I embrace the offering joyfully. Since not to be assenting, I have

K. Hen. War, Westmoreland, to the north, and Vernon to.

[Other speeches, we will soon open —

[Enter Westmoreland and Vernon.

P. Hen. The noble Lord, Lord Douglas, when he was

The trumpet of the day, in duty, on him. Themselves, they do, and, to what I can, upon the occasion, for all the rest.

K. Hen. Thou art, my lord, teacher and guide. There, take the presentation. At my best,

The Burgesses, and I wish you grace,

K. Hen. With all my heart.

K. Hen. Tell the people, let us know, as it was told, That which we do, and in the highest country,

Which I do, I will give you some more joy. K. Hen. Then take this ring, which we draw not

End of the leaves of the year, in time, he

Haste we, we will write to the lord, by

Haste we, in haste, to his castle, by the king,

Haste we, in haste, to his castle, by the

Haste we, in haste, to his castle, by the

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SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. 
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.; 
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence; 
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards (S Henry V.) Duke of 
his Sons. 
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, afterwards (S Henry V.) Duke of 
Gloucester. 
EARL OF WARWICK; 
EARL OF WESTMORELAND; 
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice. 
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND; 
SCROOP, Archbishop of York; 
LORD MOWBRAY; 
LORD HASTINGS; 
LORD BARDOLE; 
SIR JOHN COLVILLE; 
TRAPPERS and MORTON, Domestic of 
FAULSTAFF, BARDOLE, PISTOL, and 
PAGE. 
POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince 
Henry. 
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justice. 
DAVY, Servant to Shallow. 
MUDDY, SHADOW, WART, FEERE, and 
BOLLAS, Herodius. 
FANG and BULKE, Shallow's Servants. 
RUMOUR. 
A Porter. 
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue. 
LADY NORTUMBERLAND. 
LADY PERCY. 
HASTENS QUICKLY. 
DOLL YEAR SHEET. 
Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, 
Messengers, Drawers, Beadle, Groomes, &c.

SCENE—England.

INDUCTION.

Warwick. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Ope yor ear; and for which of you it will stop:
The rest of hearing, when I am anything to speak
I, from the orest to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfail
The acts commenced on this field of earth:
Upon my tongue the danders rise;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Shuffling the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but Honour, who but only I,
Make fearful promises, and prepare defence;
While the big ear, swath'd with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern grandeur of war,
And all such nature! Rumour is a pipe
Blown by amours, jealousies, conjurors;
And of so easy and so plain a stop.
That the blind mantie with uncountries loads,
The still-discant birds warbling multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I this
My well known to you as antiques?
Among my household! Why is Rumour here? 
I ran before King Harry's victory;
Who, as a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Death beat down young Hotspur, and his
troops,
Composing the fame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first, my office is
To goes abroad,—that Harry Mosemouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas's rage
Stoop'd his encloud'd head as low as death.
This have I rumm'd through the pleasant towns
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

ACT I.

Why, he's a dead
new what a ready tongue sharp men hath!
He can the more easily he would not have
knew, and, by reason, an wrong from others' eyes,
that I am not hear'd in counter. Yet speak,
Mortimer.

Tell me my lord, a half a dozen more's
As many more which I think it most wrong
As there's been more, by my own counsel,
That such a work of the world's lost a

Now. Yet, for all, it may not be Percy's


I know not this, nor know, as I hear,
Have to the head, nor, as I hear, to the head,
As I have heard, nor, as I hear, to the head,
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SCENE II. London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but for the party that swivelled, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to give me one! The brain of this foolish compounder, my man, is not able to vest any thing that tends to laugh me, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the causes that wit is in other men. I do here walk before time, like a sow, that hath overreplied all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then that time. Thou wheresoever mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in thy sack than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an eye still new; but I will yet see neither in gold nor silver, but in vice appareled, and send thee back again to thy master, for a jewel; the jewel thereto is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a board grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his check; and yet I say, his face is a face-royal! God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet; he may keep it still as a (secreto), for a barber shall never learn scripture out of it; and yet he will be crowning, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a barbker. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine. I can assure thee.—What said master Dobson about the satin for my short-coat, and slips?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the scarity.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hot!—A whoreson Aschitopel! a rascally yea-fourth knave; to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles, and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put rags upon my troth, as to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he were one security. Wilt thou, in all security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his shrive shames through his head, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Stafford, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse more worth. I could get his wife in the streets, I was mauzled, honest, and wired.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the gentleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. I'll know him, I will not see him.

Att. What's that he goes there?

Fal. No, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and I have now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.


Att. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Enter Travers.

Travers. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Enter John Umfreville.

Umfreville. My lord, I over-ride him on the way; and he is furnished with no certainty.

Travers. More than he hastily may retail from me.

Enter Morton.

Morton. North, yes, this man's knew, like a title-leaf, for tell of the doings of a large volume. So looks the spread; wherein the impetuous flood Hath left a litter'd impregnation.

Travers. Sir John, what news from Warwick?

Morton. I ran from Warwick, my noble lord; where basely death put on his ugliest mask, To fright our purity.

Travers. How dost, my son, and brother?

Morton. Thou tremblest; and the whispering in thy cheek Is spier than thy tongue to tell thy wound. Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless. So full, so dead in look, so wan-beaut, Even Priam's caitiff in the dead of night, And would have told him, had his Troy was more.

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue, And I my Percy's death, eye thus report it. That sound dost say. — My son did thus, and thus.

Travers. Your brother, thee; so sought the noble Douglas; Spying my step with his noble steed: But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed, Thou hast a sag to blow away this praise, Brother, son, and all, we are dead. — Douglas is living, and your brother yet; But, for my lord your son —

North. Why, he is dead.

Travers. See, what a rude tongue suspicion hath!

North. What, he that fears the thing is not, would he now. Hush, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes, That what he fear'd is chance'd. Yet speak,

Morton. Tell thou thy ear, his divination lies; And I will take it as a sweet disguise, And make that rich for doing me a wrong.

North. You are too great to be so easily gain'd; Your spirit is too true, your fear too certain.

Travers. Yes, for all this, may not Percy's deed I see a strange conclusion in thine eye: Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it four, or six, To speak a truth. If he be slain, my so —

North. The tongue offends not, that reports his death; And he with sin, that doth belie the dead; Not he, which says the dead is not alive. Yet the first bringer of soewere news, Hath but a loug office; and his tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Hummel'd thy tolling a departing friend.

Travers. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

North. What I say, I should force you to believe That, which I would to heaven I had not seen: But these mine eyes saw him in bloody stane, Resolving faint quittances, weared and embraeth', To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath best

Travers. The never damned Percy to the earth, From whence with life he never more sprang up To fall into his death, (whose spirit lived a live Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,) Being bruited once, took fire and flew away From the best tempers in his troop: For from his metal was his party made; Which once in him abated, all the rest Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead. And as the thing that's heavy in itself, Upon enforcement flies with greater speed; So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear. That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim, Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Steel.

North. The lovely Douglas, whose well labouring sword

Travers. Had three times slain the appearance of the king, Gha vail his stomach, and did grace the shame Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight, Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out A speedy power to encounter you, my lord, Under the command of young Lancaster. And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn. In present sense is physic; and those news Having been well, that would have made me sick. Being sick, have in some measure made me well.

Travers. And as the wretch, whose fever wreak'd joint, Like strengthless hinge, loketh sous on life, Imposthous of its fit, breaks like a fire

North. Weak'ned with grief, being now sur'gard' with grief,

Travers. Are grooms themselves: hence therefore, these

North. Necessarily now, with joints of need, Most close this band; and hence, hence, this deadly quoth;

Travers. Thos' art a guard too wanton for the head,
SENEE II. London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my master?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gait at me: 'Tis the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to vest any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that we, is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Then whorsen mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never matched with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a fool; the Jewess, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fished: I will sooner have a heard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair-fine yet: he may keep it still in a face-royal, for a barber shall never say any piece out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he but wrote man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grave, for he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleshon about the sain for my short close, and slopes?

Page. I must say, good master, you could procure them better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yes; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutin! may his tongue be heeter!—A whoreon Achipithe, a rascally yea-forsouth knave; to bear a gentle- men in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreons smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security: I had as lief they would put raisinew in my mouth, as offer to stop it with a finger. He that doth not put me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the heart of an ass-entomast, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cas- in the man, though he have his own lantern to light him. —Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a hat.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and I'll buy him a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wise in the snows, I were unused, horse, and wired.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that commissed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait done, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What is that gothic there?

Attm. Falstaff, anoint your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Attm. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now gaiter with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.


Attm. Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

Ch. Just. Your names are very great, and your voice is great.

Fus. I would it were otherwise; I would my names were greater, and my voice stronger.

Ch. Just. You have yeilded the youthful prince.

Fus. The young prince thost meanest? I am the fellow with the great belly, and he that shall have the largest head.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to call a new blade wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gladed over your night's again so ill: you may thank the expeditious time for your most ejoying that service.

Fus. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it as wake not a sleeping well.

Fus. To wake a well, is no bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better burnt out.

Fus. A wasted candle, my lord; all valley, if I had as much of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have its effect of gravity.

Fus. His effect of gravity, gravely, gravely.

Ch. Just. You show the young prince up and down, his ill angels.

Fus. Not so, my lord; your ill angels is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these country-monger times, that those valiant boys that have been made a tapster, and hath his quick nose was in giving reckoning; all the other gifts appointed in the person of the prince are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of an that are young: you measure the heat of our liver with the bitterness of your gall and see that are in the reward of your youth, I must confesse, are ways too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are writing down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a manifold eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your mind dim? your wit single? and ever part about with wit? and although I will yet call yourself young? I'm, sir, sir, Sir John!

Fus. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and nothing round the belly. For my voice, I have not a voice; and although I have not a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a noble prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young longs repeats; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth: but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion.

Fus. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath spurned you and Prince Henry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fus. Yes: you thank your pretty woman for it.

Ch. Just. Well, but look you pray, all that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join in it is not consented, by the Lord, I take my shirts out with me, and I mean not to wear exceedingly; if it be a hot day, so I beseech you to bear with me in this,

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great honour.

Fus. What infamy that tacks him in my belt, cannot live in less.
SENE III.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Then can popen out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Thus last, ever! But it was always a part of my education, yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will make old men of us, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not as terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be accursed to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest: And God bless your expedition!

Ful. Will your highness lend me a thousand pound to purchas me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to hear crosses. Pure you well.

Cosimine to me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendan.

Ful. If I do, fill me with a three-man beetle;

I can no more separate age and consequence, than he can part young limbs and livery: but the gent galls the one, and the part pleases the ear both the degrees, present my causes—Boy—

Ful. Confess. What money is in my purse?

Pure. Seven great and two-pence.

Ful. I can get no remedy against this consummation of the power, borrowing only letters and ligaments out, but the disease is incurable.——

Ch. Just. Take my lord of Leominster: this

Is to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Gracia, whom I know to be contrary to many grace. I perceive the first white hair on my chin; Alack it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page.]

A pox of this good Sir, a goat of this post for the one, or the other, the plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do fail; I have the war for my colour; my name shall sound the more reasonable: A great wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.]

SENE III. York.

A Room in the Archbishop’s Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mayor of London, and Archbishop.

Arch. Have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my good friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

And, most of our voices of our arms; but gladly would be better satisfied,

Now, in our means, we should advance our

To look with furthest bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Arch. Our present masters give us the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; and our supplies live largely in the hope;

Of great Northumberland, whose bonfire burns

With an increased fire of injuries.

Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings,

Shame what

Whether our present muster five and twenty thousand

May stand up head without Northumberland.

Arch. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there’s the point?

But without him, he be thought too foible,

My judgment is, we should not step too far:

Till we had his assistance by the hand;

For, in a shape no less, ’tis this,

Correct, espousal, and surmise

Of his uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. The very true, Lord Bardolph; for, in

It was young Hotspur’s case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lived himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply;

Flattering himself with pretexts of a power

Such smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.

And, as they say, in bountiful imagination,

Proper to a time, led his powers to death.

And, waking, leap’d into destruction.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war—

Indeed the instantly action, it comes on foot.

Lies so in hope, as in an early spring.

We see the appearing buds, which to prove

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair.

That men will like them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection;

Which if we have no weight of ability,

What do we then, but draw new the model

In fewer offices; or, at least, distil

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

We must, is almost, to pluck a kingdom down,

And set another up should we survey the plot of the situation, and the model; and consent to a scheme.

Arch. Consent to a scheme.

Question surveyors; know our own estate,

How adds such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his revenues, or our other in the paper, and in the figures,

Using some lines of them instead of open:

Like one, that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Great strokes, and left his part complet’d cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for charitable winter’s turn.

Arch. Grant that our hopes (grant fairly of fair birth).

Should be still born, and we now possess’d

The utmost man of expectation; I think, we are a body strong enough.

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Arch. To us, so more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his division, as the times do show;

Are in three heads: one power against the French;

And one against Glendower; purse, a third

Must take us up; So is the unform king

In three divided; and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strength together,

And come against us in full pululence,

Need not be dreaded.

Arch. If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarmed, the French and

Wells.

Bard. Having him at the heels: never fear that.

Arch. Who, in like, should lead his forces

Arch. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmore-

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Mon-mouth:

But who is prostituted against the French,

I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on:

And whilst the occasion of such a state,

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over greedy love hath surfeit’d:

An hand upon a loving nation;

Bath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what bold applause

Didst thou beat these blessings, with a song Eulog-

Before he was what those, could’st have him to?

And be thou thus triumv’r in thy own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok’st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, take thou disagr'ss
SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Hostess: Fang, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your woman? Is it a lusty woman? / Wilt thou stand in her?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare: Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ye, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us living for our stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stole me in mine own house, and that most basely; in God's faith, a' cares not what mishap he doth, if his weapon be out; he will join like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but hit him once, an I come but within my view.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an indifferent thing upon my score; — good master Fang, hold him sure; — good master Snare, let him not escape. He comes continually to Fie-corner, (saving your manhood,) to buy a snack; and he's indebted to the bobbin's head in Lambert-square, to master Smoothy the silkman. I pray ye, since my ex-act is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred marks is a lone loan for a poor lone wman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fuddled off, and fuddled off, and fuddled off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is an honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Younger comes; and that arrant malmeasyness knave Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do us, do us, do us your offices.

Fang. How now! whose mares's dead? what's the matter?

Host. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fang. Away, varlet! — Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the channel.


Host. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two; — thou won't, won't thou? thou won't, won't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou honeycomb!

Host. Away, you scullion! you rascal! — you fustillarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho! Ho! Ho! Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.

Host. Stand from him, fellow; wherefore bang'st thou on him?

Ch. Just. What, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what? What is your matter?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all. I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; — but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'clocks like the mare.

Host. I think I am as like to ride the mare. If I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? For what man of good repute would endure this tempest of explanation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Host. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money, too. Thou didst eat me out of house and home, and now I am to give good gold, sitting in my Delph-in Chamber, at the round table, by a sum-total, upon Wednes-day in Whitmon-week, when the prisoners kiss thy head for hiring his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Kneech, the best of women, come in then, and call me group quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prunes; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a great wound? And lest thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar with such poor people; saying that eu- hung they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and led me from these therry shillings? I put thee now to thy book-cash; deny it, if thou canst.

Host. My lord, this is a poor read soul; and she runs, up and down the town, that her closest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have relations against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrecking the true cause and the false way. It is not a common brow, nor the throne of words that come with such more than impudent saucefulness from you, can thrust me from a level reason. You have, as it appears to me, practiced upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her sure your words both in purs and person.
SENEC II.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I. Scene 1.

Hast. Yes, in truth, my lord.
Ch. Just. Peace, peace—Pee! why fear you not rather? the cause you may do with some saving money, and the other with current repen-
tances.
Fad. My lord, I will not undergo this snare without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent insolence: I am no soldier, and say nothing, I am no soldier; No my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your minster; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from those officers, being upon heavy employment in the king’s affairs.
Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: last answer in the effect of your repu-
tations, and satisfy the poor woman.
Fad. Come hither, hence! (Treading her aside.)

Enter Gower.
Fad. As I am a gentleman—
Ch. Just. Nay, you say so before.
Ch. Just. Gower, gentleman—Come, no more words of it.
Gower. But this heavy ground I tread as, I must be in Pawn pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dunger-chambers.
Ch. Just. This is truly drinking to the thread, and the bowels of the prodigal, or the German housing in water-water, it is worth a thousand of these lins-
hangings, and these ticking tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if then come, Come, and it were not for thy honor, there is not a base courting in England. Go wash thy face, and drew thy action: Come, then must not be in this humour with me; come, come, I know then must set on to this.
Gower. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be twenty noble pounds, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.
Ch. Just. Look nearer; I’ll make other shift: you’ll be a fool still.
Gower. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my grave. I hope you’ll come in supper; you’ll see me all on another.
Fad. Will I live!—Go with her, with her; To Bartholomew I buy on, hook on.
Ch. Just. Will you have Doll Tearer-shoot first me in supper?
Fad. No more words: let’s have here.
[Enter Hunting, Bardolph, Officers, and Pages.
Ch. Just. I have here better news. Fad. What’s the news, my good lord!
Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?
Gower. At Hereford, my lord.
Fad. I know, my lord, all’s well: What’s the news, my lord?
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gower. No; At hundred feet, five hundred.
Arms march’d up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northwurcund, and the Archbishop.
Fad. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Gower. Come, go along with me, good master Gower.
Ch. Just. My lord!
Fad. What’s the matter?
Ch. Just. Master Brother, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gower. Yes, I will walk upon your good lord here! I thank you, good Sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you litter here too long. Knights are to be soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fad. Will you sup with me, master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master you laugh you dabrhow, Sir John!
Fad. If you will not, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me—This is the right flaming grace, my lord; bap for tap, are so part far.
Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee: thou art a great fool.

ACT II. Scene 1.
Enter Prince Henry and Paine.
P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.
Paine. Is it come to that? I had thought, where these must not have matched one of so high blood.
P. Hen. Paine, Faith, it does me; though it discour-
ages the complexion, what great prece- 
knowledge it. Doth it not show vili in me to desire small bess? Paine. A prince should not be so loosely meditated, as to remember so weak a com- pas-
P. Hen. Bellis the time my appetite was not princely eat; for by my truth, I do now remem-
ber the poor creatures, small feet. But, doth not the prince’s considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What disgrace is this to me, to remember my youth! I know thy face to know me; or I desire note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; six or seven and those the greatest Hast thou a scarf of Copurclen? I or to near the inventory of thy clothes; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use— but that the leanest courtier knows better than I; for it is a low step of them with thee, when thou hast not racket for thee; as thee hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-court-
there have made a shift to eat up thy hollie; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the runs of thy limes, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; wherewithon the world increases, and kin-

Paine. Pray how if it follows, after you have in-
formed so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how do thy princess wish go, how so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?
P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Paine?
Paine. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.
P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thee.
Paine. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.
P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be here, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell thee, (as to me it pleasing me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and not indeed too.
Paine. Very hardly upon such a subject.
P. Hen. By this hand, that think’s me as far in the devil’s book, as them and Falstaff, for ob-

briety and persistency: Let the end try the man, but I tell thee, my heart thews-forwardly, that my father is so sick and keeping such vile company as them art; hath in reason taken from me all nativity, all of sorrow.
Paine. The reason?
P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep? Paine. I would think thee a most princely hypocrisie.
P. Hen. It would be every man’s thought: and then art a blessed fellow, so think as every man thinks; never a man’s thoughts in the world keeps the same time: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what nativity your most wonderful thought to think so? Paine. It has been as low, and so much negligible at Falstaff.
SCENE IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Because the consort of the valiant; For those whom you now ken, and your speech sweet, would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: So that, in speech or gait, in diet, in affections of delight, in military rules, humour of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him! O miracle of men!—how did you leave (Second to none, unexcelled by man;) To look upon the hideous god of war In disdainful greeting; to be Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defensible:—so you left him: Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong; To hold your honour more precise and nice With others, than with him; let them alone; The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry but half their numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Like them of Mounmouth on a North. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw your spirits from me, With new discourse, not respecting me. But I must go, and meet with danger there; Or it will seek me in another place, Affrighted, pursued, and provided. Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, To the nobles, and the most of the commons, Have of their pittance a made taste. Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the Join you with them, like a rib of steel To make strength stronger, but, for all our loves, First let them try themselves: So did your son; He was as sudden: so came I a widow; And never shall have length of life enough, To rain upon rememberance with mine eye, That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, For recordation to my noble husband. North. Come, come, come in with me; 'tis with my mind, As with the tide, will work up unto its height, That makes a standstill, running neither way. Pain would I go to meet the archbishop, But many thousand reasons hold me back—I will resolve for Scotland; there am I, Till time and vantage crave my company.

SCENE IV.  London.

A Room in the Rose's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.


Drew. Mass, d'ye say true: The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my share of them. Sir, young, able-bodied Knights. I angred him to the heart, but he hath forgotten that.

Drew. Wherefore, come, and set them down: And we if done can't read out Snack's sonnes: mistress Fear-sheet shall fare some mutton. Beshrew,—The room where they supped is too little; they'll come in straight.

Drew. Here, here, will be the prince, and master Pockam, and many others will put two of our juridies, and some and Sir John must know not of it. Unlook'd hath brought word.

Drew. By the mass, here will be old vills: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Host. In faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temper; your pul

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SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV: ACT IV

P. Hen. And to their praise! By my faith, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my own hands; and thus two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian: and look, if the fat villains have not transformed him since.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. What news, sir, at court?

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph?

Bard. Come, you virtuous are, [To the Page.] you have lost, and now you be blushing! Wherefore blush you now? What a melancholy man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pretty boy's maid-cloak?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face, nor the window, I last, I spied his eyes: and, methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through them.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upstart, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Atheen's dream, away!

P. Hen. Distinct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. My lord, my lord, Atheen dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I came him her dreams.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Page. O, that this good blossom would be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallowys shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. He is a good man: he heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Page. Delivered with good respect. And here doth the king's letter to his grace's lord Great Harry, for the town.

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Page. My lord, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it doth not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wine to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for look you, how he writes.

Foes. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight.—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king: for they never prick their fingers, but they say, There is some of the king's blood in it. How comes this? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive; the answer is so ready as a borrower's cap: I am the king's good cousin, sir, or your grace?

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japheth. But the letter—

Foes. John Falstaff, knight, being the son of the king, wears his father, Henry, Prince of Wales, greating. Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. I will trust the honourable Romans in brevity: he means brevity in breath; short, which it is, and I commend thee, and I have thee. Be not so familiar with Pages: for he misuses his favours so much, that he swears, they are to marry his master. Nell. Reputat ut des idem ut thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yes and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou wishest.) Jack Pistol, with my familiar: with my husband's sister; and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? I say I marry your sister?

Page. May the wenches have no worse fortune! And I will do so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time: and the spirits of the wits sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here to London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sees he? I doth the old hour fool in the old trunk?

Bard. At the old house, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Swiftshoals, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord; but old mistress Quickly and mistress Doll Tearsheet.

P. Hen. What page now that is here?

Page. A proper gentleman, sir, and a musical woman, sir, and a pretty page, sir.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish beholders are to the town bulk.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, and supper?

Page. I am your shadow, my lord;—I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph;—so word to your master, that I am yet come to town: I am for your sciences.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Page. [Reads.] Edward, Bardolph, and Page.—[This Doll Tear-sheet should be some secret.]

Page. I warrant you, as common as the war between Saint Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff himself tonight in his iron colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Page. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as servers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull! a heavy desecration! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a pedlar! a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way into my rough affairs;

But not too near the winding of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troubleless.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endeared to it than now;

When you were Percy, when your heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northern look to see his father

Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it?

For him,—it stuck upon him as the sun

In the gray vault of heaven: and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move
to do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the world drew the image of them.

He had no legs, that practis't not his gait:

And speaking thick, which nature made his

enamel,
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KING HENRY IV.

Because the account of the villain; For those that could speak low, and tardily, Would turn to perfection his bashfulness: To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affectation of delight, In military rule, in reserves of humour, Of his words and gestic, happy and book, That fashion'd them. And him,—O wondrous him!—

O miracle of sense!—him did you leave (Second to none, associated by you.)—

To lick upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage; to abide a field. Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defendable—so you left him: Never, O never, de his ghost the wrong. The noble, the good, the old, have more precise and sure With others, than with him; let them alone; The martial, and the arch-bishop, are strong; And me and seeing them, sort out Scroopes' numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talked of Macbeth's grave.

Hang thee our heart, Pale daughter! do you draw my spirit from me, With new lamenting ancient overights.

But I cannot go more there; Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

O, fly to Scotland, Till that the nobles, and the armed commons, Have of this presence made a little taste, And thence the charge of this the king.

These join with them, like as a rib of steel To make strong swordsmen; but, for all our loves, First let them try themselves;—So did your son; He was so well'd: as came I a widow; And never shall have length of life enough, To raise upon remembrance with mine eyes, That it may grow and spread as high as heaven, Per recordation to my noble husband.

Next. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind.

As with the time swould'it up unto its height, That makes a still-standing, running neither way.

But many thousand reasons hold me back:— I will resolve for Scotland: there am I.

'Tis time and vantage crave my company.  [Exit."

SCENE IV. London.

A Scene in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.


2 Drawer. Man, thou sayest true; the prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more: Sir John: and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old withered Knights. I beggar him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Drawer. Why then, cover, and set them down: And if the prince can't find out Scroat's noise, minister Tread-sheet would fain hear some music. Despight.—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in.

2 Drawer. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Fezio anon: and they will put on two of our sleeves, and go: and Sir John must not know of it: Barbara hath brought word. I will go to the mews here shall be old uts: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Drawer. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tread-sheet.

Host. I faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperate: your pal-

side begins as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as a madder. But faith, you have done too much canaries: and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it despises the blood one can say—What's this! How do you now? Doll. Better than I was. Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordain,—And was a worthy king; [Exeunt Drawers. How now, mistress Doll? Host. Sick of a cold: yes, good sooth. Fal. So is all her seat; so they be none in a calm, they say. Host. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give us? Fal. With the doctor that makes the gouty, you help to make the dismesse; Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my sweet, we will play the better there; or it will seek me in another place, and find me worse provided.

Fal. Ay, marry! our chains, and our chains!— Host. Your brooches, pearls, and suchlike— Sir John: to serve bravely, is to come halting and at the know's: To come off the breach with his pint bent bravely, and to surgery bravely: to venture upon the charge and vanish bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy rascal, hang yourself! Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never met, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rhenish as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmation. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you; [To Doll. You are the weaker vessel, as they say, the veteran vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel hear such a huge full hogwash? there's a whole merchant's venous of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not half a head better stuffed in the blood.— Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Dwarf.

Host. Sir,—ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Ha, ha, ha, Sir John, swaggering rascal! let him out come hither: it is the four-mouth'd rogue in England.

Host. If he be swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours: I'll no swaggerers; I am in good meat, and fame with the very best;—Shut the door—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now.—About the door; I stay you.

Fal. That thou hear, hostess.—

Host. They're you; act, presently yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Doll. But dost thou hear! it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-tally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my door. I was before master Tissack, the deputy, the other day;—

Fal. As he said to me, no, no, no, it was no other ago these Wednesday last. —Neighbour Quickly, says he;—

— master Dumb, our minister, was by then—

Neighbour Quickly, says he, receives those that are civil; for, said he, you are in an ill name; —

As he said, I can tell you where; I says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive here.——But can you who is swaggering companions.——There comes none here;—you would blame me to hear what he said—no, I'll no swaggerers.}
Act II.

**Kayne.** 

*Kayne.* He's no swaggerer, honest; a tame creature, at best could make a bawd, as gentle as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hag, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance—Call him up, downer.

*Host.* Chester, call him! I will bar no bonnet; man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my truth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger; feel, masters, how I make you: I warrant you.

*Host.* So you do, honest.

*Host.* Do I then, in very truth, do I, as I swear, no sense last? I cannot about swaggerers.

*Kayne.* Have you, Sir John?

*Kayne.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you do charge upon mine hostess.

*Host.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with the belly.

*Kayne.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offer her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proof, nor no bullet. I'll drink no more with you, Sir John, for no man's pleasure.

*Kayne.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Host.* Charge me? I wear you, heavy companions, base, ragged, obscene, base, lower man make! Away, you muddy rogue! Away! I most for your master.

*Host.* Where are you, mistress Dorothy?

*Host.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy, hung, away! by this wine, I'll throw my knife in your mouth, and chafe you in your face, which you pluck when you get down stairs. 

*Host.* I will order your ruff for this.

*Host.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company.

*Kayne.* No, good captain; not here, sweet captain.

*Kayne.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truly charge, and take their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a slave! for what! for tearing a poor wretch's ruff in a bawdy house!—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mostly stewed prunes, and dined venison. A captain! these villains will make the world capitate as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-asssorted, therefore, captains had need look to it.

*Kayne.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Kayne.* Hang thee, mister, missus Doll.

*Kayne.* Not I: I tell thee what, esperant Bardolph;—I could tear her!—I'll be revenged on her.

*Host.* Thou seest her damned first;—to Photo's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Enter and torture vile also. Rod! book and line, say I. Down! down! dogs! down, factors! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good captain Peesell, be quiet; it is very late, faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choice.

*Host.* These be good honour, indeed! Shall I partake them?

*Host.* And hollow pope's card of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cassius, and with Carthages, And Trojan Greeks, I may, rather damn them with King Cervantes; and let the welkin roar.

*Host.* By my truth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Host.* Sir, was the sword.

*Host.* Come, give me some sack. 

*Host.* Here's my sword. 

*Host.* Lay down his sword. 

*Host.* Come to full points here; and see a desperate nothing.

*Host.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Host.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy ris! What! we have seen the seven stairs.

*Host.* Thou hast him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fiction rascal.

*Host.* Thust him down stairs: how we see Gasdevlus maps.

*Host.* Hast thou him down, Bardolph, like a shower-gentle shuffling; say, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Host.* Come, get you some sack; and, sweetthrift, be thou there.

*Host.* What shall we have to whom shall we imbibe?—

*Host.* Sincere him up his sword.

*Host.* Thus dealst thou me a shame, abash my tainted days! Why, then, let griefs, ghastly, gaping wounds Congress to some scorpions, say, sir.

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward! Gainsome me my cap, I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Host.* Get you down stairs.

*Host.* [Drumming, and driving Pistol out. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forever leaving house, above I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alack! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons; [Enter Pistol and Bardolph. Enter. I pray thee, Jack; be quiet, the rascal is gone. Ah, you wasthers little villain, villain.

*Host.* He's not hurt! the grog! methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Host.* Enter Bardolph.

*Host.* Have you turned him out of doors? 

*Host.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Host.* A rascal! to brave me! 

*Host.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, your age, how thou art drunk! Come, I will wipe thy face.—Come on, you wondrous crook;—Ah, rogue! if faith love thee. Thou art so valiant as Hector of Troy, worth five of Argomenon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain! 

*Host.* A rascally slave! I will tow the rogue in a blanket.

*Host.* Do, if then darest for thy heart; if thou dost, I cannon thee between a pair of ears.

*Enter Musician.

*Host.* Did he think the mistak be, come, sir.

*Host.* Let them play. — Play, sir;—Sit on my knees. Doll! A rascal bringing slave! the rogues jest from me like quicksilver.

*Host.* Me, and thou followest me like a church. Thou whomson little bide Barbarose-crow-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'clocks, and night o'clocks, and begin to patch thou time old body for heaven?

*Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

*Host.* Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a f_-_id's head; do not bid him remember no thing.

*Host.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of
A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good panter, he would have chipped his heart with.

Doth. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He is a good wit? hang him, belam'd. His wit is as black as a Tweedshire mustard; there is no more conceal in him, than is in a malet.

Doth. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because his legs are both of a bigness; And he plays at quails well; and eases conger an fancied one; and drinks off canker's souls for fin-drags; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and as a host in a noble feast, and his father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal—none, Hal—none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make them wrong this virtuous gentleman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is she innocent or of the wicked? Or is the bow of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poi. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The bend hath pricked down Bardolph (unsavourable); and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast male-furnace. For the boy-worm, is a good angel about him; but the devil outdibs him too.

P. Hen. For the women.

Fal. Fie, one of the women is hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for it, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that; Marry, there is another indenture upon thee, for suffering thee to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victualers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. For one honest woman.

Fal. What says your grace?

P. Hen. His grace says that which his flesh rebukes against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Poins.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster: And there are twenty weak and wearied posts, Come from the north; and, as I came about, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Barbecued, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And taking every one for Sir John Fastolf.

P. Hen. By heavens, Poins, I feel me much to wonder.

So silly to profane the precious time: When tempests of continuance, like the south with black and grey, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads.

Give me my sword, and clack:—Falstaff, good sirs.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Peto, Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Bardolph. Now comes in my best covert morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unmock'd.

[Knocking heard.] More knocking at the door.

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to-morrow, sir, presently; a dozen capons stand at door for you.

P. Hen. Falstaff, read me the letter. [To the Page]—Farewell, hostess.—Farewell, Doli.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the honest wench may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches; If I be not sent away post, I will see you again soon.

I go.
ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in His Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Northumberland.

Page. But, are they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, and well consider of them: Make good speed.

K. Hen. How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep? Henry's gentle sleep
Nature's soft nurse, how I freq'ntly sigh'd that Such men as these might with my eyes down
And sleep my secrets in forgiveness? Why rather sleep, lest thou in somber dreams, Upon uneasy passions stretching thee, And blash'd with buzzing right-dies to thy slumber Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And hallow'd with sounds of sweetest melody? O then dull god, why liest thou with the vile, In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch, A watch-case, or a common farm's bell? Will thou upon the high and giddy mast Seed up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain In cradle of the rude impetuous surge; And, in the direction of the winds, Who take the ruffian follows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With dealing clou'ds in the alp slippery clouds. That, with the hurly, death itself awakens Canst thou, O partial sleep! I give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude. And, in the coldest and most still quiet, With all appliances and means to hood, Deny it to a king? Then, happy low lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good marriages to your majesty! K. Hen. Is it good marriage, lords? War. The one o'th' east, and past. K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords, Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you? War. We have, my liege. K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom How fond it is; what rank diseases grow. And with what danger, near the heart of it. War. It is but as a body, yet, distemp'rd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With goad advice, and light medicine; My Lord Northumberland will soon be coold. K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate; And see the revolution of the times Make mountains level, and the continent Mountainous (or solid) (fissure) melt itself Into the sea! and the other times, to see The beachy girdle of the ocean

To you will Neptune's ships; how chance much
And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers tides? O when were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through
What ports past, what crost to mourn,—
Would shut the book, and set him down and die
'Tis not six years gone,
Since Richard, and, Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at war; It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man makes my soul;
Who like a boarhead valued in my eyes,
And laid his life and life under my feet;
Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him Defiance: But which of you say by
(You, cousin Neville, as I may remember)
(To Warwicke)
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, how prov'd a prophecy
Northumberland, then, by which
Whose courtesies Bolingbroke concede your favours—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so braves the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss—
The time, when 'twas done, to be too late. The time will come, that shed sin, gathering food,
Shall break into corruption—so wax on
Purifying this same time's condition,
The division of our empire,
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times descend'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophecies
With a new aim, of the main change of things As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginning, lie unresolv'd. Such things become the hatch and breed of time; And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect stage,
That great Northumberland, then false to him, Would, of that seed, grow to a greater faineant; Which should not end till ground to root supply, Unless on you,
K. Hen. Are these things then necessaries? Then let us meet them like a necessity; And that same word even now cries out on us; They say the bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.
War. They cannot be, my lord; Resemble both the like, like the voice and echo, The numbers of the fear'd —Please it your grace To go to bed; upon my life, my lord, The powers that you already have sent forth, Shall bring this prize in very easy.

SCENE II. Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Monday, Shadow, Wart, Feste, Bull-Carr, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand; set an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?
Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow. Shal. And how doth my cousin, thy lady's...
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

low? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen?  SLH. Also, a black soule, cousin-Shallow.  SIR. By you are sair, sir; I dare say, my
cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?  SLH. Indeed, sir, to my cost.  SIR. He meets thee to the bus of court shortly:  I was one of Clement's inn; where I think,  they will talk of mad Shallow yet.  SIR. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.  SLH. By the name, I was called any thing;  and I would have done any thing, indeed, and  roundly too. There was I, and little John Bolt  of Staffordshere, and black George Bar,  and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squise a Coventry  coxcomb. He had a sou in his pot, and a  sou in his purse, and a sou in all at commandment.  Then was Jack Palestr, now Sir John, a boy;  and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolke.  SIR. And Shallow, cousin, that藏着 history  among soldiers!  SLH. The same Sir John, the very same.  I saw him break Skarn's head at the court gate,  when he was a crouse, not thus high; and the  very same day did I fight with one Samson  Stocklake, a trooper, behind Gray's Inn. O, the  mad days that I have spent! and to see how  many of mine old companys are dead!  SIR. Follow, cousin.  SLH. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very  sure: death, as the Palestr, still, is say, to all; shall die. How a great yoke of bullocks  at Stanfard fair?  SIR. Truly, cousin, I was not there.  SLH. Death is certain,—is old Double of your  towns living ye?  SIR. Dead, sir.  SLH. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow:  And dead— he shot a fine shot.—John of  Cleveland, now, a fair gentleman, is not it?  SIR. Ay, fair gentleman, with a face of fourteen  and a half, that it would have done a man's heart  good to see.  SLH. Therefor he? they be a score of good  even may be worth ten pounds!  SIR. And is old Dead double?  Enter Bardolph, and one with him.  SIR. Here come some of the Sir John Palestr's men,  as I think.  BARD. Good morrow, honest gentlemen! I  beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?  SLH. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor repute  of this county, and one of the king's justices of  the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?  SIR. My captain, sir, comends him to you;  my captain, Sir John Palestr—a tall gentleman,  by nature, and a most gallant leader.  BARD. Well, sir; I knew him a good backwood man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?  SIR. Bard, sir; a soldier is better un-  accommodated, than with a wife.  SLH. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is  well said also. Better accommodated!— it is good; yes, indeed, it is: good phrases are  merely, and ever were, very commendable.  And what comes from accommodated?—very  good; a good phrase.  BARD. Fardous me, sir; I have heard the word.  SLH. Fardous me? By this good day, I know  not the phrase; but I will maintain the word  with my sword, to be a soldiery word, and  a commendable one, my lord. Accommodated?—  That is, when a man is, as they say,
KING HENRY IV.

ACT III.

Second Part of.

make as many holes in an enemy's battle as though you had a herd of bullets."

Fie! I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fie! Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Then will he be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnan- mous mouse—Peck the woman's tailor with.

Master Shallow: deep, master Shallow.

Fie! I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fie! I would, then was a man's tailor; that then mightest mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fie! It shall suffice, sir.

Fie! I am bount to thee, revered Feeble—

Who is next?

Shal. Poor Bull-calfe of the green!

Fie, many, let us see Bull-calfe.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fie! For a likely fellow I come, prick me Bull-calfe till he rear again.

Bull. Ho! ho! I am your best lieutenant.

Fie! What, dost thou rear before thou art pricked? —

Bull. I am a sick man! I am a diseased man.

Fie! What, disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fie! Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for them. Is here all well?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fie! Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good truth, master Shallow. I pray you, Sir John, do you remember since we had all night in the woodmill in Saint George's Field?

Fie! No more of that, that master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. It was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fie! She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She lives very well, and I call her by me.

Fie!Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the word, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bon-robe. Both she held her own will.

Fie! She is master Shallow.

Shal. Nay she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work be old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Fie! That's five or six years ago.

Shal. Ha, known Silence, that then had seen that that knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, I will see it.

Fie! We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That it was, that we have that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch word was, Hora, hora! Come, let's to dinner; come, it is too late, the days that we have seen!—Come, come!

[Exeunt Fal. Shal. and Silence.

Bull. Good master corporate Broduchol, stand my friend; and here is your twenty shillings in Falstaff's purse for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, and go yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather bear the burthen, and let me do mine own part. I have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Mund. And, good master corporal captain, for...
SECOND PART OF

SCENE I. - A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest called?  

Thos. The Guolnes Forest, an’t shall please your grace.

Arch. How stand, my lords; and send discover forth  

To know the numbers of our enemies.  

Enter.  

Arch. The work done.  

Mowbray. Friend and constable in these great affairs,  

I must acquaint you that I have received  

New-sent letters from Northumberland:  

There is great haste, trouble, and suspense:  

Here doth be wish, life person, with such powers  

As might hold outmost with his quality.  

The which he could not leave:  

whereupon  

He is really, in grip his growing fortunes.  

To Scotland:  

and sometimes to heavy prayers,  

That your attempts may ever the haggard,  

And fearful meeting of their opposites.  

Most. That do we hope are far in this touch ground,  

And dash themseves into pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.  

Arch. By this, what news?  

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  

In good count comes on the enemy;  

And, by their ground they hie, I judge their number.  

Uphe, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.  

Arch. Be not the proportion that we gave them out.  

Let me know the same, and face them in the field.  

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. Where is the great appointed leader from hence?  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. Find me, my lord, and let me know your purpose.  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace.  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. Uprose your grace do I in chief address  

The substance of my speech.  If that rebellion  

Came like itself, in base and abject views,  

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,  

And countenance’d by hoys, and baggy;  

I say, if danger connection so appear’d.  

In his true, native, and most proper shape,  

You, reserved firmer, and those noble lords,  

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  

Of base and bloody incursion.  

Why you were beseamed, You, lord archbishop,  

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain’d;  

Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath touch’d;  

Whose learning and good letters peace hath honored,  

The doze and very blessed spirit of peace.  

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself.  

Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  

Into the harsh and bolystone tongue of war?  

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood.  

Your pens to lances; and your tongue divines  

To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?  

Arch. Wherefore do I this hear the question stands.  

Bliely to this end:—We are all dissaid;  

And, with our surfeiting, and worse boys,  

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  

And we must bleed for it: of which diseases,  

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  

But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  

I take not on me here as a physician;  

Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  

Troop in the throats of military men:  

But, rather above a while like tortured war,  

To diet rank minds, sick of happiness:  

And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  

Our very veins of life.  Hear me more plainly.  

I have in equal balance justly weigh’d  

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  

We see which way the stream of those doth run,  

And are for’ard from our most quiet spheres  

By the rough torrent of occasion;  

And have the remainder of all our griefs,  

When these shall serve, to show in articles:  

Which, long ere this, we offer’d to the king,  

And mightily by that means.  

When we are wrong’d, and would unfold our griefs,  

We are denied access into his person  

Even by those men that made have done us wrong.  

The dangers of the day but newly gone,  

(Whose memory is written on the earth  

With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  

Of every minute instance, (present now,)  

Have put us in these ill-becoming arms;  

Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  

But to establish here a peace indeed,  

Concerning both in name and quality.  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. When ever yet was your appeal denied?  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. Wherein have you been called by the king?  

What poor hand had we then to grace or you on?  

That you should send this lawless bloody book  

Of total revolution with a seal divine?  

And countenance composition’s harder edge?  

Arch. My brother general, the commons,  

To this lady born an honourable,  

I made my speaker in particular.  

Westmoreland.  

Arch. There’s no need of any such redress  

Or, if there were, I have tried.  

Arch. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  

That feel the bruises of the days before;
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV.

Scene several articles herein mentioned;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are not bound to this action,
Accompanied by a true substance of form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpose, accomplish'd;
We came within our awful bands assembled,
And laid our powers to the arm of power.
What! This will I show the general. Please
you, lords.
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And other end in peace, which heaven so favours!
117 In the place of difference call the awards
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do as
[Exit West.

West. Is there a thing within my breast
That to confound of our causes we can stand.
Arch. Fear you not that: if we can make

Our such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall contain;
Our power shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

West. Well, but our valiant shall be much,
That are a sort and false-derived cause,
You, every one, nay, and your reason ramose,
Shall, to the last note of this nation:
Then are our royal faiths meritorious
We shall be sworn! with so rough a voice
That every man shall know his oath made;
And good men shall be found no partakers.
Arch. No. But, my lord; now this,—the biv

And in such sort picking grievances:

West. Then, in our death by death
Reach every man in the heart of life.

Arch. In this, we wrap our tables clean;
And keep a literary thing in the memory.

West. And may the rest be seated; that for
our present occasion.

Arch. What? To me, as to you, as to your
friends,

West. My spirit to this; and I am a friend
To all our cause, and all our cause needs.

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SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. 377

Good day to you, gentle lord, Archbishop—
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
With all them that your Book, assented by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Choosing a sort of rebel with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And rips the stitches of his favor,
Would be above the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischief might be set abroad,
In shadow of such great misfortunes! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. —Whoe hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the bowels of God?
To me, the speaker in his parliament;
To you, the ingenious voice of God himself; —
The very sparer, and intelligence;
Between the grace, the sanctity of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you receive the reverence of your place;
Employ the sanctity and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite deth his prince's name,
In deeds dissemblable? You have taken up,
Under the most solemn seal of God,
The subjects of his exultation, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Eschew up with your mad will.
Arch. —
Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But here, as you of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Get us, and crush us, in this monstrous form,
To tear you up, and clip your grace,
The parents and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn show'd from the coast,
Whereas this Hydra arm of war is born;
Whose dangerous eye may well be charm'd
With grace of our most just and right desire; —
And true obedience of this madness curb'd.
Sleep tempest to the foot at majesty.
Mord. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Host. —
And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
And if we come, their strength we'll send them;
And so, if fortune shall be kind,
And those from hence shall hold this quarrel up,
What Englishmen, we'll make them know
P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow.
Arch. —
To stand the bottom of the after-times.
West. Resent your grace, to answer them.
Host. —
How far-both you do like their articles!
P. John. I like them all, and do allow them.
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been miscarried;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrayed his meaning, and authority;
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed repair'd
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your power unto their several counsellors,
As well here: And here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and endure;
That all their arms may hear these tokens home,
Of our great hearts, and know your charge.
Arch. —
I take your princely word for these reasons;
Do, sir, give it you, and will maintain my word;
And therefore I drink unto your grace.
Host. —
To, captain, [To an Officer,] and deliver to the same
This sheet of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will well please them; He that, capt.
Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what
I have bestow'd it, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not deny you.
West. —
I am glad of it. —
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Westmoreland.
Mord. You wish me health in very happy season.
For I am, as the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But healthiness forsooth the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, even as sudden sorrow
Serves to an issue. —Some good thing comes to morrow.
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light to spirits.
Mord. So much the worse, if your own rule
be true. [Shouts within.]
P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, hark,
Now bootless is our remembrance.
Mord. This had been cheerful, after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties only are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. John.
Arch. —
Go, my lord,
Let our army be discharged to their farms.
[Exit Westmoreland.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March but in order that we may pursue the men,
We should have cope'd with.
Arch. —
Go, good lord Hastings,
And are they dismiss'd, let them march by.
[Exit Hastings.
P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall be to-night together.
[Enter Westmoreland.
Now, captain, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.
[Enter Hastings.
Host. —
My lord, our enemy is dispersed already; —
Like youthful steers unstaidely they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sportive place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrear, traitor, of high treason —
And, you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mord. Is this proceeding just and honorable?
West. Is ever assembly so? —
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John.
West. —
P. John. I sawn thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by since hearing,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels:—look to taste the slate
Mist for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallow did you these same counsellors,
Feudly brought here, and3 inconsiderably sent hence;
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd army; —
Heaven, and not we, hath mercy bought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death; —
Treason's true bed, and yielder of breath.
[Exit.}
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE IV. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give success to this debate that bleareth at our doors, We will our youth lend on to higher fields, And draw new sword but what are sanctified. Our navy is addressed, our power collected, Our subsidies in absence well invented, And every thing that serveth to our wish. Only, we want a little personal strength; And pass us, till these rebels, now about, Comes underhand the yoke of government. We'll, both which, we doubt not but your majesties Shall enjoy.

Shall I hear?

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Glaster, Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, no, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clas. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance the prince art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy; And noble offends thus may'st effect.

Of mediation, after I am dead.

Hence be his greatness, and thy other brethren;— Therefore, omit him not; but not his love:
Nor lose the good advantages of his grace, By seeming mild, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity; Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As hammerous as winter, and as sudden,
As a man concealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed;
Cheke him for falsity, and do it reverently.
When you receive his blood inclined to wrath,
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Tell that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.
Learn this, Thomas,

And these shall prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hope of gold to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
United with yon's sanguine ignition,
(As force performe, the age will pour it in.)

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As an asse stung, or rain from an angry cloud.
Clas. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clas. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? cannot thou tell that?

Clas. With Poloes, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fallest soul to breed;
And he, the noble image of my youth, Is overthrown with them.— Therefore my grief Extends itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood warm on my heart, when I do shape, In forms imaginary, the uncertain days, And return times, that thou shalt looke upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors. For when his headstrong riot hath no end,
SECOND PART OF KINGS HENRY IV.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick.

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters.

And well consider of them: Make good speed.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I infringed thee,
That thus thou movest with my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, thy heat in guilty oaths,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching long,
And bust'd with buzzing night-dews lies thy slumber;

Then in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopy of costly state,
And bell'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'tis true!
Will thou upon the high and giddy mast
Steady the shipwright's eyes, and rock his brains
In candle of the rude invasions surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the rapture follow by the top,
Curling them tawnyuous heads, and hanging them
With desiring clamours in the slippery clouds.
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes.

Canst thou, O parted sleep, give thy repose
To the wet adorers in an hour so rude,

And, in the coldest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boast,
Dost it to a king? Then, happy low lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,
your lords.

Have you read 'o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is: what rank diseases grow
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, pet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice, and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(With weary of so many) come itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beasty girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips: how changes pack
And changes all the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress
What parts just, what crosses come in sight.
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together; and, in two years after,
Were they at war? It is but eight years since:
This Percy was the man neared my soul;
Who like a thunderbolt in all my limbs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him this distance. But which of you was by
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.)

War. When Richard—with his eyes burn'd full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, few, but express'd enough:
Northumberland, thou fool, by the which
My cousin Halifacius answers my thought;
Though then, heaven knew it, I had no such

Intent,

But that necessity so brace the state;
That I and greatness were command'd to kiss
The time shall come, then did he follow is,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
Shalt break into corruption —so soon on,
Forsetting this same time's condition,
And breaking of our alliance.
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times descended;
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life: which in their mode,
And weak beginnings, lie incresed.
Such things become the hatch and brood of them;
And, by the necessary form of this, King Richard might create a perfect guesse.
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater lakensse;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unto your ends.
K. Hen. Are these things then necessary?
Then let us meet them like necessity
That same word even now cries out on us;
Yet say you to the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
War. It cannot be, my lord;
Utmost doubt doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd—Please it your majesty
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this piece in very easy.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseem'd hours, perhaps, must not
Unto your sickness.
K. Hen. I will take your counsel;
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mountjoy, Shadow, Wart, Feble, Ball-Call, and Spirit, heard.

Shal. Come, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir; an easy stirrer, by the road. And how doth my good cousin Shallow?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
Shal. And how doth my cousin, your lordship?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

Act II, Scene II.


[The Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence.] 

York: And you, my brother, howスペース1


[The Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence.] 

York: And you, my brother, how ...
make as many holes in any enemy's battle as
them hast done in a worm's egg.

Poe. I will do my good will, sir; you have
can.

Wlll. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Fool! Thou wilt be as vali-
iant as the wrathful dove, or most magnum-
ous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well,
master Shallow: deep, master Shallow.

Poe. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Shal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that
then might'st mend him, and make him fit to
go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that
is the leader of so many thousands: Let that
suffer, most forcible Fool.

Poe. It shall suffer, sir.

Poe. I am bound to thee, revered Foolish-
Whore, sir.

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Poe. Yes, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Heed sir.

Poe. 'Fere God, a likely fellow! Come, prick
me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,

Poe. What, dost thou roar before thou art
pricked?

Bull. O lord! sir! I am a diseased man.

Poe. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorsome cold, sir; a cough, sir, which
comes with pissing in the leg. It has

done upon his coronation-day, sir.

Poe. Come, then shall go to the wars in a
green coat, and you, Master Shallow, away by thy
self; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for the

Shal. Here is two more called than thy

number; you must have but four here, sir; and, if
I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Poe. Come, I will go drink with you, but I
cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in
good truth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we
lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's
Fields?

Poe. No more of that, good master Shallow,

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane
Night-work alive?

Poe. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Poe. Never, never: she would always say,
she could not go with master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to

the heart. She was then a bums-robe. Both she
bore her own way.

Poe. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose
not to be; certain, she's old; and had. Rotin Night-
work by old Night-work, before I came to
Clement's Inn.

Shal. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thus had seen
that this knight and I have seen!—ha, Sir
John, said I well?

Poe. We have heard the chimes at midnight,
many times.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we
have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-
word was, Hone, boys!—Come, let's to dinner;
I come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have
seen!—Come, come.

[Exeunt Poe. Shal. and Silence.

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand
my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings
in French crown for you. In very truth, sir,
I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet,
for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather
because I am unwilling, and for mine own part,
I have a desire to stay with my friends; else,
sir, I did not care. I do make my own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand said.

Mord. And, good master corporate captain, for

shout old dame's sake, stand my friend? she has 

shout beauty to do any thing about her, when I saw

gone: she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand said.

Poe. By my truth, I have not; a man can die

last once.—we owe God a death.—I'll never
bear a base mind.—can't be my custom, so; any

be not, so: No man's too good to serve his

prince; and, let it go which way it will, be that
this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'st a good fellow.

Poe. Failst, I'll bear no base mind.

Receiv. Fulstaff, and Justice

Ful. Comes, sir, which man shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Ful. Give you, Sir John, which four will you

have?

Shal. Do you choose for me.

Ful. Then, Master, Bull-calf, Foolish, and

Shal. Foolish, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mon-
day, stay at home still; you are past, and

and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come

in; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, you are not your-

wrong; they are your likeless men, and I

would have you served with the best.

Shal. Why, what is it, master Shallow, how to

choose a man? Care I for the flesh, the

Shal. Me, to give you this man; he presents no

mark to the enemy; the foe may mark with an
aim level at the edges of a pincushion: And, for a

retract,—how swiftly will this Foolish, the

woman's tailor, ren off? O, give me the spare

men, and spare me the good ones: Put me a
cutter into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, reverse! thus, thus, thus.

Ful. Come, manage your saddles. So very

well—go to!—very good—exceeding:

very good. O, give me always a little, base, un-
chopped, halff sholt.—Well said, fulish, Wart;

that a good sack; hold, there's a master for thee.

Shal. Nay, master, master, master. Aye, I shall

men, and spares you, red, red, red, would a say; hounce, would a say; and away

again would a go, and again would a come:—I

shall never see such a fellow.

Shal. These fellows will do well, master Shal-

Bardolph, keep your master ShalloXX: I will

not use many words with you.—Fare you well,
gentlemen both: I thank you; I must a term
mile to go, Sir John. Good day, Bardolph, give the soldiers two

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and your

affairs, and send us peace! As you return visit me.

[Exeunt Ful. and Bardolph. Shal. and Silence.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare

Gentlemen, and Shal. and Silence.

Ful. Fare you well, Sir John. Fare you well. Red

Bardolph; lead the man away. [Exeunt Ful.

Bardolph, and Shal.]
SCENE 1. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest called?

Hast. Ye Gentle Forest, Forest shall it be!

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forward To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent fords already.

Arch. My lord of York, I charge you that you be well done. My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have received, I means, Northumberland; They told intent, manner, and substance, thus—

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold intercourse with his quality. The which he could not love; whereupon He is retired, to the greatest good fortune, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overtake the hazard, And fearful meeting of their opposite. Much, that doth obey we have in him touch ground, And dwell themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Now, what news?

Mow. West of this forest, scarcely six a mile, As greatly have come on them, and by, and, by the ground they hold, I judge their number Upon, or not the rate of thirty thousand.

Arch. The just proportion that we gave them out, Let us essay on, and chance them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

Arch. What well appointed leader fronts us here?

West. Most High, it is my lord of Westmorland.

Arch. West. West, and fair greeting from our general.

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Stay on, my lord of Westmorland, in peace; What need concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord, unto your grace I do in chief address The substance of a matter. It is that rebellion Come like itself, in base and abject ruin, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage, And consented'by boys, sent leggery; I say, if damnd' submission so appear'd, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords, Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection.

With your fair heavens. You, lord archbishop— Whose sees is by a civil peace maintain'd; Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath taught Our wise Princemen; whose white investigations figure innocence, The dove and very blessed spirit of peace— Whereas do you as ill translate yourself, Out of the speech of peace, that hears each grace, Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?

Turning from books into graves, your ink to blood, Your pen to lances; and your tongue divine To a less gentle aspect of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—So the question stands Briefly to the end—We are all diseas'd; And, with our surbiting, and wanton hours, Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, And we must bleed for it; of which disease Our late king, Richard, being infected, died. But, my most noble lord of Westmorland, I take not on me here as a physician; Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,

Troop in the throngs of military men, But, rather show a while like fearful war, To dist rank minds, sick of happiness; And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly. I have in equal balance justly weigh'd What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the anger run, Are enforce'd from our most quiet spheres By the rough torrent of occasion; And have the summary of all our price, Where time shall serve, to show in articles; Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience; When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our grieves,

We are denied access into his person Even by them men that most have done us wrongs The dangers of the day but newly gone, (Whose memory is written on the earth With re-appearing eyes,) and the examples Of every minute's instance, present now, Have put us in these ill-doing arms: Not to break peace, or any branch of it; But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality, doth run.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied Whence you have been called by the king? What peer hath been authorize'd to grant you That you should send this lawless bloody book Of forgetful rebellion with a seal divine, And corroborate commission's bitter edge? Arch. My brother general, the commonswealth, To together have an honest council, I send my earrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress; Or, if there were, it not belongs to you. Much, why not to him, in part; and to us all, That set the bruises of the days before.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. 654

And in the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
God be merciful to every good lord!
Consider the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, is the time.
And not as God, that doth you injure.
Yet, for your part, it is not appertains to me,
Either from the king, as in the times of old,
Their faction will be lost in all good
To teach a grievance: Were you not then read?

To all our good and right wellremember'd father's
Misch. What thing in honour and my lord?

That need be to revive and breath't in me.
The king that lov'd him as the state stood then,
They are this day, of every sort of men,
And when, Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mov'd, and Sade mov'd in their seats,
Their faction in our power, being of the spurs,
Their anthropomorph in charge, their beavers down.
Their warplings sparkling through sight of steel,
And the loud trumpet blanketing them together:
Then, when they were upon the point to have said
My father from the branch of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his ward down,
His own life hanging upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself: and all their lives,
Then by indemnity, and by vote of sword,
Have since miscarried unto Bolingbroke.

Wilt thou speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what?
The earl of Hereford was repeated then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
What knows, on whom fortune would then have said?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne his lot of Coventry:
For all the country in a general noise,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest, and graci'd, indeed, more than the king.

But this is more derogation from my purpose,—
Here comes it from our privately general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will do to you kindness; and a herein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.
Misch. But he had for'd us to compel this offer;
And it prove'd from policy, not love.

Wilt Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, let within a bow, our army be;
Upon mine honour, all is sufficient.
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will, our hearts should be so good.

Say you not then, our offer is compel'd?
Misch. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parole.
West. That argues but the shame of your offer:
A rotten case abolis'd no handling.
West. Hush the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To bear, and absolutely to determine,
Of his conditions we shall stand upon.
West. That's intended in the general name:
I have none, you see, so slight a question.

Pho. Then, take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule;
For this contains our general grievance.

Each several article hereinafter receiv'd:
All numbers of our cause, both bare and beast,
That are knowne is to this action,
Acquainted by a speciall or materiall bond,
And present exception of our wills,
To be, and in our purpose, completed.

And make our persons to the arm of peace.
West. If you, my lord, you shew the general paine.

Pho. Yes, he,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And clinqueing on peace, which is an amazement,
Or to the place of slaughter call the sword
Which must decide it.

Arw. My lord, we will do so.

West. Misch. There is a thing within my heart,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our

Arw. Does such large terms, and so absolute,
Our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-

Arw. Well, but our valuation shall be such,
That every single and deed-served came,
Yet, every idle, me, and wasteful reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal names marred in love,
We shall be waxen'd with so much a wise,
That ever so unworthy shall appear a light as chaff.
And good from bad, no partition.

Arw. No, no, my lord; near this,—the king
Is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death
(Reveas two greater in the hours of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tale to his memory,
That may reject and history his loss;
To new remembrance: For ful well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed the land,
As his midways present occasion;
His foes are so corrected with his friends,
That, plucking to order an enemy,
He doth unsafest, and shanks a friend.
So that this hand, like an effeminate wife,
That has estranged him on to offer swords
As he is sucking, holds his infant up,
And holds resolved corrections in the arm
That was reserved to evanescence.

Arw. Besides, the king hath want'd all his rest
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instrument of punishment;
So that his power, like a fagioles lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arw. To very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord martial,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our issue will, like a brook with limb nailed,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Arw. West. The prince is here at hand; Phoebus
To meet his grace just distance 'twixt our

Arw. March your truce of York, in God's name
Then set forward.

Arw. Before, and greet his grace: my lord,
[Enter

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, the Arisb Henri, and others; from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Boro, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my lord Mowbray—
SCENE II
SECOND PART OF KIng HENRY IV.

Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishops.
Arch. As you are good, lord Hastings, and to all,
My lord of York, it better showeth with you,
When that your look, assembled by the bell,
Environed you, ye stood with reverence.
Your exposition on the holy seat;
Then now to see you here an iron man,
Charming a guest with rebel of your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that didst within a monarch’s heart,
And e’en in the sunshine of his favour,
Would be the alms of the multitude of the king,
Alack, what mischief might be set afoot,
In shadow of such greatness! With ye, lord
bishops,
It seems as well.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How done were you within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament:—
To us, the imagen’s voice of God himself.
The very speck, and intelligence,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But ye refuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the sanctimonious grace of heaven,
As a false forgery with your prince’s name;
In deeds dishonourable? Have you taken up,
Under the counterfeit seal of God;
The object of his substitute, ye father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-warranted them?
Arch. God was my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father’s peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westminster,
The time minion’s trick, in common sense,
Crowed us, and crush us, in this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I see your grace,
The parcel and particulars of our grief;
The which hath less with scorn should from the court.

Wherein this Hydra son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed
safely,
With grace of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience of the madness cur’d,
Stoop timely to the foot of rejoicing.
Mock. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Host. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And, so, success of our chief shall be to all;
And hear from hence shall hold this quarter up,
Whilest England shall have generating.
P. John. Ye access to shallow, Hastings,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleasure your grace, to answer them directly.
How far from you do they like their articles?
P. John: I like them all, and do allow them well.
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father’s honour have been misconstrued;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wasted his meaning, and authority.
My lord, these grants shall be with speed re-
dressed.
Upon my sword, they shall. If this may please
you,
Discharge your powers unto their several coun-
ties,
As we will come: And here, between the armies,
That all their eyes may hear these token heard,
Of our present arms, and amity.
And that your princely word for these re-
Arenses;
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word.
Hast. Do, captain, [To Sir John] and deliver to the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and pa-
cake.
I know, it will well please them; He be, the cap-
tain.
Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmorland.
West. I pledge your grace; And, if you knew
what pains
I have had to, breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you. West. I am glad of it.
Health to your lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowbr. Ye wish you well in health and happy
seasons.
For I am, on the sadness, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chance, men eat sure merry;
But healthiness forever the good event.
Mowbr. Shall be merry, o’er, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus.—Some good thing comes to
your season.
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowbr. Do much the worse, if your own rule be
Your best rule. West. This had been cheerful, after victory.
Arch. A piece is of the nature of a compass;
For them both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged:
1 First Westmorland.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may cross the men.
West. We should have cop’d within.
Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, are they to be dined?, let them march by.
1 First Hastings.
P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night

In Redcor Westmorland.
Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charges from you to
stand,
Will you go forth until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.
1 Redcor Hastings.
Host. My lord, our army is dispers’d already;
Like youthful storks away’d they take their
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up.
EachFuries toward his home, and sporting.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings: for the
which
I do assure thee, treader, of high treason,
And you, hard archer, may, and you, Lord Mor-
bray.
Of capital treason I charge you both.
Host. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
P. John. Do you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pass’d thee none.
I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine hon-
our,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels—look to taste this dast
Meat for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Foully fraught here, and foolishly sent hither—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered army;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to
day.
Some guard those traitors to the block of death;
Treason’s true bed, and yielder up of breath.
[Exeunt.]
SECOND PART OF

SCENE III. Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Escaramuzas. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Coe. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what degree are you, the dame? Colevile shall be your name, a traitor you are, a deep-deceived gentleman; so shall you still be Colevile of the degree.

Coe. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? Or shall I wrest your sword? I do, and they wrap for thy death; therefore come up slow and trembling, and do observe this ceremony.

Coe. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. And in that thought, yield, man.

Coe. I have a whole school of tongues in this bawdy hearing; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a tally of any indemnity, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe; My wounds, my woe, my wound undone me. Here comes some general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.

P. John. The best is past; follow me no further now.

Call in the powers commended Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this time?

Fal. When every thing is ended, then you come: Those tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, one time or other break some gallows' back.

P. John. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but relapse and knock was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my peace and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have sped better with the very extremest branch of possibility; I have founded nine score and odd points; and here, travel-tailed as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate vaticane, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, dangerous man, and traitor. What of that? he saw me, and yielded; that may justly say with the book-nosed fellow of Rome—"I come, who am, and assume." P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your business.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; on by the Lord, I will have it in a particular balled place, with mine own silver on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gift how presume to me; and, in the clear sky of fame to receive your arms, so much as the full moon doth the glimmers of the element, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. There, I think, you have right, and let discretion amount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Coe. It is, my lord.

Fal. A famous rascal art thou, Colevile.

Coe. I am a knight, sir, as any better art.

Fal. I am a knight, but as my better art had, had they been rul'd by me,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE IV. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwicke, Lock, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that blesteth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our cause is blessed, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And prised us, till those rebels, now abroad,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which, we doubt not but your royal grace
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?
P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,
As you are at Windsor.
K. Hen. And how accompanied?
P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.
K. Hen. Is he not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
P. Humph. No, no, my good lord; he is in prayer
Clos. What would my lord and father?
K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Then hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brethren: cherish him, my boy;
And noble offices then mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead.
Between his graces and thy other brethren—
Therefore, omit him not; hunt not his love:
Not lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observed;
So hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's fient;
As hammer-smiting, as eager, and as sudden
As those compelled in the spring of day.
His anger, therefore, must be well observed;
Calm him before it burn, and do it reverently.
When you perceive his blood incline to mirth;
But, being merry, give him lines and scope;
Tell of his passions, like a wheel on ground,
Confound them with working. Learn this,
And then shall proves a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brethren in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of agitation.
(Am, force perforce, the age will pour it in.)
Shall never leak, though it do work as string
As academ, or rash gunpowder.
You shall observe him with all care and love.
K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?
Clos. He is not there to-day; he dines in London
K. Hen. And how accompanied I cannot thou tell that?
Clos. With Poins, and other his continual followers.
K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to
Words and, the noble image of my youth,
Is overgrown with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself to the hour of death;
The blood swells from my heart, when I do shape
In forms imaginary, the encircling days,
That yet may be, when you shall lose upas,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong rath hath no enmity,
When rage and hot-blood are his counselors,
When maims and lvish manners meet together,
With what words they set, and what intentions?
Towards inclining peril and oppose'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language.
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
He look'd upon and learned: which once at
Your highness' known, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like great men,
The prince will, in the perfection of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must meet the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantage.
K. Hen. The scold—when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness.
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand.
Mowbray, the bishop Scr opin, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her alive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.
K. Hen. O Westmoreland, then ari a summer
Which ever in the launch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Harcourt. Her. From excites heavens keep your majesty:
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bar
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please you, contains at large.
K. Hen. How? and wherefore should these good news
And careless of your majesty,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is dizzy—
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. O my royal father! West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!
War. Be patient, prince; you do know, these fires
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot hold out these fires.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the more, that should comfort
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  AND ST.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do dead.

Undatiented, and birtly valued of nature;

Sap, and ganean, as the year has found us, since to, and wamp'd them over.

Oh! the river doth three lend, no bch between,

And the old folk, close, doing chronicles,

Say, it did so, a little while before

That our great grandad, Edward, sick'd, and died.

War. Speak low again, princess, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certainly, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[They convey the king into another par

Let there be no voices made, no gentle friends;

Unless some suit and favorable hand

Be brought to the next in the other room.

War. Call for the remede in the other room.

K. Hen. Bese the me the crown upon the pillow hang.

War. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

* * * * *

Besser Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cia. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! raih within doors, and all noise gone!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Hearst the good news yet?

Till it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lord;—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will you please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exeunt all but P. Hen.

Why look the crown in there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! I golden care

That keeps the parts of humour open wide.

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose love, with hourly bugle sound,

Dance out the watchful night. O majesty!

When those dast dash thy bearers, then dost sit

Like a rich anchor grew in heat of day,

That soils with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he aspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move—my gracious lord—my father—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden riga hath divorc'd

So many! The rose, the rose, they due, from me,

In tears, and heavy sorrow of the blood;

Who at nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall. O dear father, say thee piteously:

This, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Doth wrest itself to me. Lo, how it stirs.

[Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard:—and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

While it is to save me, as it to me. [Exeunt.

K. Hen. Warwick! Greater Clarence!}

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cia. Dost the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fare

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cia. We left the prince my brother here, my liege.

War. Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber we stood in.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth animate

My sleep this night?

First, him, my lord of Warwick;—chief him back.

[Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to ease me.—See, see, what things you are:

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

Whose golden visor so noble is!

For this the foolish ever-curious fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and piled up

The casket's heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thought so to invent

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;

Whose, like the bee, falling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thigs pack'd with wax; our mouths with honey.

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bee,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not so long

Till his friend sickness hath determined's me?

War. My lord, I found the princes in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But whitherfore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. My wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair, that

Thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honour.

Before the hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seest'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is hid behind with so went a wind,

That it will quickly drop, as my day is disc.

Thou hast aloft, that, which after a few hours,
SCENE IV.

SECOND PART KING HENRY IV.

Were thee without offence; and, at
Thine heart's content, evermore:
To thee, my sovereign, let me not,
And thou wilt have me die thereof.
There's a thousand dangers in thy thoughts:
Which none availeth on thy woe.
To death at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then go, and do thy good, and thy grace,
And bid the weary bell ring to thine ear.
That then art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my heart,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
Only compeede with forget-me-not:
Give thee, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Place down my officers, break my decease;
For now a noise is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crownd;—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all ye sage counsellors
And to the English court assemble now,
From every augur, every oracle.
Now, neighbour cowards, purge you of your senses:
Have you a raven, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest and the wittest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his guilty guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from earb'd licence pinches.
The多项 of restraint, and the wild dog
Will feel his power: in every heart;
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
And when that my care could not withstand thy voice,
What wilt thou do, when rest is thy care?
O, those shall be a wilderness again.
People with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege; but for my tears, [Kneeling.
The most improper utmost unto my speak,
I had forsworn this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And be that wears the crown immortally,
Long may ye be yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Weep and sadden; and now may your sweet spirit
Teach thee this present and exterior bearing!
Heaven withdraws me, when I do come in,
And sends me no course of breath within my bosom.

How can I, O, my liege! If I do signify,
O, let me in my present woe die;
And never live to show the incredulous world
That noble string that I have preserved.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were.)
I was to make the crown as having been,
And then upbraid it: The cares on thee depending,
Earth felt the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold,
Other, least base in heart, in more precious,
Preserving life in the meanest prince!
But these, most fine, most honour'd, most res.

Earth out thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal leges.
Around I would put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,—
A crown of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
I shall be kept from mine delight.
Died, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let that forever keep it from my head! And make me as the poorest vessel, that doth with awe and terror kneel to hit.
K. Hen. In my soul; but, my soul, I love thee not.
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence.
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love.

P. Hen. And this again, most happy, in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit down by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very last counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crooked ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinions, better confirmation;
For all this of the achievement goes.
With me into the earth. It seems in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My guilt of it by their assistance.
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold feats,
Thus send with peace! I have answer'd:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Can gain it nothing: for what in me was perish'd,
Fails upon thee in a more furious sort;
So that the grandeur was not monevously.
Yet, though thou stand'st more space than I could
That thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly taken out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And whose power I well mightledge a fear.
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to buoy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May stave the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I wish by the crown the God, forgive us;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Hen. With my gracious liege,
You win it, wept, it gave it me:
Then plain, and right, must my possession be;
Which I, with more then a common peace,
Must all the world with rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.
K. Hen. Then bring'st thou me happiness, and peace, son John;
But, health, slack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, withered trunk: upon that day,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick.
K. Hen. Doth my name particular belong
Unto the leading where I first did wear it?
War. To 've called Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Lord be to God! even there my life
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not the least be in Jerusalem.
While I shall live, I shall not see the Holy Land;
But, hear me to that chamber; there I'll be.
Is in Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Pages.

Shal. By cock and phe, sir, you shall not away to-night.

Dav. What, Davy! I say.

Shal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shalow.

Dav. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; and again, sir, Shalow shall we sow the headland with wheat.

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook—Are there any young pigeons?

Dav. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's wife, the shoewing, and ploughing.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Dav. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs he bad; and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he had the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it. Some pigeons.

Dav. A couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Dav. Both the din of war stay all night, sir.

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; a friend's plus court is better than a penny in purse.

Dav. He is very well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Shal. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.


Dav. I beseech you, sir, to consternation William Visor of Wincet against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Dav. I give you worship, that he is a knave; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some consternation at his friend's expense. And, sir, he is able to speak for himself when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot express twain in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech you worship, let him be consternation.

Shal. On to, I say, he shall have no wrong.

Dav. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, on with your boots. Give me your hand, and I will master Bardolph not be lost.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kind master Falstaff; and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Pages.] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shalow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph.]

Shal. If I were waded into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded kernies'staves as master Shalow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable conformation of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish jesters, but yet, their covering with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they find together of constant like so many wild geese. If I lose a son to master Shalow, I shall humber his heart, with the suspicion of being near their master; if in his men, I would cury with master Shalow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise-bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases; and another; therefore, he must take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shalow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions (which is four men, or two actions) and he shall laugh without intermission. O, it is a touch, that is, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloth laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shalow; I come, master Shalow.

SCENE II. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. Here now, my lord chief justice; will you away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead?

War. No, by the way of nature; and, to our purpose, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me.

War. The service that I truly did his life, hath left me open to all injuries.

Ch. Just. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

War. He is, I know, he doth not; and do am I myself, to welcome the condition of the time; which cannot look more hideously upon me than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy laces of death! O, that the living Harry had the temper of him, the worst of these three gentlemen.

Ch. Just. Peace thou, with us, lest we be heavier.

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend; indeed.

And do my lord, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be amazed what grace to find.

War. We do remember; but our argument shall be too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace we with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace thou, with us, lest we be heavier.

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend; indeed.

And do my lord, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be amazed what grace to find.

War. You stand in coldest expectation.

Ch. Just. Sweet princess, what I did, I did in honour.

P. John. Let by the impartial content of my soul; and never shall you see, that I will beg a ragged and forestal'd remission.

Ch. Just. What truth is, and what truth is, when I'll to th' king my master that is dead,
SCENE III.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

W. Hare. This is the same voice that you saw at the theatre With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my word. You shall be as a father to my youth; [hand; My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear: And I will soothe and humble my instants To your well practised, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb I am afflicting;
And with his spirit only I live,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to base and rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath greatly flow'd in vanity, till now;—
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of Gods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose that line of noble sound
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation;—
That we war, or peace, or happen;
As things acquainted and familiar to us,—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand—
To the Lord Chief Justice. Our coronation done, we will sedate,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God be willing to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to move.
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Page's Servants.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where's, is an arbour, we will sit a last year's pippin of my own greening, with a dish of carraways, and so forth—come, cousin Shallow—then to bed.

Phil. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and rich men, and rich.

Shal. Haven, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John—merry, good sir.—

Bard. Beguiled, beguiled; a very merry, good sir.

Shal. This Dasy serves you for a good man; he is your serving wench, and your husbandman.

Bard. A good wench, a very good wench, Sir John—By the mass, I have drunk too much work at a time—that's a good variety.

Shal. Now at dawn, now at night, come, cousin Sil. Ah, argh! quoth's—, we shall

Do nothing but eat, and good cheer.

[All Singing.]

And Britain bides for ever the happy day;
When flesh is food, and floating fare,
And lusty lords round here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Phil. There's a merry heart—Good master Silence, I'll give you a heart for that.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine; Dasy.

Dasy. Sweet sir, sit; [Shaking Bardolph and the Page, and matter of an hour; in a good master; good master, sit; profuse! What you want is, or best at a drink. You must be here: The heart's all.

[Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little service there, you know a good variety.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all.

[All Singing.

For women are scarce, both short and tall:
The merry in bulk, when crowds wax full.
And welcome merry eyes to see us.

Be merry, be merry, for
SCENE V. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. 180

Next day, you starved blood-hound.

Death. Goodman death! Goodman houses!

Pist. There's my money.

Death. Come, you this thing; come, you rascal!

First. Very well. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, singing Rusken.

1 Groom. More rushen, more rushen.

2 Groom. The trumpets are sumbled twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock when they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[Exit Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.

Pist. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow: I will make the king do you grace; I will hear upon him, as 'tis comes by; and do but mark the commendations that he will give me.

Shal. God bless thy tongue, good knight.

Pist. Come here, Shallow; stand behind me.

Shal. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter: this show above all others: this dish better than the seal I had to see him.

Shal. He is a creature of the most uncommon.

Shal. It doth so.

Shal. It doth.

Pist. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, nor to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most courteous.

Pist. But to stand amidst with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis a proper theme, for abeae hoc nihil est: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver; and make thee rage.

Shal. Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and catastrophic prison.

Shal. 'Tis thither.

Pist. By most mechanical and dirty hand —

Shal. Keep up your binges from slain men with fall of

Aeneas's snake.

Pist. For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Shal. He will deliver her.

Pist. [Aside.] Within, and the Trumpets sound.

Pist. They round the sea, and trumpet-staggering

Enter the King and his train, the Chief Justice among them.

Pist. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal

Hal. The heavens guard thee and keep, and most

Pist. God save thee, my sweet boy!

Hal. My lord chief justice, speak to that man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wife? know you what

Ch. Just. And to thy grace.

Pist. I'll deliver her.

Shal. The King's most humble servant, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so — that is this year

Ch. Just. And to thy grace.

Pist. The King's most humble servant, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so — that is this year

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

Pist. That is this year.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so — that is this year

First, my ear: then, my country; last, my

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so.

Ch. Just. He hath.

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

Shal. I will say so.

EPilogue.

Spoken by a Dancer.

Pist. For if you look for a good speech now,

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so — that is this year

Ch. Just. He hath.

Pist. I will say so.

Ch. Just. He hath.

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

Pist. I will say so.

Ch. Just. He hath.

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I will mean, indeed, to pay you with love; which, if, like an ill receiver, it were unlucky to lose, I break, and you, my good creatures, lose. Here, I promise you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies; in it are none, and I will pay you some, and, as most creatures do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue's scenes cannot entreat you to consent me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment;—to dance out of your door. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the goodness will not then, the gentlemens do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen.

Once more, I beseech you. If you be not too much chafed with fat meat, one honest author will comfort the sorry, with this John is it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for any thing I knew, Fair of shall be of a sweet, unless already he be in love with your hands open; for Oldcastle died a marrying, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will sit you good night: and sit down, before part.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER.
DUKE OF BEDFORD.
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
EARLS OF SALSILS, WARWICK, and WESSEX.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS ERPFHAN.
GOWER, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in the King's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the King's Army.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUCHESS OF BOURGONDE, ORLEANS, and BOUSSON.
BISHOP OF BOURGONDE, ORLEANS, and BISOU.
THE COMTESSE OF FRANCE.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
LORDS, LADIES, Officers, French and English.
Bishops, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE,—at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter Chorus.

O, for a sense of fire, that would ascend The brightest heavens of invention! A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene! Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, Assume the port of Mars: And, at his heels, Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, Crest of employment. But pardon, gentle all: The flat unerased spirit, that hath dined me, On this sad, necessary scaffold, to bring forth So great an object: Can this cockpit hold The very fields of France or may we drown Within the windows O, the very casques That did afford the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a scored figure may Attest, in little place, a million: And let us, sibyls to this great account, On your imaginary forces work: Suppose, within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchs, Whose high-upraised and aluting fronts The perious, narrow ocean parts asunder: For our impairments with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts divide one man, And make imaginary puissance: Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth: For ye your thoughts that now must deck our kings. Carry them here and there: flinging o'er time The accomplishments of many years: Into an hourglass; for the which supply, Admit me choruses to this history: Woe, woe, when such your human patience is! Genity to hear kindly when I say—

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. An antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Canst. My lord, I'll tell you—a thing shall be done. Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, But that the storming and stormous event Did push it out of further question. Ely. But here, my lord, shall we suspect it now? Canst. It must be thought on. If it were against us, We lose the heart half of our possession. For all the temporal lands, which men desire By testament have given to the church, Would they spring up as if being valued thus:—As much as would maintain the king's army. Full fifty squares and fifteen hundred knights, Six thousand and two hundred good esquires: And to relief of lesser, and weak age, Of infancy oppressed in love, so much, A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied And to the coffers of the king besides.
SCENE II.

KING HENRY V.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this oath?

Cost. The French ambassador upon that in answer,

Crowd multitude; and the hour I think is come,

Cost. The time is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. A true lover of the holy church.

Cost. The course of your youth promised it not.

The breach in sooner left his father’s body,

And that his wits, mortified in him,

Sensed to die too; yes, at that very moment,

Consideration like an angel came,

And whisper’d the offending Adam out of him:

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain his spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a neat corporal, securing state;

Nor never hydra-headed wildness

So soon did last his seat, and all at once,

As to this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cost. Hear him but reason grown in divinity,

And, all admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire, the king were made a presby.

Hear him devote of communications affairs,

You would say,—it hath been all in all his story.

Let his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A martial battle rouse’d you in music:

Turns him to many a case of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his sister; that, when he speaks,

The air, a clarion’s loud and brilliant tone,

And the mute wonder lurch’d in men’s ears,

To steal his sweet and honey’d sentences;

So that the ore and peaceful part of life

Must be the mistress to this theorist:

Which is a wonder, how his grace should glance it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain;

His companies unletter’d, rude, and shallow;

His house fill’d up with vixens, harlots, sports,

An assembly of any study,

Any retirement, any seclusion,

Of open haunts and popularities.

Ely. Cranberry groves underneath the nest

And wholesome barley thrive and ripen best,

Neighbour’d by fruct of baser quality;

And so the peace diverts his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,

Grows like the common grass, green by night,

Grows, yet green in his faculty.

How o’er you crook the sleeping sword of war?

We charge you in the name of God, take heed—

For never such nobleman did contend,

With such a许多 of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a wo, a sore complaint,

Against him, whose wrongs gave edge unto the swords

That makes such waste in brief mortality.

God of this conjunction, speak, my lord;

And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

That what you speak is in your conscience

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cost. God here be with you, gracious Sovereign, and

Your peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services

To this imperial throne—there is no bar

To make against your highness’s claim to France,

But this which they produce from Tinnevill—

In terras Scipios nullius in succedent,

No woman shall succeed to Scipio land;

Which Scipio land the French impatiently give,

To be the realm of France, and Pharlapus

The founder of this law and female bar,

They of their ancient and freebirth,

Between the Boots of Phala and of Ely;

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the

Scipios,

There left behind and settled certain French.

And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,

Here it from Edward, his great grandfather.
Which pilgrimage they with merry march bring home
To the best-royal of their emperor; Who, housed in his majesty, savours The singing masses building roofs of gold; The civil citizens knotting up the honey; The poor mechanics pattering in Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate: The end of justice, with his holy bum, Delivering war to execution pale.
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,— That many things, having full reference To one another, may work consanquently; As many nayours, housed several ways, So by one man, 
As many several ways meet in one town; As many fresh streams run in one self sea; As many hubs close in the dull's centre; So may a thousand actions, once said, End in one purpose, and be all well borne. Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four; Wherefore take you our quarter into France, And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. If we, with thence that power set at home, Cannot defend our own door from the dog, Let us be warriors; and our nation lose.
The name of luxurice, and policy.
K. Hen. Call to the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his Throne.
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,— And yours, the noble pleasure of our power,— France being sure, we'll bend it to our saw, Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit, Ruling, in large and ample empire, Our France, and all her almost kindred dukedoms: Or lay these hands in an unworthy ore, Till these, with no remembrance over them: Either our history shall, with full mouth, Speak freely of our face; or else our grave, Like Turkish mock, shall have a troublesome mouth, Nor worthy'd with a vileness epitaph.

[Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure of our fair companion, as we hear, Your greeting is from him, not from the king. And, May I please your majesty, to give me leave, To tender what we have in charge; Or, if the Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy? K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian prince Unto whose grace our position is an subject, As are our wranglings betwixt our princes These, with frank and with uncurbed plainness.
Tell us the Dauphin's mind. And, To those that have, in few:
Your highness, lately sending to France, Has chance some certain dukedoms, in the right Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third, In answer of which claim, the prince our master sent at— that you save your too much of your youth, And bids you be advised there's thought in France, That this be with a simple galliard won: You cannot reply into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, master for your spirit, The letter of our covenants, and in this Heique that the dukedoms, that you claim, As this the Dauphin speaks, cause some duke? Tennis-balls, my liege, that the Dauphin is so pleased with our pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd the dukedoms to these balls, We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set, Shall strike his father's crown into the hatred; Tell me, by what means, and in each such a stranger,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd With changes. And we understand him well. How he comes o'er us with our wilder days, Not measuring what we made of them. We never valued this poor seat of Englands: And therefore, living hence, did give ourself To barbarous license; As it's ever common, That men are nearest when they are from home. But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state; Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness; When I do cause me in my throne of France: For that I have laid by my majesty, And pleased like a man for working days; But I will rise there with so full a glory, That I will dazzle all the eyes of France.
Now, strike the Dauphin, bold honours on us. And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his Brother turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul Shall stand secure for the wasteful vengeance That shall by with them: for many a thousand
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hands. Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down; And some are ye sot upon, and unborn, That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal; And in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightful hand in a well hallay'd cause. So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin. His jest will savour but of shallow wit, When thousands weep, more than did laugh at
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[Enter Ambassadors of France.
K. Hen. This was a merry message. [Exit.

[Descends from his Throne. Therefore, my lords, 
That may give fartherance to our expedition: For we have now no thought in but France; Save those to God, that ran before our business. Therefore, let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected; and all things thought upon, That may, with reasonable swiftness add More feathers to our wings; for, God before, We shall, as this Dauphin, at his father's deer. Therefore, let every man now task his thought, That this fair action may on foot be brought.

ACT II.

Enter Charles. Chr. Now all the youth of England are on fire. And altho' dauntless in the warlike troops; Now thrive the armours and honor's thought. Religion solely in the breast of every man: They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse; Following the mirror of all Christian kings; With winged heels, as English mercuryes. For now ait Expectation in the air; And holds a sacred, form hills unto the point, With crowns imperial, crowns and emperors, Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advow'd to their quick intelligence Of this most dreadful preparation, Shake in their fears: and with pale policy Seek to serve their purposes.

[End of scene.]

O England! mould to thy inward greatness,
KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

Scene I. The Camp before Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, the Duke of Bedford, and others.

Henry: Do all expect that you should come yourself, As did the former lions of your blood.

Duke: They know your works, your cause, your means, and might.

Henry: So hath your highness; never king of England Had nobler shafts, and more lively arrows, than yours.

Duke: Whose hearts have left their bodies here in France, And in pavilions in the fields of France.

Henry: Cont. O, let their bodies follow, my dear boys.

Duke: With blood, and sword, and fire, to win right.

Henry: In aid whereof, we of the spirituality Will raise your highness such a mighty sum, As never did the energy at our time.

Duke: Bring in to any of your ancestors.

Henry: A. H. We must not only arm to intrude

Duke: But lay down our proportions to defend Against the Scot, who will make read upon

Henry: With all advantage.

Duke: Cont. They of those marches, gracious soe

Henry: Shall be a well sufficient to defend

Duke: Our island from the pillaging borderers.

Henry: A. H. We do not mean the meaning mischief

Duke: But fear the main intendment of the Scot,

Henry: Who hath been still a greedy neighbour to us:

Duke: For you shall read, that my great grandfather

Henry: Never went with his forces into France,

Duke: But that the Scotchmen did come pouring, like the tide into a breach,

Henry: With simple and straightforward of his forces;

Duke: Glazed in wanton heat, and chafed in

Henry: Girdled with proverb sung, castles and towns;

Duke: That England, being empty of defence,

Henry: Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour.

Duke: Cont. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

Henry: For her her but exemplified by herself;

Duke: When all her chivalry had been in France,

Henry: She hath herself not only well defended,

Duke: But taken, and imprisoned as a slave;

Henry: The king of Scots; whom she did send to France.

Duke: To fill King Edward's fame with presump'tious lies,

Henry: And made her rich with pretexts of praise,

Duke: As is the nose and bottom of the sea

Henry: With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

Duke: If so, there's a very old and true proverb;

Henry: If that you will France win,

Duke: Then with Scotland first begin.

Henry: For once the eagle English being in prey,

Duke: To her unacquainted meet the weekly scot;

Henry: Comes marching, and so each her proximity eggs;

Duke: Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,

Henry: To smell and have more than she can eat.

Duke: If such be the man, the cat must stay at home;

Henry: Yet that is but a cruel necessity;

Duke: Since we have looks to safeguard necessaries,

Henry: And pretty true to carry at time through;

Duke: While the armed hand doth right abroad,

Henry: The armed hand defend itself at home;

Duke: For government, though high, and low, and lower,

Henry: Put into parts, both keep in one account;

Duke: Congruing in a full and natural close.

Henry: Like musick.

Duke: Cont. True; therefore doth heaven divide

Duke: The state of man in divers fortunes,

Henry: Setting endeavours in continual motions;

Duke: To which we are as an aim or butt,

Henry: (Cont.) for so work the honey bee;

Duke: Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach

Henry: The easy way to a prodigious kingdom;

Duke: They have a king, and officers of sorts;

Henry: Wherease, like magistrates, correct at home;

Duke: Others, like soldiers, armed in their colonies;

Henry: Make boot upon the summer's velvet lily;
When we have match'd our racks in these balls, We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set, Shall strike his father's crown into the hearst: Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler, That all the courts of France will be disturb'd With clowns. And we understand him well How he comes o'er us with our wilder days, Not measuring what we made of them. We never valued this you seat of England: And therefore, living hence, did give ourselves To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common, That men are exercised when they are from home. But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state: He's like a king, and show my suit of greatness. When I do come in my throne of France: For that I have laid by my majesty, And published like a man for working-days; But I will wise there with so full a glory, That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, Ye, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. And tell the pleasant prices, most of his Hail marv'd his balls to gran-stones; and his soft Shall stand some charges for the wasteful con- sequence That shall fly with them: for many a thousand Witres Shall this his mock muck out of their dear hus- bands, Mock murther from their sons, mock castles down: And some are yet ungot, and unform'd, That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's born. But this lies all within the will of God. To whom I am subject: and in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on, To wage me as I may, and put forth My right hand in a well-got cause. So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauph- in. His jest shall savour but of shallow wit. When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. Convey them with safe conduct.—Pam you well. [Exit Ambassador.] Bar. This was a merry manage. K. Hen. We hope to make the worse flesh thus at it! [Descends from his throne. Therefore, my lords, respect on happy England. That may give furtherance to our expedition: For we have now no thought in us but France; Save those to God, that run before our business. Therefore, let our propositions for these wars Be soon collected; and all things thought upon, That may, with reasonable wellliness add More feathers to our wings: for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door; Therefore, let every man now think his thought, That this fair action may us fast be brought. [Exit.]

ACT II.

Enter Charles, Chor. Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire And each man's blood is in his veins; the last Knoweth no rest, nor the first, not know. They sell the pastures now, to buy the guns; Following the mirror of all Christian kings, With whipted bands, as English mercenaries. For now the expectation in the air; And hides a sword, from hence into another point, With crowns impasted, and crowns impasted, Promised to Harry, and his followers. The French, advis'd of this intelligence Of this most dreadful preparation, Shake in their fear; and with sale policy Such to divert the English, that the English, O England I model in thy inward greatness,
KING HENRY V.

Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?
But see the fault! France hath in her found out
A rest of hollow boors, which she fills
With treacherous cronies, and three corrupted men—
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.—
Here, for the gift of France, (O guilt, indeed!) Confess'd conspires with hardy France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die (If hell and treason hold their promises.)
Else he be taken ship for France, and in Southampton
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed:
The king is now at London, and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And through to France shall we convey you safe.
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas,
To give you gentle pain, for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomacher with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we sail our scene. [Exit.]

SCENE I. The same. Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What are ancient Pistol and your friends?

Nym. For my part, I care not; I say little but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—be laugh will be as it may. I dare not fight for another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, thanke it of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the return of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did not come for these truelogings: for what's trueloging?—Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and may have their threats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience is a tired mare yet she will pld. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife—good corporal, be patient here. [Now now, how mine host Pistol.

Pist. Base thee, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term. Nor shall my Nym be foiled.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long; for we can neither lodge and board a dozen or twenty gentlemen, that live honestly by the pricking of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bad and house straight. [Nym draws his sword.] O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now we shall see willful artists and murder commit.

Bard. By God Lieutenant Bardolph, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Quick. Come, Good Corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shuff off? I would have you solus. [Striking his sword.]

Pist. Sabre, magistrates do they shuff? Wiper vyle! The solus in thy most crucible bone; The solus in thy teeth, and in thy mouth; And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do return the solus in thy bosom: For I can take, and at Pistol's crack it is.

Quick. And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Bartholomew; you cannot conjure me. I have a humour to knock you indifferent well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rasp, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Bard. O brawgard vyle, and damnel faries weght! The green knaps, and dotted death is near; Therefore exhale: [Pistol and Nym draw.]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, he'll run him up to the huts, as I am a swearer. [Drum.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fiery shald:

Quick. Give me thy fit, thy fore foot to me give; Thy spirit must stand.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that's the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe is gorse, that's the word! the day again,

O bound of Crete, think'nest thou my spouse to get,

No; to the spitting world, and powder of infamy

Fetch forth the liver kite of Crescant's kind,

Doll Tear-shee she by name, and her courage I have, and I will hold, peace! Quickly, take the only she; and—France, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master—and, you hostess—he is very sick, and would to bed—good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-man; 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you young rascal.

Quick. By my troth, he yield the crow a pinching one of these days: the king has killed his heart in company.

[Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats through.

Pist. Let floods o'erwell, and friends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at setting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. Nym, that now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compounded; Push Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Base thine is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then enmities with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you atsetting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And friendship shall come, and brotherhood; I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; This is not this just—for me Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble!
Scene II. Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter Essex, Basset, and Westmorland.

Bass. Verily God, his grace is bold, to trust these treachors.

Essex. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even do they bear themselves!

As if digression in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bass. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By the interception which they dream not of.

Essex. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath clad and graed with princely favour,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Lord, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now stir the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of

Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts;

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,

Will cut their passage through the force of

France?

Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his part.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well

Carry not a heart with us from hence,

That grows not in a fair consent with ours;

Nor leave not one behind, that doth not weigh

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared and,

lord'd,

Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Great. Even those that were your father's enemies,

Have sleep'd their galls in honey; and do serve

you

With hearts erect of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of

thankful joy;

And shall forget the office of our hand,

Flower than quintain of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steadied sinews

tell.

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. As we judge no less.—Tell me, Lord

Essex, Enlarges the man committed yesterday,

That rebel against our person; we consider,

It was of waste that set him on;

And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security;

Let him be punish'd, or for punishment,

Let him be! let the sharp sword, by his sufferance, undo so much a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give

a fair life.

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Also, your too much love and cares of

me.

Are heavy crimes against this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on dissembler,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye.

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray,—in their

dear cares,

And tender preservation of our person.—

Would, have he punish'd. And now to our

French causes:

Who are the late commissioners?—

Cam. In my lord's ear,

Your highness made me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Gray. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, said of Cambridge,

Thine, there, is sure, and clear of whatever

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and,

Sir knight,

Gray. Of Northumberland, this name is yours—

Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.

My lord of Westmorland,—and uncle Essex,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, great

thieves?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion? I look ye, how they change?

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowardly and chased your blood

Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all assent.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late.

By your own counsel is suppress'd and hid:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reason turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them—

See you, my princes, and my noble peers.

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here—

You know, how apt my love was, to accord

To furnish him with all appendages

Belonging to his honour; and this man

Hath, for a light crossbow, lightly considger'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,

This knight, no less for honesty bound to us

Than Cambridge is,—blest likewise sworn.—

But O! What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou, this libel buries the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have rended me into gold,

Would'st thou, for thy use, for thy use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extremly one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils swarm in either's purpose,

Worsho, so fatal a cause.

That admiration did not wheop at them:
KING HENRY V.

SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Pistol. Pray thee, honest husband, let me have a word with thee.

Nym. For my hearty heart doth yearn—Bardolph, be briefer; Nym, voice thy naming, boy.

Boy. lest thy courage fail again for Falstaff's life. Anddest as many years therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, where nearer he is, either in heaven or in hell! Quickly. Nay, say, he's not in hell; he's to Arden's bower, if ever man went to Arden's bower. He made a finer end, and went away so it had been any Christian child: it was even just between twelve and one, o'clock turning the side for after I saw him tumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his son was as sharp as a saw, and as lubberly of green fields. How now, Sir John! speak what man be of good cheese. So a chattel. Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that's a did not.

Boy. Yes, that's a did; and said, they were devils inseparable.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. And never, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, love women; but then he was rhematical; and marked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, sir, a saw a him stick upon Bardolph's nose: and 'tis said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire.

Bard. Well, the fire is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Quick. Shall we shground it? the king will be gone from Southwark.

Pistol. Come, let's away. —My love, give me thy lips.

Lock to my chaffels, and my委员会;

Let sense rule: the word is, Pitch and Pay,

Trust none;

For our claws are strong, man's faiths are wearisome.

Go clear thy crystals. —Yeke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horsebacked, my boys;

To suck the devil, the very blood to such a sound.

Boy. And that is but unworthy food, that...
KING HENRY V.

SCENE IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Enter the French King, attended by the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus some the English with full power upon us; And more than carefully it concerns,

What men of courage, and with means decent,

For England his approaches makes as force, As success to the marching and招收, It free us, to be as present,

As free may touch us, of late examples, And by the fatal and enangled English

Upon our fields;

My most august father,

It is most sure we are at that the free; For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, Though you may not to the house, the generality,

But that therefore, sooner, sooner, preparations, Should be in maintenance, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in preparation.

Therefore, I say, ’tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and weak parts of France,

And let us do it with this show of force:

No, with no more, than if we heard that England Were loaded with a Whiteman pursuivante:

For, my good liege, she is as silly king'd,

Her people so formidable as none,

As said, and, famous among, hollow, humours youth,

That bear arms for her son.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:

Concern your grave the late ambassadors,—

With what great mass he heard their embassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How much in execution, and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, the vanities fore-spend

Were but the snare of the Roman Brutus,

Cutting conscripts, with a sort of folly;

As gardners in his sauce hide those roots

That shall first grow, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'twas not so, my lord high constable.

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In some of defence, we best to weight

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

As the proportions of defence are void;

Without, of merely projection, Dost, like a ass, spoil his coat, with seeming

And little cloak.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;

And princes, look, you strong arms are meet

The kindness of him hath been pleased upon him;

And he is lord lest all that bloody strain,

Which reigns over, in our familiar paths;

Without, and mirth and merriment,

When Cornet battle fairly was attack, And all our forces rap'd by the hand.

Oh, that black mantle, Edward Black Prince of Wales,

While that his mountain sit,—on mountain

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—

Saw his heroic heed, and smild't to see him Mangle the work of tyrants, and the face

The patterns that by God and by French fathers Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us hear

The nature mighty and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.


Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.

You see, this cause is holy follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs

Most attack their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,

Run far before them. My good sovereign,

Take up the English short, and let them know

Of what a monarch you are the head;

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-wooing.
Thou say'st my king: and, if your father's highness
Do mean, in grant of all demands at large,
Because the bitter mock he sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That cause and worthy vaunings of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordainance.

[Aside. May, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but this with England: so that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris books.

Else, he'll make your Paris Leurve shanks
shakes for it.

Whereat is the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these we masters now: now we weight time,
Even to the utmost grain: which you shall read
Is your own lines, if he stay in France.

[Aside. May. Tomorrow shall you know our state at full.

Now approach us with all speed, lest our

Come here himself to question our delay;
Or he is fetched in this land already.

[Aside. May. You shall be soon despatch'd, with

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Tempts with imagined wing our swift
Scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embrace his royalty; and his brave fleet
With all their streamers the young Phoebus fun
ning.

Play with your ballists; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackles, ship-boys climbing:

[Ship's whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confound'd: behold the thunder's sail,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottonas through the furious sea.

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to stagger of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight,
still,
Guarded with gruidairs, babes, and old wom-

Either part, or not arriv'd to, path and puissance:

[For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing bear, that will not follow
These could, and choice-drawn to France;

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a surge:

Behold the ordinance on their carryings.
With fatal mouths gaping on glorious Harfleur.

[Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
back.

Tell Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter: and with her, to dovery
Some posty and unproffizable documents.

The offer likes not: and the sinister gurner
With linianck now the devilish cannon touches, [Alarums; and Chambers go off.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,

And check our performance with your mind.

[Exit.

SCENE I. The same. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Essex, Bedford, Gist, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

[Exeunt. May. One more unto the breach, dear friends, once more.
Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillness and humility: But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then the ear of man doth hear it as the voice of the lion: Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Douse in your scarlet honour and your hardware: For the wrong is on our side, the cause of King. Let it fly through the portage of the hand, Like the brave cannon: let the bow o'er-the

As fearfully, as doth a gallant rock
Overhang and justify his confounded base,
Swelling with the wild and wasteful ocean:
Now set the teeth, and stretch the sinew wide; Hold hard the breach, and bend up every spirit To his full height!—On, on, ye noble English, Whose blood is let from fathers of war-proof! Fathers, that, like so many Alexander's, Have, in these parts from more ill issues fought, And shall't their swords for lack of argument; Dishonour not your mothers; now arise, That those, when you call'd fathers, did begot you! Be early now to men of greater blood, And learn them how to war—And you, good yeomen, Whose lives were made in England, show us here

The matter of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worthy your breaching: which I don't not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,

SCENE II. The same.

Forese pass over: then enter Nym, Bardolfo, Pistol, and Boy.

Boy. Oa, on, on, on, out to the breach! to

[To the breach:

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knockers
Are too hot: and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for har-

[Nooners do shun:

Knocks go and come! God's vassals drop and die: And sword and shield, on bloody field,

Dish us immemorial fame.

Boy. Would, I were in an alms-house in Len-

cion! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

[If it

Wishes would prevail with me. My purpose should not fail with me, 

But other would he have.

Boy. As early, but not so early. As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's peace!—Up to the preachares, you

[To the breach:

Rascal! will you not stand to the preachares? [Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of

Would!
Scene III.

KING HENRY V

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage! Abate thy rage, great Prince! Grant mercy, great Prince! Abate thy rage! use lenity, sweet church.

[Exeunt Nyms, Peace, and Bardolph, following with Finidell.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three weary-throw. I am but to thee all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such nickies do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd, and red-liver'd: by the means whereof, 'tis fears me out, but fights not. For Peace, he hath a chilling tongue, and a quiet word: by the means whereof, 'tis breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nyms, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scarce to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with a few good deeds: for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will weep any thing, and call it, perjur-ous. Bardolph stole a late coat; broke it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-crowns. Nyms and Bardolph were seen to be hunting; and in Calais they stole a fleshe-lover: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would have sold their souls, had they been able; for I should see as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much upon any man, and, if I should take another's pocket, to put into mine: for it is plain pocketing of wrongs. I must leave them, and another seek my fortunes: their vil-

Easter Day.

[Enter Finidell, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Macmorris, you must come presently to the mine. The news that came of Gloucester would speak with you.

Boy. To the mine! tell you the duke, it is not so easy to come to the mines: For, look you, the mine is not according to the disciplines of the war: the convenience of it is not sufficient: For, look you, the advantage (you may discourse unto the duke, look you) is slight himself four yard from the coal: by Cheshunt, I think, 'twill push up all well, if there be not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloucester, by whom the order of the war is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, (a gallant.) Pla. It is Captain Macmorris, it is not.

Gow. I know it is.

Boy. By Cheshunt, he is an ass, as in the obit; I will verify as ends to his peace; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the war, than you have of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.

Gow. Here comes a mine, and the Scotts captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Pla. Captain Macmorris is a marvellous valiant gentleman, that is certain; and of great expe-

K. Hen. How yet reachest thou the governor of the town?

The Governo and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter King Henry and his Trays.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris? I have brought you a mine in your hand, Sir Cheshunt, that ill done; the world by-gives over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ill is done; it ill give over: I would have blown up the town, so Chesh unt save me, to an end. I will ill done; by my hand, ill done!

Pla. Captain Macmorris, I search you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few dispa-

Gow. To the mine! tell you the duke, it is not so easy to come to the mines: For, look you, the mine is not according to the disciplines of the war: the convenience of it is not sufficient: For, look you, the advantage (you may discourse unto the duke, look you) is slight himself four yard from the coal: by Cheshunt, I think, 'twill push up all well, if there be not better directions.

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Pla. Captain Macmorris is a marvellous valiant gentleman, that is certain; and of great expe-
dition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions:

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Pla. Captain Macmorris, I search you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few dispa-
tuations with you, as partly touching or con-
KING HENRY V.

With conscience wide as hell; moving like

Your beholden virgins, and your flowering in-

What is it then to me, if ingrate war—

Army in flames, like to the prince of floods,—

Do, with his sirrit’d complexion, all full tears

Enlight’d to waste and dissipation !

What let to me, when you yourselves are causes,

If your pure muses fall into the hand

Or hot and forcing violation !

Red color hasting winged wicknesses,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bloodless wound our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As red precepts to the Levisham

To come again. Therefore, thou men of Har-

feur.

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

While yet my soldiers are in my command ;—

While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

Overseas the fiery and conflagrating clouds.

Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment, to seek

And drink your sturdy midst with red hand

Dread the locks of your shrill-squeaking daugh-

ters !

Your naked infants split upon pikes ;—

While the mad mothers with their howls com-

fand

De break the clouds, as did the wives of Jerzy

At Haddo’s bloody hunting slaughterman.

What say you now, will you yield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy’d ?

Our expectation has this day an end :

The Dauphin, whom of seecour we estranged,

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,

We held our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy !

Enter our gates; disperse to your command,

For we no longer are defensible.

Kath. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Ex-

cetera.

Do you and enter Hartford ; there remain,

And set it stately against the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—

The winter coming on, and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers,—we’ll retire to Colis.

To-night in Hartford will we be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we addressed.

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.

SCENE IV. Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu es une Anglaise, et tu ne

parles bien le langage.

Alice. On peu, madame.

Kath. Je parle bien, je ne parle pas.

Alice. Les anglais? nous, oui, n’oublie pas.

Kath. Les anglais, de la langue, de la

grace. Je pense, que je suis le bon sceleur. J’y

gagner deux mots d’Anglois esienter. Com-

ment appellez-vous les anglais?

Alice. Les anglais? les Anglais, de la

Kath. De la faute. Etes-vous parfaite ?

Alice. Oui bien dit, madame; il est fort beau.

Anglois. Dites moy en Anglais, le broe.

Alice. De muer, madame.

Kath. Ete comme.

Alice. Dite. De muer, madame.

Kath. De l’armée, madame.

Alice. Dite. De muer, madame.

Kath. De l’armée, madame.

Alice. De l’armée, madame.

Kath. Eh bien donc.

Alice. De l’armée, madame.

SCENE V. The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French king, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. "Ts certain, he had pass’d the river

Some. Can. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all.

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Duc d’Albion. Shall a few sprays of us—

The emptying of our father’s lusury,

Our arms put in wind and wavy way,

Spread up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlock their graverons.

Duc. Normans, but bastard Normans, Ro-

man bastards!

More de ma vie! if they march along

Nought withal, but will we nourish our,

To buy a slow-by and a dirty farm

In that nook shadow like of Albion.

Con. Duc de battleurs! where have they this

meat? Is not their climate froggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

Killing their fruit with frowns! Can sodden

A drench for sun-reidian Jades, their harry breath,

Desecr to cold blood to such valiant heat !

And shew their face, as if it were a

Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roving leekes.

Upon our hostels! that’s a more easy

people

Spread drops of gallant youth in our rich field!

 Poe-w-one may call their, in their native land.
SCENE VI.

KING HENRY V.

Dow. By faith and honour, Our maiden mock at us; and plainly say,
Our merit is your princely benefit,
Thereunto be the lust of English youth.
To new-seen France with bastinado warriors.
How? They bid us—to the English dancing-schools.
And teachlead high, and swift curasses;
Saying our grace is quite in our heads,
And that we are most holy Rammaways.

Fr. King. Where is Monmouth, the herald?
He shall conduct hence.
Let him gape: England with our sharp defiance,
Up, princes; and with spirit of honour edge.
More sharper than your swords, his to the field:
Charles de Tackern, high constable of France;
You duke of Orleans, Brabant, Duke of Berry,
Alencon, Burgundy, and Harcourt;
Jacques Chaillollon, Rambures, Vescelmont,
Beaumont, Grandson, Roel, and Pamoumug,
Fife, Lescuille, Boultaigp, and Charolais;
High duke, great princes, burns, lords, and knights.

Fr. King. For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Hony England, that sweeps through our land;
With persons painted in the blood of Harleby's death, on his horse, as doth the welldrawn snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vexed areas,
The Alps down spat and void his renown upon;
Our forces upon him, and up have never enough;
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him the prince.

Cos. This becomes the great
Bovy am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers seek, and famine on our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer on his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Monmouth:
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give—
Prince Dampnyn, you shall stay with us to
Hasten.

Dow. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
With us.
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Grosver and Fallow.

Grosver. How now, Captain Fallow, come you from the bridge.
Fallow. I am sure you, there is very excellent service
accomplished at the bridge.
Grosver. Is the duke of Exeter said so?
Fallow. The duke of Exeter is as erudite
As Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor, with my soul, and my heart, and my
eye, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers; he is not God he is praised, and
great; but, in the faith, he keeps the
praise most valiantly, with excellent discipline.
There is a student there at the bridge—[I think
in my capacity, he is as valiant as Mark
Anthony; and he is a man of no estimation to
the world; I did now hear do gallant service.
Grosver. What can you call him?
Fallow. He is called—ancient Pastel.
Grosver. I know him not.

Enter Pastel.

Pastel. Do you not know him? Here comes the
Great Captain, his command to do no favour
The duke of Exeter most loves the same well.

Fallow. Ay, I praise God; and I have marriedsome love at his hands.

Pastel. The king, a soldier, firm, and sound of
heart,
Of barbarous valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And gentle fortune, forked his fickle wheel.
That goddess blind,
That smiles upon the rolling random stone.—
Pastel. By your patience, ancient Pastel. Fortune
is painted blind, with a waller before her eyes,
To signify to you that fortune is blind; And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you
which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and
inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities;
and her foot, lock you, is fixed upon a spheric
stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—
In good sooth, the poet's grammar must excels a
description of fortunes; fortune, lock you,
is an excellent moral.

Pastel. Fallow is Harlepy's foe, and frowns
on him;
For he beheld sidneys a pie, and hanged mustn't he
A damned death?
Let gallowags right for dog, let man go free,
And let not keep his wolfgang sufficient.

Pastel. Ay, and let not Harlepy's vital thread he cut
With eddies of paper or paper;—
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee
require.

Fallow. Ancient Pastel, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Pastel. Why then rejoice therefore.
Fallow. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to
rejoice at; for it, look you, he were my brother,
I would pack the duke to use his good pleasures,
and put him to executions; our discipline ought
be used.

Pastel. Doe and be damned's; and Age for thy
bravery!

Fallow. It is well.

Pastel. The flag of Spain! [Exeit Pastel.
Fallow. Very good.

Grosver. Why, this is aarrant counterfeit rascal;
Remember him now; a bawd; a cripple.
Fallow. I'll make you sure, their name is a
stage word at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's day; but it is very well; what he best spoke to
me, that is well, I warn you, when time is
serve.

Grosver. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue: that
now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself,
at his return into London, node the love of a
soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commander's names; and they will learn you
by rules, where services were done—at such and such a conquest, at such a trench, at such a
convey; who came off bravely, who was shot,
who died; and what losses; the enemy stood on;
and this they say perfectly in the phrase of
war, which they trick up with new-fangled names:
And what the beauty of a general's art, and a
horrid out of the camp, will do among naming
battles and a-styled wars, it is wonderful to be
thought; but you must hear to know such
sandals of the age, or else you may be
marrable mistaken.

Fallow. I know you what, Captain Grosver;—I do
receive, he is not the man that he would gladly
make show to the world he is; if I find a hole
in his story, I will tell you my mind.

[Grosver bow'd.] Back you, the king is coming; and
I must speak with him from the bridge.

Enter King Henry, Grosver, and Soldiers.

Fallow. I give your majesty.
K. Hen. How now, Fallow; I cannot trust
from the bridge?
Fallow. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke
Go, bid thy master well advise himself;
If we may pass, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your lawfull ground with your red coat
And with your tars be backward. Master Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is this: We would not seek a battle, as we are; Now, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell thy master.
Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
Gis. I hope, they will not come upon us now.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in their.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

Scene VII.
The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, and others.

Const. Ta! I have the best armour of the world.—Would it were day!
Ort. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.
Dau. Is he the horse of Europe.
Ort. Will it never be morning?
Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.—
Ort. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that trades bet on four parties. C'est la! He bounces from the earth, as if its entrails were hairs; is clever, vigilant, the Pegase, qui a les marines de feu. When I beset him, I swear, I am a hawk: he treats the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Harpies.
Ort. He's of the colour of the muntjac.
Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Persians: he is pure air and fire; and the four elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stilleth, whilst his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.
Const. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.
Dau. It is the prince of paltry; his neck is like the blessing of a monarch, and his countenance ever so fair.
Ort. No more, constable.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the dark to the lodging of the lamb, very deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the words into eloquent tongue, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereignty in use on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wish a saucet in his praise, and began thus: Wonder of nature.—
Ort. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.
Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.
Orl. Your mistress bears well.
Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and ornament of a good and particular mistress.
Con. Ma foi! the other day, notwithstanding, your mistress touched you on the back.
Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.
Con. Mine was not broidered.
Dau. Of course, belle; it was old and stiff; and you rode like a horse of Ireland, your French hoss off, and in your strait treasurs.

Stand in our way, here's for thy labour,
Montjoy.
KING HENRY V.

Con. Who hath measured the ground? 

Mas. The Lord Grandison.

Con. Alfred, and the same expert gentlemen; 

Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He languished not for the drawing as we do. 

Or. What a writhe and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge! 

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. 

Or. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. 

Rum. That island of England breeds so many valiant creatures; their muskets are of unmatched courage.

Or. Furious curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crusted like rotten apples. You may as well say,—that's a valiant face, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. 

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the muskets, in nostrums and rough combing on, leaving their withs with their wives; and then give them great mounds of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. 

Or. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef. 

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it? 

Or. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,— 

We shall have such a hundred Englishmen. 

[Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Chaunt. 

Char. Now entertain conjecture of a time, 
When creeping morrow, and the purging dark, 
Fills the wide vessel of the universe. 

From sleep to sleep, through the foul womb of night, 

The hums of either army softly sounds, 
That the Ex'rd receive 

The secret whispers of each other watch: 
Fiercely-wise fies; and through their pale frames 
Each battle sees the other's ward.
KING HENRY V.

K. Hen. No, I saw a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?


Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his lock about his pate.

Upon Saint Dervy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, but let him knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinman too.

Pist. The fees for three men?

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

K. Hen. It suits well with your favours.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Capitain Fluellen?

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshin Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when some good statutes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle twaddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonious of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the secrecy of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is head; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, thank you, that we should also, look ye, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exit Gower and Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of custom, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Courtenay, and Williams.

Cour. Brother John Bates, is not the morning which breaks yonder?

Bate. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see sooner the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend?

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentlemen: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreaked upon a stock, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bate. He hath not told his thoughts to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.

Pist. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet sniffs him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; the hours have but human conditions: his counsels laid by, in his wakeness he appears but a man; and though his affection and higher natures than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing: therefore when he see reason of fears, as we do, his fear, out of doubt, be of the same relics as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should disenchant his army.

Bate. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as this, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would be, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quill here.

K. Hen. By my truth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.
SCENE I.

KING HENRY V.

Act 3, Scene 1

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after this. Will. Marve! you'll pay him then; that's a serious shot out of an elder gun, but a poor and private dissembler can go against a monarch! you may as well as shew the sun to be, with setting in his face with a peacock's feather. you'll never trust his word after this comes; he's a foolish saying. K. Hen. Your reproach is something too sound; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient. Will. Let it be a question between us, if you live. K. Hen. I engage it. Will. How shall I know thee again? K. Hen. Give me any sign of thine, and I will wear it in my bosom; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make my point inquired. Will. Here's my glove, give me another of thine. K. Hen. There. Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This is my glove by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear. K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge thee. Will. Thou dost as well as hang'd. K. Hen. I will do it, though I took thee in the king's company. Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well. Hates. Be friends, you English, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon. K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will best us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to eat French crown: and to morrow, the king himself will be a skipper. Will. A skipper of Natural Soldiers. Upon the king! let us live, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins, lay on the king—we must bear all. O hard condition! nicknamed with greatness, Subjected to the length of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy! And what have kings, that have privates not too, have ceremony, saw general ceremony! And what act this, these little ceremony? What kind of god are thou, that suffer'st more Of mortals' glee, than dost thy worshipper? What are thy reins? what are thy couplings? (0 ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of admiration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wheresoe'er thou art less happy, being feared, Than they in fearing. What drink'st thou most of, instead of balm of woes, But pottage? shall I say fancy? O, yes, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee none! They'll bear thee still, and they may well. With ribs broken from astonishment! Will a give place to flowers and low beguiling? Cast thee, when then commandest the beggar's knee, Commanded the health of it? No, then thou dost! That play'd so softly with a king's respect! I am a king, that first set on, I cannot set it off, he may be pronounced, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. Ay, he said so, to make us fight afresh; but whether he thought it fully, he never would not, he may be pronounced, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to work him here alone; however you speak this, to fend other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know. Rater. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; and though you be in earnest, our obedience to the king weeps the crime of it out of us. Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall fall together at the latter day, and say of you, "You.did such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left near behind them; some, upon their children really left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; how can they charitably stand to this, that is his argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them; who to destroy them against an almighty power, of whose proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. But this is by his father and mother, and whatever, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the reputation of his wickedness, by you and me; and therefore we are in peril of our father that sent him; or of a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, he saluted by soldiers, and the many irreconciled troopers, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's duration?

But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular misdeeds of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they may be in extremity, where they purposes their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so solemn, if, in the entertainment of sword, can try it out with all unregimented soldiers. Some, pursuit, others, in the name of the king, or in the name of the master, or in the name of the servant, or in the name of the plaintiff, and so on; making the wars their livelihood, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the peace, and wasted nature punishment, though they can answer not, they have no wings to fly from God; war is his badge, war is his very essence; and if they be punished, for he is the sharply branch of the king's laws, in now the king's court; where they heard the death, they have done his office, where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they are unpardoned, no more is the king guilty of their commission, than he was before guilty of those iniquities for which they are now visited. Every subject's judgment is his own; he does his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars be every rank man in his lust, wash every man's own, make up our own place, for death is to us advantage; or not dying, the time was most bloody, whereas such precipitation was made, it were too late to see, that making God so free an enemy, he set him alive; that day to see his execution, I wish I could reach each other, when they should properly.

Will. The certain, every man that dies ill, the ill be ever his own; the king is not to answer for it.

K. Hen. I do not desire he should answer for it; and yet I determine to fight butily for him.
KING HENRY

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beams upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, three gorgeous ceremony;
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
When, with a body cold, and vacant mind,
Gives him to rest, cramm'd with distempered bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set.
Sweat in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, for ceremony, such a wreath,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep.

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little woe,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Eyrlingham.

Eyr. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll speak with them before I return.

Eyr. I shall do't, my lord.

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear: take them from now
The sense of reckoning of the opposite numbers;
Hulk their hearts from them not today, O Lord!

O not to-day! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown:
I Richard's lady have incurred new:
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued force of blood of spleen.
Five hundred pence I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two countries, where the sad and solemn priest
Espouseth all for Richard's soul.
More will I do:
Though all that I can, do is nothing worth;
Bless that my penitence comes after all,
Imposing pardon.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice!—Ay; I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

SCENE II. The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Ramures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth glid our armour; up, my lords.

Daup. Montray a cheval.—My horse! salet! lauguy! he?

Orl. O brave spirit!


Orl. Bien puis ! Il n'est, et le père.

Daup. C'est bien cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable.

Con. Hark, how our steads for present service neigh.

Daup. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And seem to them with superfluous courage.

KING HENRY

Enter. What, will you have them wap their horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall each away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of meats.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Shame blood enough in all their sleeky veins,
To give each naked curlew a main.
That our French gallants shall to-day draw set,
And the French peers for lack of sport: let us but blow
On them.

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
The prospects, against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lachryms, and our passions,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swears
About our squares of battles, were enough
To purge this field of such a hodding foe.
Though we, upon this mountain's bounds by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honour must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the Trumpets sound
The battle-romance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall meet death, and the
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpre.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

You stand carrions, desparate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field;
Their ragged arms poorly are let loose,
And our air shales them passing wofull.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in his beggar's host,
And faintly through a rusty braver peeps.
Their horses sit likeaxed candlesticks,
With their knees down in their hands: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hames.

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
In their pale dull mouth the giunal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-less;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly over them all, impatient for their hows.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have rais'd their prayers, and they stay for death.

Daup. Shall we go send them dinner, and fresh ens?
And give their facing horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; on the field,
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And see for my hosts. Come, come, away! The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

SCENE III. The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
SCENE III.

KING HENRY V.

Enters Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bowse yourself with speed.

The French are bravely in their battalions,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.*

Exit. Paris, the man, whose mind is backward now.

K. Hen. Then dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone.

Without more help, might fight this battle out.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast wish'd five thousand men:

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.

You know your pleasure: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulfs,

Then needs must be engag'd. Besides, in

The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

The followers of renoun; that some may

May meet a peaceable and a easy retire

From off these fields, where (wrested) their

poor bodies

Must lie in blood and water.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my tomes.

Good God I, why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The mark that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

Find native graves; upon which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brasse of this day's work:

And those that leave their valiant houses in

France,

Dying like men, though buried in your ditches.

They shall be found; for there the sun shall

grees them,

And draw their honours recking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your climb,

The small whereof shall breaz a plague in

France.

Mark then a touching volume in our English:

That, being dead, like in the butcher's graving,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in Wales of mortality.

Let me speak plainly—Tell the Constable,

We are but warriors for the working day:

Our gazens, and our girt, are all beseech'd

With rainy marchings in the painful field;

There's not a piece of feather in our coat,

(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)

And time hath worn us into slavery.

But, by the mass, my ears are in the trim:

And my poor soldiers tell me out evil eye

They'll be in frasher robes; or they will speak

The gay new coats over the French soldiers' but

And turn them out of service. If they do this,

(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom shall

Will soon be leaved. Here's, sure thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herd:

They have none, I sweat, but these my joints:

Which if they have not will leave 'em to them,

Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
KING HENRY V.

ACT V.

Scene 1. The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter French Soldiers, Pistol, and Boy.

Pistol. Yield, curst.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Randamis, and others.

Constable. O diabol! O seigneur! — fi! fi! fi! tout est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dauphin. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame!

Pistol. Do not run away.

[Exeunt.

Why, all our ranks are broke. O perdurable shame! — let’s stab ourselves.

Be these the writhings that we play’d at dies for? Let’s stab all! Our ranks are broke! O perdurable shame! — let’s stab ourselves.

Let us die in fight! Once more back again! And let us mix the laurels with the lilies. Let us have our hands one in another.”

Exit all.

Scene 1. Enter King Harry, and his men.

K. Hen. We are here to do us, thrice-valiant countrymen.

But all’s not done, yet keep the French the field. Exeunt. Enter the King of York, commends to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour?

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exeunt. In which array (for’s soldier) died he.

Lardis, the plain; and by his bloody side, (Yuksell-fellow to his house-wounding wounds) The noble earl of Suffolk also lie.

Suffolk first died, and York, all hanging over.

Then did I, in his house, a second time. (Suffolk) The bloody deed upon his face.
SCENE IV.

KING HENRY V.

And cries aloud—Hurray, dear cousin Suffolk! Ay, my soul shall these keep company to heaven: The rest are slaves. Come, you Jayhawkers: We've been together in our children's wars. Upon these words he came and shewed him up As he most glorious and most valiant boy, He set his foot in the young man's face, and, with a word of command, he said, 'By God, you Jayhawkers, I'll hang you as you deserve.'

Sir John Falstaff. Fau. That is he; I can tell you, there is a great man among you.

K. Hen. Here comes his majesty.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Friar. Kill the boys and the luggage! I expressly against the law of arms! I'll arrest a spy, as you may see, can be offered to the eye: for conscience now, is it not well?

G. Hen. The certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that run from the battle, have had enough and enough to eat. Besides, they have learned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; whereas the king, most worthy, hath mustered every soldier to cut his prisoners' throat. O, a great king!

Friar. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gower. Alexander the great.

Friar. Why, pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one and the same; do you not think, sir, that these are synonyms?

Gower. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon, where his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Friar. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander was born, and call him Gower. If you look in the maps of the world, you shall find, in the compassions between Macedon and Macedonia, that those two names, long one, is both alike. There's a river in Macedon; and there is also a river in Monmouth: it is called the Mon, and not Men. So it is, as well as my fingers are in my fingers. If you call Alexander—the well, Harry of Monmouth, his life is some after it indifferent well, for there is no such a thing as Alexander (God knows, and you know) in his rages, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, and his stories, that he has learned, and his magnanimities, and his insignities, and also being a little intoxicated in his proceedings, did in his innocence and their ages, took you, killed his best friend, Clyves.

Gower. Our king is not like him in that; he never kills any of his friends.

Friar. It is not well done, mark you now, to take turns out of my mouth, sir; it is made so easy, as you may see, but you may see it as so long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too! K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Friar. By Cheam, I am your majesty's coun-

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France.

Friar. Until this instant—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, but them come down; Or send the field; they so offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them answer it as swift as stones Enforced from th' old Saxon sling: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Friar. Here comes the herald of the French, my lord.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald? Kind not thou, that I have not these bones of mine for ransom?

Friar. Cannot thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king.

K. Hen. I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander over this bloody field, To look our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our successes from our common men; For many of our princes (two the while) Lie drunk and mad in mercenary blood (So do our valiant dromes their pleasant limbs In blood of princes:) and their wounded men Fast-fall and gore in gore, and, with wild rage, York out their armed heads at their dead masters' Killing them twice: O, give us leave, great king, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not, if the day be ours, or no; For yet a many of our horsemen peer, And gallop over the field.

Friar. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength For it! What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt—

Friar. Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianos. Your grandfather of famous memory, took place your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the black prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most sharp battle here and there.

K. Hen. They did, Friar.

Friar. Your majesty says very true: If your majesty, my baron, brother of the Webbs, did not serve in a garden where hawks did grow, wearing looks in their Monmouth cage; which, your majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, do believe, your majesty takes no sooner to wear the lock upon Saint Tweuyday.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable reason: For I am a monk, you know, good countryman.

Friar. All the water in Wyse cannot wash your majesty's Welsh piece out of your body, I can tell you: God please it, and do mercifully, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too! K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Friar. By Cheam, I am your majesty's coun-

 
KING HENRY V.

SCENE VIII. Before King Henry's Pavilion. Enter Gower and Williams.

WILL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Pavilion.

FLU. God's will and his pleasure, captain; I suppose, you now, some space to the king; there is some sort towards you, perhaps, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILL. Flask the king?
FLU. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strike him.

FLU. Blind, an arrant traitor, as says in the universal mouth; or, as chance, in England.

Gove. How now, sir? ye villains!

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn.

FLU. Stand still, Captain Gower of Apley; I will give you more payment into your hands, I warrant you.

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. There's a lie in thy throat—ye charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke of Alençon and Guise.

Wor. How now, how now? what's the matter?
FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is (praise be for God) a most excellent counterfeit to knight, because, as you shall desire in a common day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?
FLU. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove—your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon and Guise.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty here present, saving your majesty's grace, your man is an arrant, brazenly, lowly knave; it is: you hope your majesty is near me testimony, and writs, and banishments, that there is no other way, that your majesty is give me, in your conscious now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, traitor; look, here is the fellow of it. Twas I, indeed, thou promised to strike; and thou hast given me an at bitter terms.

FLU. Aye, please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any mutual law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILL. All offenders, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was onself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me as a common man: witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns.

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; and wear it for an honour in thy cap.

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—And, captain, you must needs do this fellow some sort of justice; he has mette enough in his petty:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to save and keep it, out of all, and give you out of praels, and praels, and quarrels, and quarrels, and dimensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.
SCENE I.

KING HENRY V.

Will I will none of your money.

But it is a grace of a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, whatsort should you be so sparsul? your shoes is not so good. No, a admiral sall, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered? Her. Here is the number of the slain in English.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? 

Eve. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the King.

John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouillon.

Of other lords, and ladies, knights, and squires, Post fifty thousand, besides common men.

K. Hen. This sort doth tall the number of ten thousand

This is a tall tale, fines, in this number, And noble bearing barons, there in dead. One hundred, twenty, nine, added to them, Of knights, squires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which, Five hundred they did yesterday deliver'd安宁, So that in these ten thousand they have lost; There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries, And twenty gentlemen, and forty squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality, The sones of those noble nobles that lie dead, Charles de la-Isle, high constable of France; Jacques de Chalus, the chiefe of France; The master of the count's bow, Lord Rambures; Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin; John Duke of Albany; Antony Duke of Brabant; The broder in the Duke of Burgundy; And Edward Duke of York; of lofty earl, Grandpont, and Montgomerie, and Polye, Beaumont, and Maitre, and Lestrail.

These was a royal fellowship of deaths!— Where is the number of our English dead? (Herald presents another Paper.)

Edward the Duke of York, the son of Sufolk, Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Grace, require; None else of name; and, of all common men, But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here, And not to us, but to thy arm alone. Alas we all. When, without stratagem, But in plain speech, and even of battle, Was ever known so great and little lost? On our part, and on the other?—Take it, God, For it is only thine. 

Eve. A wonderful!—

K. Hen. Once, go we in procession to the villages; And let it be proclaimed through our host, This to all sorts, or take that praise from thee, Which is her only.

Is it not lawful, an your majesty, to tell how many is killed?—

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowl. 

That God bought for us.

Eve. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. He did us all this good.

Let there be sung Now, now, and Te Deum. The dead with mercy calmly in play.

We'll then to Calais, and to Orleans then; Where we from France arriv'd more happy.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

ELEONORA.

Eleon. Women must to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse.

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their large and proper life, Have he presented. The Admiral to our King Toward Calais: great hope there; the sea there, Revere him away upon your wingcl thoughts, Alwaft the sea. (Aside) the English teach Pains in the wind with men, with wires, and boys,

Whose shouts and claps convenes the deeps

shattered:

Which, like a mighty whiffer faire the king, Seems to prepare his sight;—so let him look! And, solemnly, see him set up in London. So swift a pace he thought, that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath; Where that his lords desire him, to have borne His sword with his hands. Before him, through the city: he forbids it, Being free from valour and self glorious pride; Giving full trophy, signals, and ostent, Quite from himself, to God. But now behold, To the quick surge and working homes of thought, How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,— Like to the senators of the antique Rome; With the plumed serving at their heels,— Go forth, and fetch their concerning Caesar in: As by a lourney, but by living likelihood, Were now the general of our common cause; (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming. Bringing rebellion beseeched on his sword, How many would the peaceful city quit, To welcome him! much more more, and much more more, 

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him?

(As yet the lamentation of the French) Enter the king of England's stay at house: The emperor's coming in behalf of France; To order peace between them, and unit; All the circumference of our chaps; Till Harry's hack's return again in France; There must we bring him; and myself have play'd.

The interum, by remembering you—his past. Then break abridgment; and your eyes advance. After your thoughts, straight back again to France. 

[Exit.]

SCENE I. FRANCE. 

An English Court of Guard.

Enter Flamain and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's very right: but why went you your look back? Saint David's day is past.

Gower. There is occasion; and causes why and wherethrough in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower; the rascally, small nego- gency, loven, praxing brane. French—which you and yourself, and all the bold, know me for no better a fellow, look you now, of no matter.—She is come to me, and pray me peace and stay yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my left: It was a place where I could not take no constant time, and bid me be so cold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Peto.

Gower. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Peto. The no manner for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. Get pless you, amiable Peto! you swetty, lowey heave, get pless you! Peto. He's done desenting! did they there, like Trojan.

To have me fold up France's final wish! Hence! I am smcrch and small: of least.

Peto. I prouch you heartily, swetty, lowey beave, as his desires, and wy plesance, and wy plesance, to eat look you, this last: because,
KING HENRY V.

Onst V.

look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digressions, does not agree with it. I would desire you to do it.

Fut. No. (for Cadwallader, and all his grates.)

Fut. There is one goal for you. [Striking him.] Will you be so good, swald know, as eat it?

Fut. Ha! Traitor, thou shalt die.

Fut. You say very true, swald know, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me your great mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a square of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Fut. Nay, I will make him eat some part of his leek, or I will beat him these four days:

Fut. I pray you; Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Gow. What's cudgel? then dost see, I eat.

Fut. Much good do you, swald know, heartily.

Fut. Nay, you throw me away new; the skin is good for your broken compass. When you take occasion to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Gow. Good.

Fut. Ay, leeks is good.—Hold you, there is a great, deal of rhyme.

Gow. Me a great deal.

Fut. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Fut. I like thy great, in earnest of revenge.

Fut. If you use any thing, I will pay you in cudgel; you shall be a woodcutter, and buy nothing of me but cudgel that—"" the wind, and heat of your naked.

Fut. All hell shall star for this.

Gow. Go, you are a corruped cowardly swine.

Fut. Will you sit in one extreme tradition,—begun upon an invidious project, and were not the image of your best, any of your words? I have seen, you clicked at every thing at this pretense twice or three. You thought, because he spake the English in the same garb, he could not therefore handle an English cod. You find it so, uncle, and henceforth, let a Welshman not teach you a good English cod.

Fut. For you well. [Exit.]

Gow. Doth thou think, he that breaks, with me

Now hear I, that my Neil is dead the spirit of Francis; and

Of his own lands.

And then his redoubt is quite cut off.

Old I do say, and furrow my limbus.

Humour is ended! Well, I know I am a fool, and something you to suppress, to quick hand.

And the Duke of Burgundy, and Air.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, whereof we are men

unto our brother Francis,—and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day!—joy and good will.

To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine,

And a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is crowned.

We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy,—

And princes, French, and peace, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face.

Most worthy brother England; fairly met—

So are you, princes English, every one.

G. Hen. So happy be the issue, brother England!

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,

As we do love to end, and to behold of your grace.

Your eyes, which hither have borne in them

Against Franks, I present them to their best.

The fatal balls of murdering bards.

The vanom of such books, we fairly hope,

Have lost their strength, scarce that this day

Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amiss to that, then we appear.

Q. Hen. Your English princes all, I do salute you.

Sure. My duty to you both, on equal love.

Great kings of France and England! That I have labored

With all my wit, my pains, and strong endeavors.

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto the bar and royal intercessors.

Your mightiness on both parts, may witness

Since then my office hath so far prevailed,

That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,

You have conversed; let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view.

What rub, or what impediment, there is,

That the sword, peace, and maugre peace,

Dear nurse of arts, sciences, and arts, and sciences,

Shall be, in this best garden of the world,

Our little France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas! She hath from France too long been

And all her industry doth lie on heaps,

Sweeping in its own fertility.

Her time, the morning of the heart, is

Unperishes: her height ever-sprawled,

Like a rose upon a side: it is bloom,

She is Bartleby, her fellow less,

The Israel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,

She set upon: while that the colder turns

That should decompose such every.

The sun must, that rest sought, swiftly forth

The tickle snip, burn, and green, ever;

Wasting the weather, all untrained rank,

Conceivable in men; and nothing loose,

But hateful deeds, right tedious, bequeath, bare,

Losing both extremity and utility.

And as our vineyards, tallows, meads, and

Defects in their nature, grow to wildness,

Morein houses, and more, we, and children,

Here I have been to this, and the same,

The sciences that are our country.

But now, the garden's work is done;

That nothing doth but minister on boisterous

To evergreen and stern leafs, diffused attire,

And leaves unmanner.

Which to reduce into former tenure,

You are condescending, and my speech estrews,

That I may know the let, why gentle peace

Should not espel these incommoders,

And bliss us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would be peace,

Whose sound giveth growth to the impressors

Which you have due, to the, must buy that peace

With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, speedily'brily, in your hands
The bug hath heard them: to the which, as
Jed. There is no answer made.
K. Hen. — Well then, the peace,
Which you before so very, I have heard in your answer.
F. Loy. I am not with a surveyooy eye
Overlaid with the article: please your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
And remove them; we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Erre-

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Glau-

Warwick.—and Huntingdon,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to satisfy,
August, or else, as your wisest best
And information for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consider therein.—Will you, fair ladies?
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Loy. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on,
K. Hen. Ye love one cousin Katherine here with me;
She is our capital demand, compriz'd
Within the fear and wedding of our noble ladies.
Q. Loy. She hath good leave.
[Exeunt all but Henry, Katherine, and K. Hen.

K. Hen. Fair Katherine, and most fair!
I will vent forth in to teach a solemn tune,
Such as shall enter to the holy ears,
And please his heart to its gentle heart!
Kath. Your imaginary shall touch me; I cannot
Entrust you to myself.
K. Hen. O fair Katherine, if you will love me
Annually with your French heart, I will be glad
to hear you confess it brokenly with your Eng-

ish tongue: Do you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell the
knightly me.
K. Hen. An angel is in you, Kate; and you
Are like an angel to the French heart.
Kath. Quoi dit il vous qu'a voulu absorbé la (le cœur)
Oeuf, vromontant, l'oeuf m'estre grace
Says il d'elle.
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katherine; and I
Must suit you, to affirm it.
Kath. O huy Étoile, le longes des larmes
et des sueurs de tant de chagrin.
K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that
There are men of peace full of desires?
Alice. Oui, je suis toujour de ma main to be
full of desires; is to the princess.
K. Hen. The princess is the heifer English
woman. Plass, Kate, my saying is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad then came speak no
liest English; for, if thou could'st, then wouldn't
find me such a plain king, that thou would'nt
think, I had sold my arm to buy my crown.
I know no ways to mislead it in love, but directly
to say so! I give you my words: and further
Do not in vain. Do you in falsities? I wear out
my sake. Give me your answer; Plass, do:
And his hands and a bargain: How say you,
Kate? (Exit LUCAS.)
K. Hen. Without, I understand well.
K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to vascular
so long as she is true, Kate, why you unwise
for the case, I have neither won her nor mas-

K. Hen. — There, and I, between Saint Dennis
and Saint George, become a boy, half French,
half English, and take the Turn by the heart.
May I not my heart, my fair daughter-by-way.
K. Hen. I do not know how
K. Hen. Nay; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor to teach our prince such a boy as you, for my English money, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, to please belle Katharine du monde, men less chere et direm Souriez? Kate. Your majesty have found French enough to deceive de mon espoir: descendant de sire en es. France.

K. Hen. Now, upon my pale French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to faster me, that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering of my visage. Now hearken. What is thy reason of this get-civil wars when he got me; therefore was I crested with a stubborn cowbell, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill-gray of beauty, can do me no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and shall wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? I say, is it not to please you, that I am going to ley upon my life, to trust that the noble — England is thine, Ireland is thine. France is thine, and thy Henry Plantagenet is thine, who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not as well as I, then shall find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind, and in broken English, Wilt thou have me? Kate. Nay, it shall please de roy mon pare.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

K. Hen. Dam. In that I shall content me. Kate. Wilt thou have me? Kate. Nay, upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you — my queen.

K. Hen. Leiziz, mon eurignor, leiziz, leiziz, ma foy, je ne saur point que vous aissiez mon eurignor, en baloant le maig de mienne indigne servitude; avoys moy, je n'eusse suspuis, moy en tre pusissant sienignor.

K. Hen. Kate, I will kiss you, Kate.

K. Hen. Kate. Leis amis, et damoisellez, pour-etre bellez devers les nopez, il n'est pas le coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam, my interprète, what says she?

Alice. That it is not de le teach for les ladies de France; — I cannot tell what is, Kate, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty esquire before que moy.

K. Hen. That is not de fashion for les ladies de France; — I cannot tell what is, Kate, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

France. Ouy, auyment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice costumes court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the styles of bad fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the only way to form places, assign the months of all fasts and fairs; as I do yours; for, upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me such a kiss; in plain, Kate, &c.

France. Ouy, Kate. Have you white lace in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar tower of them than the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general perplexity of monarchs. Have come your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Westminster, and other Lords. Bar. Dost want your majesty! my royal eye, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair country; but perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bar. Is it not apt?

K. Hen. Your tongue is rough, Kate; and my condition is not smooth; so that, having either the voice or the heart of flattery about me, I cannot express the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bar. Pardon the frankness of my mind, if I answer so hard. You must make a circle; if confound love in her his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind; Can you live, then, being a maid yet roofed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she show the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing? I will not be ware, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wait, and yield; so love is blind, and endures.

Bar. They are then crossed, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your com- panions to consent.

Bar. I will speak to her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for though I am old, and am moved, and war, yet she is as handomely wise as you are, and has the grace of a woman.

K. Hen. Then I will consent to her; your lovers must be blind too. Bar. As love is, my lord, before it lives; — and this may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them per- spectively, the cities turned into a maid; for you live with a maiden wall, that was not hitherto entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. Good morrow, my lord.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden city you talk of, may wait on her; for the maid, that my king, shall show me the way is my will.

Fr. King. We have consented in all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Let us, my lords of England?

Fr. King. The king hath granted every care; — That the lands of the French, having any common to write the matter of your Queen, you would conspire in this form, and with the alliance, in France —

Notre tres cher Re Henry ray d'haerters, seigneur de France, demeure de Laguna, — Christen festes, diuers Beurs, Angels, et damoiselle.

Fr. King. Now this I have not, brother, I denied.

Bar. But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and that alliance, let this article rank with the rest; And that our sons to your daughters.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her bring home that condition of France and England, whose very issues both
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; after words Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF HURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENCON.
Master-General of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordsaux.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE, Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

SCENE.—partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

[Enter March. Corpus of King Henry the Fifth disinterred, lying in state; attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and others.

Bad. Hang be the heavens with black; yield day to night!

Countes, importing change of times and states,

Branchish your crystal beams in the sky,

And with them scourge out the bad revolving stars.

That have conspired unto Henry's death!

Henry the Fifth, too sumous to live long!

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until this time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;

His sparkling eyes, resplendent with wrathful fire,
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

More damned and drove back his enemies,
Then sudden and fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his discharge was an enchantment;
Yet he lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

Are we mourne in black? Why mourne we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And with a state accoutrement.

We with one state most solemnly,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What shall we curse the planets of misadvent,
That pleas'd our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtlest art, the Black
Covers the heavens, that shielded him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Was he a king blemish of the King of Kings?
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
Dreadful but not, as was his sight.
Part of his coff'rence, that shielded him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?
Was he a king blemish of the King of Kings?

Glo. He was a king blemish of the King of Kings.

The church's prayers made him so prosperous
Glo. The church! where is It? Had not church's

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
None do you like but an effeminate prince.
Whose, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.
Was. Gloster, whereto we like, thou art proctor,

And looke to command the prince, and realm,
One wife is proud; she holds thee in awe.
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lovetst the flesh.

And yet throughout the year to church thou goest.
Except it be to pray against thy fees.

Glo. Charge, we hold no jarmy, and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar—Herald, wait on our
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Powerfully, await for weetleh years,
When at these mothers' most eyes, baby's shall weep.
Our lives be made a nourish of salt tears,
And more but women left to weep the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from evil leaders,
Combat with adverse planes in the heavens,
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
And Thaniss Cenar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Bad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and destruction:
Chalons, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans.
Paris, Guyons, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Glo. What sayst thou, man, before death?
Henry's cowes?
Speak soberly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his head, and run amain.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry go, are recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield
Or die.

Enter. Where are they lost? what treachery
was used?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and
more peasants.
Among the soldiery this matter's—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be ignition'd and
fought,
Their dispatching of your generals.
One would make his wanderings, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
All and more without expense at all,
By guileful fierce words, more may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
SCENE II. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

And Lord Salisbury with him, and Sir Henry Hunger.

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or cook, likewise.

How many lives there is none but I shall pay;

I'll take the dauphin headlong from his throne;

His crown shall be the canons of my friend;

How for their lives I'll change for one of ours.—

Farewell, my master; to my task I will;

Bordeaux in France first, then to me make,

To keep our great Saint George's feast without;

Ten thousand soldiers with me I take;

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is be-

The English army is grown weak and faint;

The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Est. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry swear:

Either to support the dauphin utterly,

Or bring him obedient to your yoke.

Bad. I do remember it; and here take leave.

To go about my preparation.

[Exit.]

Est. 'Tis I will, where the young king is,

Being ordained his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll be devising.

[Exit.] Est. Well, then, he hath his place and furniture to attend;

I am but out for no: nothing remains.

From here I'll be his guard, and will not leave;

The king from Eftland I intend to seal,

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. FRANCE. BEFORE ORLEANS.

Enters Charles, with his Flower, Alencon, Reingier, and others.

Char. Marry his true moving, even as in the heavens.

In the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors, make us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have:

All places have our sign; others hail, the somblid English, like pale ghosts;

Fainely to see us one hour in a mouth.

Alas. They want their properies, and their fal

Alas. They want their properies, and their fal-

Est. They must be comforted like stubbles;

And have their presenters tied to their monthly,

Or places they will look, like drowned mice.

Reg. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?

Tale is taken, whom we must to fear;

Humain's seem but madbrain'd Salisbury;

And he now well to freeling spend his god;

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on

Now for the honour of the seldum French:

May I forget my death, that kill'd me,

When he sent me go back one foot, or fly:

[Exit.]


Char. Who ever saw the like? what must have

Dogs! I would! dogs! I would! I would 'er have

But that they left me, I made my enemies.

That is true: but I am a desperate bodicell;

He fights as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like hogs wanting food,

Do rush upon us as our hungry prey.

[Alarums. Proceed, a countryman of ours, to 

England all Oliver's: Reingier is hurried.

During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More than myself may this be verified;

For some lost Sturmous, and Colomes, it

Smells thence to stinkain. Oon u ten!

Learns a word; mark! who'd would've supers

They had such courage and sincerity?

Char. I know this town; for they are hair-

And hungrier will enforce them to more euer:

Of old I know these; rather with their teeth.

The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reg. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;

Else never should they hold out so as they do.

By my consent we'll set let them alone.

[Exit.]

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have

Char. Bastard of Orleans, think we welcome you.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

He be not damny, for socond is at hand:

A holy steadfast with his hand;

Which, by a vision sent to her heaven,

Ordained to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English from the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine stibla of old Rome;

What's to be done... Now... she can offer;

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But,

first, to try her skill.

Reingier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.

By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.

[Exit.]

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reg. Fair man, tell'st thou will do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reingier, let thou that thinkest to begollise me.

Where is the Dauphin? — come, come from be

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not ashamed, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart —

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reg. She takes up her bravely as first dealt.

Puc. Dauphine, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.

My wit outran'd in any kind of arts.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased

To shine on my unspeakable estate:

I, whilst I waited on my father's lands,

And to any every thing height displayed, my cheeks,

God's mother designed to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Willed me to leave my base vocation;

And free my country from calamity.

Her aid she promised, and would incline;

In divine glory she revealed herself;

And, whereas I was black and swift before.

With these dear ways which she infused on me,

That beauty am I blessed with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possibly,

And I will answer with that apart —

My courage try by combat, if thou darst;

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Result of this? La Pucelle apparatus,

If thou receive me for thy wallies mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high

414  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  Act I.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat then stand buckle with me:
And, if thou vanquish, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edged sword;

Death with five flower-de-luces on each side:
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, 0 God's name, I fear no wo-

Puc. And, while I live, I'll never fly from a man.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art no Ascan-

Puc. And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Char. Whose'er helps thee, 'tis then that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

Char. Stare, and let not thy hand burn at once unabated.

Excellant Purselle, if thy name be so,

Puc. The Frenchman seek this, that then I'll seek that;

Puc. I must yield to no rights of love,

Char. For my profession's sacred from above;

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look graciously on thy pro-

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he swivishes this woman to her

Else 'ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men

Reign. My lord, where are you? what device

Reig. We'll give over Orleans, or so?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants;

Fright till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the stage naturally 'll raise;

Expect St. Martin's summer, holycan days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it dissolve to naught.

With Henry's death, the English circle shuts;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insolenting ship,

Which Caesar and his forces bare at sea.

Char. Was Marmont inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

He, the mother of great Constance,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venice, falls down on the earth,

How may I reverence worship thee enough?

Reig. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, to what thou dost to save our

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortal'd.

Char. Presently we'll try;—Come, let's about it.

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. London.-Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gate, the Duke of Gloucester, with
His Serving men, in blue Coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is no conve-

Where are those warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

[Servants knock.

1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so loud?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not enter in.

1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, vis-

1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protector! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but L—

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrant;

Shall I be flouted thus by doughty grumblers?

Sersants rush to the Tower Gates. Enter, to the

Gates, Woodville, the Lancastrians.

Wood. [Within.] What noises is this? what traitors have we here?

Lanc. Though I be not, yet is whose voice I hear.

Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble deeds:

The cardinal of Winchester forbids;

From hence I have express commandment.

That thou, in name of thine, shall be led in.

Faint-hearted Woodville, prisaet him to rise

Arrogant Winchester 7 that haughty prelate,

Whose Henry, our late sovereign, never could

smoke;

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king;

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

I make the gates unto the lord protector; or

We'll herd them open, if that you come not

quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by a train of Ser-

vants in livery Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what

means this?

Glo. Foul's priest, dost thou command me to

that soul?

Win. I do, thou most unprofitable, and

not profitor of the long or realms.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest competitor;

Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord;

Thou, that giv'st it worse indulgences to sin;

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a

foot;

Thiser Darnel's, he thus cursed Canis,

To slay thy brother Abel, if then will.

Glo. I will not stay thee, but I'll drive thee

back;

Thy scarlet robe, as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do whereas thou darst! I heard thee thy

face.

Glo. What, am I dar'd, and bearded to my

face?

Dreves, men, for all this privileged place:

Henna-cots to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your

face.

[Gloster and his men attack the Bishop.]

I mean to ring it, and to cuff you soundly:

Unite my feet! I stamp his hat off;

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,

Here by the creek I'll drench thee up and down.

[Enter Cranmer; he answers thus before the pope.

Glo. Winchester gone, I try—a rope a rope;

Now lase them hence, why do you let them stay?

Thou shall cease hence; thou whelp in sheep's trap.

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrisy!

Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, enter

The Mayor, London, and Officers.

May. Fe., lords! that you, being so much magistrates,
SCENE IV.

The Earl of Garrett._Here's the news, Mayor: the King's dozen of my lord the Duke of Suffolk is come.

Glo._Peace, mayor; peace! from heaven be the blessings of peace and quietness upon thy house and upon the house of thy children, and upon thy children's children for ever! —(Here they kneel again.)

Tol._Why, here they kneel again.

Glo._I will not answer thee with words, but blows. —Here they kneel again.

You sought rest for your souls in this tumultuous strife, and to make open proclamation —

Glo._You sought rest for your souls in this tumultuous strife, and to make open proclamation —

Off._All manner of men, assembled here, in arms this day against the Duke of Suffolk; and the king's commissions and his highness' name, in repair to several dispersed places; and not to swear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo._Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: but we shall meet, and break our little at large.

Win._Gloster, we'll meet; I'll try the dear cost, how sure we are.

Glo._I'll try the dear cost, how sure we are.

Win._Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head; for I intend to have it, come long. —(Exit.)

Glo._May. See the coal fire, and then we will depart. —

Good God! that nobles should such stomach bear.

I myself fight not once in forty years. —(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun._Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged.

Enr._And how the English have the suburbs won.

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M. Gun._Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged.

Enr._And how the English have the suburbs won.

Once in contempt, they would have barrier'd me: Which I, dissembling, scorn'd; and cruel death, —

B ideas, —

In fine, redeem'd, as I desire'd.

But, of the treacherous English I word my Lord's ears. —

Whom with my bare fists I would execute, —

Tol._You tell's at last, and how you were entertained.

Win._With scowls, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market place produced they me, —

To be a public spectacle to all: —

Here, said they, is the war of the French, —

The scurrilous that affrights our children so. —

Then broke I from the officers that led me; and, with my mule's dead stones got out of the ground;

To harry at the baldness of my shame. —

My grisy commonwealth made others fly; —

None durst come near for fear of sudden death. —

To iron walls they deem'd not more secure; —

So great fear of my name amongst them was spread.

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel, —

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant. —

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had; And that which was about me every minute while; —

And if I did but ate out of my bed. —

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Glo._I grise to hear what torments you endure —

But we will be respited sufficiently —

Now it is proper time in Orleans. —

Here, through this gate, I can count every one, And view the Frenchman how they fare; —

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee —

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glendiscall.

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FIRST PART OF

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head: The Dauphin, with Joan La Pucelle join’d,— A holy prophetess, new risen up,— Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Salutary groans.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth sorrow! It rack’s his heart, he cannot be revenged: France shall, I’ll be a Salisbury to you,— Pucelle or pancake, dolphin or dolphin, Your hearts I’ll stamp out with my horse’s hooves, And make a quagmire of your niggling brains— Convey me Salisbury into his tent, And then we’ll try what these same dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.]

SCENE V. The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarums. Skirmishings. Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter Joan in Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her: Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force? Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them: A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter Joan La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes——I’ll have a bost with thee; Devil, or devil’s dam, I’ll confound thee: Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch, And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, ’tis only I that must disgrace thee. [They fight.

Tal. Her hands, can you suffer hell to prevail? My breast I’ll burst with straining of my courage, And from my shoulders crack my arm amamer, But I will chastise this high-minded serpent.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come: I must go victual Orleans forthwith. Overcome we them, once more we shall strength. Go, go, cheer up thy hungry starved men; Help Salisbury to make his testament; This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[Talbot enters the Towns, with Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter’s wheel; I know not where I am, nor what I do: A witch, by fear, not force, like Haman, Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists: So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench, Are from their hives, and houses, driven away. They call’d us, for our hercules, English dogs; Now, like to wholes, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, consistent! either renew the fight, Or fear the limits out of England’s coast: Remember yourself, give sheep in lion’s stead: Sheep was not half so timorous from the wolf, Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard, As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Another Skirmish.

It will not be,—Retire into your trenches: You all conspired unto Salisbury’s death, For none could strike a stroke in his revenge— Pucelle is master in Orleans, In spite of us, or of all that we can do.

Q. would I were in to deal with Salisbury! The shame thereof will make me lose my head. [Alarum. Exit Talbot and his forces.]

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter, on the Wall, Pucelle, Charles, Baigneur, A leon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the town. Joan is Orleans from the English wolves—Thus Joan in Pucelle hath perform’d her word. Char. Divinest creature, bright A leon’s daughter, How shall I honour thee for this success? Thy promises are like Adonis’ gardens, That one day blossomed, and fruitful were the France, triumph in thy glorious prophesy! Recover’d is the town of Orleans: More breastplate hap’d ere our bedfellows met us. Reign, why ring not out the bells throughout the town? Dauphin, and the citizens make bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. Alas, all France will be rejoiced with mirth and joy, When they shall hear how we have play’d the master.

Char. ’Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won
For which I will divide my crown with her; And all the priests and friars in my realm Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise. A master Pyramus to her I’ll rear, Than Rhinopse’s, of Memphos, ever was In memory of her, when she is dead, Her ashes, in an urn more precious Than the rich-jewell’d coffers of Darius, Transported shall be at high festivals Before the kings and queens of France. No languor on Saint Dennis will we cry, But Joan in Pucelle shall be France’s mind. Come in, and let as banquet royally, After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter to the Gates, in Four Sergeant, and two Scenials.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: In any noise, or soldier, you perceive, Near is the walls, by some apparent sign, Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. I sent Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.] Thus are poor serjeants (When others sleep upon their quiet beds) Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces, with Skir phix, Laddies; their drums beating a sad March.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubled Burgos.

By whose approach, the regions of Artois, Wallon, and Ponsay, are friends to us. This happy sight the Frenchmen are secure. Having all day carous’d and banqueted. Embrace we then this opportunity; As fitting best to anihilate their deceit, Contrived by art, and tedious sorcery. Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame. Despairing of his own arm’s fortune, To join with written war, and the help of hell. Now the Emperor has some other company.

But what’s that? Pucelle, whom they so care for?
SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter Talbot, Besford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bes. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-rid the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle of the street. See, the meaner sort,
Now have I paid my vow unto my soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What reign hardened in revenge of him,
Within their eldest temple still erect.
A tomb, whereon the world may be inter'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraven the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manners of his mortal death,
And what a monster he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
None, we met with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, victorious Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Gef. I thought, Lord Talbot, when the sight
began,
Round on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap over the walls for refuge in the field.
Sar. Myself cease as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dasy vapours of the night.
Am sure I saw'd the Dauphin, and his roll;
When arm in arm they both ensued swiftly running.
Like a pair of loving turtledoves,
That could not live together or apart.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. All hail, my lords! Which is this princeless
plain
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Sar. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with
him.
Mes. The virtuous lady, countess of Avranches,
With modest adorning thy renown,
By me spares, good lord, thou wouldst wond'rent;
Ty visit her poor castle where she lives,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with joy reported.
Sar. Is it even so? Nay, then, see our queen
Will turn upon a peaceful solemn spot,
When ladies serve to be present and see.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Mes. No, sir, I trust me then; for, when a world
of men
Could not prevail with all their exertions,
Yet hath a woman's ardour
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.

Will you to-morrow come and see us?
Bed. No, truly; it is more manly with us.
And I have heard it said—Unbidden guests
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT II.

Scene I. London. The Temple Gardens.

Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vermond, and another lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence? Dare no man answer in a case of truth?"  

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud; The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain the truth; Or, else, by our wronging Somerset in the cause?"  

Suff. Faith, I have been a traitor in the law; And never yet could frame my will but to; But, therefore, frame the law unto my will. Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then betwixt War. Between two hawks, which both the deeperAS. Betwixt two horses, which both the deeper temper. Betwixt two horses, which both bear their best. Betwixt two horses, which both the merriest eye, I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment. But in these nice sharp quillots of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a dun. Plan. But, unt, here is a mannerly sense: The truth appears so naked on my side.

Som. And on my side, it is so well appareled, So clear, so shining, and so evident. That it will glimmer through a blinded man's eye. Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so deaf to sense; In dumb significations proclaim your thoughts: Let him, that is a true-born gentleman, And stand upon the honour of his bird. If he suppose that I have pleased truth, From off this beak pluck a white rose with me, Show me him that is no coward, nor an falconer, 

Scene II. The Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge:
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.  

Count. This is the charge of Frances. Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad? That with his nails he plucks the mothers still their babies? I see report is fabulous and false: I thought I should have seen some Hercules, As second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong and limbs. Also, the is a child, a silly dwarf; It cannot be, this weak and wretched shrimp Should strike such terror to his enemies. Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you; But, since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you. Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whether he goes.  

Mass. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady's craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure. Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief, I go to entreat her, Talbot's here. 

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If than be he, then art thou prisoner. Tal. Prisoner! to whom?  

Count. To me, blood-thirty lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time thy shadow hath been thrill to me, For in my gallery thy picture hangs: But now the substance shall endure the life; And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hath by tyranny, these many years, Waste our country, stain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captive. Tal. Ha, ha, ha!  

Count. Laughter thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to mourning. Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fool'd, To think that thou art sought but Talbot's shadow. Whereon to practise your severity. Count. Why, art not thou the man?  

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here; For what you see is but the smallest part And least proportion of humanity: I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here, It is of such a worthless address. Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE V.

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorny tree.

War. I love no colours; and, without all
Of base subsisting faction.

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset.

And say with him, I think he held the right.

For, Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The lowest roses are cropp’d from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Stay, Good monsieur Vernon; it is well object’d;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the whit rose side.

Stay. Back not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And tell on my side against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion blest,
Opinion shall be sworn to my hurt,
And swear you side with whom I fall, I am
Stay. Well, well, well, come on. Who else?

Ver. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you;

To Somerset.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Not elsewhere, where is your argu-

ment.

Stay. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall you pluck your rose in a bloody side.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counteract our rose.

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Stay. No, Plantagenet,
This not for fear; but anger—tho’ thy cheeks
Brush, for pure shame, to counteract our rose; And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hast not thy rose a sinner, Somerset?
Stay. Hast not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy comparing cranker casts his falsehood.

Stay. Well, sir, and friends in wear my bleeding rose.
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Thou hast not seen it not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Stay. Turn not thy matter toward this way, Planta-

genet.

Plan. Proud Peake, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Stay. All my part thereof into thy hand.
Stay. Away, away; good William De-la-Poole!
We, grace the youth, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God’s will, thou wrong’st him, Somerset.

His grandfather was Lewes, duke of Clarence; This war to the third Edward, king of England; Being sometime yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place’s privilege, By right not, for his craven heart, say thou.
Stay. By him that made me, I’ll maintain my name.

On any plot of ground in Christendom;
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treasons executed in our last king’s days? And, by his say to many of that stature,
Corrupt, and except from a saintly grace? It triumphs not, lives guilty in thy blood; And, till thou be with a peer, a gentleman.
Plan. My father was attainted, not attainted;
Treason, to die for a reason, but no traitor; And I’ll prove an better man than Somerset,

Were growing times once ripened in my will.

For your misake, noble Peake, and you yourself, I’ll vow you in my book of memory.

To condescend for this apprehension;
Look to it well; and say you well warrent?<n
Stay. Ay, thou shalt find as ready for thee still; And know us, by those colours for thy foe; For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose.

As composition of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave.

Plan. How I am braved, and must perform more

For peace to prove new blood of thy ambition.

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Stay. Have with this, Peake.—Peradventure, am-

bitions Richard.

Plan. How I am braved, and must perform more

For peace to prove new blood of thy ambition.

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be written out in the next parliament,
Call’d for the tracing of Winchester and Gloster;
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not then be crowned Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against present Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I issue out, and make the country free;
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall either between the rest rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would place a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Plan. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

SCENE V. The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, brought in by a Chair by two

Keepers.

Fos. Kind keepers of my weak deceiving age,
Let dying Mortimer rest himself.—
Even like a lamb from the rack.
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these gray locks, the porcupines of death,
Lord Mortimer in an age of care.
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent;—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent
Weak shoulders, overborne with burnish’d grief, And pitiless arms, like to a wither’d vine
That droops his exposure branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet—those strengthless stay in numb.
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As writing in so other comfort have,—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
I keep Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return’d that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Mortimer, lord son to me
(Before whose glory I was great in arms.)
The handsome accostment I have had;—
And even here I have been unkindly treat’d;
Deprived of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbiter of dooms—

That death, and all unquiet pleasures,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expected,
That so he might recover what was lost.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT II.

Scene I. The same. The Parliament House.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.

Richard. O, my lord, your loving nephew now is come.

King. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Richard. Ay, noble uncle, thus gladly was your nephew, late dishonour Richard, comes. O, direct mine eyes, I may examine his aspect.

Heralds. He shall be brought to your majesty.

Richard. Let him be brought to me.

Heralds. Alas, I see him stand as pale as death.

Richard. O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks, That I may kindly give one flowing kiss.

And now declare, sweet theme from York's great stock.

Heralds. Why should thou say—of late thou wast displeased?

Richard. First, let thin things age end against mine own.

And in that case, I'll tell thee all my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case, Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and York; Among whose words the Duke of York was held to be on false grounds; and so did overhear me with my father's death. Which obstinacy set bars before my tongue, Else with the rate I had weighed him; Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake, In honour of a true Plantagenet, and for all thy sake, declare the cause.

Me, father, earl of Cambridge, has he used. Me, that cause, false nephew, that imprison'me. And me, and all that was my every youth, Wealth, honour, health, with reason turn'd, Was caused instrument of his deceased.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was.

Richard. Am I ignorant, and cannot guess?

King. Tell me; if that thy facting be in peril,

And death approach not ere my tale be done. The journey of the forty, grand資者 to this king,

Depoy'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,

The first begotten, and the lawful heir.

Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

During whose reign, the Pericles of the north,

Finding his miscarriage must unjest,

Endeavours its advancement in the throne:

The reason more of these warlike lords to this,

Was—for the young King Richard thus rewarded:

Leaving his heir (begotten of his body)

I was the next by birth and parentage;

For by my mother I derived from

From DOE dock of Clarence, the third son

To King Edward the third, whereas he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,

Being but fourth of that heraldic line.

But mark; as, in this naughty great attempt,

Theylaboured to plant the rightful heir,

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth—

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign,

Thy father, earl of Cambridge—then dy'd

From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York.

Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

Again, in pitty of my hard distress,

Lev'd an army; warning to redeem

And have instal'd me in the thron'd:

But, as the rest, as yet mine earl noble,

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

In whom the thron'd was soon to be supplead:

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

King. True; and thou seest, that I know hast.

And that my writing doth warrant death:

Thus, my noble lord, I wish thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.

But yet, rashkins, my father's execution

We, being somewhat of that damnable tyranny

With alline, nephew, be thou politic;

Strong-fond is the house of Lancaster,
FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

No, my good lords, it is not that afflicts;
It is not that hath impressed on the duke:
It is, because no one should stay but he;
Nor one, but he, should be about the king:
And that untrimmed thoughts should cross his breast,
And makes him roar these soresous forth.
But he should know, I am as good as all.

Thou hast of my grandfather—
Wise, Ay, lovely sir; For what are you, I pray?
But one impostor in another’s throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priests?
Wise. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle kept,
And many it to parturage his theft.

Glo. Unemployed Gloriest!—

Thou art revengent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Wise. Then Rome shall counsely.

Stay therin.
Wise. My lord, it were my duty to forbear.

Glo. Lay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Wise. Methinks, my lord, should be religious,
And know the office that belongeth to such.
Wise. Methinks his shrewish should be hum.

It standth not a prelate so to plead.
Wise. Yes, when he was. his holy state is touch’d so near.

Wise. Stay, holy, or unshaw’d, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Glo. Peace, peace, peace, the want of his tongue.

Lest he be said, 
Wise. What wouldst thou say, we should say?

Glo. What sayest thou in such deal with lords?
Wise. Could I not say, what some to tell me?

Glo. What wantest thou in such company?
Wise. That one such noble person see ye, should say:

Glo. Believe me, lords, my tender ears can tell,
Civil dissension is a vigorous work.

That known the bowels of the commonwealth—
A voice within: Down with the weak cowards,
What counsel’s this?

Wise. An upour, I dare warrant,

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May 0. My good lords,—and virtuous Hen.

Fly the way of London, pitty us:
The bishop and the duke of Gloriest’s men,
Portable bands in every corner, weep,
Have fill’d their pockets full of yeasty stones;
And basking themselves in contrary parts,
Dread not that they would cross the ground.
That many have their giddy brains knock’d
Out of our windows, all broken in every street,
And we, for that, cannot to shut our shops.

Enter, shrieking, the Reapers of Gloriest

K. Hen. We charge you, no allegiance to carry,

To hold your slaughtring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, make Gloriest exultate this strife.

I see. May, if we do,

Glo. You of our household, love this present blood.

And set thy extremation’s fight aside.

K. Hen. Our lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,

And that we will suffer such a prince,

To kind a father of the commonwealth,

To be disgrace’d by an inborn mate,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter’d by thy foes.

Glo. Stay, say, I say! And, if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold,

My sighs and tears, and will not more relent,

Who should be pitiful, if ye be not?

Who should study to please a peace,

If holy churches take delight in blood?

Wise. My lord protector, yield—yield Winch.

Except you mean with obstinate repulse,

To say thy sovereign, and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your eminence;

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Wise. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stop.

Or, I would see his heart out, are the print

Should ever get that privilege of me.

Wise. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke.

Hath hitherto disdainfully forfay’d,

As by his smooth’d brows it cloth appear:

Why look ye still so stern, and tragicall?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fa, uncle Beauffort! I have heard you

That malice was a great and grievous sin.

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

And prove a chief &autour in the cause?

Wise. I will. Keep king—I the bishop hall a kindly gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester I relent;

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Wise. Well, duke of Gloriest, I will yield to thee.

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay: but, I see, me, with a hollow heart—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Inwart yourselves, and all our followers;

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Wise. So help me God, and I dissemble it not.

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloriest,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my master! trouble me no more;

But joy my friends in this great work have done.

Glo. Content; I’ll to the surmise’s,

And so will I. 2 Sours. And I will see what physician the tavern affords.

K. Hen. Accept this scroll, more gracious severall.

Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,

We do direct to your majesty.

Glo. Well said, my lord of Warwick—fore, sweet prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great renown to the Richard right.

Especially, for those occasions.

At Eltham place I told my majesty—

K. Hen. And those occasion’s, uncle, were of force.

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure in

That Richard be restor’d in the blood.

Wise. Let Richard be restor’d to his blood;

Shall his thorowcombs be.

Wise. As will the rest, as within Winch.
K. Hen. If Richard shall be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whom you spring by legal descent.
Part. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in regard of that duly done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York;
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.
Part. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall.
And so thy days spring, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York.

[Aside.
Glo. Now will it be well real thy majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France?
The presence of a king engenders love;
And yet to his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it dissuades his enemies.
K. Hen. When Glorster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[Exeunt all but Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France.

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late discussion, grown betwixt the peers,
Surprised under seduced ashes of fond love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As foster'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall all a
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, named the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every looking-babe;
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all:
And Henry, born at Winchester, should lose all;
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish are hapless time.

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen.
Enter La Pucelle displeased, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen.

Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, and try how you place your words.
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall.)
And that we find the solicitous watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
I sold. Our sacks shall be a means to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen.

Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks. Guard. [Within.] Who's there in?

Puc. Pucelle, parles gens de France;
Poor market folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

[Opens the Gates.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[To Exeter. Pucelle, etc. enter the City.

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alijengo, and Forces.
Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enters Pucelle, and her companions:

Now she is there, how will she speake

Where is the host and safest passage in?

[Aside. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, being discovered, shows, that her meaning is—
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.
Enter La Pucelle on a Borrower; holding out a Trumpet.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joins Rouen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Talbottes.

Bast. Yes, noble Charles! the blessings of our friend
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alas! is there no time, Deeds have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—The Dauphin—presently,
And then do execution on the watchmen.

[They enter.

Alarum. Enter Talbot, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this season with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that dammed sorceress,
Bath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escape the pride of France.

[Exeunt to the Town.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town
Bastard, brought in sick, a Chair, with Talbot, Burgundy, and the English Forces.
The enter on the Walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alijengo, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

Two days full of flame! Do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoot on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan:
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may swear, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard? be know.

And run a bit at death within a chair?

Ted. Full cordial of France, and bag of all desire,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours.

Bastard, I'll have a boot with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold your peace.

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[To Talbot, and the rest, counsel together.
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Ted. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Behold your lordship takes us then for fools.

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Ted. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto these, Alijengo, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiery, come and fight it out?

Alem. Signior, no.

Ted. Signior, hang me!—base mulattos of France! Like peasants, found boys do they keep the walls.
And dare not take arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Charles, away! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks—
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE II.

God be wi'you, my lord! we came, sir, but to
tell you
That... [Exit La Pucelle, &c. from the Walls.]

Tal. And there will we be too, as it be long;
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest name—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustainer in
France.)
Either to get the town again, or die!
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
As sure as Talbot here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.
[Exit.]

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy
words.

Tal. But, are we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford—Come, my lord,
We will beseech ye now in some better place,
First for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bur. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here lies the valiant of the Wall of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now pur-
pose you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I
read
That stout Pandragon, in his later sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Matthinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast—
Then be it—Hence we keep old Bedford
safe.
And now no more ado, leave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our baying enemy.

[Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford, and others.]

ALARUM: Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrew again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord
Talbot?

Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee.

[Exit.]

RECESS: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, La Pucelle, Alesone, Charles, &c. and several flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soles, depart when heaven
please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow;
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were, are to this, our scolds,
Are glad and fat by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.]

ALARUM: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others.

Tal. Last, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this glory! ...

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Embroiders this in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is
Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep;
Now where's the Bastard's brave, and Charles
What, all in mourn? Rouen hangs her head for
grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And than depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot, pleasant Bor-
rmond?

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But we his execupia fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiers pontificates must die:
For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. The Plains near the City.

Enter Charles, the Bastard, Alesone, La Puc-
elle, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recover'd;
Care is no care, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be concealed.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacocks sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train.
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but cold.
Cheer, We have been guided by thee, historic,
And of thy cunning had no difference;
One sudden fall shall never breed distrust.
Search out the spirit of our secret policies,
And we will make them famous through the
world.

Ales. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverence'd like a blessed saint—
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mixed with augury'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

[Exeunt.]

Char. A parley, a parley, sweet Sir John Puc-
elle. Parley sound'd.

France, and not have title to an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work.

To bring this matter to the wished end.

Char. A parley sound'd.

Puc. Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Parisward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at
a distance, Talbot, and Forces.

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Bur-
gundy and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, come the duke, and his
Fortunes, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Puc. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am
master.

Cheer, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy
words.
Puc. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am
master.
Char. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hopes of
France!

Stay, thy humble handmaden speak to thee.
Puc. Speak, but be not over-scrupulous.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on thy
France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd.
By waiting rude of the great foe!  
As looks the matron on her lovely babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see, the paleening lads!  
Behold the woe, the most unwieldy wounds,  
Which thus thyself hast given her woful breast!  
O, turn thy head another way;  
Strike them that hurt, and hurt not those that help!  
One drop of blood, draws from thy country's bosom,  
Should grove thee more than streams of foreign gore!  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spoils!  
Eur. Either the bath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.  

"Fug. Besides, all French and France exclaims  
On thee.  
Dooming thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'd thee with, but with a loudly nation,  
Thou wilt not trust thee, but for proof's sake:  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of the,  
Who then, but English Henry will be lord,  
And thou he thrust out, like a fugitive.  
Call we to mind, and mark but this, for proof;—  
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe!  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free, without his ransom paid,  
The spirit of Enclide, and all his friends.  
See then 'tis strongest against thy countrymen,  
That jointed with the French shall be the slaye's son.  
Come, come, return; return, than wounding lord!  
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.  
Eur. I am vanquish'd: these haughty words of thee  
Have butted me like roaring cannon shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace!  
My forces and my power of men are yours;—  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.  
Fug. Done like a Frenchman, tara, and turn again!  
Char: Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship  
Makes us fresh.  
Bast. And doth begot new courage in our hearts.  
Alen. Pacelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.  
Char. Now let us go, on my lords, and join our powers;  
And seek how we may protect thee. 

Eur. My gracious sovereign, as I ride from Calais,  
To hasten to thy coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to thy grace from the duke of Burgundy.  
This, Shakes to the dukedom Burgundy, and thee!  
I would, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.  

Eur. Sir John Fastolf.  
Fust. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To hasten to thy coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to thy grace from the duke of Burgundy.  
This, Shakes to the dukedom Burgundy, and thee!  
I would, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.  

Eur. Sir John Fastolf.
And all assailing any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Then, when first this order was ordain'd, my lord,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth:
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Dost but marry the secret name of knight,
Proclaiming this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
His gate degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That daffs presume to boast of green blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou heart's

Oh! doth it by precedent, then that was a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death—

[Exit Pastoral.

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath,

[Viewing the superscription.

No more butt, plank, and chimney—To the king?

Have he forgi't, he is his sovereign;

Or doth this cherish superscription

Prevent some alteration in good will?

What's here?—I see upon especial cause,

Heart's.

Had'st with compassion of my country's

Together with the painful complaints

Of such as oppress'st forthwith upon—

Persecute mere persifling faction,

And join'd with Charles the rightful King of

France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and union,

They should be found such false dishonorable guile?

K. Hen. What's the matter, my noble Burgundy?

Thou dost, my lord; and it becomes thy face.

K. Hen. Is this the voice, the letter both contain'd?

Glo. It is the worst, and all my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chaste entertainment for this abuse—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am

I should have been so bold I might have been employ'd?

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march into

Let him perceive, how ill we break his dreams;

And what offence it is, to find his friends

And give him chaste entertainment for this abuse—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am

I should have been so bold I might have been employ'd?

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march into

Vere. Vermin and Bastard.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign?

Rut. And me, my lord, grant me the combat also.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Henri, favor him.

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And whether have you combat? or with whom?

Ver. Say, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Rut. And with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
To be our guest in these parts of France;
And, good my lord, all of Somerset, whose troops your band of
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of
first
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choicer on your enemies.
Yourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some rest, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Amiens, and that traitor's rest.
(Stirrupc.)

FINISH THE POEM OF KING HENRY VI. ACT IV.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Fondly, thoughtfully; and play the traitor.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
That he was the badge of Somerset.

War. Was that but his fancy, since he
him not;

I don't promise, sweet prince, he thought no
harm.

York. And if I wish he did,—but let it rest;
Others afloat, and now be managed.

[Exit York, Warwick, and Vernon.

E. W. Well did he do, Richard, to suppress
thy voice.

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen Despencer's there
More rampant spleen, more furious raging bulls,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But however, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should ring of each other in the court,
This furious brawling of their favorites,
But that it doth preserve some ill event.
Th' elect, when aspirants are in children's hands;
But more, when fiery broods unfold division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II. France. Before Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

T. G. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a Parsley. Enter, on the
Wall, the General of the French Forces, and
others.

English John Talbot, esquire, calls you forth,
Served in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—then are your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as your chief subject,
And I'll draw me and my bloody power:
But, if you own this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendant,
Least famish, quartering steel, and kindling fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your wretched and air-braving towns,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

E. O. Thou vain and foolish one of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody sacrifice;
Trapped of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us, thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I pray you, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to lose out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appoinited,
Stands with the snatch of war to tangle thee;
On either hand there are suspectable pitch,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way must thou turn thee for relief.
But death doth from thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meet thee in the face.

Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To give their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Let there be nothing, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy emulator, die with thee;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
SCENE VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

To bid his young son welcome to his grave!

To see the most my breath may stop.

That no friend of his may my tears pour out.

Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Enter Somerset, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Scene. The Great Hall of the Castle.

TALBOT. Whither, my lord? from what紧急?

To meet the enemy, and give the first shot.

In arms, with all our forces, to the aid of the King.

Who will you send for to receive the news?

Enter the Earl of WINDSOR, and the Duke of YORK.

Scene. The great hall of the Castle.

York. The King is dead, the Prince is dead.

TALBOT. We are come too late, my lord; too late!

SCENE V. The English Camp, near Bayeux.

[Enter TALBOT and John his Son.

TALBOT. O young John TALBOT! I did send for thee,

To give thee my last orders. But that thy name might be in thy rev'ned,

Wrestling, and making desperate efforts.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swift steed.

And I will direct thee how thou shalt escape

To meet their first assault. But now they are seen,

The estate which thou hast in France, and thy name

Shall be known from hence to heaven.

SCENE VI. A Field of Battle.

Alarms! Exceptions, whereof TALBOT's Son is

Talbot and his troops.

Scene. The Field of Battle.

TALBOT. The King is dead, my lords, and the Prince is dead.

John. We are come too late, my lord; too late!

SCENE V. The English Camp, near Bordeaux.

[Enter TALBOT and John his Son.

TALBOT. O young John TALBOT! I did send for thee,

To give thee my last orders. But that thy name might be in thy rev'ned,

Wrestling, and making desperate efforts.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swift steed.

And I will direct thee how thou shalt escape

To meet their first assault. But now they are seen,

The estate which thou hast in France, and thy name

Shall be known from hence to heaven.
To be our regent: And, good my lord Your troops of foot— And, like true Go cheerfully Your nag’s tail: Unselfish, my After some Into these To be past With Chance—

War. My, Peadily, upon War. Turn—

I’d To Our

You how dost thou fare? bath, how, and fly; son of chastity th., when I am dead; me is little steal. I well I sue., live in one small seat, with Frenchman’s rage, will with me. I of and more, we hazard by thy word! are saved, if thou wilt be away.

The sword of Orleans hath not made an arm.

Words of years draw life-blood from my heart: at advantage, bought with such a shame, are a paltry life, and shag bright fame. a young Talbot from old Talbot fly, another ward horse, that bears me, fill and die: And like me to the peasant boys of France; the shame’s same, and subject of no changes! barely, by all the glory you have won, An if I fly, I am not Talbot’s son: Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot; If son to Talbot, die at Talbot’s foot. Then follow thou the desperate sire of Crete;

Thou learnt: thy life to me is sweet: if thou wilt fight, fight by thy father’s side; And, commensurate proof, let’s die in pride. [Exit.

SEIZE VII.

Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Servant.

Thou. Where is my other life? Mine own is gone.

O, where’s young Talbot?—Where is valiant John?

Triumphant death, smeared with captivity! Young Talbot’s valour makes me smile at thee— When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish’d over me, And, like a hungry lion, did commence Rough deeds of rage, and stern impiety; Thundering my ruin, and assailing mine. But, when my angry guardians did alone, Dazzlingly I forg’d, and great rage of heart, Suddenly made him from my sight to start Into the cloudburst battle of the French: And in that sea of blood my day did drown His ever-smouldering spirit; and there died. My tears, my blossom, in his pride.

HENRY VI.

ACT IV.

Scene at the body of John Talbot. O my dearest lord! lo, where your son is borne! Tal. Thou mockest death, which laugh’d on to am, from thy insulting tyranny, Cooped in bonds of perpetuity. There twice, thou art, O bitter sky, In thy despite shall escape mortality. O thine whose wound becomes hard-favor’d Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath; Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or not. Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. Poor boy! he smiles, mutter, as who should Had death been French, then death had died today. Come, come, and lay him in his father’s arms: My spirit can no longer bear these harms. Soldiers, attend! I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave.

[Dies.

Alarum: Excursions, Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter Charles, Albemarle, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pescie, and Forest. Char. Had York and Somerset brought receasers. We should have found a bloody day of this. Blast. How the young whelp! Talbot’s raging. Chal. Did dash his poison sword in Frenchman’s blood! Plea. Once I encounter’d him, and thus I said, Thou madman youth, be reconcili’d by a maid: But—wth a proud, martialous high scorn,— He answered thus: Young Talbot was not here To be the sullage of a vigilant sent: So, rushing in the bowels of the French, He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. Bar. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight: Sce, where he lies interred in the arms Of the most bloody nummer of his harms. Beat. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones to pieces. Whose life was England’s glory, Gallia’s wonder. Char. Hear him; forbear for that which we have fle’d. During the life, let us not wrong it dead. Enter Sir William Lucy, attended, a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald. Conquge me to the Dauphin’s tent; to know Who hath obtain’d the glory of the day. Char. By what unconsummate message art thou sent? Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! ‘tis a new French word; We English, warriors not what it means. I come to know what prisoners thou hast taken, And to survey the bodies of the dead. Char. For prisoners askst thou? hell our prisoners.

But tell me whom thou seekst? Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field, Valiant Lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury? Created, for his rare success in arms; Great Earl of Walsingham, Waterford, and York: Lord Talbot of Goodrich and Orchindfield, Lord Strange of Blakemore, Lord Verdes of Alnwick; Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Cornwall of Sheffield, The third and glorious lord of Falcobellidge; Knight of the noble order of Saint George, Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden Rose; Great marshall to Henry the Sixth. Of all his wars within the realm of France
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Essex.

K. Hen. Have you purveyed the letters from the Emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—

To have a general peace concluded of all men, to the advantage of England and of France.

K. Hen. Howe doth thy grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means,

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,

And chaste quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was much impious and unseemly,

That such eminency and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Being so much—tis the sooner affect,

And surer bind, this knot of sanity,—

The earl of Armagnac—near kinsman to Charles,

A man of great authority in France—

Pursues his only daughter to your grace,

In marriage, with a large and sanguine dowry.

K. Hen. Mean age, uncle! is it so? my years are young:

And know my early and my books,

These wanten dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

Let them procures or do repays.

I shall be well content with any choice,

Tend to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with the Bishop of Winchester.

Leg. What is your lordship's name?

Amb. Is it not the earl of Winchester, my lord?

K. Hen. I am his lordship's most humble servant.

Pur. Here is a sally stanza style indeed!

The Turk, that two and fifty thousands hath,

Shall draw conditions of a friendly peace.

Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean

Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of our lord your master,

I have informed his highness so at large

As itching of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dowry,—

He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,

Bears her this jewel, [To the Amb.] pledge of

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

And safely brought to Dover; where, indubitably,

Commit them to the fortunes of the sea.

[Exit King Henry, and Train; Gloster,

Essex, and other nobles.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive

The sum of money, which I promised

Should be delivered to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments:

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's pleasure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I know,

Or be intemperate to the proudest peers.

Humphry of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,

That, neither in birth or for authority,

The bishop be overthrown by the prince:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exit.

SCENE II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, La Pocelle,

And Forces, marching.

Chas. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the most Parisians do revolt,

And turn again unto the warlike French.

Avec. They march to Paris, royal Charles of France,

And keep his power in durance of the same:

Pur. Peace be amongst you, if they turn to rag.

Else, run combat with their palaces.

Enter a Messenger.

Mss. Success unto our valiant general,

And happiness to his accomplishe.

Chas. What tidings send our scouts? I pray you speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was

Into two parts, is now confederate in one;

And means to give you battle presently.

Chas. Somewhat too sudden, sir; the warning

But we will presently provide for them.

Pur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pur. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed:

Remember, the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Chas. What am I, my lords; and France so fortunate?

[Exit.

SCENE III. The same. Before Angiers.

Alarms: Excursions. Enter La Pocelle.

Pur. The regent conquer, and the Frenchmen fly;

Now holy, ye charming spells and priapists;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,

And give me signs of future accidents!

[Thunder.

You openly helpers, that are substituts

Under the holy search of the monarch,

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!
Beshrew French and English fighting, ye friends of mine! Let us be men. The French ap. Dressed of France, I think I have you at a year's spirits now with spelling charms, if they can gain your liberty. silly prise, fit for the devil's grace! show how the ugly witch doth bend her brows, As if, with Crete, she would change my shape. Fye. Chang'd to a weaker shape thou canst not be. York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man; No shape but his can please your dainty eye. Fye. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee! And may ye both be suddenly surprise'd by bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds! York. Pell, banning bag! enchantress, bold thy tongue. Poss. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while. York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.\n
ALARUM. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.\n
Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gaze on her.\n
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; For I will touch thee but with reverent hands, And lay them gently on thy tender side. I kiss these fingers [Kisses her hand] for eternal peace: Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king. The king of Naples, whose're thon art. Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd. Be not offended, nature's miracle, Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me: So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, Keeping them prisoners under her wings Yet, if this servile usage once offended, Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [She turns away as going.\n
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twisting another counterfeit beam. So seems this gorgeous beauty in false eye. Pain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak; I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.\n
Mar. Suff, sir, or Suffolk,—if thy name be so—\n
When must I pay before I pass?\n
Suff. How canst thou tell she will dey thy will? Before then make a trial of her love? [Aside.\n
Mar. Why speakst thou thus? thou not a true man amongst us? [Aside.\n
Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd; She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.\n
Mar. wilt thou accept of ransom, yes, or no? [Aside.\n
Suff. For man! remember, that thou hast a wife; Then how can Margaret to thy parameters?\n
Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear. Suff. There all is sound; these lines a cooling card. Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad. Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had. Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me. Suff. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king; youth, that's a woeful thing.\n
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter. Suff. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scuffle in that tree; For though her father be the king of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor, And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside. Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure? Suff. It shall be so, disdain they me no more; Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. Madam, I have a secret to reveal. Mar. What though I be embrac'd? he seems a knight, And will not any way dishonour me. Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. Mar. Perhaps, I shall be reviv'd by the French; And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside. Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause. Mar. Tush: women have been captives e'er now. [Aside. Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so? Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid pro quo. Suff. Say, gentle princes, would you not support Your bondage happy, to be made a queen? Mar. To be a queen in bondage, in more vise, Than is a slave in base servility: For princes should be free. Suff. And so shall you, If happy England's royal king be free. Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto his? Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen; To put a golden sceptre in thy hand, And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be my—\n
Mar. What? Suff. His love. Mar. No, not unworthy to be Henry's wife. Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife, And have a portion in a choice myself. How say you, madam, are you so content? Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
SCENE IV. Camp of the Duke of York, near Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York: Bring forth that serjeant, condemned to burn.

Enter La Poule, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart.

York. Here I sought every country far and near.

Shep. And now it is my chance to feel thy out.

York. Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Sheep. Despise miser! base ignoble wretch! I am descended of a gentle blood;

York. These are my father, your innumerable race.

Sheep. Out, out—my lord, an please you, let not so;

York. My daughter, all the parish knows.

Sheep. Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

York. Foe, foe! why dost thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been:

Wicked and vile, and her death concludes.

Sheep. Fie, Joan! that with so much obstinacy

God knows, thou art a colt of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;

Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

York. Deceitful, avast! You have shrunk from this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Sheep. This is true. I gave a noble to the priest,

The morrow that I was wedded to her mother—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl;

Wilt thou not knees? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the world

Thy mother gave thee, when thou seekest her breast.

Had been a little readiness for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my humble tent a-field;

I wish the world had seen thee there,

When a reprobate scald had eaten thee.

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed dwarf?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

York. Take her away, for she hath lived too long.

To fill the world with vicious quietunities.

York. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned,

Not one begotten of a shepherd's swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits;

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt with the tainted thorns of vice—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose mystic blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will dry the garden of gallant hearts.

York. Ay, ay—away with her to execution.

Wark. And burn ye, sir; because she is a maid,

Share her no fagatus, let there be enough!
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SEC. 6.

War. What the traditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for being chancellor
Unlawful passage of my patron's voice,
By sight of these our faithful enemies.
War. Charles, and the rest, it is ended thus:
That, as in regard King Henry gives counsel,
Of more compassion, and of mercy.
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to be pacified.
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself;
Thou shalt be place'd as strongly under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
War. Must he be then an shadow of himself?
Adoro his temples with a correct;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Receive but privilege of a private men?
This prerogative is absurd and unreasonable.
Char. 'Tis known, alack! that I am possess'd
With more than half the Italian territories,
And therein regard'd for their lawful king.
Shall I, for love of the rest unenvi'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but vassal of the whole?
No, lord Bourchier; for this I'll prove:
That which I have, then covenant for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Desiring Charles first thee by secret
Used interview to obtain a league;
And I, in the matter great to compromise,
Stand'st thou alone upon comparison?
Neither accept the till thou know'st,
Of benefits possessing thy kingdom,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Remember, thou dost not well in thy kingdom.
To ev'ry in the course of this contract:
It once be neglected, to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is thy policy,
To save thy subjects from such massacres,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our remonstring in haustility.
And therefore take this execution of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure
For. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our
Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.
Char. Lord regent, I do great your excellence
With letters of commussion from the king.
For know, my lord, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous hands,
Have earnestly import'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the arm'd French.
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approach to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarter have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we last conclude efficacious peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progressions have respec'ted?
O, Warwick! Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants.
What come we to inform'd by yourselves.

Scene V. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, in conference with Suffolk, Gloucester, and Exeter, following.

K. Hen. Year wondrous rare description
Of beauteous Margaret, hast astonish'd me:
Her eyes, encharmed with external graces,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like an image in tempestuous seas
Promulgate the mighty light against the ope.
So am I driven, by break of that renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or to rise
Where I may have fountains of her love.
Suff. True! my good lord! this superstitious tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfection of that lovely dame
(If I had sufficient skill to utter them,)
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to rouse any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with so humble lowliness of mind.
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry o'er pursue,
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to faster sin
If you, my lords, your highnesses be bash'd
Unto another lady of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, in a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, foreknew the list
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor ens'ls daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confine our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he was nearer kinsman unto Charles.

K. Hen. Beside his wealth doth warrant liberity.

While Ragnalor soonest will receive them.

Glo. A dowry my lords? disgrace not so your
That he should be so absolute, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfections.
Henry is able to versiv his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by armistey.

Ver. As long as we will, but whose grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore lords, since he affects her, it
Most of all indeed concerns beth us.
In our opinions she should be preferred.

An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary brings forth blest,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a
king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear, both at first and last.

Suff. Thou Suffolk hast prevail'd: and thus he goes.
As did the youthful Paris oace to Greece;

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear, both at first and last.

Suff. Thou, Glaster and Exeter.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dimness in my breast,
Such force alarmus both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Ver. Therefore, shopping: pose, my lord, to
France;

K. Hen. Agreement to any covenants: and proceed
That Lady Margaret dovescapes to some
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence.
If you do censure not what you were
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of an act of will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Suff. Thou Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes.
As did the youthful Paris oace to Greece;

K. Hen. And whatsoever is done,

Suff. Thou Suffolk hast prevail'd: and thus he goes.
As did the youthful Paris oace to Greece;
With hopes to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king:
But I will rule both her, the king, and see.

Edw.
SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUPORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York:
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
DUKE OF YORK, Earl of Chester.
DUKE OF SuffOLK, Earl of Northampton, of the King's Party.
LORD CLIFFORD, Young Clifford, his Son.
EARL OF WARWICK, Duke of the York Party.
EARL OF ExETER, Lord Lieutenant of the York Party.
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
LORD SAY, Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, Friends with Suffolk.

A Herald. VAUX.
Hume and SouthwELI, two Poets.
Bolingbroke, a Conjuror.
THOMAS HORNE, an Armorer.
PETER, his Man.
SIMCOX, an Inspector. Two Ministers.
JACK CAPE, a Hobgoblin.
GEORGE, JOHN, and THOMAS, three Robbers.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Renowned Person.
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry. KLENOAB, Duchess of Gloucester.
MARGARET JOURDAIN, a Woman.

Scene—Dispersely in various parts of England.

ACT I.


Flourish of Trumpets; then drummers. Enter on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Suffolk, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by her son; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others, following.

Majesty. As your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city. Tours—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calais, Brezilauf, and, Alencon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have performed my task, and was espoused;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her noble peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marriage gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.
K. Hen. Suffolk, arise—Welcome, Queen Margaret.

Yond. I can express no fitter sign of love,
Than this kind kiss—O Lord, that lends me life,
Let me a heart yieldly with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If I should on the thoughts of love unite our thoughts.
Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The solemn conference that you held here—
By day, by night, when, and on my business;
Is nearly company, or in my behalf,—
With you mine almighty sovereign,
Makes me the bold to salve my king
With tender terms; such as my wits affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.
K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace
Her worth y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering tail to weeping joy;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content—
Look, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.
All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!
Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]
Suffolk, and protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king.
For eighteen months concluded by consent.
Glo. [Reading.] Tomorrow, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Foe, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, and that said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Ragnier king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, &c., the thirty-third of May next ensuing—then—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father.
K. Hen. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden passion hath struck me to the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no farther.
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray you, read on.
Win. Hem.—It is further agreed between them, that the duchy of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the best her father; and she shall have all the king of England's own proper castles and charges, with all having dower.
K. Hen. They please me well.—Lord marquess.
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, give me
We have agreed thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And give thee with the sword.
Glo. To us Grant it; we here discharge your grace.
From being regent in the parts of France,
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But in my presence that doth trouble you.

Thus have I heard from French persons, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin an ancient bickering.

Exit. —

Cas. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

Thus known to you, it is mine enemy:

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all:

And use great frame, I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords, he is the most of blood,

And how it appears to the English ears;

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be disposed of at.

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Brash your hearts, be wise, and circumspect.

What they, the common people favour him,

Calling him—Humphrey the good duke of Glou-

Cers:

shall not, their hands, and urging with loud voice:

Jesus maintain your royal excellence!

Without violence, while it is in my power.

Duke Humphrey! I fear me, lords, for all this flattering show,

He will do a dangerous protector.

But, while he has not then protect our sovereign,

He belongs of age to govern of himself:

Counts of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together—under the duke of Suffolk—

We'll now, without delay, Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Carr. This weighty business will not break down.

I'll pack the duke of Suffolk presently. —

[Exit. —

Shen. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,

And greatness of his place, be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

His insolence is more mischievous

Than all the princes in the land beside.

Duke of Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or then, or I, Somerset, will be pro-

tector.

Shen. Despatch Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exit. —

Buck. Pride went before ambition follows him.

While these do not give for their own profession,

Behaves it as a labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Of this I saw the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier, than a man of the church.

As stout, and proud, as he was lord of all—

Swarthy like a ruffian, and demeaned himself.

Unlike the rules of a common-wealth.

Warwick, my soul, this comfort of my age!

They death, they plaintiff, and they house-keeping.

I went the greatest favours of the commons,

Except some last good duke Humphrey —

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil disorders: at it.

They late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When they were regent for our sovereign,

Have had our fear, and honour, of the people —

Join us together for the public good.

In what we can to trouble and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somersets, and Buckingham's ambition,

And, as warlike as Duke Humphrey,

What they did, the profit of the land.

War. Fray, his God, help Warwick, as he loves the land.

And show the profit of his country!

York. And so say York, for he hath greatest cause.

Shen. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

[Exit. —

This is not my business that you do make, 

[Read by a person. —

Inigo, by the king's will, and will, held of the land,

Somerset, and all his followers, in the shape

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be performed. —

[Enter King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you, Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spurn your youth,

His value, com, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often listen to open men?

In winters cold, and summers parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did not last, his beloved Isabel's will,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

York, Suffolk, and victorious Warwick,

Received deep shares in France and Normandy?

Or hath my name Buckingham, and myself,

With all the learned counsel of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house,

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and France should be kept in awe,

And how his highest in his infancy

Blessed, the dear, in Paris, despoils of foes?

And shall these labours, and these honours, lie?

Shall Henry's right, Buckingham's ambition,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel lost?

O peers of England, stamful is this league!

Fateful this marriage, canceling your fame:

Stumbling your names from books of memory:

Raising the characters of your renown;

Defacing monuments of conquest, 

Undoing all, as all had never been.

Carr. Nephew, what means this passionate

This poration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis our care; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should.

Shrewdly, the new-made duke that rules the mast,

Gath, the dukes of Anjou and Maine

State the poor king, Reclusier, whose large style

Are now, and, in the kindness of his prince,

Sold, now, by the death of him that died for all,

These counsels were the keys of Normandy—

But whereby we have, my valiant son,

War. For grief, that they are now recovery:

For, were there hope to conquer them again,

My record shall be set forth blood, blood, blood.

Anjou and Maine, myself did win them both;

These presentions these arms of me did compass,

And are the sign, that I got with wounds.

Delivered, again, with peace and words?

More Dead! —

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be sufficient,

This duteous honour of this warlike state,

France should have thee, and rest my very heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league,

I could not yield, with large sums of gold, and dowries,

With their votes.

Before. —

Carr. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.

[Read by a person. —

This is not my business that you do make.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

TO THE MANOR

WAR. Unto the manor, O father, Maine is lost:
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did
win,
And in the air have kept, as long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
Maine:
Whence I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.

York: Anjou and Maine are given to the
French.

PARIS is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a shoal point, now they are gone:
Sabot turned on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased.
To change two daughters for a duke's fair daughter.
I must hence them all; what left to them?
This thing they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
village,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesy;
Skewrelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While the silty owners of the goods
Weep over them, and wring their hapless hands,
And shake their head, and trembling stand aloof,
While all is lost; and, all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
Ye York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his hands are bared for, and sold abroad;
Mishakes the realm of England, France, and
Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Athens burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of tertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his
own:
And therefore will I take the Neville parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke
Humfrey.
And, when I have advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit;
Nor shall proud Lancaster reap my right,
Nor hold the acre in his child's fret;
Nor wear the disdain upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake, when others are asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear bought
queen
And Humfrey with the peers be fall'n at Jure;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of Gloucher's House.

Enter Gloucher and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-worn'd

Hanging the head at Caves' plentiful lord?
Why flocks the great Duke Humfrey knit his

As crowning at the favours of the world?
Why are those eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Crying on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What went thon there? King Henry's tidings,
Beneath with all the honours of the world?
If so, gane on, and grovel on thy knees:
Until thy head be circled with the same
But forth thy head, reach at the glorious gold:

What, it's too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together head it up,
We'll both together let our heads be heaven;
And never more above our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. Neill, sweet Neill, if thou dost love thy

Duch. Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And most of that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and my dear master, Richard,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My triumphs dream this night doth make me

Glo. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Mochetight, this stout, mine office-bearer

Was brazen in broad, by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on thine head did the dream wear

Went place the head of Edmond Duke of

And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk
This was my dream, what it doth bode, God

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's

Shall offer his head for his great splendid
And all the realms of England, France, and

Duch. Was it this? this was nothing but an
argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's

Shall offer his head for his great splendid
And all the realms of England, France, and

Glo. Nay, Neill, be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

Msg. Mess. My lord protector, 'twas his highness

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to back
Glo. I go—Come, Neill, thou wilt ride with us

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

Glo. I go—Come, Neill, thou wilt ride with us

Msg. Follow me, I cannot go before.

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

Duch. Why does my lord, like over-worn'd

Hanging the head at Caves' plentiful lord?
Why flocks the great Duke Humfrey knit his

As crowning at the favours of the world?
Why are those eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Duchess. What sayst thou, man! hast thou as much as we understood with Margaret Jourdain, the cunning witch; and Roger, the sorcerer, the conjurer? And wilt thou undertake to do me good?

Home. Thou hast promised,—to show thy husband.

A spirit raised from depth of underground, That shall make answer to such questions. As by thy grace shall be propounded him. Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Basket Alaba we do make return, We'll see these things effected to the full. Here, Home, take this reward: make merry, With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit Duchess. Home. Home must make merry with the duchess' gold; Marl. Make much cheer. But how now, Sir John Home? Send up your lips, and give no word but—

The business abides strict secrecy. Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch; Jourdain will know, and know the conjurer, And have him to undermine the Duchess, And burn these conjurations in her brain. They say, a crafty knave does need no broker; Yet am I Suffolk, and the cardinal's broker. Home, if you take these, you shall go near To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves. Well, as it stands: And thus, I fear, at last, Home's knavery will be the Duchess' woe; And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall. Bost how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.}

SCENE III.
The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and have we may deliver our supplications in the quiet.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesus bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, more.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suff. How now, fellow? Wouldst thou at any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

2 Pet. [Reading the superscription] To my lord protector are your supplications to his lordship. Let me see them. What is there?

1 Pet. Mine is, and it pleases your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.


Peter. [Presenting his petition] Against my master, Sir Horsey, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth; my master sayeth, That he as said, and that the king was an usurper.

Suff. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and wait for his master with a purveyour presently—We'll bear more of your master before the king.

[Exeunt Servants, with Peter. Home. And all for you, that love to be protected Under the wing of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and see to him. [Turns the petition. Away, base Sullivan, from me, let them go.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the gosse, Is this the fashion in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's last, And this the royalty of Albion's king? What, shall King Henry be a pupill still, Under the early Cloutier's government? Am I a queen in title and in style, And must I be made a subject to a duke? I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st a fit in honour of my love, And spoil away the loving hearts of France; I thought King Henry had resembled thee, In courage, countenance, and proportion: But all his mind was bent to holiness, To number Ave-Maries on his bells; His champions were the prophets and apostles; His weapons were the weight of his will; His study is his dilyard, and his love Are eerie images of canonised saints. I would the college of cardinals Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown upon his head; That were a sure fit for his holiness. Suff. Madam, be patient. As I was came Your Richness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the taught protector, have we Brakespeare, The imperious churchman: Somerset, Backingham, And gribbling Yorke: and not the least of the, But can do more in England than the king. Suff. And he of these, that can do most of all, Cannot do more in England than the Neville: Salisbury and Warkworth are no simple peas. Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much. As that proved done, the lord protector's wife. She swears to it through the court with troops of Yorke, More like an evagorres than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen: She bears a duke's revenues on her head; And in her heart she seems our poverty: Shall I not live to be avenged by her? Contemplative base-born girl as she is, She wanted amongst her maidservants, other day, The very rum of her worst wearing-gown; Was better worn than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for her daughter. Suff. Madam, I myself have lim'd a bush for her: And plac'd a sprig of such eagle birds, That she would love to see the larks, And never mount to trouble you again. So, let her rest: And, madam, let me see: For I am held renowned by this. Although we fancy not the cardinal, Yet must we join with him, and with the lords, Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

Scene I. Paris.

[Enter Warwick and Salisbury.]

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost.
Thrice, which by main force of Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, ye meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]

York.安居 and Maine are given to the French.
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tittle point, now they are gone:
Shaketh censured on the articles:
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what's left to them?
This time they give away, and not their own.
France may make cheap penpennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly swine of the goods
Ways over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stand aloof,
While all is sham'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fast, and bite his tongue,
While his own hands are bargain'd for; and sold,
Maiming the realms of England, France, and Frendland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood;
As did the fatal brand Athus bear'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevill's paris,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey.
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like honours fit not for a crown.
This year, be he in life, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Hardy, surfeiting in toys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear brought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be full at jears;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force prevailing, I'll make him yield the crown;
Whose bottom rule hath pull'd fair England down.

Scene II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of Glaster's House.

Enter Glaster and the Dukeess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-spent corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plentiful load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As reviving at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What sect thou there? King Henry's dirigeant,
Ench'd with all the honours of the world?
For he, care on, gnawing on thy face,
Until thy heart be circled with the sword,
But forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold —

What is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having torn together it up.
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more shall bow our sight so low
As to prostrate one glance unto the ground.
Glaster. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the centre of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine it,
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My tremendous dreams this night doth make me mad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll replique it
With sweet rehearseal of my morning's dream.
Glaster. Methought, this staff, mine effer-bade so long,
Was borne by twin, by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of St.
meres,
And William de Poole, first duke of Sachtick.
This was my dream, what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. That, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Glaster's grace,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But lie to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke.
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Wixminster,
And in that chair whose bings and quens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, knelt to end.
And on my head did set the diadem.
Glaster. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-right:
Presumptuous dame, ill-married Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasures at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought;
And wilt thou still be hammering trachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of happiness to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord? art ye so cholerick?
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glaster. Nay, be not angry, I mean pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glaster. Go, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

Follow me. I must, I cannot go before,
While Glaster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headlong necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John I say, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Home.

Home. But, by the grace of God, and Home's
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. 437

SCENE III.

Duch. What say ye at thow, man? hast thou an
yet confesst?

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Sir Roger Stroathe, the conjurer? Yea?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show thy
highness
A spirit raised from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by thy grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the ques-
tions.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry,
With thy confederats in this weighty cause.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
duchess' gold;

Marry, and tarry. But how now, Sir John
Hume? Seal up your lips, and give no words but-

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
God save thee, sir, from the devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I do not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and unapproachable duchess of
Suffolk;
Yet I do find it: as for, to be plain,
They know, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring
humor,
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess;
And thus these conjunctions in her brain.
They say, A crafty knife Computational Broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knives.
Well, so it stands: and there, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' treach'ry;
And her attenuation will be Humphrey's fall:
Shall how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

Q. Mar. What say ye at thow? Did the Duke of
York say, he was rightfull heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth; my
master was; and that he was; and that the king was an
usurer.

Suff. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take
this fellow in, and send for his master with a
persuasive presently; we'll hear more of your
matter before the king.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be pro-
tected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Away, base cullions!—Sir John, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolke, say, this is the
gaine
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's life?
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupill still,
Under the yule Glover's governance:
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a dutee?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city
there run'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And shalt away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtesie, and proportion:
But all his spirit is taint to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champagnes are—prophets and apostles;
His wepons, holy sors of holy writ;
His study is his lifefield, and his love
Are brazen images of canonicalness.
I would the college of cardinals
Would choose him pepe, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suff. Madam, he patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the knight protector, have we
Beaufort
The imperious churchman? Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of
these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suff. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple people.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so
much.
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She swear through the court with troops of
colours.
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's
wife;

Strangurs in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's reverent on her head,
And in her heart she scars our poverty:
Should I not live to be aveng'd of her?
Contemnous base-born callist she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions' vother day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown,
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedomes for his daughter.

Suff. Myself, I have limited a bash
for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That they will surely take the lay,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, let me to:
I am, if I be bold, to counsel you in this,
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till when we brought Duke Humphrey in obe-
grace.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
protector will come this way by and by, and
these may deliver our applications in the
full.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's
a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here 'comes, methinks, and the queen
with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of
Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suff. How now, fellow? 'twould any think
with me.

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye
for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To my
lord protector are your applications to his lord-
ship? Let me see them: What is this thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, not pleaseth your grace, against
John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for
keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all,
from me.

Suff. Thy wife too? that is some wrong in-
deed.—What's yours?—What's here? [Reads.]
Against the duke of Suffolk, for enlisting the
commons of Suffolk.—How now, sir knight?

2 Pet. Better for all men than a poor petitioner
of our white battalion.

Peter. [Presuming his petition.] Against my
master, my Lord Horner, for saying, That the
duke of York was rightfull heir to the crown.

Scene IV.
in the days of York, this last complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
York was the weakest in the four.
York's power and grace were as much
York, if York have it, all's done himself in
There be but little of the remnant.
If Somerset be wearied of the place,
War. Whosoever thy grace be worthy, yea, or
War. What's the profit of thy power in the field?
War. In no part of it be my power in the field.
War. The profits of it are my interest, in these
War. Warwick may like to be the best of all.
Sir. Peace, peace, &c.— and show some reason.
Why Somerset should be proscried in this
War. Because the king, Somerset, will have it so
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself.
To give his consent: these are no women's
Glo. No. If he be old enough, what needs thy grace
To make thy power of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I see protector of the realm;
And, as his pleasure, will resign my place.
War. Resign, &c., and leave these insolence
Since she was king, &c., she is king hereafter.
The Brunswiclish and more distant
The Dalmatian throne, &c., beyond the most
And all the peers and nobles of the realm.
Have been as baseless in thy sovereignty.
War. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
And the clergy's legs.
Are lack and issue with thy extremities.
Shen. The magnificent buildings, and thy wife's
Buck. Have cost a sum of publick treasury.
Shen. Thy cruelty in succession.
Upon offenders, hath extended law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
War. Thy safety of officers, and towns in
France—
If they were known, as the subject is great,
Would make thee quickly beg without thy head.
[Exit Gloucester. The Queen shews her face.
Give me my son: What, minion! can you not
[Exit Greville. The Duchess is heir on the spot.
I cry you mercy, madam: Was it you?
Duch. Was it? yes, it was, proud Frenchman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails, I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Hen. Swear aye, be quiet; twice against her will.
Duch. Against her will? Good king, look to
She'll hang thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear to
Breaches.
She shall not strike thee, but Eleanor contrive
Auch. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor.
And listen after Humphrey, how he succeeds.
Buck. Title it now: her tears can mend no
Shall supply fast enough to her destruction.
[Exit Buckingham.
SCENE IV.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month—
Come, Somerset, we'll use them thus away:
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
The same. The Duke of Gloucester's Garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolebrooke.

Hume. Come, my masters: the drumbeats, I tell you, expect performance of your promise.

Bolebrooke. Master Hume, we are therefore pro-

vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exercises?

Hume. Ay; what else I fear you not her cou-
rage.

Bolebrooke. I have heard her reported to be a woman of a serious, modest sort.

Hume. Oh, that it shall be

convenient, master Hume, that you be by her side, whilst we be busy below: and so, I pray you, go to God's name, and leave us.

[Exeunt Hume, Bolebrooke. Mother Jourdain, be you prouder, and grow not on the earth:—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Douches, above.

Douch. Well said, my masters: and welcome all. To this gear: the sooner the better.

Bolebrooke. A good lady; wizards know their tunes.

Douch. Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.

Bolebrooke. The time of night when Troy was set on fire; The time when screechowls cry, and ban-dogs howl; And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves.

Douch. That time best fits the work we have in hand. Medam, sit you, and fear not; whom we call.

We will make fast within a hollow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies approp-

riating, and make the Circle: Bolebrooke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro to, the, it thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit speaks.

Spir. Adv. spir. Ad. Jourdain, Armeth,

By the solemn God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask:
For, till thou speak, thou shall not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Bolebrooke. First, of the king. What shall of him become? 
[Reading out of a Paper. 
Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall de-
pose;

But him exclude, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the an-
swer.

Bolebrooke. What fate awaiteth the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles; safer shall be upon the seamy plains Than where castles mount on staid.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bolebrooke. Danced to darkness, and the burning light.

False fraud, avoid!

[Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York, and Buckingham, hastily, with Peter Grimes, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trust.

Bolingbroke, I think, we watched you at an inch—
When, madam, were you there? the king and commonweal-

Am deeply indebted for this piece of palm;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guarded'th rough these good deserts.

Duchy half as bad as time to England's king,

Injurious duke: that threateneth here is no cause.

Buck: True, madam, come at all. What call you this?
[Shewing her the papers.

Away with them; let them be clap'd up close,
And keep no manner: You, madam, shall with us—

Stafford, take her to the garderobes.

[Exit Douches from above.

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

[Exeunt Guards, with Southwell. Bolebrooke. York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you wish a pitch well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What shall await this Duke of Suffolk?
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose; But him exclude, and die a violent death.

Why, none.

Alle la, Fortuna, Romanos vincere posse.
Will, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaiteth the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end—
What shall await the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles; safer shall he be upon the seamy plains, Then where castles mount on staid.
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attainted,

And hang in us.

The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans, With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horses can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. York. Your grave shall give me leave, my lord of York;
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. Alas, my pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ha?

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow-night. Away!—

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hunting.

Q. Mari. Believe me, lords, for flying at the break,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day: Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high; And, ten to one, old Juno had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made.
And what a pitch did he flew above the rest—
To see how God in all his creatures works! Yea, man and birds, are full of climbing high.
Staff. No marvel, an it be your majesty, My lord protector's hawks do tower so well; They know these master lives to be shalt, And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind That mounts no higher than a bird can soar. Carr. I thought so much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heav'n?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Carr. Thy heaven is on earth; those eyes and thoughts...
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act II.

Scene I. Rome. The Council chamber.

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown pseu-
dopacious? That smooth'st at it so with king and common-
wealth?

K. Hen. Good fellowship, tell us here the circumstances.

Glo. What? for they may glorify the Lord.

K. Hen. Where was I born then?

Simp. At Bernick in the North, 'tis like your

Glo. Hallow'd then he was his mother, then could

K. Hen. Good soul! God's goodness hath been
great to thee:

Glo. Let never day nor night unbless'd pass,

Simp. Tell me, good fellow, cannot then

K. Hen. Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being
could

K. Hen. A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep

Simp. By good Saint Alban, who said,—Simpson, come;

K. Hen. Come, offer of my service, and I will help thee.

Glo. Most true, forenough; and many times and oft

Simp. Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Glo. Where art thou hither?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Glo. In my opinion yet thou sent not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,

Glo. Sayest thou me so? what colour is this

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is

Simp. Black, foecund; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour

Glo. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. Bui cloaks, and gowns, before this day a

K. Hen. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

K. Hen. Master, I know not.

Simp. What's his name?

Glo. I know not.

K. Hen. No, indeed, master.

Simp. What's thine own name?

Simp. Master Simpson, as if it please you, master.

K. Hen. Then, Saunders, sit thou there, the lying

In Christendom. If there hadst been born blind,
SCENE II. SECOND PART OF.

KING HENRY VI.

K. Hen. O God, what mischief work the wicked ones!

Gro. Woful confusion on their own heads thereby! I

K. Hen. porcelain, see here the tainture of thy

And, loth, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Gro. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal

How have I lost my king and commonwealth;

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

Bere I am to hear what I have heard;

Noble she is; but if she have forgotten

Humbly, and venture, and condescend with such

As, like to pitch, delibe mortality,

I banish her my bed, and company;

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

That hath disowned Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose

To-morrow, toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these officers, and their answers

And prise the cause in justice equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt."

SCENE II. London.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple mercy craved, give me leave

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In engraving your opinion of my title,

Which is inabilit to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales

The second, William of Hasting; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:

The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;

The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last,

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son, and heir of John of Gaunt,

You know'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king

Sent his young queen to France, from whence she came

And him to Pumfleet; where, as all you know,

Harrius Richard was murder'd most inhumanely.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown,

York. Which now they hold by force, and not

By right;

For Richard, the first son's heir being dead;

You know'd the issue of the crown should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hasting died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from

Whose line I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter;

Who married—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;

Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March;

Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. Thus the descent, in the reign of Bolingbroke.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT VI.

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[Enter the Duchess, and the other prisoners.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dolorous isle in this age Will turn thy holy words to sorrow to the ground! I kneel before thy mercy, give me leave to go; Wherein if perchance, when the age shall close, and my age would close,

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloucester are thou go,
Give me thy hand, Henry! wilt thou suffer To touch me in my rocky seat To touch me in the deeps of my soul? And in my name, Humphrey, we beseech, When thou west present to thy king.

Q. Mor. I see no reason, why a king of young age Should be persecuted. He should be preserved God and King Henry govern England's helm Give up thy staff, and, and, and keep his realm

Gis. Stay, madam, and till, until, Henry is my staff!
As willingly do I the same resign, As I have done all. It was no more.
And even as willingly as thy last I leave it, At other times, I do, and ambitiously require it. Farewell, good king! When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

Q. Mor. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret And Humphrey, dukes of Gloucester, himself, That bears so showed a maine; two palls at his horse's head.

His lady taun't and, and a limb lapp'd off.
This staff of honour stamped, there let it stand, Where he was born, in Edward's heart's blood.

Staff. Then choose this lofty place, and hang his spurs.
Thus Edward's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please you at your mercy,
This is the day appointed for the combat: And ready are the appellant and defendant, The armurer and his man, to enter the lists, So please your highness to behold the fight

Q. Mor. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there.
Left the court, to see this quarrel tried.
K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all the things fit: Here let them end it, and God defend the right! York. I never saw a fellow Worse armed, Or more courageous, to fight, than the appellant, The servant of this armurer, my lord.

Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neighbours, drinking to him, so much that he is drunk; and he enjoys bearing a staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drunk before him, at the other side, Peter, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Pandens drunking to him.

1 Night. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you last cup of punch, and bear out, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
2 Night. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of soberly, stand up, and drink as you will.
3 Night. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbourly drunk, and bear not your mien.

Hor. Here is my grace, and, and I'll pledge you all. And a fig for Peter!
1 Peter. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.
2 Peter. Be sober, Peter, and fear not thy master. Right for the credit of the operation.

PETER. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me. I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my dose straight, in this Robin, age, and this Ba, I give these your spec and wish, with these shall have my hammer said. And here, Turn take all the money that I have—O Lord, bless me, I
SCENE IV.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

pray God I for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much force already.

He leaves your drinking and fall to blown—where, what's thy name?

Peter, Peter, farewell.

And, Peter! what more?

Peter, Thump.

Shall I tempt them that see thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my master's instigation, to prove him a

knife, and myself an honest man; and touching the duke of York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen:

And, therefore, Peter, I am at thee with a
downright blow, as Berns of Southampton fell

upon Aumart. York. Despight—this knife's tongue begins to
double.

With trumpets and a trumpet's alarm to the combatants.

Douglas, there! Peter strikes

Douglas, the Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess

Hor. Take away his weapons—Peters.

Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's

way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome my enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed

right! K. Hen. Go, take hence, that traitor from our

sight.

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath revealed to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong,

fully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

SCENE IV. The name. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a

cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with its wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasonal feet.

Sure, what's o'clock?

Sure, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my Pandora's duke:

Unless may she endure the shuns streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abhor

The object people, gazing on thy face,

With evens looks, still laughing at thy shame:

That eye did feely proud chart who wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the

streets.

But, still! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eye to see her miseries.

Enter the Duke of Gloster, in a white sheet,

With papers pinned upon her back, her first

hair, and a super burning in her hand; Sir

John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Sure. So please your grace, we'll take her from

the sheriff.

Glo. No, sir; not for your life; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open

Now thou dost pronounce too. Look, how thy
grow.

See, how the giddy multitude do point,

And not their heads, and throw their eyes out

thence.

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

And, in thy close pent, rue my shame,

And base enemies, both muse and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!

For, whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,

And look on, as a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks, I should not thus be led along.

Mail'd up in shames, with papers on my back:

And followed with a multitude, that revenge

To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans

The rushing that dash out my tender feet:

And, when I start, the creatures up, to advise how I tread.

Ah, Humpfrey, canst I bear this shameful yoke?

Trowst thou, that yet I'll look upon the world!

Oft count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

No dark shall be my light, nor night my day.

To think upon my pump shall be my holl.

Sometimes I' ll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;

And as a prince, and ruler of the land.

Yet so be ruled, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst his lordship duchess,

Was made a wonder in the street and street,

To every idle rascal follower.

But he too mild, and blush not at my shame;

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For, but like can do so all in all.

With her, that hatest thee, and hates us all—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false

friend.

Have all.set't in bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou bow thou count, they'll tangle

thee:

But fear not thou, until thou foot be smar'd,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou almost all awry;

I must offend before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any seate,

So long as I am loyal and pungent,

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this

approach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not whip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

Those few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's

parliament, holden at Bury the first of this

month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leave—and master Sherriff,

Let not her presence exceed the king's commis-

sion.

Sher. Am't please your grace, here my com-

mission.

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the lade of Man.

Glo. Mind you, Sir John, protect my lady

here!

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please

your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you good times, if

You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not

farewell.

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee.

For more address with me: my joy is death:

Death at whose soonest I have been attend'd,

Because I wish'd that this world's eternity.

Booley, I pray thee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour.

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the lade of Man;
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. ACT III.

SCENE I. The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I must, my lord of Gloucester is not come:

"'Tis not his wont to be the last man in,
When he is counsel keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

The strangeness of his altered countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself!
How impatient of late he is become,
How proud, how paralyzèd, and unlike himself!

We knew the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knees,
That all the court adorn'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When we, and you will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff and unordered brow,
Disdaining that to us belongs in fear.

Small cure are not regarded, when they print:
But great men trouble, when the iron rails:
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fail he is the next will mount.
More second, then, it is no policy—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your desecrations—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council:
By batten hath he won the communes hearts;
And, when he pleases to make commotion,
'Tis to be feared, they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and woods are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden;
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent sun, I hear unto the lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can appall,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Resign my allegiance, or else conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I, should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subterfuges,
Upon my life, began her devilsish purposes,
For if they were not privy to them faults,
By resting of his high demeanor.
And such high events of his nobility,
Did instigate the heaviest brain-sick dreams,
By which means, to frame one sovereign's fall,
Smooth runs the water where the break is deep:
And in his simple show he barebones treason.
The fox knows not, when he would steal the goose.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unconquered yet, and full of deep revenge.

Suff. Did he not, contrary to laws of war,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his pretense of war, Levies great sums of money through the realm.
For soldiers' pay in France, and never said it.
By means whereof, the towns each day are

Buck. But these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at one: The care you have of

To mow down those that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my science?

Our kinsman Gloucester is an innocent
From menial treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed.
For he's disposed as the hateful vulture,
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely beastly,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steel a shape, that means decal?
This that, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that frustrated man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is at once beneficent; all is lost.
K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset! But God's will

York. Our news, or me; for I had hope of

As firmly as I hope for earthly France.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gage are long;
Or sell my title for a glorious grace.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.
Suff. Lord Gloucester, know, that these are come so

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unsmouldered is not easily daunted.
The present spring is not so free from means,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France.
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers pay;
You presaged wretchedness; your countenance hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Scene 1.

Now ever had this penny Bribe from France,
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night—
Ah, night by night, in studying good for Eng-
land!
That dot's that 'ere I wretched from the king,
Or any grace I hear'd to my ear,
He brought against me at my trial day
Not: many a bond at mine own proper sway,
Because I would not tax the neere commons,
Have I dispos'd to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for remission.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God:
Yours, in your protectorate, you did devise
Strange torture for offenders, never heard of,
That England was inchantment by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was present,
Pay we all that fault which was in me;
For I should meet at an offender's tears,
And lovely wails were treason for their fault.
Car. Were they not a blest example of the King's
Or rash telltale thesis that need'st poor pass-
engers?
I never pass them confining punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I forg'd
Above the face, or what trespass than else.
So, Ah, those faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mourning, tears are laid upon your charge,
Whereon you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do return you to your left-hand's name,
And have now my heart no longer cardinal.
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord at Gloster, I 's my special hope,
That you will close yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, those days are dan-
gerous!

Vivian is check'd with bad ambition,
And charity's hate by rancour's hand;
Foul subversion is predominant,
And equally call'd your highness' death.
I know, there worship is to have my life,
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not condone their plotted tragedy.
Beauti'd's red sparkling eyes daze his heart's
And Suffolk's cloudly brow, his stormy hail:
Sharp looking-ground ambuscades with his tongue;
The nation's woe lies upon his heart;
And dug-out York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have giv'n back, by false allies,
True at the level at my life—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Cousinship have laid diagnoses on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stir'd up
My lonesome legs to mine enemy—
At, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notices of your conventions,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want his witness to confirm me,
Nor cross of treason to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well affect.
A sad, a woeful sight to meet a dog.
Car. My lord, his raging is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treacher's wrack'd knife, and traitor's rage,
Be thus unbridgeable, and, rated at,
And the courtiers granted scope of speech,
I will impeach all that is left into your grace.
Rof. Hath he not (Mr. Vivian, soy娘娘, lady here,
With incomprehensible words, though straitly cou'd,
As if he had not come to his end,
False allegations to overthrow his state:
Glo. Ah, thou King Henry throw's away his
credit,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear
Leonard Amsden, with Gloster.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seems

Do, or undo, as if myself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the

K. Hen. Ah, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
with grief,
Whereas flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round enwreath with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
And, Ah, Thou, and my highest thoughts of thee;
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;
And yest, good Humphrey, in the hope to come,
That's ye've prov'd't false, or fear'd't thy faith.
What low-rank star now moves thy estate,
That drossed gold and Margaret to quaff,
Do seek subversion of thy harmles life.
Thus never didth them wrong, nor no man

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beals it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the darne runs leaping up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can no nought but wait her darling's last.
Even as mox,最后一刻 good Gloster's case,
With sad unheal'd tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his wound's cunningly.
His humour I will weep; and, twice each gown,
Say—Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none. (Exit)
Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the

R object my lord is sold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish play; and Gloster's bow
Regulates him, as the meander crocodile.
With so many names, so many persons;
Or as the make, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd sloop, doth swing a
ship.
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I.
And yest, gentle, I judge mine own wit good.
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should dye, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death;
'Tis must, he could not by contrary of law,
But, in our mind, that was no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons hastily wish to save his life;
And we yet have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
dying.
Yes, so that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suff. No, he is not such a man alive as he is.
Yes. 'Tis York that hath most reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of
Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Abbey.

K. Hen. The time is short, and danger great; and yet, Sir John, our business must be made speedily.

John. Sir, I am ready, my lord; and the cause being just, I trust the service will be noble.

K. Hen. We have had many men; but, Sir John, this is a greater matter.

John. I have been ready, my lord, for many years; and I trust, in God's name, we shall be able to do our country service.

K. Hen. We shall have many brave men; but, Sir John, this is a greater matter than any we have hitherto

John. I am ready, my lord; and I trust, in God's name, we shall be able to do our country service.

K. Hen. We shall have many brave men; but, Sir John, this is a greater matter than any we have hitherto

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K. Hen. We shall have many brave men; but, Sir John, this is a greater matter than any we have hitherto

John. I am ready, my lord; and I trust, in God's name, we shall be able to do our country service.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

A Show in the Palace.

Murderous steal.

And kill the h sıcak guest with thy sight.

For in the shade of death I shall find joy.

In life, but double death, now Gloucest's dead!

Q. Mar. Why do you raise my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christianly, lamented his death;

And for myself—so as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-anguizing groans,

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his soul,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with

groans,

Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking

sighs

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the traitor may damn me of

it is known we were butellow friends;

It may be judg'd, I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tendre be

wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach

this get I by his death. Ah me,

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, wo is me for Glouest, wretched

man!

Q. Mar. Be wo for me, more wretched than he is.

What dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no looker-on here, look on me.

What art thou, like the winter, wan and dead?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forsworn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucest's tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret, now thy joy: Erect his statue then, and worship it,

And make my image but an ale-house sign.

Was I, for this, nigh execrable the sea,

And twice by awkward wind from England's

beck

Drove back again unto my native clime.

What hostled this, but well for WARNING wind

Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unhind shore?

What did I then, but curs the gentle guest,

And he that load'd them from their beam's curve;

And bade them blow towards England's blessed

shores.

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Zébus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty waiting spirit, to drown me;

Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on

shores.

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness;

The splitting rocks cow'der'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged

sides,

Because thy finny heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret. As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from the shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm:

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gazing sight of thy land's view,

I took a c-stly jewel from my neck,—

A heart it was, bound in with a seam,—

And threw it towards thy land—the sea rec

ert'd it;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.

And even with this, I had fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;

And call'd them blind and dusty spectacles,

For being ken of Albion's waked coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue

(The agent of thy foul insurrection)\

To taunt and wish me; their ranck'd diad.

When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's arts, overthrowing Troy?

Am I not wish'd like her? or thou not take

like him?

Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!

For Henry wept that thou dost live so long.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Act III

Scene I

KING: York, I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
SUFFR: Why, our authority is his consent,
KING: And so the king's command. Now, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
SUFFR: I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords.
KING: While I take order for mine own affairs.
SUFFR: For mine, Lord York, that I will see performed.
KING: But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
SUFFR: No more of that; for I will deal with him,
KING: That, henceforth, he shall trouble none more.
SUFFR: And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lords Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers:
SUFFR: For then shall I drop them all for Ireland.
York. In the mean time, good York,
SUFFR: Upon a sudden, to England.
York. New, York, or ever, nay, seldom did thy fear
York. And sends me no harbour in a royal heart.
York. Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
to think on thoughts:
York. And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
York. My brain, more hay than the labouring spade,
York. Well, noble, well, 'tis politically done,
York. To send me packing, with an host of men.
York. Who, cherish'st in your breasts, will sting you:
York. 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them I.
York. I take it kindly: yet, be well assured,
York. You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
York. While's I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
York. I will stir up in England some black storm,
York. Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
York. And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
York. Until the golden circuit on my head,
York. Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
York. Do calmly the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
York. And, for a minister of my intent,
York. I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
York. To make commotion, as full well he can,
York. In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade.
York. Once housed against a troop of Kentishmen,
York. And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
York. Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine.
York. And, in the end being resisted, I have seen him
York. Caper upbraids like a wild Marconie,
York. Shaking the bloody sars, as he his belts.
York. Full affer, like a shag-hair'd, crazy Renne,
York. Halt he conversed with the enemy;
York. And undiscover'd came to me again,
York. And gave me notice of their designs.
York. This shall here be my substitute;
York. For that John Mortimer, which now is dead.
York. In love, in gust, in speech, he doth resemble
York. By that I shall perceive the commons' mind.
York. How they affect the house and claim of York.
York. Say, he be taken, rock'd, and tormented.
York. I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
York. Will make him say—I move'd him to these arms;
York. Say, that he thrives, (as 'tis great like he will.)
York. Then from Ireland come I with my arms
York. And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed;
York. For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
York. And Henry put apart the next for me.
SCENE II. 

SCENE II. 

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers hastily.

1 Mar. Ron. to my lord of Suffolk; let him know, we have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 Mar. O, that it were so!—What have we done?

Did ever hear a man so pensive?

Enter Suffolk.

1 Mar. Here comes my lord.

Suff. Now, sir, have you despatch't this thing?

1 Mar. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why, that's well said. Oh, get you to my house; I will reward you for this venalious deed. The king and all the peers are here at hand;—Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well, according as I gave directions?

1 Mar. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suff. Away, be gone!—[Exeunt Murderers.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight; we will manifest our grief today, if he be guilty, as we publish.

Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all, Proceed not without pains: our uncle Gloucester, Though from true evidence, of good esteem, Be appears'd in practice culpable;— O Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail That faultless may condemn a nobleman!— True God, he may requite him of suspicion; — K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.— [Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? What is the matter, Suffolk?— Suff. Dead in his bed, in my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Q. Mar. Murry, God forfend!— Can God's secret judgment?—I did dream in sleep.

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Say, bear my body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Ron. go, help, help!—O Henry, open these eyes:— Suff. He revives again;—Malan, be patient.


Come be right now to sing a prayer's note, Whose dismal love a breet my vital powers; And think'st he, that the chipping of a worm, By eating comfort from a hollow breast, Can chase away the first-conceived sound? Hide not thy poison with such sugar's words, Lay not thy cards on me; for, The King is gone.

Their touch affects me, as a serpent's sting. Then hateful message, out of my sight! Upon thy dear blood stir up thy loyalty, Sit in great majesty, to fright the world. Look not up, for these eyes are wonder- ing.

'Tis not for ayew —Come harken,

And kill the innocent grace with thy sight; For in the shade of death I shall find joy. In life, but double death, now Giest's death! Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him, Yet he, most christianly, bisected his head; And for myself—tis as he was to me, Might liquid tears, or heart-afflicting groans, Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life, I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans, Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs, And sit and hear the noble duke alive. What know I how the world may deem of me? For it is known we were but hollow friends; It may be just'th, I made the duke away: So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded, And princes' courts be split with my reproach. This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy! To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy! K. Hen. Why, we are for thee, Giest, wretched man!— Q. Mar. Be we for me, more wretched than he is. What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face? I am no fleshless image, look on me. What, art thou, like the noble savage dead? Is poisonous, and kill thy forlorn queen. Is all thy comfort shot in Giest's tomb? Why, then, dame Margaret, here's thy joy; Erect his stane then, and worship it, And make my image but an alehouse sign, Wast I, for this, night wrought upon the sea; And twice by awkward wind from England's bank. Drive back again unto my native clime! What bodest this, but well forewarning wind Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's use, Nor set no footing on this unlind shore! What did I then, but care the gentle goats, And bid that love them from their brazzen caves? And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore, Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock! Yet Esclus would not be a murderer, But left that hateful office unto thee; The pretty rational one doth receive me; Knowing, that thou wouldest have me drown'd on shore, With tears, as salt as sea through thy undis- tinguished:— The valuable rocks crown'd in the daring sands, And would not dash me with their ragged sides: Because the flinty heart, more hard than they, Might in thy palace perish Margaret. As far as I could ken thy shaly cliffs. When from the shore the tempest beat us back, I stood upon the banks in the storm: And when the drowsy waves began to roar, My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view, I took a costly jewel from my neck,— A heart it was, bound in with affection,— And threw it towards thy land,—the sea receiv'd it,—and, so swiftly etc.

And so, I would, the body might be cut: And even with this I lost fair England's view, And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart; And call'd them blind and stuckly apostates, For letting loss of Albion's west coast. How often have I tempt'd Suffolk's tongue! The agent of thy foul transgressions! To all and which see, as Aesop's fable doth, When he to touching Utho would unfold His father's ominous prodigy: Try me, I am not witch'd like her; or thou not false like him?

For all Henry, I care no more! Die, Margaret! For all Henry, I care no more! Die, Margaret!
Said, "Ah, with his soul, fed all my worldly solace; but seeing him, I see my life in death. As surely as my soul intends to live, that dread king, that took our state upon him to free us from his Father's wrathful curse, he believes that violent hands were laid upon the life of this time-honored house. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!"

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow? War. See how the blood is settled in his face! Oh! here I see a timely parted ghost. Of any semblance, measure, palm, and bloodless, Being all ascended to the labouring heart; Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for stance against the enemy; Which with the heart there cools and we're returneth.

To bluss and beautify the cheek again. But, see, his face is black, and full of blood; His eyeballs further on thus when he liv'd, Shining full glistening, like a strangler man: His hair up'red, his nostrils stretch'd with him struggling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grand'd
And tagg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd,
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking:
His well proportion'd beard made round and rugged.

Like to the manner corn by tempest ledg'd.
It cannot hit, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs was probable.
Suff. Why, Warwick, who should do the dace to death?

Myself, and Beaumont, had him in protection;
And so, I hope, sir, we no murderers.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE II. RE-enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sir, stand apart; the king shall know your meaning.

I prithee, the commons and you word by me, make Suffolk straight to be done to death,
will by violence tear him from your palace, and torture him with grievous insulting death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died.
They say, in him they fear your highness' death; and more instances of love and loyalty.
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to condole your liking,
Makes them thus forward in their business.
They say, in care of your most royal person.
Thus, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And should displease us, we can should disturb your rest.
In pain of your death, or pain of death;
Yet in expectation of such a strict act,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,That stirs itself toward your Majesty.
I think it was necessary you would sleep,
But, being softer'd in that harmful slander,
The serpent wound might make the deep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, what you will, or no.
From such fell serpent as false Suffolk is,
With whose encomium and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is speedily lost of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, the Lord of Salisbury.

Sal. In the name of the commons, rude unpatrial kings,
Coud send such message to their sovereigns;
But now, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how great an orator you are;
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
In that he was the lord ambassador,
From a sort of suckers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited as by them,
I durst not purpose as they do esteem;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Menace unto my state by Suffolk's means.

K. Hen. What say you? and do you know me?

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

Q. Mar. Your Majesty I swear,
Whence for unauthority deeply I am,
He shall not discern in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

K. Hen. Saunter, saunter, and let me speak.

Q. Mar. Your Majesty I swear,
Of gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Go, let us break in.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

Q. Mar. Your Majesty I swear,
Of gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Saunter, saunter, and let me speak.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

Q. Mar. Your Majesty I swear,
Of gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Saunter, saunter, and let me speak.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act IV.

War. But both of you were not Duke Humphrey's foes.

And you, Sweetness, had the good desire to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him as a friend;
And his well-seen he found him an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, besides, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's dishonourable death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And seen by, on a butcher with an axe
But will suspect, twice he that made the slaughter
Who finds the partridge in the polecats nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead.

Wor. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury.

With these two monarchs, till I return.

[Warwick goes into another Room, and Salisbury remains.

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts.

My thought in labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee.

Let us go to chase his bloody steps,
With weary tamed hounds and to oust
Upon his face, an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love to be his dumb dead trunk,
And with my fingers feel his heart unfeeling:

Not all in veins are these mean substances;

And to survey his head and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and Gloucester is discovered dead.

Q. Mar. Warwick and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view my deed.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made:

For, with his soul, fed all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As sorely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free me from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this renowned duke.

Suff. Ah, woe is me! A wound with a seamed tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. But that the full of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rot the deathstems of his foe,
Cutting them thereby of a thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mad!

I would, I would rouse me as a coward, on thy knee
Make thee the butt for my cursed speech, and say—
It was thy mother that thou meantst,
That thou didst it wound her in bastinado;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Thou seest thy hire, and send the way to hell, a terrible knave of servitude.

Stuff! Then shalt be walking, while I the robber

If from this presence thou dar'st not go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.

Q. Mar. Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

K. Hen. What stronger transgress than a heart unstained?

There's he, as it seems, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lack'd up in steel,
None conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you so bold
What tumultuous clamour have we heard?

Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
KING HENRY VI. 449

SCENE II.  SECOND PART OF

Act I. Scene iv. — Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sir, stand apart; the kingdom shall know your mind: — [Speaking to those within.

[Drum beat, the curtained seat yow heard by me. Unlessysuffolk's straighten close to death.

Or banished the Duke's territories, those

They will by violence bear him from your palace, and torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died:

They say, in him they fear your highness' death; and more intense of love and loyalty —

Free from a northern opposite interest.

As being thought tocourt adice to your wish.

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

Thoy say, in case of your most royal person, and charge — that no man should disturb your rest.

By pain of your displeasure, or pain of death;

Yet notwithstanding such a strict edict,

That allay glides toward your majesty. It were not necessary you were wanted;

Least, being suffered in that horrid slaughter,

The mortal worm might make the sleep surreal; And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they shall never, 'till you call them, go. From each full serpent as false Suffolk is;

With whom exorbitant and false railing.

Your loving uncle, in thy truest love to thee,

They say, is shamefully insult of life.

Com. [Within.] An answer from the king, says law of Suffolk's death.

Suff. The like the common, sale repolished'd kind.

Could send such message to their sovereign; But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd., To show how great an honour you are I, but all the humours Suffolk hath won, Is that he was the lord ambassador, sent from a sort of links to the king.

Comus. [Within.] An answer from the king, says Suffolk's death.

K. Hen. Go, send such, and tell them all from me,

I think done for their tender loving care; And had I not been cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do intend; I'm sure, my thoughts do hourly perplex Muchesance unto my state by Suffolk's means; And therefore — by his majesty I swear, Whose due unanswer'd duty I am — He shall not breathe the infection in this air But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Unsuitable queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No case, I say; if thou dost plead for him, Those who should do so by thee, Yet did I purpose as they do intend;

But I said not, I would have kept my word; Where he is, I am reverenced.

If, after three days space, thou hast not found,

On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ravaged for thy life —

Come Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I take great matters to impart to thee: —

[Exit K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Muchesance, and sorrow go along with you.

Hurt's insinuant, and sour affliction,

Be phlegmacious to keep you company!

There's two of you, the salt will make a third:

And threquarter verge your step upon your step! —

Suff. Com. gentle queen, these excursions,

And this is thy first; and then take his heavy heart.

Q. Mar. We, coward woman, and soft-hearted witch.

[Exit.

Exit Suff.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. ACT IV.

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king:

Alas! what is this work! what need we these? But therefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss, Omitting Suffolk's exile, my only treasure! Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, And with the southern clouds condense in tears! Thine for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrow now.

Now, go, thou hence! the king, thou know'st it, is coming.

If ever I be found by thee, thou art but dead.

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live: And in the sight to die, what were it else, But like a pleasant summer in thy lap? How could I breathe my soul into the air, As mild and gentle as the delicate breeze, Dying with mother's dugs between its lips? Whose from the spring, and bid the spring mad, And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes, To have thee with thy lips to step my mouth: So should I not desire were this pretence, Or I should break it into thy body, And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To thee from thee, to be unborn more than dead; O, let me stay, lest all my heart may break.

Q. Mar. Away the parting be a fruitful curse! It is applied to a deathless wound.

To do, and done, to him; Suffolk: Let me hear from thee; For whereas he the art in whose globe, I'll have an Eria that shall find thee out.

Suff. If I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A jewel, look'd into the woful'st cask That ever did contain a thing of worth. Even as a splited bark, so sudden we;

This way fell I to death.

Q. Mar. 

ESC. 

SCENE III. London.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others. The Cardinal in Bed; Attendants with him.


Carr. If thou best at death, I'll give thee Eng.

land's treasure, Enough to purchase such another island, So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life, When death's approach is seen so terrible! He to Beaufort, it is by sovereign speaks to thee.

Carr. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he out in his bed? where should he die? Can I make men live, where they will or no?

O sit me more, I will confess —

Alive again! then show me where he is: I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. Comb down his hairy look! look! it stands up.

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul! Thine own soul come and bid the corner Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens, Look with an eye of wrath-thou hast

In my night's sleep. Go, seek my death's place! War. See, how the ends of death do make

him gris.

Suff. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Saul, if thou thinkest' st on heaven's bliss, Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him.

War. So had a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Carr. Go, close up these, and scatter the curtains close; And let us all to meditation.

ESC.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The Bearshere near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The greedy, blustering, and remorseful
day Is crept into the bosom of the sea; And now loud howling wolves across the waves That drag the tragic melancholy night; Who with their howls, low, and fawning wiles Clip dead men's graves, and from their empty jaws Breathe foul contagion darkness in the air. Therefore, being form the soldiers of one-piece: For, whilst our pinnae anchors in the Downs, Her she shall make their ransom on the sand, Or with their blood again their disorder'd shore. Master, this prisoner freely give I thee— And thou that art his mate, make haste of this— This day. (pointing to Suffolk) Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Most. A thousand crowns, or else lay down thy life.

Mal. And so much shall you give, or else your life.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thou- sand crowns, And bear the name and part of gentility? Cut both the villain's threats —for die you shall; The lives of these which we have lost in fight Cannot be counterposed with such a petty sum. 1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it speedily.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard, And therefore to revenge it, shall thee die: To Suffolk, and so shall these, if I might have my will. Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, him live, Lord on my God's grace; Lord, hear me; and I'll make thee such a sight as thou shalt, wilt thou be saved. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affect thee?

Stuf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me—by that Walter I should die; Yet let this make thee be bloody minded; Thy name is—Quattlebur, being rightly sounded. White. Quattlebur, or Walter, which it is, I care not.

Never yet did base dishonour bate our name, But with our sword we wip'd away the blot; Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge, Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Stuf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince.

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, maudled up in rage! Stuf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the head; Love sometime wound disfigur'd, and why not I? Cap. But love was never slain, as thou shalt see.

Suff. Obscene and lowly swear, King Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a laden groans. Thus thou art kni'd thy hand, and held my stirrup.

Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth moan.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. 481

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

And how often hast thou waited at my espoo?

And now let me be known with Queen Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee creditable:

How in our voiding house long thou went,

And thus waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy belief,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forfeit?

Cap. First let me weigh what words he shall use, as he hath me.

Suff. Hee saile! thy words are blunt, and so are they.

Cap. Convey him honors, and so our longboat's side.

Spr. Kill that scoundrel.

Suff. Then dares't not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole?

Suff. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Cap. Stand, paddle, swim; all whose fish and diet

Troublest the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I damp up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing the treasure of the veins:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the useless winds shall grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall rise at thee again?

And weptest to be thou to the bags of hell,

For daring to say a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king.

Having neither subject, wealth, nor disdain.

By thriftless policy art thou grown great;

And, like ambition, Syria, over y'art;

With gothic's thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee, Arrogis and Mons were sold to France:

The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,

Distain to call us lord; and Picardy

Hasst slain their governors, scorns our force,

And sent the rugged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As lusty thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown.

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,

And lofty pride conquering tyranny,

Beasts with revenging fire whose baleful colours

Advance our half-side'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is write—Fiercely we brandish.

The commons-borne in Kent are up in arms;

And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

In which are mingled all the noble blood of

And all by thee—away! convey him hence.

Suff. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder,

Upon these policy, servile, abject dragoons!

Small things make base men proud: this villain here,

Being captain of a pinaceus, threatens more

Then Burgundy the strong Styrian pirate.

Drown sack not eagle's blood, but rob behives.

It is impossible, that I should die

By such a lovely vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me;

In case of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee, wait me safely across the channel.


Suff. Gallows hanger occupy arts;—tis there I fear.

Whit. These shall have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye damned now? now will ye stoop?

Suff. Suffolks' imperial tongue is stern and rough.
SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV.

Dick. I know her well, she was a seditious.

[Aside]

Cade. My wife descended of the Laces;—

[Aside]

Dick. Indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

[Aside]

Cade. But now of hate, not able to travel

[Aside]

with her forlorn pack, she washes buck's haye at

[Aside]

home.

[Aside]

Dick. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

[Aside]

Cade. By my faith, the field is honourable;

[Aside]

and there was he born, under a hedge; for his

[Aside]

father had never a horse, but the cage.

[Aside]

Cade. Valiant I am.

[Aside]

[Aside]

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen

[Aside]

him whip three market days together.

[Aside]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

[Aside]

Dick. He need not fear the sword, for his coat

[Aside]

is of proof.

[Aside]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear

[Aside]

of fire, being burnt in 't hand for stealing of

[Aside]

stilts.

[Aside]

Cade. He braves them; for your captain is brave,

[Aside]

and wees reformation. There shall be in Eng-

[Aside]

land, as in France, half penny leaves sold for a

[Aside]

peony; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;

[Aside]

and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all

[Aside]

the which shall be in common, and in Cheapside

[Aside]

shall my paltry go to grass. And, when I am

[Aside]

king (as king I will be)—

[Aside]

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people;—there shall

[Aside]

be no money; all shall eat and drink on my

[Aside]

score; and I will apparel them all in one livery,

[Aside]

that they may agree like brothers, and worship

[Aside]

me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the

[Aside]

lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a

lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent

lamb should be made parchment? that parch-

[Aside]

ment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?

[Aside]

Some say, the beasts: but I say, 'tis three days'

wax: for I did but seal once to a thing, and I

[Aside]

was never mine own man since. How now;

[Aside]

who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write

[Aside]

and read, and is a practis knight.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Oh, sir, where's a villain!

Smith. He's a book in his pocket, with reg-

[Aside]

isters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a confessor.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write

[Aside]

court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper

[Aside]

man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty

[Aside]

he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, a most

examine thee: What is thy name?

[Aside]

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the tops of letters.

—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou me to write

[Aside]

thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like

[Aside]

an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been well

[Aside]

brought up, and I can write my name.

All. He's been confess'd: away with him; he's

[Aside]

a villain, and traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with

[Aside]

his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Aside]

Enter Michael.

Michael. Where's our general?

Cade. Here am I, thou particular fellow.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

May, in their wives' and children's right, Be hung'd up for example at their doors!—
And ye that love your friends, follow me.

Exeunt the two Stafford, and Forces.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men, do for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in cloven shoes;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (best that they dare not) take our parts.
Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.
Cade. But that are we in order, when we are
Most out of order. Come, march forward.

SCENE III. Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter and fight, and
both the Stafford are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
Dick. Here, sir.
Cade. They fall all before thee like sheep and
swine, and thou behav'st thyself as if thou hadst
been in this new slaughter-house; therefore thou
wilt I reward thee. The Lord shall be as long
again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to
kill for a surprised hacking one, a week.
Dick. I desire no more.
Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no
less. They have all the head of the army left I
hear; and the bodies shall be dragged! at thy horse's
heels, till I come to London, where we will
have the mayor's sword borne before us.
Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break
open the gates, and let out the prisoners.
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a supplication;
the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say, with
him; at a distance, Queen Margaret, mourning
over Suffolk's Head.

Q. Mar. Oh, have I heard—that grief sicken
the mind;
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cast them to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my trembling breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?
Dick. What answer makes your grace to the
reeve's supplication?
K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short;
Will pery with Jack Cade their dearer.—
But I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
lovely face
Butl'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?
K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have thy head.
Say, Ay, but I hope, thy highness shall have
his.
K. Hen. How now, madam! Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
Say, my love, if that I had been dead,
Then wouldst not have mourn'd so much for
me.
Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn,
but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Lewes; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,

Descented from the duke of Clarence's house;
And calls your grace sonner, openly,
And vows with us to pass the river to Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude;
Of lords and peers, cadets and merevillers;
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother's death;
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call'rhiee captains, and intend their death.
K. Hen. O gracious men! they know not what
they do.
Dick. My gracious lord, retire to Kentworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk new
alive.
There's English rebels would be soon appear'd.
K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Kentworth.
Say, my love, if that I had been dead,
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secure as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Q. Mar. Jack Cade hath got the London Bridge;
Fly and secure their houses.
The rascal people, thro' their prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil this city, and your royal court.
Dick. Then gather not, my lord; away, take horse.
K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
shall succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
decreed.
K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [To Lord Say.]
trust not the English rebels.
Dick. Trust nobody, for fear ye be betray'd.
Say, the trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

SCENE V. The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and others, on the Walls.
Then enter certain Citizens, barge.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain? I
Cry, No, my lord, lost to be slain; for
they that have such a boast all now that
withstand them. The lord mayor cries aid of
your honor from the Tower, to defend the
City from the rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall
command;
But I am troubled here with myself, these
rebels have away't to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your
so farwell, for I must hence again.

SCENE VI. The same. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and hisPupillars. He strikes
his Staff on London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And
here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and
command, that, of the city's costs, the pension-
conducts run nothing but claret wine this first
year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it
shall be treason for any that calls me other than
—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Cade. Knock him down the head. [They kill him.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd to
gether in Smithfield.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV.

KENT, in the commentary. Caesar says, Is tempt’d the cirlit’st place of all this ise; Sweet is the faunt, but much the more full of riches: The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy. Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. I will not Major, I lost not Normandy: Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done; Prayers and tears have mov’d me, gills could never.

When have I ne’er excepted at your hands, Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you? Large gills have I bestow’d on learned clergm. Because my book profers’d me to the king; And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to the fild!

SAY. Great men have reaching heads; all have a side.

Kent. Give him a box o’ the ear, and that will make ’em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor man’s cause.

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. To shall have a hempen candle she, and the skill of a hatcher.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

AY. The palsey, and not fear, proveke’st me.

Nay, he nods at me, as who should say, I’ll be even with you. I’ll see if his head will stand another on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behold him.

SAY. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?

 Have I offended, or honour; speak? Are my chess fill’d up with export’d gold? in my apparel sumptuous so beholds?

Whom have I insulted, that ye work my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-stel- ding.

This poem from harboring feel delectable thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I’ll bide it; he shall die, an it be for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not of God’s name. Go, take him away, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law’s house, Sir James Crofter, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon the field.

All. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers.

God should be so oblate as yourselves.

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet reserve, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I commanded ye.

KENT, in the commentary. Caesar says, And reserve once, with Lord Say. The poorest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me three times; shall I speak to his motherhood, are they have it? Men shall hold of me in caput; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up confiscations upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

ALL. O have ye.
SCENE IX.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Re-enter Raleigh, with the heads of Lord Say and his Ban-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss each other, and press each other;—in displays of the death and hell, have we, when they were alive. Now part them, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Have we not, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these before us, instead of men, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kins.—Away!—[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fysh Street; down Saint Magnus Corner! Kill and hangle down! throw them into Thames!—[A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.] What goes this is I hear? Dare any be so bold to stand second or ponder, when I commanded them kill?—

Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know Cade, we come ambassadors from the King.

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And have pronounces free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Cif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye receive
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you?
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his Majestie.

Who hates him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he has weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, what say ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I think good, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreant, and disloyal; and so might live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your horses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and God's curse upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade; we'll follow Cade.

Cif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you ears and dukes?

Alas, he hath no house, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Claimed by robbing of your friends, and us.

Was not a shame befitting whilst you are at war.
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start over seas, and vanquish you?

Methinks, already, in this civil head,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—Furl flags! unto all they meet.

Betimes those base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast:

Heary hath money, you are strong and stately:

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Cade; a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to
Spare England, for this traitor? no, no; the name of Henry the Fifth makes them to a hundred uncheckt,

and makes them leave me disdain. I see thee lay their heads together, to surprise me; my sword makes way for me, for here I come saying, In displays of the death and hell, have we, when they were alive. Now part them, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Have we not, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these before us, instead of men, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kins.—Away!—[Exeunt.]

Buck. What is he fled? go some, and follow him;

And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a means
To reconciliate you all unto the king. —[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Kintrchell Castle.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthy throne, and could command no more content than 17? No sooner was I enter'd out of my candle, but I was made a king, at nine months old; Was never subject long'd to be a king, As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty.

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpriz'd?
Or is he but retic'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's Followers, with Holmcy

Cif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, brave, set up thy valiant throne,

To entertain my own's thanks and praise—

Soldiers, this day have ye resolv'd your lives,
And shoul'd how well you love your prince

and country;

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be in estate
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please your grace to be advertised,

The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;

And with a provident and a mighty power;

Of Gallowglasses and stout kerns,

Is marching hitherward in proud array;

And still proclaiming, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee

The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, twin Cade! Cade,

And York disagree'd:

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,

Is straightway calm'd and becalmed with a pirate;

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;

And now is York in arms to second him—

I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him,

And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

Until his army be disarm'd from him.

Now, my lord,

J'll yield myself to prison willingly,

Unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too much in terms

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
SECOND PART OF KINE HENRY VI.

ACT V.

Buck. I will, my lord; and so shall not so deal.
K. Hen. Come, let's, and learn to govern better; For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. Kent. Idas's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. In you ambition! fire on myself; that have a sword, and am ready to perform. These Alexander I have set me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is joy for me: but now I am so honey, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could say no longer. Whencefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not as to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good for, many a time, but for a sallet, my head and hands had been close with a colly bit; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and hourly starvation, it hath served me instead of a good pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Idas, with Serennias.

Idas. Lord, who would live turf末otest in the court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small attendance, my father left me, Conteneth me, and is worth a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others' waving; Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy; Sufficeth, that I have maintained my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to set me for a stray, for entering his fee simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou shalt betray me, and get those ten thousand of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat straw like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Idas. Why, rule companion, whatso'er thou be, I know thee not; Why should I betray thee?

Cade. 'Tis not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls is spite of me the owner. But thou wilt betray me with those many words.

Idas. Brave thee? aby, by the heat-breadth that ever was, and heard thee not. Look on me, and see what I have got nor these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Idas. Nay, it shall never be said, while English stands.

That Alexander Idas, an errant of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst outface me with thy looks. Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy leg a stick, compared with this thrench; Thy foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be brav'd in the air, Thy grave is dug already in the earth. As for thy word, which greeves answers words, Let this my sweet report what speech for bears.

Cade. By thy valour, the most complete champion ever I heard.—Sceal, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned chown in shins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I cannot on my knees, thou mayst be turned to hobbins. [They fight; Cade falls.

O, I am sick to famish, and no other, but God save me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and

I'll defy them all. Withers, gardest; and be a good wish, in all that doth belong by the house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is: Idas. In a Cade that I have slain, that man's strength threateth. Cade. I will follow thee for this thy deed. And hang thee there by my neck, when I am dead; Na'er shall that blood be wiped from thy point: But, thou shall wear it as a herald's cap, To embellish the honour that thy master yet.

Idas. Buck, farewell; be proud of thy victory; Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and export all the world to be consol'd; for I, that never tasted saucy, am unquenched by famine, nor by valour.—Idas. How much thou wrong'st me, beaum my judge.

Die, dree, dree, dree, the curse of her that bare thee!

And so I thrust thy body in with my sword, and while I, I thought, thou was to hold. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels. Duft a slack, which shall be dry, And there cut off thy monstrous head; and I will bear in triumph to the king. Leaving thy head for the face of the next. [Exit, dragging out the body.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Fields between Darford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter York attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right.

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright, To entertain great England's lawful king. Ah, woe to majesty! who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule; This hand was made to handle not gold: I cannot give due action to my words, Except a sword, or centre, balance it. A century shall it have, have I a soul; On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to determine.
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I great thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greening.
Art thou a messenger, or some of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread kinsman, To know the reason of these arms in peace; Or why, then bring me a subject as I am.
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave, O kinetic of York, why take the force so near the court? York. Searce can I speak, my master is so great. O, I could have spo words, and fight with them, I am as angry at these object terms; And now, like Ajax Telamonius, On a sheep a ewe, could I spend my fury! I am far better than his son. I love and more like a king, morekingly in my thoughts; But I must make fair weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

Of Buckingham, I pray thee, pardon me. What I have given no answer all this while;
SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I

My mind is troubled with deep melancholy: The same way I have brought this army hither, I would remove from the king, Seducing to his grace, and to the state.


But, if it ams he to no other end, The king hath yielded unto thy demand; The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves; Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field. You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons, As placent of his face and love. I'll send them all as willing as I live; Land, goods, horses, armour, any thing I have, Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commended this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, dost thou intend no harm to us, That to-day I can match with thee arm to arm? York. In all submission and humility, I doth present himself unto your highness. K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To free the traitor Somerset from hence; And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade, Who since I heard to be disappointed.

Enter Cade, with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition, May pass into the rank of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head;
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead, That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name; A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. K. Hen. Be he so please, my lord, were not amiss Betwixt the wars and service of the state.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [He kneels.] Rise up a knight. We give thee for reward a thousand marks; And will, that thou henceforth attend on us. Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege! K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the greater part of his army.

Go, bid him come quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now? Is Somerset at liberty? Then, York, unless thy long-imprimis' thought, A false king! why hast thou broken faith with me, Knowing how hardly I can break abuse? King didst thou fear me, no, thou art not king; Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, Which darest not, no, nor cannot rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown; Thy hand is made to grasp a Palmer's staff, And not to grasp an army, princely sceptre.

That gold must round enwrap these brows of mine; Wrought, as the rough and rown, like to Achilles' spear, Is able with the change to kill and cure. Here is a brand to hold a sceptre up, And with the same to act controlling laws. Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more Over him, whose heaven created for thy ruler. Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York, Of capital treason—against the king and crown!— Obey, ambitious traitor; live for grace. York. Wouldst have me know? first let me ask of thee, If they can brook I bow a knee to man—Sirrah, call in my son to be my bail! 

[Exit an Attendant.


To say, that if the hastened boys of York Shall be the surety for their father's power. York. Of blood-begotten Neapolitan, Ousting of Naples, Egypt, and the Holy Church, The sons of York, thy better in their birth, Shall be their father's bail; and have to those That for the same boys.

Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old Clifford and his Son.

Sirs, where they come? I warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their word.

Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the king. [Kneels.

York. Why dost thou, Clifford? say, what news with thee?

May, do not fright me with an angry look; We are thy sovereigns, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mentioning, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my king, York, I do not mistake; But thou art traitor, much, to think I do: To Bedford with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious bungler.

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower, And stop the way of that mad captain of his. Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey; His head, he says, shall give their words for him. York. Will you go, by your good service.

Edu. Ay, noble father, if our wordswill serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Cliff. Why, what a broid of traitors have we here?

York. Look is a glass, and call the image so; I am thy king, and thou a false-hearted traitor.— Call traitor to the base of my brave bears, That, with the very shaking of their chains, They may astonish these tall looking ears! Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death, And marshe the bearward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the battling-place.

Rich. And with the bearward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the battling-place. Run back and bite, because he was withdraw; Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, Hath clipp'd his tail between his legs, and rated; And such a piece of service will you do, If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War-\n
Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indignated lump.

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. ACT V.

[Enter the King.]

I'll dare you all. With fire, garden; and he bereave his merry place to all that do dwell in this kingdom, because the uncomprised soul of Cade is led.

I am 'tis Cade that I have slain, that makes things drunk.

Cade, I will humble thee for this thy deed. And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead: Never shall this blood be wiped from thy print; But thou shalt wear it as a hereditary, To embalm the honour that thy master got.

Cade, I am, farewell; and be proud of thy victory; Tell Kent from me, she hid but her best man, and exhort all the world to be careful; for I, that never learned any; was vanquished by famous, not by valour.

[Enter the King.]

How much thou woundest me, heaven be my judge.

Di, dashed wretch, the curse of her that bare

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, so wish I. I might desire thee to my seat. Hence will I drag thee thundering by the head Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most notorious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the head, Leaving thy trunk for cows to feed upon.

[Enter Cade, with Servants.

Lords, who will live tumulted in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance, my father left me, Contentment, and is worth a monarch's care. I seek to wax great by others' winning; Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy; Though that, that I have maintaining my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gates.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to sit me for a strait, for entering his farm simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying me him; but I will make them eat iron like an oyster, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere then and I part.

[Enter a man, carrying a sword.

Is it not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climb into the house in spite of me the owner, But thou will work with them same scurvy? Cade. Brave thee I say, by the best blood that ever was born, and heard thee too. Look on me well; I have eaten so much in five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you well as dear as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat more green.

Men. Nay, it shall never be said, while England stands.

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, Took oaths to commit a poor bashful man. Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine. See if thou canst measure with thy looks. Set him to him, and then art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist; Thy leg a stick, compared with this thunderclap. My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast.

And if mine arm be hastened in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. As for words, whose greatness moves words, Hereby this sword report what speech hereafter. Cade. By thy valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the bony-headed clown in chains of beef ere thou sleep in thy death. I swear God on my knees, thou mayst by way of triumph say, [To Cade fell.

O, ye calm I saw, and no other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten means I have lost, and

SCENE I. Kent. Iden's Garden.

[Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live tumulted in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

[Enter the King.]

Is it not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climb into the house in spite of me the owner, But thou will work with them same scurvy? Cade. Brave thee I say, by the best blood that ever was born, and heard thee too. Look on me well; I have eaten so much in five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you well as dear as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat more green.

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SCENE I. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither, I am a conqueror from the king,

Sadness to my grace, and to the state.

But that is too much presumption on thy part;

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yes, upon honour's base, is he prisoner.

York: Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

No, York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all: dismiss yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field.

You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.

And let my sovereign, victor Henry,

Command my oldest son,—they, all my sons,

As pledges of my faithful and loving.

I'll send them all as willing as I live.

Let this be to him, so Somerset may die.

York: York, I command this kind submission!

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Entr'acte King Henry, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend to harm me?

That was a knightly thing to bear arms in an arm?

York. In all submission and humanity,

York presents himself unto your highness.

Then what intend these forces thou hast brought?

York: To bear the traitor Somerset from hence;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

Whom since I heard to be discounted.

Entr'acte: With Cadis Head.

Idem. If ever so rude and of so mean condition,

May pass for the presence of a king.

Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cadis whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cadis—Great God, how

Just art thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead,

That living wrought me much exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew

Idem. I was, am not like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou called? and what is

Idem. Alexander Cadis, that's my name.

A poor execrable, that loves his king.

York: So please you, my lord, they were not mine.

His were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Idem, kneel down! (He kneels.)

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

And will with thee henceforth attend on

Idem. May I have to meet such a bounty;

And never live but true unto his logs?

K. Hen. Idem, Buckingham! Somerset comes

With the queen.

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Entr'acte: Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide

his head,

But boldly stand, and treat him in his face.

York: How now! Is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unclose thy long imprisoned thoughts,

And let thine tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I receive the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can break mine?

In that case, then, these are not my king;

Not fit to govern and rule tumults,

Which dare not, no, nor can not rule a traitor.

That hand of thine daeth not become a crown;

This base promises a prince's staff,

And not to grace an empty princely sceptre.

That gold most round encircled those brows of

Whose ears and crown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the chance to kill and cure.

Here is a bast to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven men shall rule no more

Over him, whom heaven created for thy rules.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York.

Of capital treason against the king and crown:

Oye, audacious traitor! kneel for grace.

York: Would have we have knelt? first let me ask of

those,

If they can break I now a knee to man.—

Sirrah, call in my son to be my bail;

[Exit an Attendant.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward;

They'll pay their swords for my enfranchisement.

G. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again.

We'll say, that's the bastard sons of York;

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O bleeding Napoli, O cursed of Naples, O accursed of courage:

The sons of York, thy letters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail: and none to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Entr'acte Edward and Richard Pakington, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old Clifford and his Son.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Cif. Health and all happiness to my lord the

king!

York: I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not frighten us with an angry look;

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking us, we pardon thee.

Cif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistakest me much, in think to do

To Redenham with hose! is the man grown mad?

K. Es. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious

honor

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Cif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. If he is arrested, but will not obey;

His son, he says, shall give his words for him.

York. Will you not, son?—

Edward Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Richard. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Cif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York: Look in a glass; and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor;

Call hither to the stalks my two brave bears,

That, with the shaking of their claws,

They may astonish these foul looking curs;

But Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cif. Are these thy bears? we'll bali thy bears in

Ant manacles the howard in their chains,

If thou darst bring them to the battling-place.

Rich. O rotate me, I am a headless caracal.

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffered with the bear's tall paws,

Thou shall much do, hast tall ears, legs, and tail;

And such a piece of work will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwic.

Cif. Hence, heap of wrath, soul indigested

As crooked in thy manners as thy shaps!
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT V.

York. Nay, we shall beat you thoroughly anon.
Cifl. Take head, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hast thou thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury.—Shame to thy silver hair,
Then mad misleader of thy bristled-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play the ruf-
ban, And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be humbled from the loudest heart,
Where shall it find a barrier in the earth?
Wilt thou dig a grave to find out war.
And smite those brave-unwearable ages with blood?
How art thou old, and want'st experience!
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty lend thy knee tome,
That bends unto the grave with middle age.
Sol. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And to my conscience do repeat his grace
The royal heir of England's eternal
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sol. I have.
K. Hen. Cast then defiance with heaven for such an oath;
Sol. It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
That greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotted virgin's chastity,
To crave the orphan of his patrimony,
Fitor the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Cifl. A noble traitor need'ss no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid his arm itself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved on death, or dignity.
Cifl. The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream
again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Cifl. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up today;
And that I'll write upon thy bourgeois,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's barge, old Nevill's
crown,
The rampant bear chal'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear alight my burgonet.
(As on the mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his legs in spite of any storm.)
Even to alight thee with the view thereof.
Cifl. And from thy burgonet I'll read thy bear,
And read it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bearward that protects the bear.
Cifl. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices.
Rich. Fei! charity, for shame, speak not in

For you shall sup with Jeur Christ to-night.
Y. Cifl. Foul dogmatique, that's more than thou
canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll scarcely sup in hell.

SCENE II. Saint Albans.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, fighting, and one of them is slain.

Rich. So, lie thou there—
For, underneath an alabaster paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset, fighting
with, and the Wiltshire blood staints his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Prices pray for enemies, but princes kill.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?
York. I have but hasted Clifford shew my need;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a joy for carousing kins and crews
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of me as both of us the time is come.
York. Hail, Bard, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase.
For I myself must haste this deer to death.
War. Then, now, York! 'Tis for a crown thou fight'st.

Cifl. What shall I think in me, York? 'Tis for a crown thou passest?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art as fast mine enemy.
Cifl. Never should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that it is shown ignobly, in beast's.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.
Cifl. My soul and body on the action be!
York. A drear and drear! address thee instantly.

Cifl. They fight, and Clifford falls.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Cifl. Shame and confusion! all is on the rest.
Fear frames disorder, and disaster wounders.
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance.
The name of valor—O, let the rill world end,
(Seeing his dead father.)

And the promised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particulars and jewell sounds
To cease—Wilt thou ordain'd, dear father
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silverlivery of aged age?
And, in thy reverences, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in radiant battle!—Even at this sight,
My heart's in turn'd to turn to stone, while 's the mine,
It shall be stone. York not out old men spares;
No more will I their babies: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaim'st,
Shall to thy flaming wrath be oil and flux.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many golden well I cut it,
As wild Medes young Aburys did do,
In cruelty all I seek out my fame.

Rich. Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
(Taking up the body.)

As did Zenas old Archias bear,
So bear I thee upon my many shoulders:
But then King brave a living load.

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, fighting, and one of them is slain.

Rich. So, lie thou there—
For, underneath an alabaster paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset, fighting
with, and the Wiltshire blood staints his death.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.


Duke of York. While we purr'd the horsesmen of the north.

In here, said away, and left his men.

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never becast respect, Cheered up the charging army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all shout, Charg'd of our battlefront, and breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

Is either slain, or wounded dangerous? I cleft his heart with a downright blow; That is true, father, behold his blood. [Showing his bloody Sword.]

Most. And, brother, here’s the earl of Wiltshire’s blood, [To York, showing his.

When I encounter’d as the battles join’d. Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Thrusting down the Duke of Somerset’s Head. York. Riches hath but best deserv’d of all my sons.

What is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset? Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry’s head.

War. And so do I—Viceros’s prince of York. Before I see thee seated in that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I urge by heaven, those eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the fearful king, And this the regal seat; possess it, York; For this is thine, and not King Henry’s heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will.

For either we have broken in by force. Norf. We’ll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk—Stay by me, my lords;

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night. War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence, Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [They retire.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament.

But little think we shall be of her counsel: By words, or blows, here let us win our right. Rich. Arm’d! let’s stay within this house. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call’d.

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king; And basest Henry deposed, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies. York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him.

The proved he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wagg, if Warwick shake his pole. I’ll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:— Receive thee Richard, claim the English crown. [Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits.

Even in the chair of state I sit, he means (Black’d by the power of Warwick, that false peer.) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.— Earl Northumberland, he slew thy father;— And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow’d revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If be not, heavenly, be revenge’d on me! Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

What, shall we suffer this? let’s pluck him down; My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland; Clif. Patience is for politlocks, and such as he; Be durst not sit there had your father liv’d.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so. K. Hen. And, brother, know you not, the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck? Exe. But when the duke is slain, they’ll quickly fly. K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry’s heart.

To make a desolation of the parliament-house! Cousin of Exeter, friends, words, and threats, Shall be the war that Henry means to see— [They advance to the Duke. Thus advance to the Duke. Exe. That faction dare of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet: I am thy sovereign. Clif. And am not, I think. Exe. For shame, come down; he made this duke of York.

York. This was my inheritance, as the codfish was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown. Warkins who art a traitor to the crown, In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king? War. True, Clifford; and that’s Richard, duke of York.


War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king. Warkins he is both king and duke of Lancaster: And that the lord of Westmoreland shall make a

War. And Warwick shall discover it. You forget, That we are those, which chaunt you from the field, And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March’d through the city to the palace gates. North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it is to my grief; And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it. Warkins, Plantagenet, of thee, and all these thy sons, Thy kinmen, and thy friends; I’ll have more lives, Than drops of blood were in my father’s veins. Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words, best. I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger, As shall revenge his death before I stir. War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless York. Will you, we show our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall pierce it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to steep, And sent upon their towns and provinces. War. Talk not of France, this thou hast lost it all. K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I; When I was crown’d, I was but nine months old. Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose, Father, tear the crown from the usurper’s head. Exe. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head. Most. Good brother [To York.] as thou lovest and honour’st arms.


York. Moreland, peace!
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first,—hear him, lords; And be you absent and attentive too. For he, that intercepts him, shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kindred kings, Wherein my grandmère, and my father, sat? Nor shall she war amongst you the my realm: Ay, and their colours—often borne in France! And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow. Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords? My life's good, and better far than his. War. But prove it, Henry, and then shalt be king.
K. Hen. O Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown. York: Two by rebellion against his king. K. Hen. I knew not what to say: my title's weak. Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? Ye, What then? K. Hen. And if he may, then am I lawful king: For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth; Whose heir my father was, and I am his. York. He rose against him, being his sovereign, And made him to resign his crown, and girds on. War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconscionable. Think you, you were prejudicial to his crown? Esc. No: for he could not resign his crown, But keep the same, the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against me, Duke of Exeter? Esc. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? Esc. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. K. Hen. All will result from me, and turn to him. North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou hast.

Think not that Henry shall be so despised. War. Despised he shall be, in despite of all. North. Thou art deceived; his not tip southern power. Or Kent, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—Which makes them thus presumptuous and proud.

Cato. The Duke of York, in defiance of me. Croy, King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: May that ground gaps, and swallow me alive. Where I shall knead him to those as my father. K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart! York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown; What munter yon, or what conspire you, lords? War. Deright unto this princely duke of York; Or I will fill the house with armed men, And over the choice of state, where now he sits, Write up his title with spurring blood. (He stampes, and the soldiers show themselves. K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: Let me for my lifetime reign as king. York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs. And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest. K. Hen. I am content; Richard Plantagenet, Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Cliff. Why wrong is this unto the prince your son? War. What good is this to England and him on west. Rose, feared, and despising Henry! Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and land. York. I cannot stay to hear these articles. North. Nor L.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

The duke is made protector of the realm; and shall then be safe? such safety finds the towering tumult, environs with wolves.

Hast thou seen that, which art a silly woman.

The soldiers should have to food them in their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou profess'rt thy life before thine homunculi.

And that act of parliament to repeal;

Have my men disinfested.

The northern lords, that have forsworn their colours.

Will follow e'en, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace.

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Then do I leave thee—Come, son, let's away;

Our army's ready—Come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me;

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already;

Get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou art to stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, 'tis to be murder'd by his reason.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll use your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger then.

K. Hen. About Queen Margaret, and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son.

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Rever'nd'st she be on that hateful duke;

With that haughty spirit, winged with desire;

With sea my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son?

The loss of whose three torches torment my heart.

I'll write unto them, and earnest them fair—

Come, cousin, you shall the messenger.

Ere, and I, Hope, shall reconcile them all.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Ede. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strike?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Ede. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

Rich. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us.

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy, not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Ede. Now you are wise; therefore enjoy it now.

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I look an oath that he should quietly reign.

Ede. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken.

I'll break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsaken.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took before a true and lawful magistrate.

That hath authority over him that swears.

Henry had swore, but did usurp the place.

Then, seeing twas he that made you depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Thereto is added. And, fare thee well, my lord.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysian,

And all the poets reign of peace and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest.

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dried.

Even in the lurid view of Henry's heart.

York, Richard, enough; I will be king, or—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And that on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thee, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privately of our intent.

You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kneelham will willingly rise

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employed, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise?

And yet the king not pry to my dray,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; what news? Why come ye to such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle;

She is hasting with twenty thousand men;

And therefore for your self, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What think'st thou thus, that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me—

My brother Montague shall post to London;

Let note Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his cause.

Mont. Brother, I say; I'll win them, fear it not:

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncle!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour:

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[Edg. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;

And meet them forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great.

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Exit.

SCENE III. Plains near Sandal Castle.

Attendants: Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

But, ah, whither shall I fly to escape their hands?

Ah, tutor I look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Cliff. Chaplains, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Yet, and my lord, will we harass him compassing.

Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut, Ah, Clifford! murder not this lamented child.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE IV.

Last thou hadst hated both of God and man. [Earl, forced off by Soldiers.]

Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes? I’ll open them.

Rest. So looks the portentous o’er the wreath

That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o’er his prey;

And so his cause to read his limbs amends.

Ah, gentle Cliff, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Cliff, bear me speech before I die;—

I am too much a subject for thy wrath,

Tho’ these revolts go on incessant, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speech’st, poor boy; my fa-

ther’s blood

Halp! step the passage where thy words should end.

Rest. Then let my father’s blood upon it again;

He’s a man, and Cliff, come with him.

Cliff. Hast thou brethren here, their lives, and

One.

Were not revenge sufficient for me? No,

If I dig’d up thy fathers’ graves, and bring their bones coffee up in my hand,

It could not make mine less, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

I Clifford, by my soul’s point of content,

And I roll out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell—

Terror!

Rest. Lift up his hand.

Cliff. O, let me pray before I take my death;—

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Cliff. Such pity as my reason can afford—

I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay

me?

Cliff. Thy father’s body.

echo. But twice I was born.

Shall hate one soul, for his sake I have

Lose, in revenge thereof—God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause?

Rest. Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

Cliff. Dull facetious, though his name be passes.

Rest. [Dies.]

Cliff. Photogenet! I come, Photogenet!

And this thy son’s blood claving to my blade,

Shall run upon my weapon, till thy blood.

Conga’d with this, to make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

Alarums. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;

My uncle both are slain, is rescuing me;

And all our followers to the enger for

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind.

Cliff. Long live the king! Long live your majesty,

And may God save thee from all enmity.

York. My son, God save thee—God save thee—

And haste away, and give no ground to

cliff.

Rest. [A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or else a royal throne!

With this shall crouch men: but, on alas!

Tis a crown for thee, sir; as I am a man,

With hostiles hindered and his sword against the tide,

And spare her strength, with overmastering

York. He shall not live. [York exits.

Ah, hark! the faint followers do pursue;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;

And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury;

The minds aremoved, that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

[Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northum-

berland, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumber-

land,

I dare your quiv’ring fists to more rage;

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, royal Photogenet.

Cliff. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,

With downright payment, show’d unto my father.

Now Phoebus hath tumbled from his car.

And so an evening at the mountain precinct.

York. My eyes, as the Pheasant, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;

And, in that hope, I now open eyes to heaven,

Noonming whatever you can affect me with.

York. Why come you not? what, multitudes, and fear?

Cliff. So cowardly fight, when they can fly no

further;

So do not, do not seek the falcon’s piercing talons;

So desperate thieves, all helpless of their lives,

Breathe out invective against the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bold for thy once again,

And, in thy thought, o’ermen my former time;

And, in their case for broaching, view this face;

And thou shalt shudder as those with cowards,

Whose bones hath made thee faint and fear this.

Cliff. I will not handy with thee word for word;

But neckles with these twigs, twice two for one.

[Draws.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thou-

sand canes

I would prolong a while the traitor’s life;

Wrench makes him deal; speak thou, Northum-

berland.

North. Clifford; do not honour him so much.

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart;

What valour was it, when a oath broke

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spare him with his foot away?

It is not in power to take all his life

And to one is no impecunious valour.

Cliff. They lay hands on York; who struggles.

Cliff. Ay, so strives he the cockspur with the

ginn.

North. So does the cunning stroke in the set.

[York is taken prisoner.

York. Do triumph thieves upon their country’s

honour?

So true man yield, with robbers so o’ermatch’d.

North. What would your grace have done unto

him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northu-

mberland;

Come make him stand upon this muckhill here;

That caught at mountains with outreached

arms

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand—

What! was it you that would England’s king

Was’t you that revell’d in ear parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wainscot Edward, and the lady George?

And where’s that valiant cromback propyl,

Diecky, your boy, that with his grunting voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutiny?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York! I talst’d with that valiant Clifford, with his riper’s point.

Made issues from the bosom of the boy;

And, hark! these eyes can scarce see his death;—

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks within.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should love thee still in death.

If thy tears, grace, to make me merry, York;
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT II.

STAMP, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance;
What, hath thy fiery heart so pac'd that thin' enrages?
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st not be mad?
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou'rt as mad as I, to see, to make me spit:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York—and, lords, how low to him—
Hold me his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[Putting a paper Crown on his head.] Aye, marry, sir, now looks he like a king! Aye, this is he that is King Richard's chair.—And this is he was his adopted heir.—But how is it that great Plantagenet Is crow'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? As I think him, you should not be king.
Tell me, King Henry; had Shakespeare have to die, And wilt you paint your head in Henry's glory, And rob his Temple of the diadem? Now in his life, against your head to cry? O, is a fault too unpardonable! Off with the crown; and, with the crown his head—
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Cf. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, say; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth;
How ill bestowing is it in thy sex.
To triumph like an Amaranthine trait.
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates.
But that thy face is, viscido, unchanging,
Made impotent with use of evil deeds.
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou came'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem.
Yet not so worthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult? It rests not, now it bores thee more, proud queen.
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, immortal, run their horse to death.
"The patriot, the worth, make women proud; But, God he knows, thou sharest thereof in small:
The government, that make them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable;
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the seputation.
Q. Tug, her face, shall be as the man's hide! How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child?
To be his father, wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexile; The tears of this, to be despised, renounced.
Bidd'st thou me rage, why, now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldest have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage alights, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop oozes his deitied blood.—
Alas me, Clifford,—and, then, false Frenchwoman,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry vassals
SCENE I.

Third Part of King Henry VI.

Richard. Great lord of Warwick, if we should resound
Our banking news, and, at each word's delivery,
Shall pantlets in our flush till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York's slain.

Ed. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drudged these news in tears:
And now to add more measure to your woe,
I come to tell you things since they betall'd.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Telling, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart
I then to London, keeper of the king,
Mustard'd my soldiers, gather'd shocks of friends,
And many well appointed, I thought,
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen.

Dearing, this king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
to dash our late decree in parliament.
Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short talk to make—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joint, and both sides fiercely fought;
but, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who seems full greatly on his warlike queen,
That rob'd my soldiers of their hard-earned spoons;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fears of Clifford's vogue
Who shunnable to his captives—blood and blood,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or, like a lazy wight with a ball,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day.
So that we fed; the king, unite the queen;
Lord Godfrey your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the world, we know, as we were,
Making another head to fight again.

Ed. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to Eng."
Tell our devotion with reverence armed;
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek us here.
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrung the easy-making king like wax.
He swore consent to your submission,
His oath enshrined in the parliament;
And now to London all the gates are gone,
To grapple both him with, and what heads
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong;
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen cast precise,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Flo! to London will we march again;
And once again bear on our burning steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foe!
But never, once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks I hear great War- Wick speak.
Nay, may he live to see a sunny day.
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean.
And when thou fallst, (as God forbid the hour!) I will see that he shall have a head!
Why, Flo! to London will we march again;
And once again bear on our burning steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foe!
But never, once again turn back and fly.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
(As thou hast shown it flinty, by thy deeds),
I come to pierce it, to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up, dregs—God and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.
War. What news now, what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a pleasant host;
And swears her love for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors:
Let’s away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before York.
Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces.
Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder’s the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass’d with your crown;
Dost not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
Yonder’s the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass’d with your crown;
Dost not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
Y. Hen. Ay, but the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck.
To see this sight, it lifts my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! I’m not my fault,
Your, and what have I infringed my vow.
Cill. My gracious liege, this is too much expiry
And hazardous play, must be laid aside.
To whom do laws cast their gentle looks?
Not to the heart that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest steel lick
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
With that sword were the head afar away
Not be, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on
And doth well peek, in safeguard of their breed.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown.
Thou smiling, while he broods in rage a brood;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king.
And raise his issue, like a loving sire.
Thou, being a king, would make thy son a goodly son,
 Didn’t yield consent to disinherit him.
Which argued these a most unfortuning father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young,
And thus morn’s face be fearful to their eyes.
Yet, in protection of their tender ones.
Who had not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have worn with mortal flight).
Make way in him that clumb’d up to their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young’s defense!
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent;
Were they not play that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father’s fault?
And long hereafter say and his child,
What are my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gains away?
Ah, what a shame was that! Look on the boy;
And let his timely face, which promised
Successful fortune, steal thy nothing heart.
To hold this own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well bath Clifford play’d the part,
Inferning arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That thou didst gain all heaven foreordain?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I’ll leave my son my wealth with his behind;
And would, my father had left me no more
For all the rest is held at such a rate.
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did
How it doth grieve me that thy bend is here!
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh.
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight!
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kind
leave,
I’ll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarter use in the death.
Cill. Why, that is spoken like a forward prince.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness: For, with a band of thirty thousands men,
Conor Warwick, backing of the duke of York,
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaim him king, and many fly to him.
Darrow, your battle, for they are at hand.
Q. Mar. I would, your highness would depart the field,
The queen hath best success, when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that’s my fortune too; there I’ll stay.
Now then, with it resolution we fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, Spain, George!
March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Northumberland, and the whole army.
Edu. Now, perh’p’d Henry, will thou kneel for grace.
SCENE III.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

And set thy d is e upon my head;  
Or hide the mortal fortune of the field?  
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy mincings, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?  
Edw. I am his king, and he shall bow his knees;  
I was a poor man, by his consent;  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You—that are kings, though he do wear the crown.  
Have came't him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.  
Cly. And reason too:  
Who should succeed the father, but the son?  
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—I, I cannot  
Cly. Ay, crookback; here I stand to answer thee;  
Or show the proof of thy sort.  
Rich. Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,  
Cly. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.  
Rich. For God's sake, make, lords, give signal to the fight.  
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?  
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! do you speak?  
When you and I met at St. Albans last  
Your legs did serve you better than your hands.  
War. Then twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.  
Cly. You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
War. Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.  
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.  
Break off the parle; for sorely can I refrain  
The execution of my big-swooned heart:  
Upon that Clifford, that cursed child-killer.  
Cly. I saw thy father: Call'st thou him a child?  
Rich. Ay, like a damnsel, and a treacherous coward;  
As those did kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.  
Q. Mar. Have done with words, my lords, and come to blows.  
War. Deny them then, or else hold close thy lips.  
Edw. I pray thee, give no limits to my tongue;  
I am a king, and prigg'd it to speak  
Cly. My legs, the wond'rous, that bred this meeting here,  
Cannot be coud by words; therefore be still.  
Rich. Then, execution, unbraak thy sword:  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,  
That Clifford's manhood live upon his tongue.  
Edw. Nay, Henry, shall I have right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their faith to-day,  
That never shall rise, unless thou yield the crown.  
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.  
Prince. That be the right, which Warwick says is right.  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.  
Rich. Whoe'er got thee, there thy mother swar'd;  
For, with, I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.  
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor like  
Thy brother; but like a fool misshapen sigmoid,  
Mark'd by the destined to be avoided.  
Amaz'd of horror, or drunk of world-songs.  
Rich. Tower of Naples, hot was English gift,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,  
(As if a chance should be call'd the sun,)  
Sham'd thee not, knowing whose art extrasted,  
To let the thunders detect thy base-born heart?  
Edw. A whip of straw were worth a thousand  
To make this shameless callet know herself—  
Heles of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Wits, whose husband may be Moretus;  
And sear was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father re velit in the heart of France,  
And tawd the king, and made thee the Dauphin  
And, hadst thou match'd according to his state,  
His might have kept that glory to this day:  
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poor sore with his bridal day:  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And kept us to the gentle king.  
For what hath brooch'd this tumult, but thy prince?  
Hast thou been mock, our title still had slept;  
And, in pity of the gentle king.  
Hast slip'd our claim until another age.  
Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring  
And, that thy summer breed us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy somber root:  
And thought the edge hath something hit our earth.  
Yet, know, thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave, till we have been thus done,  
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.  
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou dost mock the gentle king to speak—  
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave—  
And our victory, or else a grave.  
Edw. No, wronging woman; we'll no longer stand.  
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle between Towton and Buxton,  
In Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick

War. Peace with my enmity, with thee with my arm,  
I say me down a little while to breathe:  
For strokes received, and many blows repair,  
Have now red my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.  
Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is  
Blind'd.  
War. How now, my lord? what hath made  
Hope of good?  

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is low, our hope but sad despair;  
You cannot know what you would follow me  
What counsel give you, whether we fly?  
Edw. Beshrew him right, they follow us with  
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn  
The breath of life, that thy brother drinks  
Thy brother's breath is the breath of death:  
By sweetly join'd with the steady joint of Clifford's lance:

Edw. I'll join it, in the war, I'll join it,  
Lest I, like a dastard, receive harm from you.  
War. As I am a man, I'll spurn your death.
So underneath the belly of their seeds, That stain'd their followers in his smoking blood, The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly. Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Waiting our losses, whilst the foe doth rage? And look upon, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors? Here on my knees I vow to God above, I'll never jounce again, never stand still, Till either death hath slain these eyes of mine, Or fortune give me measure of revenge. Exit O Warwick. I do bend my knee with thee:
And, in this vow, do chain my soul in thine— And, were my knees rise from the earth's cold face, Thine hand may close mine eyes, mine heart to thee, Then settle up and pluck down of kings! Resounding there, I know by thy will it stands, That to my feet this body must be prey.— Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may open, And give sweet passage to my sinful soul— Now, lords, take leave until we meet again, Whether in heaven, or on earth. Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick, Let me embrace thee in my weary arm:— that did never sleep, now melt with us. That winter should cut off our spring-time so. Warwick. Away! Once more, sweet lucre, farewell. Geo. Yet let us all come to our troops, And hence them leave to fly that will not stay; And call them pillars, that shall stand to me; And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards As victors wear at the Olympic games. This may plant courage in their quailing breasts; For yet is hope of life, and victory.— Farewell no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.] SCENE IV. The same. Another Part of the Field. Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford. Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singed thee alone. Suppose this arm is the Duke of York, And this for Rutland: both bound to revenge, West thou environ'd with a brazen wall. If so, Richard, I am with thee here alone:— This is the hand, that stab'd thy father York: And this the hand that slay'd thy brother Rutland; And this the hand, that struck his horse's shins; And this the hand that struck his horse's ears. And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards As victors wear at the Olympic games. This may plant courage in their quailing breasts; For yet is hope of life, and victory.— Farewell no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.] SCENE V. Another Part of the Field. Enter King Henry. K. Hen. This battle faces like to the morning's war. When drying clouds contending with growing light, What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails, Can neither call it perfect day, nor night; Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea; For'd by the tide to combat with the wind; Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea; For'd to retire by force of the selfsame wind: Sometimes, the flood prevails; and then the wind: Now, one the better: then, another best; Both tugging to be victors, drawn to gain. Yet neither conqueror, nor conquer'd; So is the equal power of this fair wind. Here on this mirehill will I set me down. To whom shall I cry, there shall be the victory?— For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too. Have bid me from the battle; swearing both, They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would, I were dead! If God's good will waver For what is in this world? And what grief and woe? O God! methinks, it were a happy life, To be no better than a honestly swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out deals quantity, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run: How many make the hour full compleat, How many hours bring about the day, How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the times: So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I rest; So many hours must I contemplate; So many hours must I sleep; So many hours must I live; So many hours must I eat; So many hours must I drink; So many weeks 0' the worst finds will pass; So many years 0' the worst finds will pass; So many years will I dwell these seas; So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years, Pass'd over to the end they were creat'd. Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. Ah! and, O, how sweet were that! how sweet, how lovely! Gives not the hathorn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds, than the flocks of sheep, Than does a rich embroider'd canopy To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery? Is it not a blessed token of the kind God, that doth the fast of the fish doth Thee, when they are in the midst of the sea; And, to conclude,—the shepherd's honest cards, His cloth this drunk out of his leather bottle, His smocked sheep under a fresh tree's shade, All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delights, His viands sparkling in a golden cup. His body couched in a curious bed, When care, misrast, and treason, wall on him. Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father dragging in the dead Body. Son. Ill blows the wind that groves nobody.— This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight, May be possessed with some spirit of crowns: Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face. Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd. O heavy times, where is the true? From London by the king was I press'd forth; My father, being the sort of Warwick's man, Came in the part of York, press'd by his master; And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life, By his hands of life heav'd him. Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!— And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!— My tears shall wipe away those bloody marks: And no more words, till they have flown'd thee till K. Hen. O pitious spectacle! O bloody sinner! Whilest lives war, and battle for their kids, Poor harmless lambs able their remedy. Wield, wretched man, I'll aid thee to save; And beat him, and beat him, as a civil war, Be blind with tears, and break o'ergrown' with grief. Enter a Father, who has kill'd his Son, with the Body in his arms. Fifth. Thou that so swiftly hast revenged me, Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; For I have bought it with a hundred blows. But let me see—is this thine Hector's face? Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!— Ah, boy, here live! Live!— Throw up thou thine eyes; see, see, what showest this: Bown with the windy tempest of my heart, Upon me, and upon thee, and upon thy heart!— O, pity, God, this miserable age!— What strangeness, how fallen, how butcherly!
And, Henry, hast thou away's as kings should do.
Or as thy father, and his father did,
Giving way to our expeditions to our lands.
They never then had sparing like summer's fleas.
And, and thou thousand in this useless reign,
Left no one mourning widows for our deaths.
And then this day havest kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes rubbers bold, but too much leisure?
But noise are plaints, and equestres are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
The lost is merciless, and will not pity;
For at this hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds.
And much efface of blood doth make me faint.
Yours, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest:
I slate'd your fathers' lessons, split my breast.
He sigh'd.

Mischang the king, and not be satisfied?
Sore was ever son, so rude a father's death.
Pall, who is it, so demand'd a son? —
K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' loss?
Meet for your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
I'll bear them hence, where I may weep my ill.
[Exit with the Body.

[These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, as thou, my boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so our horses, which shall be thy chariot.
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Frisam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let thee right that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[Exit, with the Body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgrown with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret,
Princes, and an old minister.

Prince. Ply, father, fly! for all your friends are dead,
And Warwick's rage like a chafed bull!
Away! for death doth hold me in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick,
Past amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With gay eyes, sparkling for every swift rush,
And bloody steel grasped in their rufous hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.
Ease! Away! for vengeance comes along with them;
Nay, stay not to expectorate, make speed!
Or else come after, I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take with me thee, good sweet Edward.
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go.
Whither the queen intends. Forward! Away!
[Exit.

SCENE VI. The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.
Cliff. These burns my candle out; ay, here it dies.
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
Q. Lanc. I make thy eventide more day to day.
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glair'd many friends to thee;
And, more than all, thy heart comes with.
Improving Henry, strength and might in York.
The common people swarm like summer's fleas:
And withal, what's the good, but to the rout?
And who's new now but Henry's enemies?
O Plebians! hast thou never given consent
That Plebians should ride on Plebians' heads;
Thy burning car never had o'er the earth.

And, Henry, hast thou away's as kings should do.
Or as thy father, and his father did,
Giving way to our expeditions to our lands.
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And, and thou thousand in this useless reign,
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And much efface of blood doth make me faint.
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I slate'd your fathers' lessons, split my breast.
He sigh'd.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

Act III.


Enter two Keepers, with Crossbows in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick grown brake we'll

2 Keep. In this covert will we make our stand,

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's may till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised with a prayer-

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure

To great mine own land with my wish'd sight. 

No. Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; 

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrong from thee, 

The boughs we bend'd off, where with thou was

No bending branch can call thee Caesar now, 

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
K. Edw. And, would you not do much, to do them good?
L. Grey. Not them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. But all you bind me to your highest service.
K. Edw. That service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you shall take exceptions to my bidding.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Geo. He puts her hand; and meek rage weares the markes.
Clar. As red as fire, bay, then her wench would melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear your task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Geo. The match is made; she seals it with a curtesy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love, I mean, my loving lord.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense. What love, think'st thou, I use so much to gain?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begets, and virtue grants. K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive.
Your highness's time at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then shall not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my cover;
For by that lost I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Then thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Hervin your highness wrongs both them and me.
Nat. mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt, may I to my request;
No; if thou dost my no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Geo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluest woorer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her virtues with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfection challenge sovereignty;
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
[Say that King Edward late thee for his queen.]
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto
I know you too soon, to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
[Aside.] You caitiff, widow; I did mean, my
L. Grey. Twill grieve your grace, my son shall call you father.
K. Edw. No, signior, nor shall my daughters
call thee mother.
Then are we a king, and thou hast some children,
And, by God's truth, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other issue: why is this a happy thing
More than our study? for I am ready to answer
No more, for then shall be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his
Clear. When he was made a sheriff, 'twas for will
shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you mean what that we two have had.
Glo. The widow like it not, for she looks very
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.
Enter a Nobleman.
Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your son is
taken,
And brought your prisoner, to your palace gate.
K. Edw. That man that he be convey'd unto the
Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremity.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter K. Edw., L. Grey, Clar. and Lord
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
K. Edw. I must convey him for my purpose
To cross him from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lawful Edward's title buried.)
I am Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unluck'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.
A cold precipitation for my purpose
Why then do I but dream on sovereignty:
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And for a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye:
And chides the sea that sends him from thence,
For ever dry to have his way.
So do I wish the crown, bring so far off;
And as I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I'll use the means, you see.
SCENE VI.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

And stop the tongue, while heart is drown'd.

K. Lew. When'er it be, be thou still like thyself. And sits thee by our side; yield not thy neck,[Shakes her by his
To fortune's yoke, but let thy sainted mind
Still rule in triumph o'er all miscallane.
Be plain, Ma'am Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
Dropping thoughts.
And give my ingombed sorrow leave to speak.

Now, therefore, to it known to noble Lew,-
That Henry, so person of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banished man, And forced to live in uncertain a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Ungloves the royal title, and the seat
Of England's ancient and boasted lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,-
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's

Are come to crave thy just and lawful aid; And, if thou do it, all our hopes in store;
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help; One people and one piece are both mazed, Our treasures spend'd, our soldiers put to flight; And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renewed queen, with patience calm;
While we begin a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll suc-

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true
Sorrow;
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth so boldly to our
presence?

Q. Mar. Your ear of Warwick, Edward's
greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France?

Quelling from his State, Queen
Margaret rises.

Q. Mar. Ay, now hopeless hope does now arise; For this is he that moveth both wind and wave. War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion, I bid my love and sovereign, and thy revered friend. I come, in kindness, and unforgotten love. Fare, to do greetings to thy royal person; And, then, to crave a league of amity; And, lastly, in commend that amity With mutual knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant That virtuous Lady Bosra, thy fair sister, To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is
demolished.

War. And gracious madam, [To Bosra,] in our king's behalf, I am commanded, with your leave and favour, Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart; Where fame, late entering at his beneficent ears, Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue. Q. Mar. King Lew., and Lady Bosra, hear me speak.

Before you answer, Warwick. His demand Exploits out from Edward's well-meaning house.

Bosra. Great demands, I say, from our noble house.

War. But some deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can ytse, safely granting hence,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? Q. Mar. Great demands, that reason, according
To that which was, for this reason, happening.
That Henry liv'd still, but were he dead. Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and

Thou draw not on thy danger and disheverse: For we must use a means of peace, and sue for our lord's crown, yet must and may. Yes: heaven is just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Inflammatory Margaret!

Princes. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou art more an prince, than she is queen.

Off. Then Warwick distinguishes great John of
Gosham.
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the west;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth;
Who by his prowess composed all France;
From these, may Henry limitless descend.

War. Oxford, how haply, in this smooth discourse,
You could not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten.

Madams, these pieces of France should smile at the
But for the rest.-You tell a pedigree
Of ancestors and two years, a silly time
To make perpetuation for a kingdom's words.

Q. War. Why, Warwick, came thou speak against

Q. War. Who then obeyed thirty and six years, And not betray thy treason with a blush?
For, Can Oxford, that did ever from the right
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Off. Call him my king, by whose innocuous
doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death? and more than so, my father, Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, When princes brought him to the door of death.

No, Warwick, no; while life upheld this arm, This arm uphold the house of Lancaster, War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,
And Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside;
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words
be of weight with you.

Returning with the Prince and Oxford.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not bravely chosen.
War. Therefore I pawn my credit, and mine
honesty.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunado.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling
seems
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bosra.

Q. Mar. That is, as a motion and desire;

War. Shuck it seems, As may become a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,— That this his love was an eternal plant; Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground, The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun; Exempt from envy, but from disdain, Unless the Lady Bosra give him pain.

Q. Mar. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolves.

Bosra. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine
Yet I cannot, [To War.] that often is this day,
When I have heard your king's covert intentions, Mine ear hath tamper'd judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Though I be Edward's; thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn Touching the justice of this marriage, Which with her dowry shall be corresponding—

Draw near, queen, Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bonn shall be wise to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Dearth Warwick! It was thy device
By this alliance to make void my will;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lov. And still is he to him and Margaret;
But if your lords in the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then his but reason, that I be restor'd;
From giving aid, which late I promised;
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Harry is dear to the lives in Scotland at his ease:
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our quadrant queen,
You have a wife to maintain with ease.
And better were you troubled than France.

Q. Mar. Preserved impudent and shameless Warwick;
peace, peace!

Proud setecup and puller-down of kings!
I will not go a-moulding with my talk and tears.
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy airy conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
Perchance you new-born lords are kinder than be.

K. Lov. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, Margaret Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, matron, these from you, for whom I now go.

To Margaret. They all read their letters.

Oaf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her letters, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he
were nailed:
I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lov. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen's? Q. Mar. Mon, such as fill my heart with un-
look'd joy.

War. No, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lov. What has your king married the
Lady?
And now, to sooth thy forcery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this theoland, that he writes with France?
Dare he presume to scorn as in this summer?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This prowest Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. Love, Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am childed with the seed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame—
Did I forget, to say the house of York?
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass an horse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the royal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And to my honour! Is there shame in shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
Here remaineth, which I stand on Henry;
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servant;
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bonn,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that then become'st Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfœl friend.

Q. Mar. That, if King Lewis vouchsafes to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall necor him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fail from him.
For watching more for wanton than honest,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bonn. Dear brothers, how shall Bonn be reward'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Bonn, unless they rescue him from foul despair?

Bonn. My quarrel, and this English queen's,
Are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bonn, joins with yours.

K. Lov. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
If you shall be but kind to me and brother.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lov. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell King Edward, thy suspected king,
That Lewis of France is sending over makes,
To reveal it with him and his new bride:
That we see what's past, go fear thy king within.

Bonn. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a wise and goodly
War. I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning wreaths are laid by
And I am ready to put armament on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncover him, she'll be long.
There's try reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.

K. Lov. And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid faire Edward battle
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen.
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Are there go, but answer me one doubt—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forsworn in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
motion—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous.
Therefore, delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable.
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves
it.

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
(He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lov. Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be placed here.

And thus, Lord Bourbon, our great admiral,
Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till Edward fail in war's mischance.
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Muster of paramount was the charge he gave me.
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he once use to make a stale, but me I
then look on but I shall turn my last to another:
I was the chief that excell'd him to the crown,
And will be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's mis'ry,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.}
ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, and others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clare. Also, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Some, my lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended
By Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.
Clare. Mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
Your choice?
That you should pass, as half Malcolmstane?
Clare. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
While they have no weak of courage, and in judgments
That they will take offense at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offense without a cause?
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king, and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king.
Yet happy marriage seldom prove well.
K. Edw. Yet, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. No; God forbid, that I should wish them well;
Whom God hath jointed together, ay, and were pitty,
To envise that yokes so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorn, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen;
And you, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clare. Then this is my opinion, that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Huma.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is not disallowed by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have joint'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any homed marriage.
Hast. Why, know'st not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself.
Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

K. Edw. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be hand'd with God, and with the seas,
Which God hath given for fence imprunable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clare. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the hair of the Lord Bungayford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, melodits your grace hath not done well,
No give the hair and daughter of Lord Bosco
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have hited me, or Clarence;
But in your brats you long your brotherhood.
Clare. Or else you would not have bestowed the hand
Of the Lord Beaufort on your new wife's son,
And leave your brother to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Also, peace Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thus are molestance? I will provide them.
Clare. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To say the ladder is mine own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, my lord, Edward will be kind;
And not be tool unto his brother's will.
Q. Edw. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my stage to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And many that I had had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So do your disposals, to whom I would be pleasing.
Do close my joy with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forgive to favour upon their crimes:
What danger, or what sorrow can benefit thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And they that are thine, whom they can cut thee?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for heaven at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I know, yet say not much, but think the more.

Exit a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters, what news;
From France?

Miss. My sovereign lies, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore in
brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis to our letters? Miss. Alas, at my depart these were his very words: Go tell false Edward, thy suppliant king,
That Lewis of France is sending ever masters,
Torend it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis to braves? belie he thinks me
Henry?
But what said Lady Huma to my marriage?
Miss. These were her words, utter'd with mild
speech:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a valiant shorty,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's word?
Foy I have heard, that she was there in place.
Miss. Tell him, methinks, her mourning weeds
are done.
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Believe, she minds to play the Amazon
But many a man myself have had injuries?
Miss. He, in more iocund against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharge'd me with these:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncross him ere he long;
K. Edw. Ha! didst the traitor breathe out such proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
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ACT IV.

ACT IV.

At unawares may beat down Edward's ground, And mine himself; I say not—slay him, But I did only to surprise him. You, that will follow me to this assault, And applaud the name of Henry, with your leader. Why then, let us on our way in silent feet.

SCENE III. Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King.

1 Watch. Come, on my master, each man take his stand; The king, by this, is set him down to sleep. 2 Watch. What, will he not to bed? 1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow Never to lie and take his natural rest, Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppos'd.

3 Watch. Tomorrow then, believe, shall be the day, If something be so near as man report. 4 Watch. But say, I pray, what solemnness is that, That with the king here resteth in his tent? 5 Watch. 'Tis for the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 Watch. Quo, is it so? But why commands the king That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While himself keepeth in the cold field? 2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. 3 Watch. Ay; but give me worship and quietness, I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted, he would wake him. 1 Watch. Unless our heralds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent, To defend his person from night foes? Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard. Courteous, my masters: honour now, or never! But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 1 Watch. Who goes there? 2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest. [Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them. The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding, reenter Warwick, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloucester and Hastings fly.]

Now. What are they that fly there? War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, what part hast thou, that call'd me king? War. Ay, but the case is alter'd. When you disgrac'd me in my embassies, Then I desisted you from coming king, And come now to create you duke of York. Also! how should you govern any kingdom, That know not how to use ambassadors? Nor how to be contented with one wife? Nor how to use your brothers broodly? Nor how to study for the people's welfare? Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? K. Edw. Yes, brother of Clarence, art thou here too? Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must stand.
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Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself, and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as king: Though fortune's malice overthrow my state, My mind excels the compass of her wheel. War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

"[Tales of his Crown."

But Henry now shall wear the English crown, And be thee king indeed; thou hast a shadow.— My lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd Unto my brother, archbishop of York. When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him: Now for an hour, a good grace to the Duke of York. K. Edw. What false impost, that men must needs abide: It boots not to resist both wind and tide, [Exit K. Edw. Let out; Som. with him.] Orl. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, But march to London with our soldiers? War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do; To free King Henry from imprisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt."

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Ric. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change? Q. Eri. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn, What late misfortune befall'n King Edward? Ric. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick? Q. Eri. No, but the loss of his own royal person. Ric. Then is my sovereign slain? Q. Eri. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner; Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpriz'd at anawares. And, as I further have to understand, Is now committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe. Ric. These news, I must confess, are full of grief: Yet gracious madam, bear it as you may; Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day. Q. Eri. Till then, fair hope must hinder'ts decay. And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of Edward's offering in my womb: This is it that makes me bridge passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Least with my sighs or tears I blast or drown New Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown. Ric. But, madam, where is Warwick then become? Q. Eri. I am informed, that he comes towards London, To set the crown once more on Henry's head. Guess then the rest; King Edward's friends must be dealt with. But to prevent the tyrant's violence, [For trust not him that hath once broken faith.] I'll have some word with unto the contrary, To save at least the hair of Edward's right; There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud. Now, as thou list, let us fly, while we may; If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt."

SCENE V. A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Glosier, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glos. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley, Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chieftest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother, Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands He hath good usage and great liberty; And often, but attended with weak guard, Comes hunting this way to despise himself. I have advertised him by secret means, That if, about this hour, your majesty, Under the colours of his match, you open, He shall here find his friends, with horse and men, To set him free from his captivity."

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman. Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game. K. Edw. E'en so, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand— Now, brother of Glosier, Lord Hastings, and the rest, Stand you there close to steal the bishop's deer! [Glos. brother, the time and case require haste; Your horse is ready at the park's corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Hunt. To Lynn, my lord: and slip from thence to Parnell."

Glos. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning. K. Edw. Stanley, I will repute thy forwardness. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk. K. Edw. Huntsman, what say' you then will thou go along? Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd. Glos. Come then, away; let's have no more ado. K. Edw. E'en so, Hastings; farewell; shield thee from Warwick's crown; And pray that I may possess the crown. [Exeunt."

SCENE VI. A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends Have shaken Edward from the regal seat; And terror'd my captive state to liberty, My look to hope, my sorrow unto joy; At our enlargement what are thy due fees? Les. Subjects many challenges nothing of their soul. But, if an humble prayer may prevail, I the state of our cause with your kind in hand, K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me? Nay, in that sense, I'll well requite thine kindness, For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure; Ay, such a pleasure as insecure birds Covet, when, after many uneasy thoughts, At last, by notes of household harmony, They quite forget their loss of liberty.— But, Warwick, after God, thou seest me free, And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee; He was the author, thou the instrument. Therefore though I may consider fortune's spite, By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me And that the people of this blessed land Therefore let me please myself with my wearisome stars; Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
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War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for vict'rous; and may your etern'nal name, like the famous'ne's of your father, the Dauphin, spin the wheel of honours, and th'o' you be blame your grace, yet I am sure Clarence is in place. Then are such worthies of the heav'n, in thy nativity, a noble branch, and laurel crown; thy to be blest in peace, and war; before I yield thee my true consent. And I choose Clarence only for protector. War. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands: and, with your hands, your hearts, and no dissension hinder government: I make you both protectors of this land; while I myself will lead a private life, and in devotion spend my latter days, to God's rebuke, and my Creator's praise. War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent: For on th' fortunes I repose myself. War. Why then, though both, yet must I consent: We'll yoke together, like a double snake To Henry's body, and supply his place; I mean, in bearing weight of government, while he enjoys the honour, and his state. And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful. Forthwith that Edward he pronostic'd a traitor, and all his lands and goods be confiscate. Clar. What else? and that accession be determined. War. Ay, wherein Clarence shall not want his part. K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs, Let me entreat (for I command no more) That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, Be sent for, to return from France with speed; For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed. K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care? Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond. K. Hen. Come hither, Englands' hope: I secret powers (Lay his hand on his head). Suggest but truth in my divine thoughts, This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss; His looks are full of peaceable majesty; His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown, His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself, Likely, in your, to bless a regal throne. Make much of him, my lords: for this is he, Most help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend? Mars. That Edward is escaped from our brother. And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy. War. Unhappy news: But how made he escape? Mars. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester, and the Lord Hastings, who attended him in secret ambush on the forest side,

and from the bishop's henninsman rescued him; For hunting was his daily exercise. War. My brother was too careless of his charge; But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may arise. [Exeunt King Henry, War, Clar. Lestant, and Attendants. Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's. For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help; And we shall have more wars, before he be long As Henry's late pressing prophecy. Did glad my heart, with hope of young Richmond; So doth my heart misgive me, in these events. May not fall him, to his harm, and ours: Thus we, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Fort as we shall send him hence to Brabant, Till sooner be part of civil安东尼ity. Defy; the, if Edward repose the crown, The like, that Richmond with the rest shall dare: Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brabant. Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Before York.

Enter King Edward, Glorster, Hastings, and Forces. K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest; Yet thus far forces makeup us amends, And say—that once more I shall interchange My wasted state for Henry's regal crown. Well have we paid, and now requite the sense. And brought desired help from Burgundy: What then remains, we being thus arriv'd From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York. But that we enter, as into our dukedom? Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not the sound. For many men, that tremble at the threshold, Are well foretold—that danger lurks within. K. Edw. Tank, man! admonitions must not now affright us: By fair or foul means we must enter in, For either will our friends repair to us. Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them. Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren. May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming, And shut the gates for safety of ourselves; For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York. May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less. K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom; As being well content with that alone. Glo. But, when the fire hath once got in his house, He'll soon and mean't to make the body feel. Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in such doubt? Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends. May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened. [Exeunt from above. Glo. A wise stout captain, and peremptoriness! Hast. The good old man would fain that all was well, So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being entered,
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE VIII.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. I have counsel'd, lords; I Edward from

Belgic,

With many tiles, and blust Hollander,

Balt pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops both marchs amain to London:

And many giddy people flock to him.

O, let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

These will I muster up: and then, son Clarence,

Shall sit, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:

Then, brother Malcolm, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Lichfield, shall find

Men well inclined to bear what thou command'st.

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends;

My sovereign, with his loving subjects,

Like to his island, girt in with the sea,

Or modest Danes, circled with their nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss thy highness' hand:

Mont. Comfort, my lord, and so I take my leave.

Oaf. And thou [kissing Henry's hand.] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.


And all in one, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.


K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Comin of the Duke, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in hand

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Ere. The doubt is, that he will venture the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my mind hath got one time.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor post'd off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath alay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subdues;

Nor forward of revenge, though they much irritated;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;

And when the lion sways upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster! Eee. Hark, back, my lord! what shouts are these?]

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edu. Seize on the shams-fe'd Henry, bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.

You are the peers that make small brooks to flow;

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry.
III. PART OF KING HENRY VI.

And swell so much the higher by their shrill—
Hence us with him to the Tower; let him not speak
But, lords, towards Coventry head we our course,

Whereupon Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Coldeither winter means our heart for hot.
Glo. &c. And haste, before his forces join,
And take the great-grand traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march array'd towards Coventry.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

Glo. How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mss. By this at Denmark, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Glo. Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mss. By this at Dunstable, with a prompt messenger.

Enter Sir John Somervile.

War. Sir John Somervile, what says my loving one?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces.

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum beats.

1 Mss. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Glo. It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears, marshall'd from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Glo. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and the forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet to the walls, and sound a parley.

Glo. See how the early Warwick mounts the walls.
War. O, unblitful! is apostate Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they return'd,
That we can hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou now the city gates?

Speak gentle words, and keep my breast thou koue.
Call Edward,—knight, and at his hands beg mercy.
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, will thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?

Call Warwick—pardon, and be penitent.
And thou shall still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—
the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a knave, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I do thee service for so good a gift.

War. Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy gift.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by War-

wick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;
And taking Warwick, take his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's pri-

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this—

What is the body, when the head is off?
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And Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will hemorrhage no more unconstant.

E. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more:
Thain galler, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. I pass no traitor, pert jurk, and unjust:
E. Edw. What, Warwick, will thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Also, I am not cooped here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

E. Edw. Well, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field, Saint George and victory.

SCENE II. A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King Edward, braving in Warwick wounded.

E. Edw. So lie there: thou art dead and die.

Now, Montague, at first: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thee company.

[Exit.]

War. Ah, who is noble? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell, which of York or Warwick is this man?
Why ask I that? my many-tongued body shows
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to his foe.

Thus yields the order to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept.
Whose top-branched overtops Jove's spreading tree,
And hark, how shrill from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasures of the world;
The wreaths in my brows, now blood with blood,
Were likest oft to kindly sepulchre.
For who liveth long, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smite, when Warwick beat his brow
Lo, now my glory snarled in dust and blood!
My loins, my limbs, my manors that I held,
Even now forswore me; and, of all my lands,
Nothing left tell me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reigns, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:

Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly — Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while;
This hand no more for: brother, if thou dast.
Thy tears would wash this cold cruel blood,
That gives my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am done.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last.

And, to the true gap, cried out for Warwick,

And said, — Commend me to my valiant brother.
And spoke he would have said; and more he

Which sounded like a cannon in a vault.

That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might bear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick! War.

more beauteous rest to his soul! —
Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.

Exit, bearing of Warwick's Body.

SCENE III. Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Clarence, Gloucester, and the rest.

E. Edw. Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attains his risen western bed.
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
With much ado in Galia, have array'd our coast,
And, as we bear, march on, to fight with us.

[Clare. A little gale, will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow into the source of whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up:

For every closed eye beholds a new storm.]

E. Edw. Then will they hold their course toward Twyckbury:
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will further straight, for willingness ride way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Fields near Twyckbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wait for loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the ship's anchor lost,
And half our company swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our captain still: let's meet, that he
Should loose the helm, and, as a fearful lad,
With tearless eyes and water in the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much
Whiles, in his noon, the ship splits on the rock,
Which in industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor? What of that?
And Montague our top man? What of him?
Our slaughtered friends the taskers; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our anchors and tactics?
And, though unshod, yet, why should we?
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
That keep our course, though the rough wind
Flings from shelves and rocks that threaten as with us:
As good to guide the waves as spark them fair.
And what is Edward, but a rotten pear?
What Clarect, lawful, but a topmast of the gale?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemy to our poor bark
Say, you can bear: else, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink."

41
KING HENRY VI.

ACT V.

Scene I. A room in the palace of Henry VI. and Edward. 

Edward: Ser. Mar, I, but soon with patience to my fortune. 

Ser. Mar. The part we sad, in this troubled world, 

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. 

Edward. To you in proclamation made,—that who 

finds Edward, 

Shall have a high reward, and be his life! 

Glo. Is it, and where youthful Edward comes? 

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward. 

Prince. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak: 

What was so young a thorn begin to prick? 

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, 

For leaving arms, for stirring up my subjects, 

And all the time, thou must turn'd me o'er! 

Prince. Speak like a subject, present ambitions 

forth. 

Suppose that I am now my father's mount; 

Rise thy chair, and where I stand, kneel down, 

While I propound the self-same words to thee. 

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to 

Prince. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved! 

Glo. That you might still have worn the poniard, 

And have weeb stol'n the breach from Lancaster. 

Prince. Let me seek shelter in a winter's night; 

His credit riders were out with this place. 

Ford. By heaven, he is, will you pay for that word. 

Q. Mar. Ay, such waste born to be a plague to men. 

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive wood. 

Prince. Nay, take away this wood seek lack rather. 

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm you to rue. 

Cler. Usurper's lad! then art thou too malappr'nt. 

Prince. I know my duty, you are all about: 

Laurence Edward,—and thou perjur'd George, 

And thee, shap'in Dick, I tell ye, all. 

I am your father, traitors as ye are— 

And thou usurp my father's right and name. 

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of that ruler here. 

Glo. Speak it, then I take that, to eat thy agony. 

[Exit Glo. 

Cler. And there's for writing me with perjury. 

[Exeunt Edw. and Cler. 

Q. Mar. O, kill me not! 

Glo. Marry, and shall. 

Q. Mar. O, Treason to kill her. 

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much. 

Glo. Why should she live, in fill the world with woe? 

K. Edw. What cloth she swoon? for mercy for her recovery. 

Camer. Excuse me to the king my brother; 

I'll hence to London on a serious matter; 

By ye even there, be sure to hear some news. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE V. Another part of the court. 

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. 

This enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, 

Duke of York, with hus men Margaret, 

And Somerset, Prisoners. 

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broil. 

Away with Oxford to Hamme castle straight: 

For Somerset, off with his guilty head. 

Chew them none: I will not hear thee speak. 

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SECOND PART OF

ACT V.
SCENE VII.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse:
But, if ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go bear her hence perforce.-
Q. Mar. Oh, no, my lord; she never bear me hence, despight me; here I stand.

Here she doth the sword, I'll pardon thee my death, What I will thou not? - then, Clarence, do it then.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ill.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Do not, I pray thee, let me swear; I should not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou must to recover thyself; 'Twas sin before, but now it's charity.

What I wilt thou not? where is the devil's butcher?

Hard-hearted? Richard? Richard, where art thou then?

Then art not here: Murder is thy name-dead; Petitioners for blood thou seest put back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [Exit, and forthwith.

K. Edw. Where is Richard gone? -

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower after this; He fears, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common With pay and thanks, and let's away to London, And see our gentle queen how well she fares; By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter Than ever was done in any quip of war.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

Glo. What, will the spring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have done, How, by my sword wets for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed From those that wish the downfall of our house! If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and say, I sent thee thither! [Stabs him again.

I, that have neither play, love, nor fear— Indeed, 'tis true, that Heaven told me of; For I have often heard my mother say, I came into the world with my legs forward: Had I not reasons, think ye, to make haste? And seek their ruin that usurped our right? The middle woe'st? and, and the women cried, O, Jesus blest art, he is born with thee! And so I was; which plainly signified— That I should mark, and hate, and play the dog. Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so, Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother: And this word—love, which greybeards call divine— Be resident in men like one another, And not in me; I am myself alone— Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the queen.

But I'll set a rascal day for thee:
For I will burst abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life; And then to purge his fear, 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone; Clarence, thy turn is next, and thou the rest; Counting my own, but look'd, till I be best— I'll throw thy lady in another room.

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Palace.

K. Edw. Is discovered sitting with a Book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should

'Tis sin to flatter, was good little better; Good, Gloster, and good devil, were alike, And both th' inconstancy; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So fixes the reckless shepherd from the wolf; So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece, And on his throat the butcher's knife— What scene of death hath Romeus now to act? Glo. Suspicion always hants the policy mind; The throst doth fear each blast an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been tim'd in a bush, With trembling wings middishbeth every bush; And I, the hapless mate to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye, Where my poor young wing was bind'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Who is that perversal fool that was of Cowre,

That taught his son the office of a fool? And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I Denzil; my poor boy, I Denzil; Thy father, Denzil, that termed our course! Thou, then, that heard the wings of my sweet boy, Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea, Whose waves, even grand, did swallow up my life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better bruise thy dagger's point, Than they can my soul that bragged thy life, But wherefore dost thou wish it for my life? Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
KING RICHARD III.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

ACT 1.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that lost their heads,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our-service arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms change to merry meetings;
And all the happy months return again.

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged death hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barred seats,
To fright the souls of fearful assassins,—
He no more shows facetiousness in livery;
But in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sporting times,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rude stamp'd, and want love's wit
To strut before a Weather all's fair again;

LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, PRIEST.

Another Person.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Winchelsea.
ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV, Gloucester, and Clarence.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, four Messengers, Ghoults, Solliers, &c.

Glo. And kiss your princely nephews, brothers both.

Clrc. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I will upon the eyes of our sweet prince.

K. Edw. Thanke, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thank

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence

Thou sprangst—

To way the truth, so Judith kindled his master;

And cried—oh, hail! when as he meant—

All hail;

K. Edw. Now am I reared as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brother's love.

Reignor, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicily and Jerusalem,
And had it there for the sake of her.

K. Edw. Nay, away with her, and wait her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, martial dances show'd,
Such as best the pleasures of the court,

Sound the trumpets!—farewell, our arms a-swing;

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

SCENE.—England.
KING RICHARD III. 455

SCENE I.

Cheered of feature by discerning nature,
Depos'd, unshak'd, sent before my time
I find the gods have half made up
And that so handsomely, and so thankful;
That such a happy man, as I by them -
Why, in this want paying time of peace,
Have we delight to pass away the time?
Unless to say my shadow in the sun.
And descant on nature even divinity
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To mortal these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Fools have I taiz'd, ministers dangerous,
By drunkens propinquit, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other;
And, if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am noble, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mord'd up;
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's sons the murder shall be.

Enter. Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That stands upon your grace?

Clas. His majesty,
To prevent the disposal of his person, hath appointed
The guards to convey me to the Tower;
Glo. Upon what cause?

Clas. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that such a name of yours
He should, for that, commit your godfather: —
O, like his name, hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clas. Yes, Richard, when I know: for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hears the whispers of prophecy, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
He shall be destroy'd.
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thoughts: that I am he:
Thus much I know. Gentlemen, if these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this, by him, is men are rul'd by
'To cut the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That mov'd him in this extremity.
We was it she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him and Lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We were assur'd, Clarence, we are not mis;
By heaven, I swear, there is no man secure,
But the king's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trysts between the king and Mistress Shore.
Hasten you now, what an humble supplicant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliver;
Glo. Humbly complaining to her loyally
To let my lord chamberlain in his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we, that hold in favour with the king,
To be his men, and wear his livery;
The jealous over-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dod'd them gentlewomen;
And mighty guests in this monarchy.

Glo. Eyes on me as in please your worship, Bra-
kenbury.

You may partake of any thing we say;
We speak no treason, man:—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous, and the state
Well struck in years: fair, and not jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a sly eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks;
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have sought to do.
Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore? I tell the truth.
He that doth seek with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly alone.
Clas. What was my lord's answer?
Glo. Her husband, knave?—'Wouldst thou betray me?'
Brak. I know not: may it please, we will not;
Forswear your conference with the noble duke.
Clas. We knew no charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's subjects and must obey.
Brother, farewell! I will unite the king;
And with so much as you will employ me in,
Were it, to call King Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clas. I know it; as I believe, we will;
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or, else lie for you;
Mean time, have patience.

Clas. I must perforce, farewell.

[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]
Glo. Go, treat the path that thou shalt never return.
Simple, plain Clarence—I do love thee so,
That I will send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who came here? the new-deliver'd Hasting?

Enter. Hastings.

Hist. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!—
Glo. As much as my good lord chamberlain!—
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hist. With patience; noble lord, as you please must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too:
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
Hist. More pity that the eagle should be mord'd by,
White hares and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hist. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physician fear him nightly.
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
Hist. O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consumed his royal person;
The very thought of it doth wound my heart.
Glo. What, is he in his bed?
Hist. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings.

Hist. He cannot live, I hope; and must not die;
Till Death be pack'd with postures up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his�始more to Clarence,
With love to support a lengthened argument;
And, if it fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

Scene I. Warwick. Another Street.


de Coroner of King Henry the Sixth, in an open Coach, Gentleman bearing

&c. to guard it; and Lady Ann as

men, set down your honourable

be shrouded in a house,—

conspicuously23 a figure of a holy king!

full of virtuous Lancaster—

is remnant of that royal blood I

that I invoke thy ghost,owers

is the same hand that made thee

Loe, in those windows, that let forth thy life,

lamentations of poor Anne,

Cursed be the heart, that had the deed to do it! I

Curse the blood, that let this blood from hence! I

More direful any bestride that bloody

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to others, spires, toads, 22

Thou, and the child, that thus hast left me,

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Proligies, and untriumphed to light.

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that he heir to his unsubstantiated

If ever he have wife, let her make her

More miserable by the death of him.

Than I am made by my young lord, and then he—

Come, now, towards Chester with your holy

Taken from Paul’s to be interred there;

And still, as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, while I lament King Henry’s corpse.

Enter Glorister.

Glo. Stay you, that hear the corpse, and set it
donew.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds? Glo. Villains, sit down the corpse; or, by Saint Paul,

I’ll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanned dog! stand thou when I command! Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I’ll strike thee to the foot, And turn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness. [The Dancers set down the Coffin.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Ala. I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot undergo the devil.—

Alas! thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hast but power over his mortal body.
KING RICHARD III.

Scene II.

For he was richer for that place, than earth.

Anon. And such wealth for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, yet place else, if you will have me name it.

Ank. Shame dungeon.

Anne. Be rest indeed the chambers where thee

Glo. So will I, indeed, till I live with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know it. But, gentle Lady Ann,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a divers method;—

Is not the cause of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,

As blamable as the executioner?

Anne. Then wast the cause, and most accorded

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, when did harm me in my sleep,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So, I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I will tell thee, hoicically.

These nails should read that beauty from my chin.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's

You should not bless me in, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,

So by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Then ought righteously thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Come not myself, fair creature; then art

Anne. I would I were to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that toucheth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. If I that loved thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the world.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, was he?

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Have I; [She spits at him.]

Anne. Why dost thou spit at me?

Glo. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

Anne. Never bring poison on a flinger toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. These eyes, sweet lady, have infected

Anne. Would they were blind, to strike

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

Anne. For now they kill me with a living death.

Glo. These eyes of thine have drawn salt tears

Anne. Forget their aspect with those of childish days.

These eyes, which never shed remonstrant tears,—

No, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the pious moan that Rutland made,

When Black-and-c'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when the wrathful father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty tears more, the sobs, and wrack,

That blood did stand, and hid their cheeks,

Like snow bespangled with rain—In that wet time,

My many eyes did scour a hundred tear;

And what those tears could not drench,artine

Thy beauty hath, and made them blist with it.

Anne. I never saw so friend, so near enemy;

My tongue could not learn sweet soothing words.

But now thy beauty is prov'd my foe,

My proud heart acom, and prompt my tongue to

Spake. She looks fiercely by at him.

To teach me thy lips more scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt;

If thy woundful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! I know thee, that sharp-pointed sword;

Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adhereth thee,

I say it naked to the deadly stroke.

Anne. Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage.

Anne. Speak it again, and even with the word.

Thou, hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill another love.

To both their deaths shall thou be necessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. No, that is liquid in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never may man be true.

Anne. Well, well, put up thy sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall I know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Why should we wear this ring?

Anne. To take, is not to give.

Anne. Put this ring on the ring.

Anne. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy

finger,

Even so thy breast encompasseth my poor heart;

Wear both of us, for both of us are thine.

And if thy prey desired servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Then dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad

Anne. To him that had more cause to be a mourner.

Anne. And presently repair to Crutchy-place;

Anne. Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joy's me too.

To see you are become so patient.—

Anne. Glo. More than you deserve.

Anne. I love thee. Glo. But, since you teach me how to flatter thee,

Anne. Imagine I have said farewell already.

Anne. More, I think.

Glo. Sire, take up the horn.

Anne. Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend our

Now, to White Friars; there attend our

And presently repair to Crutchy-place;

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joy's me too.

To see you are become so patient.—

Anne. Glo. More than you deserve.

Anne. I love thee. Glo. But, since you teach me how to flatter thee,

Anne. Imagine I have said farewell already.
KING RICHARD III. 

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Bis. Have patience, madam, there's no doubt, his majesty will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you break it ill, it makes him worse: therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort, and cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would become of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord involves all harms.

Grey. The heavens have blest you with a body to be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young: and his minority is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester; a man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: but so it must be, if the king miscaries.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stanley. To your good health and make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, and loves not me, be you, good lord, assure'd, I hate not you for your proud arrogance.

The envious slanderers of her false accusers:

Or, if she be accused on true report,

Hear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I, are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment?

Buck. Much, madam; good hope; his grace speaks observantly.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you see

For with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make statement

Between the duke of Gloucester, and your brother, and between them and my lord chamberlain; and sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would, all were well!—But that will never be—!

Fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gower, Hastings, and Dorset.

Gib. They do me wrong, and I will not endure

Who are they, that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am not my grace?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,

That fill his ears with such dissonant rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,

Shade in men's faces, smooth, devout, and coy,

Deck with French nails and sad occasion,

Must be held a rasconious enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and thank no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be absurd

By sullen, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presents your grace?

Gib. Truth, that hat nor honesty, or grace

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?

Or thee—or thee—or any of your factions?

A plague upon you all! his royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing whilst,

But you must trouble him with false complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you must mistake the matter;

The king of his own royal disposition,

And not proceed by any another else:

Aiming, beside, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward violent show itself,

Against my children, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send: that thereby he may either

The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Grey. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad,

That wrongs may prey where eagles dare not perch;

Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester.

You envy my advancement, and my friends,

God grant, we never may have need of you!

Gib. Meaning, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions

Are daily given, to enoble those

That were, some two days since, were such

A noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height,

From that contempted hap which I enjoy'd,

I never receiv'd his majesty's

Against the duke of Clarence, but have been

An earnest advocate to plead for him.
SCENE III.

My lord, you do me shameful injury, To think that any in these vile suspects

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonments.

A man of his might, may I trust you, Sir?

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers—why, who

Knew not so? She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair pretences;

And then deny her aiding hand therein,

And lay those honours on your high discreet.

What may she not? She may, say, marry, marry, marry she.

Roi. What, marry, marry she?

Glo. What, marry, marry she? marry with a king.

A tender, a handsome stripping too.

I was, your Grace had a worthy match.

Q. Exe. My lord of Gloucester, I have too long been

Your best upringings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will retract my mastery;

Of these great names I often have conf’d.

I had rather be a courtier servant maid,

Than a great queen, with this condition:

To be so belted, served, and stammed at;

Small, joy have I to being England’s queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lesson’d be that small, God, I beseech you.

Thy honor, health, and seat, be given to me.

Glo. What! trust you me with sitting of the

Teil him, and spare me, look, what I have said

I will do, in presence of the king;

Of all those griefs, I have again advis’d you

To be so belted, served, and stammed at;
Smallest joy have I to being England’s queen.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too.

Thou kill’dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewshbury.

Glo. Est ye were queen, ay, in your husband’s

king, in his blood, I still mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and many besides blood than his,
or thine.

Glo. In all which time you, and your husband’s

Gover.

Were factions for the house of Lancaster:

And, Rivers, so were you—Was not your hus-

In Margaret’s bane at Saint Albans stain?

Let me not be your mind, if you forget,

What you have been so now, and what you are.

Whose, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A monstrous villain, and so well thou

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father!

Warwick, and forswore himself—Which Jess per-

Glo. Which God revenge!

Q. Exe. To fight on Edward’s party, for the

Glo.

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mad up;

I would to God, my heart were flint like Ed-

Dr Edward’s soft and sinful, like mine;

It is too childish fashion for this world.

Q. Mar. The devil to hell for shame, and lost this

Thou cannot; these thy kingdom is.

Roi. My lord of Gloucester, in these busy days,

Which here you urge, to prove meoodles,

We are allow’d the love that our lord king

Be should say you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be—why, rather be a pedlar.

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereon!

Q. Exe. Be little or more, as you suppose

You should enjoy, why thy country’s king:

As little joy you may suppose in me,

That I may being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoy the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient—[Advancing.

Hear me, you straining pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pull’d from me;

Which of you tremble now, that looks on me.

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;

Yet that, by your depend, you quake like re-

Here, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mark’d thee so in


That will I makes, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do not more pain to

Thou canst not yield me harm.

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Be should say you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be—why, rather be a pedlar.
Glo. To speak the truth, it is not yet in my power to deliver thee, nor to help thee. But I will try to find a way to save thee from this danger.

Q. Mar. What shall I do then? How can I escape this terrible fate?

Glo. If thou canst find a way to escape, by all means do so. But if not, be patient and trust in me. I will do my best to help thee. For now, I must go. Farewell, my dear son.
KING RICHARD III.

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:—
Swat on him, fortune, take him to your

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such lusious cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling walk'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrific impression made my dream.

Brut. No marlour, forbid, though it affrighted you

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these

That now give evidence against my soul.—
For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requires me

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet yet forbear, for they are but light
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children

I pray you, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I shall sleep.

Brut. I will, my lord; God give your grace good

[Clarence reproves himself on a Chair.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and repeating hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Princes have but the titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward soul;
And, for unfruit想像ations,
They often feel a world of reckless cares;
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's there?—
Brut. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how
canst thou hither?——

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brut. What, so brief?——

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than
tellous——

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.

Brut. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guileless of the meaning.
Here are the keys—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and wily him to,
That thus I have reposed to you: my charge——

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom —
Face you well.

1 Murd. Exit Brakenbury.

2 Murd. What, shall we shew him as he sleeps?——

1 Murd. No; he'll my 'twas douse cowardly,
when he wakes——

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day——

1 Murd. Why, then, tell ye, we stabb'd him sleeping——

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment,
both bred a kind of remorse in me——

1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?——

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant
for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the
which no warrant can defend me——

1 Murd. I thought thou triedst was resolute——

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live——

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloucester, and
tell him so——

2 Murd. Nay, I prejudish, stay a little; I hope
this bloody humour of mine will change; it was
wont to hold me, but while one would tell twenty——

1 Murd. How dost thou?——

2 Murd. Faith, some certain drops of con

Prisons have but the titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward soul;
And, for unfruit imagination,
They often feel a world of reckless cares;
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
KING RICHARD III.

1. Mord. Remember our reward, when this deed is done.
2. Mord. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.
1. Mord. What's thy conscience now?
1. Mord. So, when he sleeps his peace to give us our reward, thy conscience bids thee not.
2. Mord. This is no matter; he is gone; there's few or none to stand against us.
1. Mord. When, if it come to thee again?
2. Mord. In that same way; it is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward; a man cannot stand, but it accurseth him; a man cannot keep, but it offends him; it fills one with obstacles; it makes one restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all services and offices for dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live with it.
1. Mord. 'Tis easy, it is even now at my elbow, and yet I know not whom I shall do it with.
2. Mord. It is the devil in thy mind, and be
1. Mord. I am strong-framed, it cannot prevail with me.
2. Mord. Speak like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?
1. Mord. Take him over the c Hind with the hopes of thy sword, and then throw him into the bulrushes best, in the next room.
1. Mord. No, we'll reason with him.
1. Mord. Thou shalt have wine enough, my lord, answer.
2. Mord. In God's name, what art thou?
1. Mord. A man, as you are.
2. Mord. But not as I am, royal.
1. Mord. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
2. Mord. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. Mord. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
2. Mord. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?
1. Mord. Your eyes do menace me:—Why look you pale?
2. Mord. Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
1. Mord. To prove me.
1. Mord. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, and therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
2. Mord. Offended us you have not, but the king.
1. Mord. I shall be reconciled to him again.
2. Mord. Never, my lord; prepare to do your duty.
1. Mord. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men, to slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
2. Mord. What causes have given them succinct up. Unto the forming judge, or who pronounced
The better sentence of poor Clarence's death?
1. Mord. Before I be convict by course of law
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
1. Mord. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
From the charge of those deadly blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.
SCENE I. London: A Room in the Palace.

K. Rich. (To his son.) Alison! this bed is too small; make room for us. Alas! we must part;

Are you not the father of the land? What will you do for your son? Will you not send him to the wars?

K. Edw. No, my good lord. I have discovered to you that you are not the son of a honest man.

K. Rich. Why, thus you shall know how much you have been.

K. Edw. I would be known, and I had saved my brother.

K. Rich. Come, let us speak; and tell me what I shall do.

K. Edw. First, I will go to the court; and then—

K. Rich. And tell the truth; and I will go away—

K. Edw. And where shall I find you? and show you your heart?

K. Rich. By heaven, my soul is trait'st from goodness.

K. Edw. And with my heart I shall seal my true heart’s love. Here do I swear, as I truly swear the king.

K. Edw. Take heed, daily not before your reign:

K. Rich. Let me, he is the supreme king of kings. Confess your hidden falsehood, and award.

K. Edw. My prince, I love Hastings, and we are not exempt in this.

K. Rich. Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you:

K. Edw. You have been false to the other.

K. Rich. What, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand; and what you do, do it unfeignedly.

K. Edw. Then, Hastings;—I will never more,

K. Rich. For evermore, as thine, and mine! This interchange of love, I have protest,

K. Edw. So think I too, as I am to love.

K. Rich. And enounce it. (To Claudio.)

K. Edw. Now, prince, Buckingham, seal thou this:

With thy encomiums to my wife’s allies, And make me happy in thy company.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham shall turn his face

Upon your grace, (To the Queen,) but with all

These tender looks, you, and yours. God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

So he meets me: then the king of heaven,

When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, prince Buckingham,

Is this thy love unites my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Clarence here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. In good time, hercules: comes the noble duke.

Enter Ghost.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen.

Buck. A happy time of day to you!

K. Edw. Ecce. Happy, indeed; as we have spent the day.

Brothers, we have some deeds of charity;

Made peace of sunny, fair love of hate,

Became a sign of lasting friendship;

Glo. A blessed labour to my sovereign liege—

Among this princely sleep, if any have,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a fox;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have need committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace;

The death of me, in be at eternity;

I hate it, and desire all good men’s love—

First, madam, I retract true power of you,

Which I will purchase with my dubious service.

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

Never any good of being between us—

Or you, Lord Rivers,—and Lord Grey, of you—

That all without despair have found on me—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

I do not mean that Englishman alive.

Whom with my soul is any at odds,

More than the bosom that is born to night,

I thank my God for my humility.

Glo. Ecce. A holy day shall this he kept hereafter:

I would to God, all strifes were well composed.

K. Edw. My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I showed love for this,

To be as heathen in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

They all say so.

You do him injury to scorn his core.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead? who

Knows not he is dead? and when—

Glo. Ecce. All seeing heaven, what a wondrous thing is this—

Duke. Lord! I am pale, Lord Dorset, at the out—

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence.

But his red colour hath forsaken his cheeks.

K. Edw. In Clarence dead! the order was very—

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died, And that was when the Treasurer did bear

Some tardy graces; he the countermarch,

That was the last I saw; I must marvel—

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,

Near in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Observe not these the less for Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DARK PEACE. CHILDREN, PEACE! THE KING DOSE LOVE YOU WELL.

KING. Peace, children, peace! The king doth love you well.

PAUSE. PEACE, WITHOUT LIE, OR INNOCENCE,

YOU CAN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING.

FATHER, I SAW YOUR FATHER'S DEATH,

GRANDFATHER, I SAW THE FATHER'S.

TOLD ME, THE KING, PROVOKED TO BE, THE QUEEN.

DEATH'S IMPROBABLE TO INFORM HIM:

LIKE, OH, MY MATE, I SAW YOU, DEAR.

AND PLEAS'D ME, AND KINDLY KISSED MY CHEEK;

HE WAS MY FATHER, AND THE QUEEN, WERE HIS.

AND I'D LIKE TO BE, AND LAUGHED, AND

AND WITH A VIRTUOUS VISIT TO DEEP VICE.

ENRAGED, AND DECEITFUL IT IS.

XETER QUEEN ELIZABETH, DISTRESSEDLY;

Q. ELIZ. HAH! WHO SHALL BIND US TO UEF AND FEAR?

TO THE MOUNTAIN, AND HAVING THIS.

DARK. WHAT MEANES THE WONDROUS INHABITANT?

Q. ELIZ. TO MAKE AN ACT OF TRAGIC VIOLENCE:

EDWARD, BY MURD'RING, OUR QUEEN IS DEAD.

YOUR SUFFRINGS, YOUR SORROW, YOUR SADNESS;

YOU HAVE A SICK HEAD, AND YOU ARE SICK.

TO THE MOUNTAIN, AND HAVING THIS.

DARK. OUR SICKNESS IS A SIGN TO US.

HE IS YOUR son, AND THEREFORTH THE THING.

DARK. ALAS! O GOD! O GOD! THOUGH WE ARE FALSE.

TO THE MOUNTAIN, AND HAVING THIS.

Q. ELIZ. TO MAKE AN ACT OF TRAGIC VIOLENCE:

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TO THE MOUNTAIN, AND HAVING THIS.
KING RICHARD III

Their ways are paradox’d, maze any general: She for an Edward weep, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she; These Ibes for Clarence weep, and so do I; I for an Edward weep, so do they;—Also: you three, on one threshold distressed, Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow’s nurse, And I will pour it with ineffectual

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis

And take with unthankfulness his rage; In common worldly things, ‘tis call’d—negligent— With dull unwillingness to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent; Much money to be thus opposed with heaven.

For. Madam, think thou, like a careful mo

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him.

Let him be crown’d! in him your comfort lives! Drown despair sorrow in dead Edward’s grave, And plant your joys in living Edward’s throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Rivers, and other nobles.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause To wall the dimming of our shining star; But some can cure their farmer’s woe without.—Madam, my mother, I do owe you mercy, I did not use your grace—Humbly on my knee I resign your prince.

Dor. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast.

Love, charity, nobleness, and true glory! Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man.

That is the last end of a mother’s blessing.

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Bock. You deadly princes, and heart-sorrow

That bear this mortal heavy load of men, Now cheer each other in each other’s love! Though we have spent our one harvest of this king. We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken cares and of your high-sounding hearts, But hardly spilted, knoll, and joined together, Must kindly be preserved, cherished, and kept: I say, with some little train, Forthwith from Ladew the young prince be fetch’d.

Hitter to London, to be crown’d our king.

Rec. Why with some little train, my lord of

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,

The new dead’ned wound of madness should break out; Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the estate is grown and yet un

Where every hour puts him to his good-amusing rein, And may dash it in his course as pleased him. As well the fear of hour, as learn’d at event, In my opinion, may be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king’s grace with such wisdom, And the common is firm, and true, in me.

Him. And so in me: and so, I think, in all: Yet, almost is but given, a should be put To so apparent ill-hold of breadth, Which, lothly, much company might urg’d:

Therewith, I say, with noble Buckingham, That it is seem so few as should fetch the prince.

Him. And so say I.

Glo. Then straight to London, and go we to determine Who they shall be that shall nest to post to Lothbury.

Madam, and you my mother,—will you go To give your consents in this weighty business And send forth all but Buckingham and Gloucester. Back. My lord, with your pleasure, it concern the prince, For God’s sake, let us two stay at home:

For, by the way, I’ll sort occasion, As in the story we have told of. To part the queen’s proud kindred from the

Glo. Myself still, my counsel’s necessary, My uncle, my prophet:—My dear cousin, As a child, will go by thy direction, Towards Ladew thou, for we’ll not stay behind.

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, suiting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: Which way

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

1 Cit. I hear the news abroad.

2 Cit. Ill news, by’r lady; seldom comes the better.

1 Cit. I fear, I fear, twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbour, Good speed!

1 Cit. 3 Cit. Dost the news hold of good King Edw

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the white.

3 Cit. The town, masters, look to see a troublesome world.

1 Cit. No, no; by God’s good grace, his son shall

3 Cit. We to that land, that’s govern’d by a child.

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government: That, in his young, council under him.

And, in his full and ripen’d grace, himself, No doubt, shall thus, and all then, govern well.

1 Cit. Besides the state, where Henry the Sixth Was crown’d at Paris but at nine months old.

3 Cit. Boost the state as I do, no, good friends, God will.

For they, this land was famously enrich’d With policy, and grace counsel; then the king Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Why, sir, I thank both, by his father and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father; Or, by his friends, who shall be there at all?

For simulation new, which must, the king.

Will spring to all too late, if God prevent it not.

Of full of danger in the days of Gloucester; And the queen’s sons, and brothers, haughty and proud.

Buckingham, and they shall be reigned, and not rule. This sickly child might seem to us before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their spectacles. When great have roses, then winter is at hand; When the sun sets, who doth not look for night? Undine’s storm suppose men expect a death. All may be well: but, if God will it so.

1 Cit. God will it so.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear: You cannot reason with a man,

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

2 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it:

By a divine instinct, men’s minds misfortun.

Earthquake danger: as, by proof, we see.

The water swell above a hesitating wave. But leave it all to God. Whither away?

3 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justice.

1 Cit. And so we shall; I’ll bear you company.

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Wynter.

Perufford.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT III.

SCENE 1 London. A Street

The Trumpet sounds. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Beaufort, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts so

weeping.

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosiers on the way

made me tired, wearied, and weary;

I want more music here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your

years.

Buck. Not yet div'd into the world's dross!

No more can you distinguish a man

Than of his outward show; which, God

knows,

Seldom, or ever, jumpteth with the heart.

Those modes, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words;

But lack'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false

friends.

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they

were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to

greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and

happy days!

Prince! thank you, good my lord—and thank you all. [Exit Mayor.

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I.

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Would have some sanctuary: The leader prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his presence was Persea's wrath.

Buck. Fear me! what an indifferent and peril

cause.

Is this the hour—Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

She dugs—Lord Hastings, go with him.

And from her jealous arms placeth him secure.

Cord. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak

courage.
SCENE I.

KING RICHARD III.

Can from his mother win the duke of York.

Anon expect him here? But if he be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God, in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too mean-souled, chamberlain, my lord.

THE CORN. Too coummon, my lord.

Buck. But, madam, a privilege of this age,
You break not sanctuary in aiding him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And they who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor does deserve
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.

Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break not privilege nor charter there.

O, have I heard of sanctuary then?
But sanctuary children, we'll till them.

Sir John Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
To Richmond with your forces. To-day, and hast.

Stay, uncle, I shall, if our brother come
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Wenceslas. Where it please you least unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought
Most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place—

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since his death, and many ages have re-collid'd

Prince. Is it so soon recond or so reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon renown, my gracious lord.

Prince. But stay, my lord, it were not register'd;
My thanks, the truth should live from age to age,
As were register'd in all posterity.

Glo. Even to the general all-seeing day.

Buck. So wise, so young, they say, do men live long.

[Aside]

Prince. What say you, much?

Glo. I say, without change of face, lives long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. Wherefore, Duke of Clarence was a famous man?
What did his valor do enrich his wit,
Who, as he said, to make his valour live.
Death makes no comment of the conqueror;
Let now he live in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. As if I live then I be a man,
I'll win our crown right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I live a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

[Aside]

Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving

York. Well, my dear lord; so much I call you.

Prince. Ay, brother; in my grief, as it is yours;
So late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How loss our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
This misfortune is but a little growth;
The prince my brother hath cast off my ear.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore be hide?

Glo. O, my liege cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

Prince. Are you, uncle, then give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that will give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts.

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I know, my lord, I should be heavier.
Glo. What, should I have your weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How now?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in this world.

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear, not to bear with me.

Uncle, my last match mock'd both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinketh that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-prov'd wit he resolve.

To mitigate the scorns he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So humorous and as wise as a wonderful
Glo. My gracious lord, will I please you pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, I entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What shall you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector means he will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Prince. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Methinks, my uncle Clarence, and angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncle dead.

Glo. None that live, I hope.

Prince. As if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
Not come my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I into the Tower.

[Exit Prince. York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Buck.]

Buck. Thank you, my lord, this little prating
York was not proceeded by his uncle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus approximately?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, his a jealous boy;
He, quick, ingenuous, forward, exasperate:
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.

Come hither, good cousin; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:

Think'st thou, or dost thou make this proposal;
What think'st thou, or is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings our mind,
For the maintenance of this noble deed,
In the east royal of this famous Isle?

Cath. He for his father's sake so loves the person
That he will not be won to such against him.

Buck. Well, think'st at that time then of Stanley will not be?

Cath. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: O, gentle Catelys,
KING RICHARD.

And at Northampton they do rest tonight:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duck. I know all your secret counsels.
I hope, he is much grown since I saw him
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my
 York
Hath almost over-taken him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not
Duck. Why, my young cousin is a
York.
York. Grandam, and night,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how
More than my brother at

Small talk, base, gross,
And so, meditates.
Because sweet flowers

Duck. Good faith, hold it not.
In him be young:
He was the youngest.

So long, a young man:
That it has
Duck. York.

I am, alas, man—somewhat we

I am king, claim thee of me:
Therefore, all the

Duck. He is

II. Before Lord Hastings' House.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,—

[Knocking.

Hast. [Within.] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

[Within.] What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious hours?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commands him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then?

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreams
To-night the baird had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two counsellors hold
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rest at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
disposition.

If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the

To shun the danger that his soul divorces.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
But him not fear the separated counsellors;
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend, Catesby; Whereof nothing can proceed, that toucheth us.
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fearcise shallow, wanton instance:
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumberers:

To fly the baird, before the baird pursues,
Wrote to incense the baird to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

Hast. Enter Stanley.

Catesby. Many good morrows is my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; ye are not

What news, what news, in this our waiting state?

Catesby. It is a telling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand apegue.
Tell Richard wear the garnish of the realm.
Hast. How I wear the garnish I do then turn
the crown?

Catesby. Ay, my good lord
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
my shoulders,
Before I see the crown as foul misplaced.
But come thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Catesby. Ay, on my life; and hopes to fast ye found.

Upon his party, for the gain thereof;
And, therefore he sends you this good news.—
That, this same very day, your amours,
The kindred of the queen, must sit at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no moneror for that now,
Because they have been still our enemies;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heels in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the least.

Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence.
That they, who brought me in my master's haste,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on.

Catesby. This is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unpard,'d, and look not for it.
Hast. O, monstrous, monstrous! and so finds it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as
As thou, and I: who, as thou know'st, are dear
To irrevocably Richard, and to Backingham.

Catesby. The princess both make high account of you.

For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well

Compelled it.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Come on, come on, where is your hoar-sparrow, man?

Hast. For you the loafer, and go so unpard'ed?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby.

You may yet sit on, but, by the holy road,
I do not like these several counsels, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you
do yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'twas now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rule from London,
Were jocund, and suppose'd their states were

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stain of canker I mislike:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward I.

Hast. What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
your lord?
KING RICHARD III.

SCENE IV. Westminster.  

(+Enter Cardinal of York, Bishop of Salisbury, and the Council.)

Cardinal.  Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your grace.

Bishop.  Well met, my lord; but long I cannot stay here.

Cardinal.  I shall return before your lordship thence.

Bishop.  Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Cardinal.  And dinner too, although thou knowest it.

Bishop.  Come, will you go?  

Cardinal.  I'll wait upon your lordship.  

SCENE III. Pembroke.  Before the Castle.  

(+Enter Lord Talbot, with a Guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, to execution.)

Lord Talbot.  Bring forth the prisoners.

Cardinal.  Go, Richard, tell me this—

To-day, shall three heretics be put to death, for truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey.  God keep the prince from all the pack of you!  

A knave you are, of damned blood-suckers; Vague.  You live, that shall cry for this perfidy.

Rivers.  Perfidy?  the limit of your lives is out.

O Pembroke, Pembroke!  O thou, bloody crimson,  

Patsel, and examine to noble peers!  

Within the guilty cloister of thy walls,  

Richard the Second here was beheaded to death; and, for more shame to thy disloyal seat,  

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey.  Never Margaret's son is fallen upon our heads,  

When she enshrin'd on Hastings, you, and I,  

For signet, and a plume, and her son's  

Then could I say Richard—O, remember, God,  

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!  

And for my father, and me, and his princely sons.  

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,  

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!  

Rat.  Make haste, the hour of death is expiring.

Rivers.  Come, Grey, come Vaughan,—let us here embrace,

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[Exit Pembroke, Grey, and Vaughan.]  

SCENE IV. London.  A Room in the Tower.  

(+Enter Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Cranley, and others, sitting at a Table, with officers of the Council attending.)

Hast.  Now, noble peers, the cause why we are  

Is—to determine of the coronation:  

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?  

Ely.  Are all things ready for that royal time?  

Stow.  They are; and without confusion.

Ely.  To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck.  Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  

Hast.  Who is most inward with the noble duke?  

Ely.  Your grace, we think, should soonest  

Know his mind.

Buck.  We know each other's face; for our heart—  

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;  

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:  

Lord Hastings, you, and he are near in love.

Hast.  I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;  

But, for his purpose in the coronation,  

I have not sounded him, nor he delivered:  

His gracious pleasure any way therein:  

But, you, my noble lord, may name the time;  

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely.  In happy time, here comes the duke himself—

Glo.  My noble lords and counsels, all, good morrow!  

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,  

My absence doth neglect no great design,  

Which by my presence might have been conducted.

Buck.  Had you not come upon your ease, my lord?  

William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,  

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glo.  Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:  

His ownership knows me well, and loves me well—  

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  

I do beseech you, and for some of them.  

Ely.  Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

Glo.  Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  

Ely.  Gracious!  (Takes him aside.)

Cranley hath sounded Hastings in our business,  

And finds the party gentleman so hot,  

That he will lose his head, if we give consent.

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck.  Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.  

[Exit Gloster and Buckingham.

Stow.  We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;  

For myself am not so well previ'd,  

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely.  Where is my lord protector? I have sent  

For these strawberries.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT III.

Scene V. The same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, cast thou quake, and change thy colour?

MURDER the middle of a word,—

And then again begin, and stop again,

If thou art distrait, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tis, I can counterfeit the deep despair,

Speak, and look back, and cry on every side,

Tremble and start at waving of a straw,

Intruding deep suspicion; fearlessly]

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time to grace my stratagems.

What, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and now, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord Mayor,

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Catesby, overlook the moat, and keep a drum.

Lord Mayor, the reasons we have met for,

Glo. Look back, defend then, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings’ head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliffe and Lovel.

Lord. Here is the head of that treacherous traitor,

The device and wisdom of the pertinent Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep

Trok his place in the plains harness creature,

That breathed upon the earth a christian,

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daint with spirit of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt eclipsed,—

I mean, his conversation with Shore’s wife,—

He liv’d from all attainment of suspicion.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert shelter’d traitor.

That ever liv’d.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(’Wert not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plighted in the council-house,

To murder me, and you, my good lord of Gloster?

Now, what had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or Indians,

Or that we would against the form of law

Proceed thus rashly in the villain’s death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons’ safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

Now, fair baffal! you deserv’d his death.

And your good grace both have well procured,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look’d for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,

Till your lordship came to see his end;

Who builds his hope in all of your fair looks,

Lives like a broken soldier on a mast;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lord Mayor, dispatch; his boots to exclaim.


I prophesy the fearful time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look’d upon. —

Come, press me to my heart, beseech my head;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. —

Scene V.
SCENE VII.  KING RICHARD III.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The stone was thrown towards Guisnes by all you, and
post—
There, at your newest vantage of the time,
Laid open all the victoriness in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your beauty, virtue, fairness, humility:
Indeed, no living, fitting for your purpose,
Untouched, or slightly handled, in discourse.
When, and when my cratey grew to an end,
I found them that did love their country's good,
Cry,—God save Richard, England's royal king!

Glo. Go. Did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spoke not a word:
But, at least, all sorts, and all was done,
With joy, and the voices sweet of men.
And even when I saw, I reprehended them:
And so, my lord, I pray you, may they all suffer.

Glo. You thrive well, bring them to Bayy-

Buck. I will make them come to you.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Bayy-

Buck. I will make them come to you.

SCENE VI. A Street.

Enter a Servitor.

Serv. Here is the lieutenant of the good lord
Hastings.

Serv. Here is the lieutenant of the good lord
Hastings.

SCENE VII. Castle.

Enter Glouster and Buckingham meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citi-
zen?

Buck. Nay, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are many, say not a word.

Glo. Tender'd you the bastardy of Edward's child?

Buck. I did, with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his consent by deputy in France:
To the limbs of his eldest son;
And his subducement, being not but the Duke
Whose, I did infer your linesman,—
Being double issue of your father,
Both in your honours and nobleness of mind:

Glo. You are his brother, you are his son,
You are his heir, you are his lieutenant.

Glo. You are his brother, you are his son,
You are his heir, you are his lieutenant.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the crot-
ter, as the Irishmen for the Duke of York;
For I have sworn to do you all that I can.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Bayy-

Buck. I will make them come to you.
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Majesty would ever, wouldn't this virtuous prince?

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof?
But, sure, I fear, we shall perpetually
Marry, God defend, his grace should say
Not a syllable.

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catsby comes again.

Re-enter Catsby.

Now, Catsby, what says his grace?

Cac. He wonders to what end you have

Buck. Some troops of citizens to come to him;
His grace not being warm'd thereof before;
He hears, my lord, you have so good to him.

Buck. Sir, I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean so good to him:
By heaven, it doth come in the greatest love;
And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[Exit Catsby.

Enter Ghoster, in a gallery above, between the two.

Nay, see, where his grace stands 'twixt two.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian

To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand—
Sure ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lest favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption,
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

Buck. But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which please God above,
And all good men of this unoffending tale.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence;
That seems discerned in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You, my lord; I would might

Glo. On our entreaties, or answer your fault.

Buck. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign

Glo. The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sacred office, of your ancestors;
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The literal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blighted stock:
Whilst, in the middle of your sleepless thoughts,

Buck. If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a feudal true-deceived cause.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this pressed love.

Glo. Any, why would you bear those cares

Glo. I am sure, why would you bear those cares

Buck. If you refine it,—as in love and seal,
Lest thus transfigured into your brother's son,
As well as known by the sweetness of your
And gentle, kind, eloquence of your;

Buck. Who, have to your kindred.

Buck. To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Tower.

Enter an old man, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, Desdemona, 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KING RICHARD III.

III. 509

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentlemen? 

Tyr. The chaplain of the tower hath buried them;

but where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrell, soon, at after supper.

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

and be inaction of thy doors.

farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;

his daughter usually has: I mach'd it in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom, and

And my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Breughel Richmond amus.

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, and

by that lust, looks proud on the crown;

to her go I, a jelly thrilling wafer.

Enter Catesby. Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to

Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Walsamens,

is in the field, and still his power increases.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash levies strength.

Come—I have learn'd, that fearful comment

is laden servitor to dally delay;

Delay leads important and small pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Love's Mercury, and herald for a king

his marvel men; My comn'se is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret. Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines silly have I lurk'd,

To watch the wasting of these counties.

A dire intimation I witness to,

And will to France; bearing the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and magical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eli. Ah, my poor princess! ah, my tender babe!

My unbow'd flowers, now appearing sweet!

If yet your gentle mans'ly fly in the air,

And he not kis'd in doom perpetual,

Over-throw me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Rover about her; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant norn to aged night.

Duck. So many miseries have car'd my voice,

That my we-variably tongue is still and mute,—

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eli. With those, O God, fly from such gentle limbs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When due and thou seest, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son

Duck. Dead lie, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost.
KING RICHARD III.

Act III.

But with his十八届 dreams was still awake.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And, will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

G. ELIZ. Poor heart, alas! I pity thy complainings.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

DOR. Farewell, then woe'st welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that taketh thy leave of

it. [To Dorset.

DOR. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune possesst thee! [To Anne.

Anne. To my grave, where peace and rest lie with me! Eighty old years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of

sorrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. Richmond, as King upon his throne; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Bucking-

ham._

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated—
But shall we wear these gowns for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the

touch.

To try if thou be current gold, indeed.——
Young Edward lives!—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned

high.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? ‘Tis so: but Ed-

ward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O better consequence,

That Edward still should live—true, noble prince—

Cousin, thou wast not sent to be so druil fh

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastard dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be

brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Taf, taf, thou art all ice, thy kind-

ness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,

dear lord.

Before I positively speak in this:

I will reserve your grace immediately.

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [Ach!

And unrespective boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-

spicious.

Boy—

PAGE. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not 'moy whom I coarse?

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose bungling means match not his haughty

mind:

Gold were as good as twenty cowards—

And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. Sir John, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him

in here.

[Exit Page.

The deep-troubling with Buckingham.

No more shall the neighbour in my counsel:
Haunt he as long held one with me until,
And stop he now for want of all—well, he has.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

Shall. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled.
To Richmond, in the part where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean sort gentleman,
When I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter—

Tyrrel.

The hope is foolish, and I fear not him.——

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give

out,

That Anne my queen is sick; and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To step all hopes, whose growth may some day

destroy me.——(Exeunt.)

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient

subject.


K. Rich. Darst thou resolve to kill a friend

of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two

enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep

enemies.

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbance,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrel. I mean those barons in the Tower.


Tyr. By this token:—Rise, and lead thee on.

[Exeunt.

Tyrrel. There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will bow thee, and-prone thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch a straight. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to

Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son?—Well, look

to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd.

The Randall of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
SCENE IV.  

K. Rich. Stanley, lock to your wife; if she 

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. 

Back. What says your highness to my just re- 

ques? 

K. Rich. I do remember me.—Henry the Sixth 

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king. 

When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 

& King Lipchir— 

Back. My lord, 

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not, 

at that time, 

Have mine, I being by, that I should kill him. 

Back. My lord, your promise for the earl— 

K. Rich. Richmond—When last I was at 

Easter, 

The mayor in courtesy shewed me the castle, 

And call’d it—Rouge-coutts; at which name I 

Because a berk of Ireland told me once, 

I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 

Back. But, my lord, look to it. 

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock? 

Back. I am thus bold 

To put your grace is mind of what you promised 

me. 

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock? 

In furtive. 

Of us. 

K. Rich. Well, let it strike. 

Back. Why, let it strike? 

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keepst 

in the stroke. 

Back. Why, then remorse me wh'ry you will, 

or no. 

K. Rich. Thou temptest me; I am not in the 

vein; I present King Richard and Traill. 

Back. And is it true? say me thy deep service. 

With such contempt I made; I him king for this? 

O, let me think on it again; and be gone 

To Breconhull, while my fearful head is on. 

(SEEN.) 

SCENE III. The same. 

Enter Tyrell. 

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done; 

The most absurd and piteous massacre, 

That ever this land was guilty of; 

Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn 

To do this piece of ruthless insolvency; 

 albeit they were sent their villains, bloody dogs, 

Melling with tenorine and mild companion; 

Went like two children, in their mother's curt study; 

O thou, quoth Dighton, lay thee gentle baby. 

Thus, hence, quoth Forrest, girdling one another. 

Within their illustrious innocents arms: 

Their legs were four red roses on a stalk, 

Which was their summer beauty, here's each other. 

A book of prayers on their pillow lay; 

Which she, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind. 

But, O, the deed!—there the villain stopp'd; 

When Dighton thus told on.—so perish'd. 

The most repulsive smell of nature, 

That from the pride creation, for she fram'd. 

Hence hate are guns with conscience and remorse; 

They could not speak: and so I left them both, 

To bear this tidings to the bloody king. 

Enter King Richard. 

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord! 

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel. I am happy in thy news! 

Tyr. It is done that which you gave in charge; 

Fugit your happiness, be happy there, 

For it is done. 

K. Rich. But that then see them dead? 

Tyr. I did—my lord, 

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrell? 

Tyr. The chapel of the tower hath buried them. 

But where, is say the truth, I do not know. 

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrell, sore, at after supper. 

When thou shalt tell the process of their death, 

Manne time, but think how I may do thee good, 

And be inhefter of my desire. 

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. 

Exit. 

K. Rich. The son of Clarence how I pamph to step 

now; 

His daughter meanly have I mann'd in dis- 

Grise. 

The sons of Edward deep in Abraham's bowen. 

And Anne my wife hath bid the word good night. 

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims; 

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, 

And, by hook, by crook, if she is found, 

To her go I, a jolly thriving wife. 

Enter Catesby. 

Cate. My lord— 

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in 

so exactly? 

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morison is fled in 

Richmond. 

And Buckingham, back'st with the hardy Welsh- 

man, 

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth. 

K. Rich. Sir with Richmond troubles me more 

now; 

Than Buckingham and his rash levies. 

Come.—I have learn'd, that fearful command 

Is leadeth servitor to dull delay; 

Delay leads impatient and rashly gadding 

To be there are for my wing, 

Joe's Mercury, and herald for a king! 

Go; matters here: My counsel is my shield; 

We must be brief, when enemies brave the field. 

(SEEN.)
KING RICHARD III.  

ACT IV.

We are seen, world's shame, grave's due by life
Useful.

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rast thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

[Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldest at soon afford
A grave,
As thou camest yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my house, not rest them here!
All, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.

G. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most revenue,
Give me the benefit of senility,
And let my gout return on the upper hand.
Morrow can admit society.

[Telling all the news again by various means,

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Then had I an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Then had I a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had an Edward too, and thou diest with
that.

I had a Richard too, then help'd to kill him.

Q. Mar. Then had I a Clarence, and Richard
kill'd him:

From forth the kennel of thy wrath he sprang up
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his tooth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lay their gentle blood;
That foul defater of God's holy work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gilded eyes of weeping souls,
Thy wretched base,
O, spare, and make peace God's grace,
How do I thank thee, that this curvish car
Tres on the issues of his mother's body,
And makes her pere-fellow with others mean!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph in thy woe,
My witness with me, I have wept for thee.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.

And now I clove me with beholding it.
Thy Edward is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy Edward is dead, to quit my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Undoubtedly smother'd in their unsly graves.
Richard yet liveth, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserved their factor, to lay souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensure his peace and un pityd end;
Each gape, hell burn, flints roar, insult prey,
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence:
Canst cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say,

Duch. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad,
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain Borough of my
fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The present of what I was, the base thy base:

The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One bea'd a high, to be hur'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair bulles;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
A sign of dignity, a breast, a head;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers
there?

I must thy two sons, wherein dost thou joy?
Who sows, and results, and says—God save the
queen?
Where be the bending peers that fault'd thee then?
SCENE IV. KING RICHARD III.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your disposition.
That cannot reach the accent of reproach.
Dor. Qu. If grace be wanting, let it out of her life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if I had slain my sovereign soul.

Q. Ells. Cousin, indeed; and by their uncle's death;
Of comfort, kingdom, kinship, freedom, life.
Whose limbs never harmed their tender hearts:
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No double the murderous knife was dull and blunt;
Till it was whetted on the stone-hard heart.
To reveal in the entrails of my lands;
But that still use of grief makes will grieve twice;
My tongue should to thy ears not name my woes.
Till thou thy nails were anchord in thine eyes:
And I launch a desperate lay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rifted,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bason.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprises,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed!
Q. Ells. What good is covered with the face of sorrow?
To be discovered, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
That save their soul.
Q. Ells. Up to some scabbard, there to lose their lives.
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high celestial eye of this earth's glory.
Q. Ells. Flutter my arrows with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Cost thou dross to any child of thine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all.
Will I withhold a child of thine?
So in the lothe of thy angry soul
Thou drowns the sad remembrance of these wrongs,
Which, thou suppost, I have done to thee.
Q. Ells. Bedfast, lest that the process of thy friend
Last longer tawing than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love,
Q. Ells. My daughter's mother this it with her soul.
Q. Ells. What do you think?
Q. Ells. That thou dost love my daughter,
So from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brethren:
And from her heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. He is not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Ells. Well then, who doth mean shall be thy heir?
K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who
Q. Ells. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even so: What think you of this?
Q. Ells. How came thou to her? K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one hast best acquainted with her humane.
Q. Ells. And with whom learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Ells. Send to her, by the man that slew her brethren:
A pair of bleeding hearts; thence engraves,
Edward and York; then haply will she weep;
Therefore present to her,—as sometimes Margaret
Dost to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A hamstricken; which, say to her, and drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And let her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

If this indiscretion move her not to love,
Read her a letter of thy noble dukes;
Tell her, thou mad'st a way her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle River;—ye, and, for her sake,
Madam, quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not
the way
To win her daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way:
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee.

Honest love must have with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
renewed.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your son,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If have kill'd the issue of your woman,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandson's name is little loss in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are no children, but one step below,
Even of your nature, of your very blood:
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans.
Endor'd of her, for whom thou didst sorrow;
Your children were exception in your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is lost,—and for this king,
And by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall come
To high promotions and great dignity;

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—
wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall she be mother to a king,
And all the rights of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many kindly days to see;
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantages in love with latter fire
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold and bashful years with your sepulchre.

Prepare her ears to hear a wiser's tale;
Put to her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath clasped
The petty rebel, daff-brain'd Buckingham,
Beard with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will reveal my common won,
And all shall be as of yesterev'n,
Company's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were the best to say? her father's
brother
Would he be lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncle?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Inter fair England's peace by this
alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
haining well.

K. Rich. Bear her, the king, that may com-
mand, entertain.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's
fingers
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen.

Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly,
As long as love long shall be that title, even so.
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's
end.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature,
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, firm of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loads such
sufferings.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speaks true, being
plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my love's
tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too farth a
style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
sincerely.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and
dead.

Q. Eliz. Your death, your infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that
is past.
Q. Eliz. harping on it shall still I, till heart
strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my Grace, my garter, and
my crown,
Q. Eliz. Profane'd, dishonour'd, and the that

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy Grace profane'd, hast lost his holy honours;
Thy garter, blamish'd, pawn'd his knightly
virtue;

Q. Eliz. His crown, stripe'd, disgrac'd his glory;
If something thou wouldest swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that hast not
wrong'd.

K. Rich. By the world—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath dishonour'd
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misown's
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hast fear'd to speak an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor thy brother slain.
If thou hast fear'd to speak an oath by him,
The imperial metal circling now thy head,
Had grace't the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been brushing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What causeless swears by new? by new.

Q. Eliz. By the time to come
Q. Eliz. That thou hast beast wronged in the time

Q. Eliz. For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

Q. Eliz. The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaghter'd;

Q. Eliz. Ungovern'd youth, to wait in their age:

Q. Eliz. The parents live, whose children thou hadst
husband'd;

Q. Eliz. Old barren plants, to wall it with their age.

Q. Eliz. Swarest not by time to come; for that thou hast
Mans's are used, by times ill-own's
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Q. Eliz. Of hostile arms I myself myself confound'd.
Q. Eliz. Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!

Q. Eliz. In my dangerous attempt.

Q. Eliz. It opposite all plans of good and ill
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,

Q. Eliz. Under not thy beauteous princely daughter.
In her solitude my happiness, and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, chivalry, ruin, and decay:  
It cannot be avowed but by this;  
It will not be availed, but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother, (if you call you so,)  
Be the attorney of my love to her.  
Plead what I will, be not what I have been;  
Not of my estate, but what I will preserve;  
Uprose the necessary and state of time,  
And be not pierc’d, nor in great danger.  
St. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil then?  
K. Rich. Why, if the devil tempt thee to do good.  
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?  
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself’s remembrance wrong yourself.  
Q. Eliz. But then old Eliz. kill my children.  
K. Rich. But in your daughter’s womb I bury them.  
Where, in that nest of apesery, they shall breed  
Themselves, to your remembrance.  
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?  
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.  
Q. Eliz. I go—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.  
K. Rich. Bear her my true loving kisses, and so  
Recollecting, and shallow, changing—woman!  
Now how? what news?  
Exit Halifacé, Catesby following.  
Bol. Most mighty sovereign, so the western coast  
Ridest a pleasant way to the shore  
Through many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm’d, and unwieldy’d in battle back:  
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they halt, expecting but the shot  
Of Rickenham, to welcome them ashore.  
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke  
of Norfolke.  
Ratifl. myself, or Catesby; where is he?  
Cate. Here, my good lord.  
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke  
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.  
When thou com’st thither.—Dull, unpensive  
And skinny. Enter Catesby.  
K. Rich. Why, what’st thou done there,  
Since I go?  
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post  
Before. Enter Stanley.  
K. Rich. My mind is chang’d.—Stanley, what  
News with you?  
Stan. Now good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;  
Nor news, but well may be reported.  
K. Rich. Haliday, a letter! neither good nor bad  
What need’st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may’st tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?  
Stan. Richmond is on the sea.  
K. Rich. There lie him slain, and be the sea on him!
KING RICHARD III.

ACT V.

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovell, and lord marquis of Dorset.

This said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. But this good comfort bring to your highness,—The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest;—

Sir Richard, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask them on the banks, If they were his subjects, yes, or no,—

Who answered him, they came from Buckingham Upon his party; he, mistrusting them, Had'd sail, and made his course again for Bex- tingle.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies, Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Cataly.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken.

That is the best news; that the earl of Rich- mond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we receive news here.

A royal battle might be won and lost:

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Sirm. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That in the stir of this most bloody hour,

My son George Stanley is slain'd up in bold;

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;

The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Cate. At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-wast, in Wales.

Shew. What men of name resort to him?

Cate. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;—

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;—

Oxford, redoubled Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;— And many other of great fame and worth; and

Towards London do they bend their course, If by the way they be not fognight withal.

Shew. Well, his thee to thy lord; commend me to him;—

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter. These letters will resolve him of my mind. Farewell. [Give papers to Sir Christopher.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I. Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with Buckingham, to execute.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Shew. No, my good lord; therefore he patient.

Jack. Hastings, and Edward's children, Ri- vera, Grey. Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughn, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupt foul injustice; If that your majesty do not dissemble Do through the clouds beheld this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction! This is All-souls' day, is it not?
KING RICHARD III.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, the Duke of Buckingham, and two or three others. Richmond makes a note of the number of the troops. The Duke of Buckingham says he saw seven thousand of them at their simonious power.

K. Rich. Why, our battle stands that we can stand.

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction wage.

Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen.

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men at sound discourse.

Let's wait no discipline; march no day.

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brackenbury, Oxford, and other lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 

Gives me a golden day to-morrow.

Sir William Brackenbury, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some lute and paper in my tent; I'll draw the form and model of our battle, 

And set it in proportion to our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brackenbury, 

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment; 

Good Captain Bian, bear my good right hand, 

And by the second hour in the morning 

Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

Yet our cause is more, good captain, do for me; 

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? do you know it? 

Bian. Unless I have misheard his colours much, 

Which, well, I am not sure; I have not done.

His regiment lies half a mile at least.

South from the mighty power of the king.
Rich. If without push it be possible, 

Sweet Bian, make some good means to speak with him, 

And give him from me this most needful note.

Bian. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it; 

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.

Rich. Good night, good Captain Bian.

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon our sovereign's business; 

In my tent, the house of a rare and rauish.

[They withdraw into the tent.

Enter, in his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Rutland, and Catesby.


It's supper time, my lord:


Let me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was? 

I will set my story down to-day. 

Come, it is my legs; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, he thes to thy charge. 

Use careful watch, choose steady sentinels.

Nor, I say, my lord;

K. Rich. Sir with the lord to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor, I warrant you, my lord.


Rut. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms. 

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power.

Before morning, lest his son George fall 

Into the natural might of his blood.

Fill me a bowl of wine.

Give me a watch——

[To Catesby.

Sandle white Surrey for the sight to-morrow.

Look that my horse be sound, and set too heavy.

[To Rutland.

Rut. My lord?

K. Rich. See you then the melancholy Lord Northumberland.

Rut. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
KING RICHARD III.

ACT V.

Enter Lord North

To a very noble ear, - some fear. A noble ear, - some fear.

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on the souls of murder! 

[To King Richard.

I, that was wash'd to death with endless wine, Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death! 

To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair, and die! 

Then offspring of the house of Lancaster, 

[To Richmond.

The arranged heirs of York do pray for thee, Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish! 

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise this. Let me sit heavy on thy soul-to-morrow, 

[To King Richard.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret; Despair, and die! 

Grey, who fell upon Grey, let thy soul despair! 

[To King Richard.

Vouch, think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty 

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die! 

[To King Richard.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's tomb! Will conquer him — awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

GHOST. Bloody and guilty, guilty, wake awake! 

And in a bloody battle and thy days, 

Thick on Lord Hastings; and sleep, and die! 

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! 

[To Richmond.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake! 

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

GHOST. Dream on thy couch another's bed, 

In the Tower. 

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, And weigh thee down to rain, shame, and death! 

Thy neighbours souls bid thee despair, and die! 

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy. 

Good angels guard thee from the hoar's annoyance; 

Love, and begot a happy race of kings! 

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish. 

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

GHOST. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, 

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations: 

To-morrow in the battle think on me. 

And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair, and die! 

Thou, quiet soul, sleep then a quiet sleep! 

[To Richmond.

Dream of success and happy victory; 

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

GHOST. The first was I, that helped thee to the crown; 

The last was I, that slay'd thy tyranny. 

O, in the battle think on Buckingham, And die in terror of thy guiltless soul! 

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death! 

Feasting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! — 

I died for hope, was I could hide thee alive! 

[To Richmond.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dissembling; God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side; And Richmond falls in height of all his pride. 

[The Ghosts stand. Richmond starts out of his sleep. 

K. Rich. Give me another horn, - bind up my wounds, -

Have mercy, Jess!-Soft; I did but dream. -

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! -

The lights burn blue; - it is now past midnight. 

Dreadful fears do stand on my trembling flesh. 

What do I hear! I myself! there's none else by! 

Richard loves Richard, and is, I am sure, 

Is there a murderer here? No; - Yes; I count. 

Then thou, - What, from myself! Great reas'ns, 

Last I reposed. What! Stray not on myself! I love myself. Wherefore? for my good, 

That myself have done unto myself; 

O, no, alas, I rather hate myself, 

For instant deeds committed by myself. 

I say a villain: Yet the, I am not. 

Voui, sit thyself speak well! - Foul, do not, 

My conscience hath a thousand woundful tongues. 

And every tongue urges to a several tale, 

And every tale condemns me for a villain. 

Purify, purify, in the highest degree, 

Murder, murder, in the dirtiest degree. 

All several sizes, all ways in such degrees, 

In every shape I am a guilty soul! I shall despair. - There is no creature loves not me: 

And, if I die, no soul will pity me. 

Nay, wherefore should I thus wrong you? 

Foul! I myself my own pitty to myself. 

Midnight, the souls of all that I have murdered, 

Came to torment me, and every soul 

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard. 

Enter Ratcliff.

RATCLIFF. Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. Who's there? 

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; as I. The fairy village 

took the young cock, 

Hath twice come salutation to the mourner. 

Your friends are up, and buckle on their arms. 

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream. 

What thinkst thou? will our friends prove all true? 

Rat. Nay, my lord, my lord.


Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of dan-

K. Rich. By the spades Paul, shall we go to-night? I have struck more terror to the soul of Richard, 

Than can be substance in Thomas Wolsey. 

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond. 

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me. 

Under our tents I'll play the ear-snares, 

To hear, if any mean to shriek from me. 

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.

RICHARD. Exeunt Ratcliff and others. 

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. 

Rich. C'ye mercy, lords, and watchful gua-

l'demen. 

That you have taken a tardy discharge here. 

Lords. How have you slept, my lord? 

Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boring 

dreams. 

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head. 

Have I since your departures had, my lord, 

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard 

carried, 

Came, and cried, and cried — Out victory! 

I promise you, my heart is very jocund. 

In the remembrance of so fair a dream. 

How far the morning is, lords? 

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. 

Rich. Why, then, 'tis past time to arm, and give 

direct orders. — [He advances to the Tent. 

More than I have said, loving countrymen, 

The leisure and enjoyment of the time 

Periods to dwell on; and I remember this, 

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side: 

The prayers of holy saints, and fervent souls, 

Like high, proud pillars, stand before his 

faces; 

Richard except, those whom we fight against, 

and ev'ry one of us may have his father. 

For what is he they follow? truly, greatness, 

A bloody tyrant, and a merciless;
KING RICHARD III.

One raised in blood, and one is blood establish'd; One that made men come to by what he hath, And straightning not those that were the means to help him: A base foot stool, made precious by the fall Of England's chair, where he is falsely set; One that hath ever been God's enemy. Then, if you fight against God's enemy, God will, in justice, wound you as his soldier; If you do swear to put a tyrant down, You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain; If you do fight against your country's foe, Your country's fate shall pay your pains the hire; If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, Your wives shall welcome home the conqueror; If you free your children from the sword, Your children's children shall be safe to your age. Then, to the name of God, and all these rights, Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

Re-enter King Richard, Randolf, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He said, and said the better for our purpose. K. Rich. He was the right; and so, indeed, the Cure's stripes. Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdain'd to shine; for, by the book, He should have shew'd the last an hour ago: A black day will it be to somebody.—

Randolf.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day: The sky doth frown, and fume upon our way: I would, these dark hours were from the ground. Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me. More than to Richmond I for the will-same heaven, That troubles me, lo! or 'tis only upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vanc'd in the field.

K. Rich. Come, haste, haste,—Caerphilly my horse! Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.— I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, And straight my house shall be enter'd. My forward shall be drawn out all in length, Consisting equally of horse and foot; Our arrows shall be placed in the midst. John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey, Shall have the leading of this foot and horse. They shall direct, we ourselves will follow. In the train battle; whose presence on either shall be well wing'd with our chiefest horse. This, and Saint George in steel!—What think you then Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

K. Rich. Jacky of Norfolk, be not too bold. For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

SCENE IV. Another part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; and Mow Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, The king exacts more wonders than a way, Daring an opposite to every danger! His horse shew's me the sceptre of his might. Seeking for Richmond in the threat of death! Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die. I think, there be six Rashmores in the field. Five have I slain to-day, instead of him— A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
King Henry VIII.

Act 1.

Alarum. Enter King Richard and Richard, and several nobles. Retreat, and presently open the door. Turn enter, Richard, Stanley, hearing the crown, with other lords, and pageants. Richard, God, and your arms, be praised, victorious friends. The day is ours, the bloody day is dead. Stay. Courageous Richard, well hast thou acquitted thee. Lo, here, this long usurped royal majesty. From the dead temple of this bloody wretch have I plucked thine, to grace thy brows withal. Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. Richard, Great God of heaven, save, amen, to all. But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living? Sir. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town. Whither, if it please you, may now withdraw us. Richard. What men of name are slain on either side? Sir. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Braithway, and Sir William Brandon. Richard. Enter their bodies as they become their bodies. Proclaim a pardon to the nobles slain.

That is submission will return to us. And let us, as we have been the sacrament, we will make the white rose with the red—Smile heavens upon this fair conjunction. That long hath flourished upon their stamp: What traitor bears me, and says not,—Amens! England hath long been mad, and learnt itself: The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slays his own son, The son, cunning, blind be butcher to the sire: All this divided York and Lancaster, Divided, in their due division. O, now, let Richard and Elizabeth, The true successors of each royal house, By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! And let their heirs (God, if they will be so) Enrich the time to come with smooth'faced ease. With blessing plenty, and fair prosperous day. Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord. That would wash these bloody days again. And make poor England weep in streams of blood! Let them not live to taste this land's increase, That would with treason wound this fair land's peace! Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again. That she may live long, here, God say—Amen.

King Henry the Eighth.

Persons represented.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsely.
Cardinal Campeius.
Purcell, the ambassador from the Emperor.
Charles V.
Craneh, archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Sillery.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Argyll's ten years.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsely.
Gromwell, servant to Wolsely.

Griphth, gentleman usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other gentlemen.
Doctor Bullen, physician to the king.
Cartier, king at arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Branden, at arms.
Door-keeper of the council chamber.
Porter, and his man.
Page to gardiner. A crier.
Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.
An old lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.
Several lords and ladies in the dumb show.
Women attending upon the Queen: Spirits, which appear to her; scrivens, officers, guards, and other attendants.

Scene—chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at Kimbolton.

Prologue.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now, That bear not height, and a serious brow, Red, high, and working, full of state and we, Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, We now present. Those that can pity, here May, if they think it well, let fall a tear; The subject will deserve it. Such, as give Their money out of hope they may believe, May here find truth too. Those that come to see Only a show or two, and so agree, The play may please if they be still, and willing, I'll undertake, may see away their shilling Richly in two or three hours. Only they, That come to hear a holy play, a noisy play, A noise of targets; or to see a fellow As a long money coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know, To rank our chosen truth with such a show As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, To make that only we now intend. Will leave us never an understanding friend. Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you know The first and happiest hearers of the town, I'll undertake, may see away their shilling Richly in two or three hours. Only they, That come to hear a holy play, a noisy play, A noise of targets; or to see a fellow As a long money coat, guarded with yellow,
SCENE I.  

ACT I.  

KING HENRY VIII.  

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abguyverney.  

Buck.  Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,  

Nor.  Since we saw you in France?  

Buck.  I thank your grace;  

Hitherto, and ever since a fresh honour  

Of what I saw there.  

Nor.  An unworthy age,  

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, where  

These sorts of glory, those two lights of men,  

Met in the vale of Arche.  

Buck.  A twist of Gyrues and Arke!  

I was then present, saw their salutations on horseback;  

Bekketh them when they lighted, how they stood  

In their advancement, as they grew together;  

Which had me, what four brains' one could  

Such a compounded one?  

Buck.  All the while  

I was my chamber's prisoner.  

Nor.  Then you last  

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  

Till this time, he but saw me mar-ried  

To one above itself. Each following day  

Because the more clay's teenager, till the last  

Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,  

All cliquent, all in gold, like heathen gods;  

Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  

Made Britain, India: ever man, that stood,  

Shew'd; like a mine. Their diversities pages were  

As cherubins, all gift: the mutum too,  

Not as'd to fell, did almost sweat to bear  

The gods upon them, that their very labour  

Was to them as a printing: now this mask  

Was as' incapable; and the ensuing might  

Made it a fool and leggins. These two kings,  

Equal in hearts, were now best; now worst.  

As presence did present them; him in eyes,  

She him in praise: and, being present both,  

'Twas said, they knew but one: and no discover  

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these  

(For so they phrase them) by their heritable shal- 

Left the noble spirits to dance, they did perform  

Beyond thought's company; that former fable  

Left.  Being now sent possible enough, got credit,  

That these was believ'd.  

Buck.  O, you go far.  

Nor.  As I belong to worship, and effect  

In honour honest, the tract of every thing  

Would by a good discourse losse none life,  

Which action's self was tongue to. All was  

royal:  

To the digressing of it sought rebellion,  

Order gave each thing view: the office did  

Directly his full function.  

Buck.  Who did guide,  

I mean, who set the body and the limbs  

Of this great sport together, as you guess?  

Nor.  O, certes, that promises, so elegant  

In such a business.  

Buck.  I pray you, who, may my lord?  

Nor.  All this was order'd by the good discretion  

Of the right reverend cardinal of York.  

Buck.  The devil speed him! no man's pie is,  

'twixt  

From his ambitious hugge. What had he  

To do in the house of dukes? or to the world  

That such a fresh cake with his very bulk  

Taketh up the rays of the beneficent sun,  

And keeps it from the earth.  

Nor.  Surely, sir.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Here, my Lord of Buckingham. Here, so please you.

Buck. Why be in person ready?

Scot. Ay, please your grace.

Wit. Well, we shall then know more; and then:

Shall issue his bed. Look to me and to the Duke of Norfolk and to the Duke of Northumberland.

Buck. This bitter's day is Venus-mouth'd, and]

Nor. Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, let


Shall worthy a noble's blood.

Nor. What are you about? Are ready, or no, to ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only.

Buck. Which your disease requires.

Nor. I read in his looks Master against me: and his eyes revolv'd

Buck. No, as his object object: as this instant.

Nor. He bears me with some trick: He's gone to the king.

Buck. I'll follow, and overtake him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, and let your reason with your choice question Whiles the sun waxes hot, the moon waxes cold, the hills Require slow pace at first: Anger is like a full hot horse; who, being allow'd his way, Bodes mischief him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king: And from a mouth of honour quite cry down This lipswet, foul-mouthed, or proclom, There's a difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd: Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself: We may over-run, By violent swiftness, that which we run at, And lose by overrunning. Know you not, the fire, that mounts the lever till it run o'er, In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd: I say again, there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself; If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but almighty, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along By your prescription—let this top-proud fel-

Nor. (Whom from the flow of gall, I see not, but From sincere motions,) by intelligence, And proofs as clear as clouds in July, when We see each grain of gravel: I do know To be corrupt and treasomous.

Buck. Nay, not, treasonous.

Nor. To the king I'll say'nt; and make my vouch as strong

Buck. As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both; (for he is equal ravenous, As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief, As able to perform it: his mind and place Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,) Only to show his pomp as well as his man. As here at home, suggests the king our master To this last costly treaty, the interview, That swallowed'd so much treasure, and like a glass Did break the rising.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o'the combination draw, As he himself pleased; and they were writ, As he cried, Thus let be: to such end,

As give a crutch to the dead: But our counte-

Buck. Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot any, he did it. Now this follows

Buck. As he pleased, so I think it is. To the old dame treasure,—Charles the emperor, Under sentence to cut the queen his majest's...
SCENE II.

HENRY VIII.

K. Hen. This is against our pleasure. But for me, I have no further gone in this, there by a single voice; and that not pass'd me, but by learned approbation of the judges. If I am traduced by ignorant imagiers, which neither know my faculties, nor person, yet will be. The chronicles of my doing,—let me say, 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious counsels; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is once tempted; but benefit so farth Than vaguely longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is Putting men's hearts, when he was, as of, Hatting a greater quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, in fear, our action will be much'd or curst at, We should take root here where we sit, or at state names only.

K. Hen. Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear: Things done with a care, in their hands Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent Of this commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A remitting contribution! Why, we take, From every true, top, bar, and part of'the time; And, though we leave it with a root, thus back'd, The air will drink the sap. To every country, Where this is question'd, send our letters, with free pardon in each man that has denied The force of this commission; Try ask'nt, I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

K. Hen. To the Secretary.

Enter Secretary.

K. Hen. I am sorry, that the duke of Bucking

ham is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It gives many:

The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more issued; his training such,
That he may form, and instruct grave teachers, And, though he was, yet ever so fair.
Yet see
When these most noble benefices shall prove Not well disposed, the mind growing once cur-
rupted, They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly Than ever they were fair. This man an example, Who was said to 'mongst wonders, and when we

Almost with revis'd thinking, could not fail.
KING HENRY VIII

1 Sher. Here, so please you. Wed. Is he in person ready? 1 Sher. Ay, please your grace. Wed. Well, we shall then know more; and Bookingham shall lose his big look:

"Exeunt Wedley and Train." Back. This butcher's ear is vemonous, and I have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book.

Out-worths a noble's blood. Nor. What are you? A new God for temperance; that's the way. Which your disease requires. Back. I read, Master against me: and his eye to the sword. As his object stood: at this I have now with some stroke—of greatness, note, to point; I'll follow, and outburr him. A high person.

And let your reason with it. What's your name? He had the name of Lord Cardinal. Requires slow moves as it.

A full hot house; who? Speak on. Back. From the common time to the crown. Can advise me like: at point have then heard him. As you would to young: one laugh. He was brought to this:

And from a country of Nicholas Hopkins. This Ipswich? No, that Hopkins?

There's difference. Sir, a Chartreuse friar. Nor. This who fed him every minute:

Heat not a fire of sovereignty.

That it do; how now? How know'st thou this? By stolen time long before your highness spied to be. And hence, The fire is being at the Rose, within the parish.

In what Lawrence Faulmey, did of me damn. I say, is the speech amongst the Loudoners. Making the French journey: I replied, If he would, the French would prove perfidious:

Or that the king's danger. Presently the duke:

Was the fear indeed: and that he doubted, should prove the variety. I write: at full: that all, says he, Sair, sent me, wishing me to permit me in Court, my chaplain, a choice hour.

Harry to hear him of a matter of some moment; whom after under the confession's nail: He solemnly had sworn, that he spoke, My chaplain, to no creature tiring, but to me, should utter, with damage confidence. This piously ensues.—Neither the king, nor his lords.

"Tell you the duke, shall prosper; bid him study To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke Shall govern England." Q. Kath. If you know well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office. On the complaint to the tenants: Take good heed, You charge not in your speech a noble person, And spoil your nobler soul? I say, take heed; Yes, hearty beseach you.

K. Hen. "Faith, my lord, I hear of none, but the new proclamation That's clapp'd upon the court gains.

Cham. What's that? Loe. The reformation of our travel'd gaieties, That fill the court with quarters, talk, and tales. Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: now I would see our monasteries To think as English courtier may be wise; And never see the Louvre.

Love. They must either (For so run the conditions) leave these remains Of old and fine, as beauty, feather, that they get in France, With all their honourable points of ignorance,
SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Enter Chamberlain, Lord Sandes, and Sir Henry Guildford.

Cham. You are young, Sir Henry Guildford.

Sandes. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these

Shall find a running banquet are they ran.

I think, would better please them:—By my life,

They are a sweet sort of fair company.

Love. O, that your lordship were but now con-

sider

To one or two of these!

Sandes. I would, I were;

They should find easy answers.

Cham. Would you, how say you?

Sandes. As easy as a down bird would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?

Sir Harry, you and the others.

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His grace is entirely:—Nay, you must not press;

Your grace to order one of his women a thing makes cold win-

ger:

My Lord Sandes, you are one will keep them

praying, and between these ladies.

Cham. By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet,

ladies:

[Sneaks himself] between Anne Bullein and another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sandes. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too.

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord.——

So, now you are fairly maid:—Gentleman,

The presence lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sandes. For my little ears,

Let me alone.

Cham. Heavens. Master Cardinal Wolsey, attended;

and takes his seat.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that

noble lady, or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my pleasant friend: This so confirm my welcome;

And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

Sandes. Your grace is noble;

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thank,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sandes,

I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours—

Ladies, you are not merry:—Gentlemen,

Whose faith is this?

Sandes. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then shall we have them

Talk to us silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamer, my Lord Sandes.

Sandes. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,

For 'tis a rich thing.

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sandes. I told your grace, they would talk some.

[Drum and trumpet within: Chamberlain discharged.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol. What? warlike voice I

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not; I

By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers.

For so they seem: they have left their lances, and

launched:
KING HENRY VIII

ACT II.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell is in the banquet ready
in the privy chamber.
Lom. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace.
Wol. I fear, with dancing in a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There’s freshness all, my lord, in the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every man.

Sweet pastime,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let’s be merry.
Great is yourard cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a young
To lead them once again; and then let’s dream
Who’s best in favour.—Let the musick knock.
Listened, with transport.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?
2 Gent. O, God save you! Even to the ball, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 Gent. I’ll save you that labour, sir. All’s new done, but the care
many
Of bringing back the princess.
2 Gent. Were you there?
1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has hap-pend?
1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.
2 Gent. Is he found guilty?
1 Gent. Yes, truly he is, and condemn’d upon it.
2 Gent. I am sorry for’t.
1 Gent. So are many more.
2 Gent. But pray, how came you in?
1 Gent. I’ll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, in his acco-sions,
He pleaded not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king’s attorney, on the contrary,
Urg’d on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir’d
To have brought, viva voce, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Feck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-mouse,
Hopkins, that made his mischief.
2 Gent. That was he, that fed him with his prophecies?
1 Gent. So all these ascend’d him strongly; which he fear’d
Would have hung from him, but, indeed misch’d
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either plied in him, or forgotten.
2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 Gent. When he was brought again to the
bar,—to hear
His cause rung out, his judgment,—he was stripp’d
With such an agony, he sweat extremely.
And something spoke in choler, ill, and ha’dy.
But he fell to himself again, and, worshipfully,
In all the rest show’d a most noble patience.
2 Gent. I do not think, he bears death.
1 Gent. Sure, he does not, who never was so manish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gent. Certainly.

1 Gent. The cardinal is the end of this.
2 Gent. The likely.

By all conjectures; first, Kiddore’s attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland: who removed,
Earl Surrey’s sentence there, and in haste too;
Least he should help his father.
SCENE I.

KING HENRY VIII.

2 Gent. That trick of mine.

Gent. It was a deep, powerful one.

KING. All the nobles in my council, and, in my presence, Wish them ten thousand deep; this duke as much They love and do to us; call him Bonn, or Buckingham, The mirror of our courts—

1 Gent. Stay there, sir; And see the noble man's voice you speak of.

Enter Buckingham, from his arrangement.

2 Gent. How comes he now? He was here last night, With so much of grace, and, out of your wish, With all the grace of our great people.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and beseech him. You that have a voice, come to pray me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose your power.

I have this day received a traitor's judgment, And by that name must die; Yet, heaven, bear witness, And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful. The law I bear no marks for my death; It has done, upon the promise, but justice; But those, that sought it, I could wish more. Be what they will, I hereby forgive them: Yet let them know they glory not in mischief, Nor shall their wrongs or their great men's power For such my guilt must bear against them.

For further life in this world I never hope, Nor will I see, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. Few few that last, and, And dare he be known for we have Buckingham, His noble friends, and follow, whom to love Is only bitter to him, only dying. Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the sun descends, all my life, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven—Lead on, 0 God's love. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If your grace be lost in your heart. What shall bear me, now, to forgive me, Frankly. Sir Thomas Lovell, I am free forgiven, As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; There cannot be those numberless offences Gainst me, I will not take peace with: no black man's shall make my grave. Command me to his grace, and, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him I am, and half in heaven: my views and wishes Yet are the king's; and if, my soul for Mine, 0 God, I may live. May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Even braver, and loving, may his rule be! And, when all time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up our monument! Love. To the water safe I must conduct your grace.

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end. Farewell. Prepare thee, the duke is coming; we be ready; And fit it to thee, with death, as suits thee, The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, I am full of yonder; my state now is to make me. When I came hither, I was lord high constable, And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun! Yet I am flatter than my base answerers, That never knew what truth meant: I now saw it; And with that bliss will make them one day groan for.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first raised head against wounding Richard, Flying for success to his servant Bannister, Being shamed, was, by that reach betray'd, And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruin, Made my name once more notable. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all That made me happy, at one stroke has taken. For ever from the earth I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble war which makes me a little happier than my wicked father: Yet thus far we are one in fortune. Both fell by our servages, by those men we loved most: A most unfortunat and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: Yes, you that shall hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your love, and counsel, Be sure, are not too loose; for those you make friends, And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least mark in your fortunes, fall away. Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now foreswear ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell: And if you would anything that is sad, Speak how I fell— I have done, and God forgive me— 1 Gent. Buckingham and Train.

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity,—if, 0 God, it be, I fear, too many of them bear in their heads. That were the authors. 2 Gent. This is a strong faith: if the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inking Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! Where may it? If you do not mind my faith, sir, 2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it.

2 Gent. I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident; You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear A muster of a separation Between the king and Katherine?

1 Gent. I do not tell it, it shall not be.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir, is found a truth now; for it grows again. Fresher than ever it was; and held for certain, The king will venture it. Either the cardinal Or some about him, close, lose, out of notice. To the good queen, possess him with a scruple That will undo her: To confirm this too, Cardinal Campegio is arrived, and lately As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. The cardinal! But the scruple! Men mere to revenge him on the emperor, For not beswearing on him, at his asking, The ambassador of Toledo, this is proper.

2 Gent. I have hit the mark. Yes, it is not cruel.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II.

No. 1. Let's in.

And, with some other business, put the king
From these and other thoughts, that work too much
Anxiety.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other where besides,
You'll find a most mint time to discourse on
Health to your lordships,

Thanks, my lord chamberlain.

Have you not heard of

Nordfolk opens a folding door. The king is

It is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

'You know, however he looks I care, he is most

No. 1. Who is there?

'You know, my lord chamberlain, I am

Enter Welsey and Campbell.

Who's there? say, or you shall not

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,

Most learned covered air, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it. — My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

Sir, you cannot. I would, your grace would give us but an hour

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

Norb. This priest has no pride in him?

I would not be so sick though, for his place.

But this cannot continue.

Norb. If it do,

Wil. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your accrual to the voice of Christian men:

Who can be angry now? what easy reach you? the

The Spaniard, tied by hand and foot to his

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clarks,

I mean, the learned ones, in Christendom. Have their free voices; Rome, the sense of

Judgment.

Invited by your holy self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness

K. Hen. And once more, in mine arms I bid

him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their love,

They have sent me such a man I would have

wield'd for.

Card. Your grace must needs deserve all

strangers love.

You are so noble: To your highness' band

I must most humbly present myself. By whose virtue,

(The court of Rome considering,) — yours, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their sat

He should feel the smart of this. The ear

the most fall.

To which I argue this;

Exer. A letter to the King, appointing an audience, sending a Letter

on say, and the book breed

th, when they were ready to set out,

in a man of any lord cardinal

power. For this reason — His master was a subject, if not before at

set our counsellors, sir,

all, I think.

Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Good day to both your grace.

is the king employ'd?

I left him private,

and thoughts and troubles.

What's the cause?

It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

too near his conscience.

No, his conscience

not too near another lady.

Tis so;

the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal;

That blind priest, like the oldest son of fortune,

Turns what he lists. The king will know him

day one.

Suff. Pray God, he do! he'll never know him

himself else.

Nor. How hourly he works in all his business!

And with what mirth! For, now he has crack'd

the league.

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great

reproach.

He divers in the king's soul; and those

Dangers, doubts, wrangling of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marri-

ages.

And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,

That, like a jewel, he hung twenty years.

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: And in this he can assure me.

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! —

Tis most true.

These news are every where; every tongue

speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare

Look into these affairs, see this main end, —

The French king's sister : Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that long have slept upon

This bold bad man.

Suff. We had need pray.

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this impious man will work us all.

From princes into pages: all men's honours

Lie in one hand before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

For me, my lord,

I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:

As I am man, I live as man, he'll not stand

Wronging princes; his crimes and his bleedings

me alone, they are heavy I know not in

him, and I know him; we have him

that made him proud, the pope.
SCENE III.

In the unburied judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted.

Fol. What for, you come — Where's Gardiner?

Wel. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to despair her

A woman of her place might ask by law,

Scholars, allowed freely to argue for her,

K. Hen. Ay, and the rest, she shall have; and

I favour

To him that does best; God forbid else.

Cardinal, Puy, those call Gardiner some, my new secretary,

find him a 9th fellow.

[Kent Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wel. Give me your hand; much joy and favour

You are the king's now.

Card. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace; whose hand has caus'd

[Aside

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.

Card. My lord of York, was not one Doctor

In this man's place before him?

Wel. Yes, he was.

Card. Was he not held a learned man?

Wel. Yes, surely.

Card. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Pass of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wel. They will not stick to say, you envoys

That he was mad, and died.

Heaven's peace be with him!

[Aside

Heaven's care enough for living mortals.

There's place of rode, He was a fool; so

For he would much be virtuous: That good fellow

If I command him, follows my appointment; we

I have none at new Cheap. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be gripp'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

Card. [Aside.

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars.

There shall meet about this worthy business.

My Wolsey, we use it furnished — O, my lord,

Would it not please an able man, to leave

So great a fellow? But, conscience, conscience—

O, let a under place, and I must leave her.

[Aside.

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Queen Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not, for that neither — Here's the pang

That pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

Proclaim disorder of her — by my life,

She never knew harm doing; — O, now, after

So many months of the same endur'd,

Such great trust in a majesty and cogrey business,

The which to leave in a thousand-fold more bitter, than

'T were set at least to acquire — for this process,

The which is such a pity

Would move a monster.

[Anne

Hearts of men hard longer

Melt and lament for her.

O, God's will is much better,

She never had known pump; though it be tempest;

Yet, if that quadry, forei, do divorce

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufficiency, passing

As sad and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

Anne. She's a stranger now again.

Old L. So much the more.

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble lives in content,

Than to be pack'd up in a glittering grid,

And wear a golden sorrow.

Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my truth, and maidenhead,

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Behold me, I would.

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you.

For all this noise of your approbation —

You, that have so fair parts of woman so

Have for a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected enmities, wealth, sovereignty —

Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which

(Saving your forgiving the capacity

Of your soft, chearful conscience would receive,

If you might pleas'd to sketch it.

Anne. No, my good truth —

Old L. Yes, truth, and truth; — You would not

[Enter Chamberlain.

For all the world.

Old L. That strange; a threneuse bowed would

Old L. As I am, to queen it: But I pray you,

What think you of a daisiness? Have you filled

To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; Pluck off a

little,

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blessing comes: to yif your back

Could burden this toil, 'tis too weak

Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England

Would venture an self.
That she should feel the smart of this! The cardinal will have his will, and she must fall. Will he? I doubt. We are too open here to argue this; [Exit.]

Let's think in private more.

SCENE II. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—the horrid view is sent for, with all the case I had, I saw with chosen, ridden, furnished. There was young, and handsome; [and of the best box in the world.] When they were ready to be for London, a man of my lord cardinal's commission, and made power, took you; with this season,—His master served a subject, if he had not which stopped our course. I fear, he will, indeed! Well, with

He will have all, I think.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Well met, my good lord.

Cham. Good day to both.

Nor. How is the king's queen to me?

Cham. Full of sad thoughts and care!

Nor. It seems, that there is nothing but I do not;—Have you heard it?

His grace too much his pleasure.

Suff. With your leave, I could

Bar the door to the melancholy of Pinnier.

This is the worst year! for pure respect; That blind ambition; By my life. Turns when no more thousands: Honour's train And his forsworn. By this time, Your Grace back will bear a duchess;—Say, Not the bloodier than you were.

Nor. Good lady, And yourself more with your particular fancy, Or a bolder, more than you have got. Be white my blood a jot; it faileth me, Think what follows.

And true friends, and we forget our long absence: Pray, do not deliver What here you have heard, thereto.

Nor. What do you think me?

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sound, and cortees. Enter two gentlemen, with short slave swords; meet them, two Servants, in the habit of doctors: after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury, alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Salisbury; meet them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purses, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Friars, bearing such a silver cross; when a Gentleman usher barrethed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pinnacles; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, Wolsey, and Campeius; two Nephews with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Train. The King taints place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit with the Bishops. The Clerk and the rest of the Attendance stand in command order about the stage.

Wot, whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded. K. Hen. What's the next?
KING HENRY VIII.

I have seen a king, whose eyes of tears
Of earthly blunders in his face.
Be patient yet,
And when you are humble, pay, may God help you.
I do believe, in your case, that you
And I shall be your adversary.
I say, therefore, I say—

KING HENRY VIII.

A better wife, let him in matters of state,
And make my challenge, and make my challenge,
A worse wife, let him in matters of state.
And make my challenge, and make my challenge,

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal, I do excuse you; yes, upon mine honour, I do you from all sin.

Q. Kath.

My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, must you speak to oppose your cunning. You are meet, and humble and true.

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, With meekness and humility; but your heart is unmeasured with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours, Gone slightly over low steps; and now are sentences.

Where powers are your retainers: and your wives, Damsels to you, serve your will, ass't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, You teach men more your person's honour, than Your high profession spiritual: That again I do refuse you for my judge; and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope.

To bring my whole canes fiers his holiness, And to be judged by him.

She cuts to the King; and offers to depart. Come, the queen is absolute. The queen is absolute.

She is going away.

K. Hen.

Call her again.

Cruel Katherine, queen of England, come into the court.

Q. Kath. Madam, you are called back.

What need you not it? I pray you, keep your way: When you are called, return. Now the Lord help them.

They vex me past my patience: I pray you, pass on: I will notStay: no, nor ever more.

Upon this business, my appearance makes
In any of their courts.

K. Hen.

Go thy ways, Kate: That man p's the world, who shall report he has
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my chedi
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cheri.

Ldy.

Cheri.

Ldy.

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled;
That they have caught the king: and who knows
Yet.

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this bear — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Not yet a courtier beggarly,) you could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late;
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate)
A very liking and to be upon
This compell'd fortune! have your mouth fill'd
Before you open it.

Anne.

This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter or poisonous?

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story.)
Whose beauty was a queen, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt: — Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
Beyond vermouth the dark.
The marronades of Pem-broke
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: by my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his forskirt. By this time,
I know your back will bear a duchess: — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne.

Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being.
If thus salute my blood a jot, it faints me.
To think what follows.

Think more of yourself, and we forgetful
In our absences: pray, do not disdain
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, rumpets, and cornets. Enter two
Two Senators, with short silver swords; next them, two
Scissors, in the habit of doctors; after them,
The Archbishop of Canterbury, alive; after
Arm the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester,
And Saint Asaph; next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing
the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's
bat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver
cross; then a Gentleman usher barbaresched,
accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bear-
ing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bear-
ing two great silver pillors; after them, sides
by sides, the two Cardinals, Welby, and Cam-
peia; two Noblemen with the sword and
mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and
their Train. The King takes place under the
cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under
him as judges. The Queen takes place at some
distance from the King. The Bishops place
themselves on each side the court, in manner
of a consistory; between them, the Scribes.
The Lords sit near the Bishop. The Cryer
and the rest of the Attendants stand in conse-
quent order about the stage.

Wot. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen.

What's the need?
SCENE IV.

KING HENRY VIII.

Let the daughter of a king, my drapes of tears
Born in sparks of fire,
Be patient yet.
Q. K. I will, when you are humbly, say,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Indeeds by present circumstances, til
You are some strumpet, and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is not
Have known this court before my lord and me,
Which God be true quails. Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yes, from my soul,
Before you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I held my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

W. I do profess,
Ye speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of discretion gentle, and of wisdom
Of overstepping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further, is unwarrented
By a commission from the council,
Yes, the whole assembly of Rome. You charge
That I have blown this cord: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
The thing may be wounded, and
And wisely, my falsehood? yes, as much
As you have done my truth. But if I know
That you are frank in your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure him; and the care is, to
Remove these things from you. The which

Your highness shall speak it, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to think of your speaking,
And to say no more.

Q. K. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are civil, and
Humble enough.
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is not with your mouth, your eye, your pride
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly over low steps; and now are
Where powers are your retainers: and your
Words, Donors to you, serve your will, as please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You abuse more your person's honour, than
Your high predestination: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause for his holiness,
And so be judged by him.

She enters to the King, and offers to depart. Out.

The queen is commanded
Seated to justice, to accept it, and
Donors to be tried by it; he's not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Cier. Katherine, queen of England, comes into
the court.

Q. K. Madam, you are called back.

Q. K. What need you use it? pray you,
Keep your way.

When you are called, return—New the Lord
help,
They see the past my patience—pray you, pass on;
I will not stay: no, nor ever more.
Upon this business, my appearance makes
In any of their returns.

Exeunt. Exit, and her other Attendants.

K. Hen. On my way, Kate; that man
is the world, who shall report he has

A better wife; let him in honour be trusted,
For speaking false, in truth, alone,
(If he rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Try somewhat with him, either as governor,—
Thieves in ordinary parts, forsage and pounce on,
Can they think such a fair young princess,
Who is noble born? And, like her true nobility, she
Carried herself towards me.

Most gracious sir, I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,
There must be I am unluck'd: although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did breach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't, or even
Have you to;—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, she spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

Q. K. My lord cardinal, I do excuse you; you, upon
your own imprisonment.
I fear you from. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to a village care
Burk when their fellows do: by some of them
The queen is put in anger. You are exceed'd:
But will be more pleased: if you serve
Have 'twixt the bidding of this business, never
Desire it to be idle; but if ever have hinder'd: if the
Passage make toward it: on my honour, I
Speak my good lord confided to this point,
And this for clear him. Now, what more
I will be bold with time, and your attention—
Then mark the infamous. Thus it came,
gave need to:

Yes, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my banquet, which how reach way,
That many minds considered could shiver
And press on with this caution. First, methought,
I should not be the sole of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's worth,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to it, than
The grave close to the dead: for her male issue
Or death when they were made, or shortly after
This world past sir's these: I knew not a
thought,

This was a judgment made; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir the world should not,
Be disturbed in 't by me: Then follows, that
I sought the manner which my request stood in
My this my issue fail; and that gave me to
Many a groaning three. Thus bumbling in
The wise and son of my counsellors—when
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the remnant fathers of the land,
And doctors learned;—First, I began to private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did feel,
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd you- self to say,
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first as stagger me-
Breasting a state of slighty moment in it,
And consequence of dread—that I committed.
The danger's counsel which I find, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. Then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited,
I left no enemy person in his court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on!
For no dislike of the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thor'py points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kindly digress, we are contented.
To wear our martial state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.
K. Hen. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 's a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.
[They rise to depart.-
I may perceive, [Aside.
These cardinals tris me: I althor
This dilatory sloth, and trickery here.
My learned and well beloved servant, Cramer,
Prostrate return I with thy approbation, I know,
My master comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.
[Exeunt, in manner as they entered.
ACT III.
SCENE I. Palace at Baltimore.
A Room in the Queen's Apartment.
Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
And with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.
SONG.
Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain lope, that brasslee.
Dove themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever spring: as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
From the fellows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and slumber lay.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Pull deep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.
Q. Kath. How now?
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, your grace.
Q. Kath. Pray their grace
To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think
They should be good men; their affairs as right
But all things make not monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.
Q. Kath. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your grace finds me here part of a
I would be all against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reversed
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, of my one
Science.
Q. Kath. Of my one science! Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Every and base opinion set against them,
I know my life as well: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am in life,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. This last ergo is amidst less ties, regina
Accomplishments.—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have li'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
Amplious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will
thank you.
If you speak true, for their poor mistress sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord
cautious.
The willing at 'sm I ever yet committed,
May be absolued in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should brest
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep negligence, where all faults was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honer every good tongue blesses;
Nor bring you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and the prince, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And conform to your cause.
Q. Kath. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bares your grace;
Feartaking, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offer, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me,
Q. Kath. My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove
I but how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak will,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little God knows, lacking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The least of all my greatness,) good your grace,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these tears; your hope and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords
SCENE II.
KING HENRY VIII.

What will become of me now, wretched lady? I am the most unhappy woman living. Alas! I pour wenchess, where are now your fortunes? [To her Woman.
Shipswreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grace allow'd me—Like the lily
That once was most estch of the gold, and flourish'd,
E'l hang my head, and perish.

If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong yet I blush our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to serve such wretches, not to save them
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The heart of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to sourbrius spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul, as an oak; a prayer, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cm., Dame, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtue
With the weak women's fairs. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever stands
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king has
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our former studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And pray forgive me,
If I have offended you unmanfully;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit.
To make a woman's answer is such persons
Pray, in my service to his majesty;
He has his heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers.

Bows to your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she is sitting here,
She should have bought her dignities as dear;

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.
Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a comeliness, the cardinal
Cannot start quire them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall entertain more new instances,
With these you bear already.

Surr. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, the more you give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reward'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have one motion'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when duty is regard
The stump of greatness in any person,
Out of himself.

Chasc. My lord, you speak your pleasures:
What he desires of you and me, I know
What we may do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I must first.
If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a wrightcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, hear him not;
His spell in that is not: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever

---
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III.

K. Hen. The packet, Cromwell, give it you the king.

Cromwell. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

K. Hen. Soon'st he be safe the inside of the paper?

Cromwell. Presently.

K. Hen. He did send them; and the first he read:

He did it with a serious mind: a bad man
Was in his consternation; Xero, he told;
Attended him that morning:

K. Hen. To come abroad?

Cromwell. I think, by this he is.

K. Hen. Leave me awhile. [Exit Cromwell]

It shall be to the duchess of Ato resonance.

The French king's sister: he shall marry her:

Then: I'll no Anne Boleyn for himself:

He is more in it than fair visages. — Boleyn? —

We'll no Boleyn. — Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Falmouth?

Nor. He's distressed.

Suff. May be. He hears the king.

Nor. What does his anger to him.

Suff. Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice!

Nor. The late queen's gentlewoman! a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' companion the queen's companion.

This dame bears not clear: is she must smell? —

Then, what goes? — What though I know her virtues.

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A sly, Lutheran, and not wholesome to our cause, that she should list the bosom of

Our hard-won king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch heretic, Cromwell: once

Hath crawled into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's very at something,

To of it. I would 'were something that would fast the string,

The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and

Loret. Suff. The king, the king,

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion: and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him? How, if the name of the earth?

Does he take this together? — Now, my lords: Can you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Standing here observing him: Some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he frowns his lips, and swears;

Shan on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then slays his finger on his temple; straightway,

Springs out into that guilt: then stops again,

Stirres his breast hard; and name, he caste

His eye against the moon: in most strange posture

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;

There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning

Papers of state he sent me to peruse.

As I required: and, what you what I found

There; on my conscience, put unwittingly

Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,

The several parcels of his plate, his treasures,

Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which

I find at such grand rate, that it surpasses

Possession of a subject.

It's heaven's will; some spirit put this paper in the packet,

To his your eye withal. [K. Hen. If we did think

His contemplation were above the earth,

And fixed on spiritual object, he should still

Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thoughts are lower than the moon, not worth His service. 

"Eh! take his soul, and whippers Lovell, and go to Wonder."

Wol.

Now God bless your highness!

K. Hen.

Good my lord, You are full of heavenly staff, and bear the inventory Of your best grace in your mind; the which You were now running o'er; you have scarce time. To stand from spiritual leisure a brief span, To keep your earthly mind: Sure, in that I deem you an ill husband; and am glad To see you here thy companion.

Wol.

Sir, For holy offices I have a time; a time To ponder in myself the state of England, and the nature of our kings, I fear my躺在床上; and perhaps in the judgment of my brother's, must give my tendance to.

K. Hen.

You have said well. Wol.

And ever may your highness yoke together, As I will lend you cause, my doing will With my will saying! K. Hen.

The said again; And in a kind of good deed to my will: And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you. He said, he did; and with his dead did crown His word upon you. Since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not alone Employ'd you where high profite might come home, But paid my pressing havings, to bestow My bounty upon you.

Wol.

What should this mean? 

Sir. The Lord increase this business! [Adieu.

K. Hen.

Have not made you.

The prince man of the state! I pray you, tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say, truthful, If you are bound to us or no. What say you? Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal grace, Should in daily, have been more than could My studied purpose require; which went Beyond all man's endeavours;—my endeavours Have ever come too short of my desires. Yet, still'd with my abilities: Mine own ends Have here been rais'd, that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For your great graces Honour'd me, your underviser, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty, Which evermore, and even shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it. K. Hen.

Farewell! Pardon answer'd: A loyal and obedient subject is.

Thence Illustrated: The honour of it Does thicken up the part of the sovereignty. The benefit is the punishment. I precise, That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart's trapp'd love, my power rais'd honour, more.

On you, then any; so your hand and heart, Your life, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding your bond of duty, As 'twere to love particular, be more To the service, than any.

Wol.

So I profess, That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own; that aim, have, and will be. Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw & from their soul; though peril did Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and, 

Appeared in forms more horrid; yet my duty, And doth o'er against all, O God, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand masticated yours.

K. Hen.

"To nobly spoken: Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open—stand o'er this; [Glading him papery. And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with What appetite you have.

Earl. King, commending upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, murmur, and exclaiming. Wol.

What should this mean? What secret anger's this? how have I reposed it? I yet cannot discover it. Lest from his eyes: So least the chained lion, Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him: Then might he have nothing. I must read this paper; I fear, the story of his anger.—To so; This the amount Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together. For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popes, And for my friends in Rome. O negligence, Was this for a fool to fall by? What crook devil Made me put this main secret in the packet: I sent the king; is there no way to save this? No new devices to beat this from his brain: I know, 'twill stir him strangely. Yet I know A way, if it take sight, in spite of fortune Will bring me off again. What's this—To the Pope? The letter, as I live, with all the business I write to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness; And from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting; I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more. Re-enter the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nov. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you To render up the great seal presently Into our hands; and to confess yourself To Atherhous; my lord of Winchester's, Till you bear further from his highness. Stay, Where's your commission, lords? words cannot convey Authority so weighty.

Suff. Who dare cross them? Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly? Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it, I mean your mal(l)ness know, obnoxious lords, I dare and must deny it. Now I feel Of what course metal ye are moulded, eny. How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it feel ye! and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin! Follow your envious course, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for them, and, we doubt In time will first find their fit rewards. That seal You ask with such a violence, the king (Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me; Bade me set it, with the plate and honour, During my life; and, to confirm his goodness, Tidied it by secret prison; Now, who'll take it? Surr. The king that gave it.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV.

Was still inscriv'd; in which thou brought

To be thy servant.

Then, that, without the knowledge

Of either of king or council, when thou went

To carry into Flanders the great soul

Here, thou seest a large council,

In the king's will, or the state's allowance

That out of mere ambition, you have cause'd

To have him to be stamp'd on the king's coins.

Then, that you have sent innumerable

(Which means get, I leave to your own con-

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities; to the mere undeni-

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;

Which, since they are of you, and useless,

I will not stain my mouth with.

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:

His faults lie open to the law; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him

So little of his great self.

I forgive him.

Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure

Is,—Because all these things, you have done of late

By your wise legation within this kingdom,

Fall into compass of a rumouring—

That therefore such a letter cannot be sent upon you;

To forewarn all your goods, lands, tenements,

Chattels, and whatsoever, to be by

—this is my charge.

And so we'll leave you to your auditions

How to live better. For your ununiform answer,

About the giving back the great seal to us,

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall tuck you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farrewell to thee, little good man you hear me?

Farwell, a long farwell to all my greatness! This

is the state of man; To-day he passeth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing boyhood, like a freighted

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full

His greatness is a ripple, slips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bobbins,

This many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth; my high-born prize

At length broke under me; and now has left

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wicked

Is that poor man, that hangs on prison's jaws,

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire

That sweet aspect of princes, and their rise,

More paung and tears than wars or woman's love.

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

—Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell.

Cros. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can the spire wonder.

A great man should decline? Nay, as you were

I am fallen indeed.
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I. A Street at Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen. Meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duking of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offered sorrow

This general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well. The citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds, (As must be done, when we have our backs ever forward.)

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour: we shall

1 Gent. Never greater.

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be held in awe what that contains,

That paper in your head?

1 Gent. Yes. 'Tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day.

By consent of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,

To be in easy mood: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; but I not known

Those customs, I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I think you, what's become of Katherine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with others

Learned and reverend authors of his order,

Held a late court at Downton, six miles off

From Amphill, where the princes lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And the late marriage made of none effect,

The king's late scruple, by the main session

Of all those learned men she was divorce'd,

Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Indeed, a good lady! —

Trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV.

Was still (true of state, opposing force) in my person to the people.

To be as she is, she is the most excellent woman

And so many tunes have, shall, and,

And make them feel real before them. No man that

Could say, This is my self, there; all was so

So strangely in one place.

But, pray, what followed?

At length her grace rose, and with

Came to the altar; where she know'd, and, and,

But, late at all, that the old name

is fresh about me.

What two reverend bishops were those that were with side of the great

is a good lover of the archbishop's,

Cranmer. The king

The queen; and all the rest are countesses.

Enter a third Gentleman.

No more of that

Enter Prefectory, with a great

And, sometimes, falling over.

Enter Katherine, Doncaster, sick; lest betwixt

Enter Katherine, Doncaster, sick; lest betwixt

How does your grace's

Keth. With the good God, sir, I thank you, I lack see how he did

If it, he step'd before me, happily, for my example.
KING HENRY VIII.

The station. Enter, solemnly trampling one after another, six Persons, placed in rich robes, wearing on their heads garlands of hays, and golden wands on their faces; branches of bays, or palms in their hands. They first enquire unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a square garland over their heads; at which, the other four make reserved courtship; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over their heads; which done, they follow the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her deep sighs of repentance, and holing up her hands to heaven; and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them.

The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And hear me here in wretchedness behind ye! Graf. Madam, we are here.

It is not you I call for: I saw ye come enter, since I slept.

None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me in a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They would 'tis sea! and 'twould be no mistake.
And brought me garlands, Graf, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, Amen.

Graf. I am most joyful madam, such deep dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Did the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music cease.

Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is down: Have pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?
Graf. She is going, weep: pray, pray, pray.

Put me out of comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace. -

Kath. You are a snaesy fellow: Disprove we no more reverence?

Graf. You are to blame, knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness.

Do you note her, how she sits in a sullen mood?

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; My lord's command me unmanners: There is staving A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Graf. But this
Let me never see again.

[Exit Graf and Messenger.

Re-enter Graf, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not, you
Should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. Crypt. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Crypt. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who gives me much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his prince commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late; The like a pardon after execution; That gentleness, given in vain, had cured me.
KING HENRY VEL

ACT V.

Scene I. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, nay by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's on o'clock, boy, is it not?
Page. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities, not for delaying; times to repair our nature with comfort, and not to waste them. Good hour of night, sir

Page. Nothing so late.

Gar. Canst thou from the glimpse of my land? Gar. Lord, Sir Thomas, and left behind pictures

With the doles of Sheffield. Was it not, Sir Thomas Lovell, what's the

Lov. I come to this now, before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the

Lov. I seem you in haste; am there be No great offence belongs to me, give your friend

some of your horse business: affaire, that walk

(As they may, spirits dead at midnight, have

To make despacht by day.

Gar. So, my lord, I love you

And shunt submitted to a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in

beleave, They shall in great extremity, and shan't, she'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she gives with, that time

She shall in good time, and live; but for the snake, she

Wish it gribes a'd up now.

Lov. Why?—Since the queen there, you speak of

That's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes. But, sir, sir—

Gar. Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman,

Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious, and, kind sir, indeed,

Twill, I know not, Sir Thomas Lovell, what you are,

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two heads, and she, in

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two,

The most remarkable of the kingdom. As for

Beside of that of the jewel-house, he's made master

Of the rolls, and the king's secretary: further, sir, his

Stand in the gap and trade of more performances,

With which the tune is all lead him: The arch-

bishops

is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare

Speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are those dare: and I myself have wasted

To speak against him, and indeed of this day, sir,

(For so I know he is, they know he ad

A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they

Have broken with the king: who hath so far

Gotten ear to our complaint (of his great

And princely care: because these (all mankind

Our reasons laid before him,) he hath com-

manded

To-morrow morning to the council board

He be converted: He's a rank weed. Sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your presence,

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your

servant.

[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and his

Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play—

Now, what's the news from the queen to the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

She sent you this message: I had been in

The greatest business, and couldn't your

Would hardly to pray for her.
K. Hen. What sayst thou then? I ask thee to pray for her: what? is she crying out? Lou. She said her woman, and that her sufferance made almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Also, good lady! Sir, God safely quit her of her barren, and With gentle twaddle, to the gladding of Thine highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles; Fraythes, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that, which company Would not be friendly to me.

Sir. I wish thy highness a good night, and my good master will Remember in thy prayers.


Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows? Des Sir. I have brought Lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.


K. Hen. Then, where is she, Denny? Des. She attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring her to me. [Exit Denny.

Lou. This is about that which the bishop spake I am heartily come hither. [A noise.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seems to slay.

Fla.—I have said.—Be gone! What?— [Escaped Lovell and Denny. Cran. I am fearful! Wherefore frowns he thus?

"The his aspect of terror. All's not well."

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire To know Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty To wait your highness' pleasure. Pray you, arise.

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury. Come, and I must walk a turn together; I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak, And am not sorry to repeat what follows: I have, and most unwillingly, of late Heard many grievances. I do say, my lord, Grievous complaints of you; which, being true, You must have made us, and counsel, that you shall This morning come before us; where, I know, You cannot with such freedom purge yourself, But that, till further trial, in those charges Which shall require your answer, you must take A good judgment to you, and be well contented To make your house your Tower; You a brother of it,

If plan we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness: And you right glad to catch this good occasion. Most thoroughly to be witness'd, where my stuff And ours shall by number; for, I know, There's some stands under more calamitous tongues Than myself, poor wight.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury; Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted in thy fancy: Give me thy hand, stand up; Anyhow, let's walk. Now, by my body damne, What manner of man are you? My lord, I would have given me your petition, that I should have taken some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you.

K. Hen. Almost dead liege, The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty; If they shall give me, with mine enemies, Will triumph 'o'er every person which I weigh not, Being of those virtuous vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how Your state stands 'p the world, with the whole world? Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices Must bear the same proportion; and not ever The justice and the truth of the question carries The line of the valiant with it. At what ease Might corrupt minds, if they might, not themselves, To swear against you? such things have bezel

You are presently opposed; and with a battle Of so great size: Were you of better luck, I mean, in frequent troubles, than your master Whose minister you are, wherein have he tried Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You can a preface for our help of danger, And we your own destruction. [Exit Cranmer. Lou. God, and your majesty, Protest mine innocence or I fall into The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail, than we give way to. Keep comfort to you; and this morning we Disappear before them: if they shall chapse, In changing you with your读, to commit you, The best persuasions to the contrary Fail not to use, and with what subtext, The occasion shall instruct you: if entrance Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver thus, and your appeal to us.

There make before them.—Look, the good man wavers. He's honest on mine honour. God's best mother! I swear, he is true hearted: and a soul. None better in my kingdom—Get you gone, And do as I have bid you.—[Exit Cranmer. He has struggled.

His language in his tears.

Enter an old lady.

Lady. [Within]. Come back; what mean you? Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings!


Lady. Ay, ay, my lord; And of a lovely boy! The God of heaven Both now and ever bless her!—tis a girl, Premises boyer hereafter. So, your queen Desires your vocation to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you, As cherie is to cherrie. [Exit.

K. Hen. Love.—

Enter Lovell.

Love. Sir. K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll have more. An ordinary process is for much papawen. I will have more, or seild it out of him. Said I for this, the girl is like to him? Lou. You would have me your petition, that I should have taken some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you.

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K. Hen.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT V.

SCENE II. Lobby before the Council Chamber.

Enter Cranmer; Servants, Doorkeeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast! what means this?—
How?—Sorry!—Sure you know me?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Butts. This is a piece of malice, I fear. And I am glad,
I came this so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently.

Cran. [Aside.] This Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass along,
How secretly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven, he sound not my discourse! For

K. Hen. This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench some honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow councilor.
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Windows above, the King and Butts.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strongest sight.—

K. Hen. What's that? Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, amongst pursuivants,
Footmen, and footmen.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do not another?
That, above all you had thought
They had parted so much honester among them
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer,
A man of his places, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

And at the door too, like a post with packets
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—[Exeunt.

The Council Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk,
Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner,
and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself
at the upper end of the table on the left hand;
a seat being left void above him, as for
the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest
sent themselves in order on each side. Cromw.
well at the lower end, as Secretary.

Cham. Speak to the business, master secretary;
Why are we met in council?

Cran. Please your honours
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
For he has had knowledge of it.

Cran. Nor, Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords!

Gor. Yes. My lord archbishop:
And has done halt an hour, to know your plea-

Cran. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may now hear now.

Cran. My good lord archbishop, I am sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chief saint stand: But we all are men,
In our own nature frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And blind to wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have made me out of your self, and not a little,
Towards the service of your laws, in killing
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains
(For we are informed) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heretical,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gor. Which reformation must be sudden too.
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Place them not in their hands to make them
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
Till they obey the bridle. If we suffer
(But of our enemies, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness.
Farewell, all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general tumult
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly visited in this our country.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have laboured;
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go on way, and safety: and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more deserts, more sins against,
Both in his private conscience, and his places,
Deeds of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heavens, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Evry and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accuser,
In he they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counselor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gor. My lord, because we have business of more moment.
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highest pleasure;

And our consent; but better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dace accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, your are provided for.

Cran. All, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if you will passe
I shall both find your lordship judge and jurer,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
In my pleading; love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with meekness again,
Cast none worse. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
I doing daily wrongs, I could say more.
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gor. I, too, my lord, you are a metary,
That's the plain truth; your painted glass dis-
Tells to men that understand you, words and word-
SCENE III.  

KING HENRY VIII.

Crom. My lord of Wincheste, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However wise, should respect one another.
For what they have been: 'twas a cruelty,
To lead a falling man.

Gur. Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, my so.

Gur. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new act? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound? I cry your lordship.


Crom. Would you were half so honest; men's prayers then would seek you, not their hearts.

Gur. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Remember your hold life too.

Chat. This is too much; I have done.

Gur. Not as a weal, but as a woe.

Chat. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed.

Gur. I take, I do not allege, that for which you be committed to the Tower a prisoner;
There remains, till the king's further pleasure
By knownes made out: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Chat. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gur. What other strange trouble some?

Chat. Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Crom. Must I go like a traitor thousand?

Gur. And me with safe I to the Tower.

Crom. Sir, I have a little yet to say. Look, there, my lords; By virtue of that ring, I take my cause Out of the grasp of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chat. This is the king's ring.

Gur. Next, is it the right ring, by heaven I told ye.

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall full upon ourselves.

Crom. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little suger
Of this man to be vested?

Chat. Is now too certain?

Crom. How much more is his life in value with him. 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Chat. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations;
Against this man, (whose way the devil And his disciples only save at)
Ye knew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gur. Devil sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven.

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; Not only good and wise, but most religious; One that, in all obedience, makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen That holy deity, out of care respect His royal self in judgment scenes to hear The cases between him and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden condescensions, Bishop of Wincheste. But know, I come not To hear such matter now, and I mean to command.

They are too thin and bare to hide offenses. To me you cannot reach, you play the speckle, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me!

But when I'd have thee take me, for I am sure, Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, I To Cranmer, sit down. Now let me see the proceed.
He, that dares most, but wags his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better start,
Then but once think his place becomes the not.
Sure, May it please your grace,

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had had again of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (yes of you deserve that title.)
I shall see him, as I look like a fife footway
At chamber door? and was as great as you are?

What, what a sham was this? Did my commissions
But ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a judge, but as a man, ye see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye meant;
While ye shall never have, while I live.

Chat. Thus far,

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him; and use him well, he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a prince May be beholden to a subject, I

An, for his love and service, no to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,

I have a words to you which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism.

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Crom. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you.

K. Hen. Crom. Good man, those joyful tears shall try thee.

The common voice, I see, is varied
Of these, who always thus, Do my lord of Canterbury
A Charles turn, and be to your friend for ever.

Come, lords, we take time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye see, lords, out remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

SCENE III. The Palace Yard.

Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise about, ye rascal?
Do you take the court for Parsley-garden you shall
[Within] Good master porter, I know

Your faithful friends o' the suburbs! We shall have
Great store of rooms, no doubt, but for the ladies
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Aren't you pleased with your honour
We are but men; and what we may do,
Not being torn a piece, we have done:
An army cannot ride them.

Chase. As I live,
If the king thanks me for't, I'll lay you all
By the head, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap sound them, for neglect: You are lazy
known;
And here ye lie holding of bondsmen, when
Ye should do service. Bark, the trumpets sound
They are come already from the christening:
Yes, break among the press, and find a way out.
To let the troop pass fairly; or, I'll die
A Marshal, shall hold you play these two
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll
Make you have your end ye!
Port. You 't the humble, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you up the pales side.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Alder-
men, Lord Mayor, Carter, Cranmer, Duke of
Norfolk, with Sir Marchal staff; Duke of Nuf-
folk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-
breaks for the christening gifts; then four
Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the
Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the
Child richly bedeck'd in a mantle, &c. Train
borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchens-
ness of Duret, the other godfather, and Lad-
ies. The Troop pass once about the stage,
and go in.

Gar. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the
high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Purloin. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and
the good Queen.

My noble partner, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Hence even laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon your age:
K. Hen. Thank you, good hard archbishop;

Who is her name?

Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Sand up, lord.

[The King kisses the Child.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossip, ye have been too
protugal:
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has no such English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir.
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
true.

This royal infant, heaven still move about her?
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this head a thousand and thousand blessings.
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(but few now living can behold that goodness.)
A pattern to all princes living with her.
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More stately of wisdom, and fair visage.
Than this pure soul she'll be: all princely graces
That could get up such a mighty piece as this, is
With all this virtue, and all the gods.
Shall still be doubted on: truth shall make her,

KING HENRY VIII.  ACT V.

Port. Belong to the galloors, and be hanged.
you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch
me a dozen cudgel sticks, and strong ones;
these are but switches to them.—Will scratch
your head? You must be seeing christenings!
Do you look for ale andtaken, hand, you must
run rascales?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much im-
portant.
(Unless we sweep them from the door with com-
nons.)
To gather them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day solemnity, which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as sit
there.

Port. How get they in, and be hang'd?—
Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
You see the poorer remnant could distribute,
I know no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samuel, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-
hawks, to move them down before me; but, if I
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young
or old, he or she, coxcom, or cuckoldmaker, let
me never hope to see a game again; and that
I would not for a cow, God save her.
[Within.] Do you hear, master Port?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good mas-
ter puppet.—Keep the door close, sirrah.
Man. What shall be done with them?
Port. What should you do, but knock them
down by the doors? Is this Moonshanks to mas-
ter? or have we some strange Indian with the
great tool come to court, the women so besiege
us? Bless me, what a fury of possession is at
door! On my Christian conscience, this one
chastening will begin a thousand; here will be
father, godfather, and all together.
Man. The screen will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be
a bratier by his face, for, o' my conscience,
twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all
that stand about him are under the line, they
need no other pence: That fire-drake did I hit
three times on the head, and three times was
his nose discharged against me: he stands there,
like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that
railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off
his hands, and fetched such a contumely in the
state. I mind the meteor once, and hit that
woman, that cried out, these! when I might see
from far some forty tramseeters draw to her
mace, where was the hope of the Strand,
where she was quarter'd. They fall on; I made
good my place; at length they came to the
broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when
suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,
delivered such a shower of piddles, that I was
fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win
the work. The devil was amongst them, I think,
surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a
playhouse, and fight for bitter apples; that no
announcer, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or
the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,
are able to endure. I have some of them in Limbo
Patria, and there they are like to dance these
days; besides the running banquets of two
beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are
here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are
come.

Port. As if we kept a fair here! Where are these
port-
ners?
These are cowards!—Ye have made a fine band,
follows
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these

Chase. Your faithful friends o' the suburbs! We shall have
Great store of rooms, no doubt, but for the ladies
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Aren't you pleased with your honour
We are but men; and what we may do,
Not being torn a piece, we have done:
An army cannot ride them.

As I live,
If the king thanks me for't, I'll lay you all
By the head, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap sound them, for neglect: You are lazy
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And here ye lie holding of bondsmen, when
Ye should do service. Bark, the trumpets sound
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A Marshal, shall hold you play these two
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I'll pick you up the pales side.

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Hence even laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon your age:
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Who is her name?

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Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
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Though in her cradle, yet now promises
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Than this pure soul she'll be: all princely graces
That could get up such a mighty piece as this, is
With all this virtue, and all the gods.
Shall still be doubted on: truth shall make her,
SCENE IV.

Theys and Heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lord, and fear'd: Her own shall be her dun and terror.
Her foes shall make a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what the planets and sky To all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honor, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Now shall this peace sleep with her; But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another her; As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness) Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she, And so stand fixed: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heavy shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flower, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the places about him;—Our children's Shall see this, and bless heaven! K. Hen. Thou speakest wondrous Cressida.
She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
[Would I had known no more! But she must die, she must; the saint must have her; yet at a virgin, A most unpolished lily she shall pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her. K. Hen. O lost archbishop,
Then last made me see a man; never, before This happy child, did I get so fine a thing. This oracle of comfort has so pleased me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor, And yours good brethren, I am much beholden; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think He has best men at his house; for all shall say, This little one shall make it holiday. [Euen.

EPILOGUE.
'Tis ten to one this play can never please All that are here: Some have taken their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city Abus'd extremely, and to cry—that's pity! Which we have not done, nor that, I fear All the expected good we are like to bear For this play at this time, is only in The material construction of good women: For each one we show'd them: If they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours: for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAUS, King of Troy. 
HECTOR. 
TROILUS. 
PARIS. 
ERENTONUS. 
HELLENUS. 
ARES, 
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with And with all his men.
PANDRUSUS, Uncle to Cressida. 
MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General. 
Menelaus, his Brother. 
Ajax, 
Grecian Commanders.
ULYSSES, 
NESSE, 
DIEDEDES, 
PATROCLUS, 
THARENT, a deformed and enormous Grecian. 
ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida. 
SERVANT TO TROY; Servant to Paris; Servant to Hector.
HELEN, Wife to Menelaus. 
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector. 
CRABANOR, Daughter to Priam; a Pre- 
platch. 
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas. 
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it. 

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scope. From Ilios of Greece The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd, Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Praught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: Staty and nine, that were Their crowned regal, from the Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is To ransom Troy; within whose strong immurals The savag'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With waving Paros sleeps; and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come; And the deep-drawing bars do there descend Their warlike franghips: New on Durian plains
The fresh and yet unbrushed Greeks do pitch Their tents: A handfast of Phrygia; Priam's six-gated city, Durian, and Tymbria, Iliss, Cheta, Trojan, And Antemardus, with many stapes, made and courting, with filling folio, Speak up the sense of Troy. 

New expectation, darkness stints again, On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam’s Palace.

Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

TROI. Call here my valet, I’ll warm again:—
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?

PAND. He pray you, Sir, that is master of his heart.
Let him to field; Troilus, also I have some
Will this year see me mended?

TROI. The more we are young, and skillful to their strength,
Fiercely to their skill, and to their sternness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman’s tear,
Tremble under the sound of judgment; yet
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And still less as unpractised in my youth.

PAND. Now, have I told you enough of this for my part, I’ll not meddle more so further.

TROI. But that will have a cake out of the wheat, must
tary that I have

PAND. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the

TROI. Have I not tarry’d?

PAND. Ay, the boiling; but you must tarry the

TROI. Still have I tarry’d.

PAND. Ay, to the leavening: but here’s yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the even, and the baking; now, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TROI. Patience herself, what goddess e’er she be,
Dost have a breach at judgment than I do.
At Priam’s royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressida comes into my thought,—
So traitor,—when she comes in:—When is she

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

TROI. I was about to tell thee,—Whyn my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rise to words:
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 curb’d in wailing glaive,
Is like that mirth that turns to sudden sadness.

PAND. An her hair were not some that dother than Helen’s, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my know-woman; I would not, as they term it, praise her;—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not deprize your sister Cassandra’s wit; but—

TROI. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

PAND. Let Paris bleed:—It but a scar to women;

TROI. Troilus, by Cassandra.

TROI. Let Paris bleed:—It but a scar to women;

TROI. Troilus, by Cassandra.

PAND. O Paris! but if I would, were

TROI. Not at home, if I would it were —

PAND. In all wit haste.

TROI. Com’ on. we go we then together. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander.

CRES. Who were those that went by?

ALEX. Queen Helen, and Helen.

CRES. And whither go they?

ALEX. To the eastern tower, whose bright 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 strack his armour;
And then he wept, as I was told, his heart was in her lady—No,
Hector is not a better man than Troilus.
Cres. Excuse me.
Pan. He is eldier.
Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. The other's not come in't; you shall
Tell another tale when the other's come in'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. Twould not become him, his own's better.
Cres. You have no judgment, niece; Helen
Herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so she, I mean consents)—Not
Known her soul, or manner.
Cres. 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 complexities above Paris:
Pan. So he has.
Cres. The colour of his wit should have too much;
If she praised him above, his complexion
Is higher than his; he having colour enough,
His lines and lights, like shining angels for a good
Complexion. I had as lie, Helen's golden
League had commended Troilus for a copper
Piece.
Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him
Better than Paris.
Cres. Troilus is a very Greek, indeed.
Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him
The other day into a compos'd window, and,
You know, she gave him not pass'd three or four
Hairs on his chin.
Cres. Indeed, a corporator's arch-stick may
Shoe his particular therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he,
Within three pounds, let as much as his brother
Hector.
Cres. He is so young a man, and so old a liver?
Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him
She came, and pass'd him her white hand
to his clenched chin—
Cres. How came it cloven?
Pan. Why, you know, 'tis clouted: I think,
His smiling becomes him better than any man in
All Phrygia.
Cres. O, he smiles vallantly.
Pan. Does he not?
Cres. Yes, as so were a cloud in autumn.
Pan. Why, go to then?—But to prove to you
That Helen loves Troilus—
Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll
Prove it so.
Pan. Troilus? why, he esteem 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 in 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 rank.
Pan. Ay, and she takes upon her to say a white
Hand on his chin.
Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.
Pan. But there was such laughter—Queen
Heebta laughed, that her eyes ran over.
Cres. Without zucchini.
Pan. And Cassandra laughed.
Cres. But there was a more temperate fire
Under the pot of her eyes—Did her eyes run
Over too.
Pan. And Hector laughed.
CRESS. At what was all this laughter?

PANT. Marry, at the while hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRESS. An' I had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

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

CRESS. What was his answer?

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

CRESS. This is her question?

PANT. That's true: make no question of that.

That, and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white.

CRESS. That while hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.

PANT. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris' son?—The forlorn one, quoth he, and I will give it him. But there was nothing laughed at and Helen so blushed, and Paris so shamed, and all the rest so laughed at and I passed.

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

PANT. Well, I said, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

CRESS. So I do.

PANT. I'll be sworn, his tree; he will weep you, an ewre a rain born in April.

CRESS. And I'll sping up in his tears, an 'tis a war against Mars.

PANT. No, the matter is from the field; shall we up and join him, and see them, as they pass toward Themis? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRESS. In your pleasure.

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

 Hector passes over the stage.

CRESS. Speak not so loud.

PANT. That's Zenoa: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the bravest of the flower of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus: you shall see anon.

CRESS. Who's that?

Hector passes over.

PANT. That's Hector's; and, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—to thy way, Hector—he's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a coinçidence.

PANT. Let's not be a brave man.

CRESS. O, a brave man!

PANT. It is a man's heart good—Look you what harks on his helmet I look your words, do you see? I look your face! There's no judging: there's laying on: take 'em off who will, as they say: there be harks.

PANT. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

PANT. Swains I say nothing, he cares not: nor the devil cares to him, it's all one: By god's aid, it doth one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, look ye yonder: niece, he's not at a loss too; is he not, nie? Why, this brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good sound. Had I would I could see Troilus now—you shall see Troilus anon.

CRESS. Who's that?

Paris passes over.

Hector passes over.

PANT. That's Helen's, I marvel where Troilus is.—That's Helen's.—I think he went not to-day.—That's Helen's.

CRESS. Cressida, art thou my uncle?

PANT. Helen's I know; yes, he'll find homely well; I marvel where Troilus is; here! do you not hear the people cry? Troilus!—Helen is a priest.

CRESS. What speaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS PASSES OVER.

PANT. Where? yonder? that's Delphi's;—To Troilus there's a man, niece,—him—Sir Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

CRESS. Peace, for shame, peace.

PANT. Mark him; notice him!—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look upon how his sword is blunted, and his horse more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he no sees one three and twenty. On thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sword for a graces, or a daughter—consider, he should take his choice. O admirable youth! Paris—Paris is full to set; I want Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

CRESS. Here come more.

PANT. Arces, foals, do! shall and braun, shall and braun! I parriage after meat! I could live and die if the eyes of Troilus. Never look, never look; they grow and ease the arrows and crowns and days! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greeks.

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

PANT. Achilles? a dryman, a porter, a very camel.

CRESS. Well, well.

PANT. Well, well!—Why, have you any discourse now? I have many a care! Do you know what a man is? Is not beauty, beauty good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, bravery, the glory, the pride, the glory, and the spirit that season a man?

CRESS. Ay, a minxed man: and then to be belshed with my death in the pie,—for then the man's days is out.

PANT. You are such a woman! one knows not what you are.

CRESS. Upon your back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my eyes: upon my secrecy, to defend my beauty: and you, to defend all these: and at all these words I lie, as a thousand watches.

PANT. Say one of your watches.

CRESS. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeast of them too: if I cannot watch what I should not have hit. I can watch you for telling how I take the blinds: unless it used past kind, and then it is past watching.

CRESS. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

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

PANT. Where?

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

PANT. Good boy, tell him I come! (Exit Boy.)

Boy. I will be with you, niece, by and by.

CRESS. To come, uncle.

PANT. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Boys. By the same token—you are a bastard—

Paris passes over.

Words, vows, graces, tears, and honeys fall as cates.

He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in that soldier's praise may be:
Yet hold I fast. Women are angels woeing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the
mourn;
That she below'd known ought, that knows not
this.
Men praise the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love to exceed, as when desire doth see:
Therefore this mazyn out of love I teach,
Achievement in command; ungain'd, breaketh;
Then though my heart's content from love doth
bear
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

SCENE III.

Trumpets Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses,
Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the Jovians on your cheeks?
The simple proposals, that long makes
In all desires begun on earth below,
Pains in the promis'd largeness; checks and dis
Grows in the veins of actions highest rost:
As knout, by the confusion of meeting cap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Fortune and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppos'd so far:
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy wall-
stood;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Flour and thrift, not answering the aim,
And that unbridled figure of the thought
That gave surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,
Do you with cheeks should'ld behold our works;
And think them shame, which are, indeed,
nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To hold perseverance in man?
The famine of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward
The wise and fool, the artist and unskilful,
The best, the mean, all a,nd the best;
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Discarding with a worldly and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lives in a void, and unmoved.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, N. doth shall apply.

The last word. In the report of chances
Lose the true proof of men: The sea being
smooth,
How many shallow banks haste dare soild
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of tender folk:
But let the golden stream ever urges
The rest. Thou art, as men behold
The ancients: aid through dark mountain
Hills.

Brooking between the two mild elements,
Like Person's tone: When's then the sandy
dole;
Whose work unskilled was lost even now
Carried great; or, to be为此: he or
May be a sense of N. some King.
Both royal's joy, an evil's worth divide
In every form of fate: For, in her ray and
all things.

The rest hath more annoyance by the rise,
To what harm: But when the surging wind
Makes despite the king of hundred oaks,
And lyes the shade, why, then, the thing
of course;

As soon with rage, with rage both sympathize,
And, once in life, in self-made song, return
To chiding tortures.

Olym. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, serve and bow of
Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the temper and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which—soon mighty for thy place and
aw.
And thou, most reverend for thy stretch'd out
life.

To Agamemnon.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As well thyself as I, and the great Hector
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver.
He should be a boast of the illustrious
On which heroes' rides knelt all the Greekish
ears.

To hear our friend's tongue,—yet let it please
both,—
Thou great and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speaks, prince of Iliaca; and be't of
less expect
That matter needless, of importance burden
Divide thy lips thenceforth.
When rank Thetis ope his mausoleum
We shall hear music, well, and such
As Troy, yet up to his place, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master.

But for these instances
The equality of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Greekish tens do stand
Hopp'd upon this plain, so many hollow foots
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the hangers shall all repair.
What honey is expected? Degree being shaded,
The unworthiest shows itself like the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
mote,
Observe degree, priority, and place.

Nestor, counsellor, promises heaven, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Ne,
In noble renown eminent's and whoso'd
Amidst the other; whose well-meaning eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil;
And perchance the complexion of a king,
Saint, good, and bad: But when the planets
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagu's, and what portent's; what fortune
What mixing of the seas, shaking of earths
Common in the wonds? frights, changes,
horror,
Divers and check, rend and desolates
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture; O, when degree is
shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
As Agamemnon is act! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
People from commerce from darklese shores,
Thrice as this and not in mention,
Prevalent of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place.
Take but degree away, out of that string,
And, hack, what discard follows each thing
meets
In more confusion: The bounded waters
Should lift their heads higher than the shores
And make a sea of all the solid globe:
Nothing should lie
And the rules and should strike his father dead
Force should be right; or rather right and wrong
Diverse and check, rend and desolates
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture; O, when degree is
shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
As Agamemnon is act! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
People from commerce from darklese shores,
Thrice as this and not in mention,
Prevalent of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place.
Take but degree away, out of that string,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Power into will, will into appetite; And appetite, an universal will, And doubly armed with will and power, Must make perform a universal praye, And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This choice, when degree is insufficient, Follows the choking. And this neglect 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 most; That next, by him before; so every step Example’d by the first pace that issu’d. Of his superior, grew to an extreamer lever Of pale and bloodless consumation; And this the fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not own’d as unseen. To read a tale of length, Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength. Next Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover’d, To bear and to wear, all one course is sick. Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, What is the remedy? Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns The known as the forehead of our host, Hating his ear full of his airy fame, Ozwows many of his words, and in his heart Less mocking of his designs. With him, Patroclus, Upon a leap had the livelong day Drinks scorn of Brav.%

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And with ridiculous and awkward action (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls) His pugnacious of his length. Sometimes, great Agamemnon, Thy toptless deputation he puts on; And like a strutting player,—whose comedit Lies in his humming, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound *Twixt his stretched foot and the scaffoldings, Such to be-plighted and o’er-wrought seeming He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks, *Tis like a chime a meandering; with terms unequal’d, Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon spring.

Would seem hyperbole. At this fasty stylic, The large Achilleus, on his press’d bed lolling, From his deep chest laugh and a loud applause; Cries—Excellent!—Tu Agamemnon! Excels.---End of play me Nestor;—him, and strike thy board.

At he, being drest to cooeconeration. That’s done;—as near as the extremest ends Of parallels;—as like as Typhon and his wife: Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent! 'Tis Nestor right now play me him, Patroclus, Arming to angular in a sight alarm. And then, forthwith, the faint defects of age Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit, And, with a palsy-numbing on his gorge, Shake in and out the rivets,—and at this sport Sir Vulgar dies; cries, Excels, Patroclus;— Or give me rub of youth! I shall spit out.

In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion, All our soldiers, gild, sing, swallow, Severals and generals of grace exact, Achievements, plots, orders, preparations, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves As staff for these two to make parenthesis. Ned. And in the imitation of these twains (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperious voice) many are infect. Ajax is growen self-will’d; and bears his head In such a reaie, in full as proud a place As broad Achilles; keep his tart like him: Makes factions and drais; rails on our state of war, Rest as an oracle; and sets Thesich.- (A slave, whose gole; coins shallers like a mind To watch us in our expenditures; To weaken and discredit our expense, How rank severer round in with danger
Is rusty grown; he bids me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
It were a shame among the states of Greece,
That holds his son more higher than his case;
That seeks his praise more than he bears his peril;
That knows his valor, and known not his fear;
That loves his master more than in confession,
(With trust true love to her own lips he loves.)
And dare above her beauty and her worth.
In other arms than hers—to him the challenge,
Hector, in view of Trojan and of Greeks,
Making it good, or do his best to do it,
Had a body, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did come to his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call.
And betwixt your tents and walls of Troy
To us. The force that is true in love:
If any cease, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll cry in Troy, when he retire,
The pinch in manly heart, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Again. That shall reward our lords, but Eneas,
If some admire have seen 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 it is true, or hath, or means to be
That one Hector; if some siren can be.
Neæt. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man.
When Hector's grandest stock is: He is old now;
But, if there be not in our Greek host
This noble man, that hath such spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hold my silver heart in a golden hand,
And in my vesture put this white-brown hair;
And, morning, will tell him that my lady
Was more than his grandance, and as chase
As may be in the world: His youth in style.
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Agam. Now hear me. For which such secrecy of you.
Ulisses. Ajax. Agam. Hark, lords, let me touch your hands:
To our infant king you must add your parts.
All Achilles shall have word of the intent:
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with as freely you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
Neæt. All here but Ilion and Nestor.
Ulisses. Nestor—
Fair, what says Ulisses?
Ulisses. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you so kind to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is it?
Ulisses. Thus it is.
Blunt wedges are hard hammers:
The seeded pride
That hath to this mortality blown up
In rank Achilles, or now be copp'd,
Or, shedding, to be a nursey of like evil,
To outgrow us all.
Nest. Will, and how?
Ulisses. The challenge that the gallant Hector
Boasts, however it is spread in general name,
Belongs in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is pursuasive even as substance,
Without externer little characters run up:
And in the judgment of our gods,
But that Achilles, were his brim as bare
As banks of Lykia—though Apollo knows
There's a fair one, with great speed of judgment,
A storm, a sudden, find Hector's purpose.
It is so.
Nest. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Ulisses. Yes, Nestor. It is so—
What may you do the opponent?
That can from Hector run these bounds off,
If'they unanswer to his present combat,
Yet in the mean mean time spurn at him.
For here the Trojans taste our dear at repast
With their last epistle. Address me, Ulisses,
Our request shall be fully poss'd
In the wild action: for the success,
And the self-evident truth thereof,
That holds his son more higher than his case;
That seeks his praise more than he bears his peril;
That knows his valor, and known not his fear;
That loves his master more than in confession,
(With trust true love to her own lips he loves.)
And dare above her beauty and her worth.
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If'they unanswer to his present combat,
Yet in the mean mean time spurn at him.
For here the Trojans taste our dear at repast
With their last epistle. Address me, Ulisses,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III.

Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red mounaunt o
thy lady's tricks?—Achilles. Toward thee, Cressida, I
Thee. Doest thou think, I have not sense, thou
seest me thus?—Achilles. The proclamation,—
Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think
Achilles. Do not, persecute, do not; my fingers
Achilles. Thou wouldst, thou didst rush from head to foot,
And had the scratching of these; I would make
Thee the forth-smallest sack in Greece. When thou
art forth in the incursions, thou art sent as slow
as another.
Achilles. I say, the proclamation,—
Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think; the greatest
error in all thy life is at Proserpin's beauty.
Achilles. That thou knowest at him.
Achilles. Mistress Thearitaiu.
Achilles. Thou, then, dost strike him.
Achilles. Cobble!
Achilles. He would pun thee into shrive's with his
sword, like a master feels a biscuit.
Achilles. You worsest cur!—[Beating him.]—
Achilles. Do, do.
Achilles. Wouldst be a poet for a witch?
Achilles. Ay, thou art; and tootten wittiford, thou
hast no more brains. Thou canst make such silly
words as may turn thee: Thou seestbe defants
art here put to throst Thoas; and yet thou art
not worth the spitting of any wit, like a Barbary slave. If thou use to beat best me,
I will begin at thy heel, and tell what they are
by thee, thou bastard of the broods, thanst,
Achilles. You dog!
Achilles. Thou scurvy lord!
Achilles. You cur!—[Beating him].
Achilles. Marz her idiot do, rudeness; do, caust
Achilles. Enter Achilles and Patroclus.
Achilles. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you
this?
Ajax. How now, Thearitaius! what's the matter, man?
Thou seest him there, do you?
Achilles. Ay; what's the matter?
Thou art too hard upon him.
Ajax. So I say; what's the matter?
Achilles. Nay, but regard him well.
Achilles. Well, why do I.so.
Ajax. But yet you look not well upon him; for
whence you take him, he is to Ajax.
Achilles. I know that, fool.
Achilles. But that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Achilles. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medium of wit he
unites! his evolutions have ears thus long. I have
fobbed his brain, more than he has fobbed his
bones: I will lay nine sparrows for a penny, and
his wit matter is not worth the ninth part of a
sparrow. This, lord Achilles, Ajax,—who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guns in his head,—
I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achilles. What?—
Ajax. I say, this Ajax—
Achilles. Nay, Cressida.
Ajax. I say to strike him, Achilles intercepts.
Achilles. Has not so much wit—
Achilles. Nay, I shun't hold you.
Achilles. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.
Achilles. I should have peace and quietness, but this
fool will not; he there; that is where you look.
Achilles. Other damned cur!—I shall—
Achilles. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ajax. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will
Achilles. Pair. Good words, Thearitaius.
Achilles. What's the uses of this proclamation,
Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor
of the proclamation, and he reads upon me.
Achilles. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Achilles. I serve thee not.
Achilles. Our last act is now sufficiently traced;
not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax
was here the voluntary, and you under an
Achilles. Even so; a great deal of you will too
Achilles. At were as good catch a foal as
Achilles. What, with me too, Thersites?—
Achilles. There's Ulisseus, and old Nestor—these
Ajax. He was mostly ere your grandsires had
Achilles. I shall out your tongues.
Achilles. To no matter; I shall speak as much as
Achilles. Here you, Patrocles.
Achilles. I shall see you hanged, like chieftains,
Achilles. I know not, I am in to posterity; otherwise
Achilles. Marry this, sir, is proclaimed through
Achilles. That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Achilles. I shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't?
Achilles. Since the first sword was drawn about the
question,
Achilles. As far as toucheth my particular, yet
Achilles. There is no lady of more after bowels,
Achilles. More spongy to smack, in the sense of fear,
Achilles. There is no sword's business.
Achilles. What do you, Hector; what do you, Ajax?
Achilles. Hector is: the wound of penes is sturdy.
Achilles. The wound of the soul, the soul that searches
Achilles. Since the first sword was drawn about the
question,
Achilles. Every tide soul, amongst many thousand
Achilles. If we have lost so many teeth of ours.
Achilles. What merit's in that reason, which denies
Achilles. He knows his sister.
And with the seer most fatuose,
With name and looks so diminutive.

The seer and Trovers, (for poor shame!)

Hey! No marvel, though you like so sharp at reason.

You are so empty of them. Should not our father hear the great array of his affairs with reasons?

Because your speech hath none, that calls him so?

Trov. You are for dreams andoblins, brother priest.

Hey! For your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, as former enemies you harms;

You know, a sexual employment is painful,

And reason files the object of all harm;

Who scolded them, when Heloise behold

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels;

And fly like sudden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star dissolved—Nay, if we talk of reason.

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

Should have bare hearts, would they but fail their thoughts.

With that—now! reason reason, reason and reason.

Make livres pale and falsehood of our.

Hey! Brother, she is not worth what she doth and need.

The holding:

What is sought, but as 'tis valued?

Hey! But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As distant as its precious of itself

As in the prizo: its nested industry,

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will, that is attritious

To what importunately itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit.

Two, I take in a day, and my election

Is led on in the course of my will;

My will multiplied by man eyes and ears,

Two hundred times 'twice the dangerous store

Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,

Although my will dictate what it elected,

The wife, I charge her, he be valiant

To break from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We turn not back the silk upon the merchant,

When we have sold 'em them; nor the remainder sale.

We do not throw in respective slice,

Because we now are full: It was thought meet,

This should do some vagaries on the Grecian;

Your breath with full consent belched his sails:

The sea and wind (old wreathed) took a trance,

And, said the service! he touch'd the ports disdai

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held sup

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wishes Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecian keep our aunt?

Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,

The sea prises both their uncle above a thousand ships,

And turn'd ornamental kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, (as wherefore Paris wrote

As you must needs, for you all cry'id—Go, go,

As you will confer, he brought house noble price.

As you must needs, for you all clap your hands,

And you (blazonable!) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdom rate;

And do a deed that fortune never did,

Sergat a world which never yet

Either than sea and land! (O theft most base)

That we have note what we do fear to keep!

But the number of a thing so diest.

That in their country did them that disgrace,

We fear to warrant in our native place.
TROLLUS AND CRESSIDA. 

ACT I.

To the hot passion of distempered blood, 
Thus make up a free determination. 
Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and re-ingrave,
Have more of ease than to addres the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves, 
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now 
What nearer debt to all humanity; 
Thus will be to the husbandry of this 
Of nature be corrupted through excess; 
And that great minds, of partial indulgence, 
To their burnsom'd will, 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 wise to Sparta's king,— 
As is it known she is,—and virtuous 
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud; 
To have her back restored: Thus to prevent 
To bring sordid every exchange must be; 
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet, nevertheless, 
My sprightly brothor, I proceed to you, 
In resolution to keep Helen still; 
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
On our joint and several dignities.

Ten. Why, you where you touch'd the life of our

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the person of our being spares, 
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spare more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, 
That is a theme of honour and renown; 
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds; 
Whose present courage may beat down our ideas.
And fame, in time to come, remember 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.

Hec. I am yours;
You valiant offspring of great Priam's-
I have a ruling challenge sent amongst
The chief and factions noisest of the Greeks, 
Will write admirably to their draymen spirits; 
I was advertised, their great general slept,
When some污泥 among the army creeps; 
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.


Enter Thersites.

Thers. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labours
Of Ajax the son of Idas? So much that Ajax carry
all he has, and I fail at him? O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise;
then I could beat him, while he rated at me: 'Sell, I'll learn to conquer, and raise devils,
but I will see some issue of my frightful execution.
Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If they
be not too near these two, what a solemnity they are:
the will stand still till they fall of their sinful exactions. 
O Ajax, thou son of Idas, or of Olympus, forget
that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercur,
lose all the serpentine craft of thy Cæcubus; if ye
take not the horse, little comfort will you
from them that have! which short-armed
arms itself knows no abundant scope, it will
be in circulation deliver a fly from a spider,
without drawing their massy iron, and
cutting the web. After this, the vengeance
on the whole camp; or, rather, the bone-ache! for
that, methinks, is the curse dependent on
thus: One that I dare for a post. I have
said my prayer; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, he! my
lord Achilles.

Enter Patroclus.


Thers. If I could have remembered a gift coun-
terfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my
complacency; but it is no matter; Thou art
upon thyself. The common course of mankind,
and ignorance, be thou in great renown! heaven him then from a tower, and discipline
come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direc-
tion till thy death! then if so, that lays thee out, say—how art a fair course, I'll be seven
and seven upon 'em, she never shortened my last
lines. Amen—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What art thou absent I want thee in

Thers. Ay; the heavens bear me! 

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Thers. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou
so served myseft in to my table so many maids?
Come, what's Agamemnon?

Thers. What's comes to Achilles?—Then tell me,
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? Patroclus, what art thou?

Thers. Thy knows, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. We must tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Thers. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon?
Achilles?—Thersites; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus; knowes, and Patroclus is a fool 

Patr. You raiseal)

Thers. Peace, fool; I have not done.
Achil. He is a priviledge man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Thers. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; and, as abroad, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

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

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Thers. Make that demand of the proved.—it suffices me what art I cometh here.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody;—Come in with me, Thersites. 

Thers. Here is such patchery, such juggling, such condensation! an argument is, a cok
out, and a where; a good quarrel, to draw
emotional fusions, and bleed to death upon! 
Now they scrape on the subject! and war,
and lechery, confound all!

[Exit.

Achil. Where's Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but I dispose, my lord.

Achil. Let me be known to him, that we are here.

He about our messengers; and we lay by
Our appendments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; last, and pernicious, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are. 

Ulyss. 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 pressed heart; you
may call it melancholy, if you will favour
the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why,
why? I let him show us a countenance.—A word, my lord.

[Take. 

Ulyss. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his foot from
him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Nest. He is not sick.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he has
lost his argument.
SCENE III. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Ulyss. No; I see he is his argument, that was his argument; Achilles.

Next. All the better; for their fraction is more upon his wish, than their fraction: But it was a strong component, a bolt could disdain.

Ulyss. The same that wisdom knits not, folly may easily unite: Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Next. No Achilles with him. Ulyss. The elephant both joins, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for figure.

Patroclus. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more of your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, For I, I should be sorry, he hopes for other.

But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner’s breath, I must enjoin.

Ulyss. Hear you, Patroclus—We are too well acquainted with these answers; but the reverse, wing’d thus swift with answer, Cannot enliven our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we sacrifice to him; yet all his virility— Nor virtuously on his own part beheld— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Not only the fair fruit in an unseasonable dish, Are like to rot unnoticed. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not

If you do say—We think him over-pride, And under-natured; in self-assumption greater, Than the rigour of judgment; and worther than himself

Here lends the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind

His immense presemblance: yes, watch The petals, with on his forehead of his brow, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Made on his side. Go, tell him this: and send,

That, if he overlook his pride so much, We’ll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—Bring action from him, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf do allowance give Before a sleeping giant.—Tell him so.

Fair. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Aside."

Next. In second voices we’ll be not satisfied; We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

Ajax. What is he more than any other? 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—So be it?

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 shall a king live great? Their voice the fairest. He is that proud, that sets up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever graces itself in the dead, doveres the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engorging of toasts.

Next. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

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

Agam. What’s his answer?

Ulyss. He doth rely on time; But carries on the stream of his discourse, Without observing respect and very.

In will pecuniary and in self-admission.

Ajax. Why will he not, upon a fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us? Ulyss. Why should small as nothing, for request’s sake only,

He makes important: Peace! he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride,

That quarrels at self-beast: imagin’d worth

Holds in his blood such erudite and base discourse,

That, twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom’s Achilles in contention ranges,

And bawls down himself: What should I say?

He is so pleased: an hundred, that the death tokens of it

Cry—No recovery.

Ajax. Let Ajax go to him.

Next. Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'Tis said he holds you well; and will be lest,

At your request, a little from his bowels.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We’ll consecrate the ships that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;

And Aerospace: master of the world.

Enter his thoughts—save such as do resolve

And run mine himself, shall he be wretchedly

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

So, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord,

Must not so stale his palm, so newly acquired?

Nor, by my will, assent his merit, As openly tipt as Achilles is,

At any he’s tipt, as Achilles is,

That were to call all his fat already pride;

And add more fuel to Cænes, when he burns.

With some new ranging great Hyperion,

This lord go to him: Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.

Next. O, this is well; he relents the voice of him.

Ajax. And how his silence drunk up this appearance?

Next. Ajax, if I go to him, with my arm’d list I’ll push him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I’ll please his pride.

Let me go to him:

Next. Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our courage.

Ajax. A pauper, insolent fellow—


Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

The treader

Chastises

Ajax. I will let his honourous blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men

Were of my union—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not hear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Next. An’twould, you’d carry half.

Ulyss. An’Ajax be great, I’ll make him mean;

Ajax. I’ll breathe him, I’ll make himropp’se.

Next. He’s not yet thorough warm: force him up

Four in, four in; his indignation is.

Ulyss. My lord, you find too much on this side.

Ajax. Wherefore should you so?

Next. He is not envious, as Achilles is.

Ajax. I move the whole world, he is so valiant

Agam. A wondrous dog, that shall pester them

with us!
I would be a Trojan!  

Next.  What a vice

Ulyss. Were we in Ajax now—

Dis. Or, was't it Ajax?

Ulyss. Oh, or surely borne?

Dis. Or strange, or self-inflicted?

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

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;  

Poor old Ajax, and thy parts of nature—

Dis. Be kind to him, Ajax;  

Ulyss. There is an enemy here; thehart

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Next. Ay, my good son.

Dis. Be kind to him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is an enemy here; the heart

Ajax. Is it not the greatest appeal?

Next. To call together all his state of war;  

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,  

When Ajax, and Hector, and all the powers of power stand fast,

And here's a lord,—some knights from east to west,

And there their flowers, Ajax shall cope the best.

Next. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep;  

Light boats sail swift, though greater houses 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 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,  

Who 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. Are you in the state of grace.

[Music within.

Pan. Peace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What an happiness it is to be a gentleman—

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

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the honour, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and hearken love music.


Serv. Who shall command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courteously, and they too cunning; At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person with him; the more! Wares, the heartiest thing he ever spake.  

Pan. Who, my cousin Creusa?

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

Pan. The most known, fellow, that then has not seen the lady Creusa. I come to speak with Paris for the present: This I will make a compliment manifest upon him, for my business serves.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a staid phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

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

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

Par. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen:—Fair prince, here is a good broken muskett.  

Helen. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—

Neil, he is full of harmony.

Par. Truly, lady, so.

Helen. O, sir,  

Par. Round, in sooth; in sooth, very round.

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

Serv. I have business to my last, dear queen:—

Helen. My lord, will you warrant me a word?

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

Par. Well, sweet queen, you are pleased with me.—But (marry) thou, my lord.—My dear lord, and most dearest friend, and most dear lord, Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey sweet lord.  

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

Helen. You shall not both us out of our melody;  

If you do, our melancholy upon your head!  

Par. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, 'tis faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, in a near office.

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

Helen. My lord Pandarus.  

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

Par. What exploit's in hand? where steps 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 stops.

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

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

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say  

Creusa I no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I say.  

Pan. Ay! good my lord. Why should you say  

Creusa I no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. Why do you say?—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.

Par. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twins.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them the better.

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

Helen. Ay, my pretty now. By my truest, sweet lord, that had a fine forehead.

Par. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Or the sweetest heart in Troy; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!
ACT II.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. Love I say, that it shall, I' faith.

Pan. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good truth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For oh, love's bow
Shoots back and doth;

The sheet confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! Oh! they die!
Yet that which serves the wounded to still,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! oh! amiable, but ha! ha! ha! ha!

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

Pan. He eats nothing but dross, love; and
That breezes hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds be 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 gain have been armed to-night, but my Neil would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He bears the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarum.

Pan. Not 1, honey-sweet queen,—I long to hear how they are to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Command me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.]

[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 backside,
With those whose white enchanting fingers touch't.

Shall move more easy, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish knowers; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, dear great Helen.

Helen. Will make us proud to be his servant.

Par. Yes, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more bounty than we have;—
Yes, overwhelms himself.

Par. Sweet, above thought love thee [Kneels.]

SCENE II. The same. Pandarum's Orchard.

Enter Pandarum and a Servant, meeting.

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

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

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O how he comes—How now, how now?

Tro. North, walk off.[Exit Servant.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarum; I talk about her door,
Like a stranger sad upon the Sicyonian bank
Begging for water; O, I love my Cherub,
And give me swift transportation to those fields,
Where I may walk in the lovely

Par. With the old new maids of Pandarum,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wing,
And fly with me to—Cres. 11.

Pan. Walk here with the orchard. I'll bring her straight.

[Exit Pandarum.

Tro. I am ready: expectation whirs about me round.

The imaginary bliss is so sweet

'That it enchants my senses; What will it be,
When those the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thirst-requited nectar? death, I fear me;
Sweeting destruction: or some joy too fine,
Two subtle poisons, 'tis not too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my racer powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall love destruction in my joints;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarum.

Pan. She's making her readiness; she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She doth no blush, and fetches her head so clear, as if she were frighted with a sprain; I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-looked sparrow. [Exit Pandarum.]

Tro. Even such a passion another must embrace my bosom:
My heart beat thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing love
Like vassalage at unsaw then encouraging
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarum and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what seed 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 watchful ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, and be too jolly, I will put you not to your speech to her—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Also the day, how lofty you are to official daylight: an I were dark, you'd guess sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress;—

How now, a nose in fee-feam! build there garments; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercud, for all the ducks in the river: go to, go to.

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

Pan. Words pay no debt; give her deeds;—but she'll become you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here—In witness whereof the parties intermediately—Come in, come in; I'll go set a fire.

[Exit Pandarum. Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

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

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant it—To my bed.

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this necessity? is not the present day to wrong these sweet ladies in the bounties of our love?

Cres. More drops than water, if my tears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins: they never see unity.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reasoon leads, finds easier footing than blind reason stumbling without air. To fear the worst, is to out the worst.

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

Cres. Nothing more.

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to keep love, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our minds to desist our passion confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. At the discretion of the diety:

Tro. At the discretion of the diety: all loves sweet more per
performative than they are able, and yet receive an ability that they never pretended; viewing more than the places of ten, and dishabiting less

than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?
TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. Act III.

Then stand aside. cannot strike, cannot hurl a red marble!—
Thou judg'st thy tricks?—
 Ajax: Teased steel, learn ye the proclamation.
Thou dost not think I have none, thou strik'st me thus?—
Ajax: The proclamation.——
Thou art prostituted a fool, I think.
Ajax: Do not, perpend, do not; my fingers itch.
Thou wouldst, thou diest it, from head to foot, and I had harbored the thought; I would make thee the beaten shark in Greece. When thou art forth in the morass, thou strik'st as slow as another.
Ajax: Say, the proclamation.——
Thou grandestest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy of his greatness as a Proserpine's beauty, ay, thou hast manker at him.
Ajax: Mistress Thestrice!——
Thou wouldst strike him.
Ajax: Cooold!——
Thou wouldst prostrate him.
Ajax: He would pun thee into shivers with his hand, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ajax: You thronson car!——[Beating him.
Ajax: Do, do.——
He will proscribe a witch!—
Thou, ay, do, do; thou sodden witted fool! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an ass wisen TOUR may bare thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrust Trojans; and there are enough, and odd enough of any wit, like a Babylonian abbe. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art and thing of no bounds, thou.
Ajax: You dog!——
Thou art scurril lord!——
Ajax: You cur!——[Beating him.
Ajax: Mark his idiot do, rudeness; do, caudal; do, do.——
Enter Achilles and Patroclus.
Achill: Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How, now, Thestrice! What's the matter, man?——
Thou seest him thereby, do you?
Achill: Ay; what's the matter?——
Thou, Nay, be back upon him.
Achill: So I do; what's the matter?——
Thou, Nay, but regard him well.
Achill: Well, why do I so.——
But yet you look not well upon him; for, whenever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achill: I know that, fool.——
Thou, Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Achill: Thou art too dazed now!——
Thou, Lo, lo, lo, lo, what miscalcums of wit he utters! his visions have eared dus long. I have shot 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 Achillax, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achill: What?——
Thou say, this Ajax.——
Achill: Nay, certainly not Ajax.
[Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.
Thou hast not so much wit——
Thou, shouldst hold you.——
Thou, As will stop the ears of Helen's neckles, for whom he comes to light.
Achill: Patroclus——
Ajax: I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there! that he; hold thee there.
Achill: Therefore danee out! I shall——
Achill: Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Thou, No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patro. Good words, Thestrice.
Achill: What?——
Thou, I trade the vile owl, go learn me the lesson of the proclamation, and he raile upon me.
Thou, I serve thee not.
Achill: Well, go, go to.
Thou, I serve thee here voluntarily.——
Ajax: Thy last service was sufficient, thy not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under my pressure.
Thou, Even so?—a great deal of you will talk lies in your dreams, or, at least there shall have a great catch, if he break out of either of your brains; all were as good crack a fully set for no
Achill: What, with me too, Thestrice?——
Thou, How's Ulysses, and old Nestor—the wise men are your grandsires; and make you plough up the wars.
Achill: Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles!——
Ajax: It's.
Achill: I shall cut out your tongue.
Achill: Tho, I'll speak as much as thou art afterwards.
Achill: More words, Thessaces; peace.
Achill: I will hold my peace when Achilles strick him, shall I?
Achill: There's you, Patroclus.
Achill: I will see you hang, like chieftres, ere I come any more to your least; I will keep thee in the art of adoring, and having the facts of fools.——[Exit.
Patro. A good ridance.
Achill: Marry this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, twist our tents and Troy,
To make morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a soul in such a case, one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewell.
Ajax: Farewell. Who shall answer him?——
Achill: I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, he knew his man.
Ajax: O, meaning you—I'll go learn more of Eneas.

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

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helen.

Priam. After so many days, what new speeches spare?
Thou once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage done——
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else show that is
consider'd.
In that digestion of this coramder war,
Shall be strick of—Hector, what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser bears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam, there is no lady of more soft bowers,
More apony to sink in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—Who knows what fol-
Thou, Than Hector is: The wound of peace is worthy,
The infirmity, but greatest doubt is called
The intention of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since all the first was drawn about the ques-
Every little soul, amongst many thousand done.
Hath been as clear as Helen: I mean of ours.
If we have lost so many teeth of ours,
To guard a thing not ours: not worth to us,
That it name, the value of one ten.
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding up of her?
Fie, fie, my brother!——
Priam. Weigh you the worth and honour of a king.
Be great as our father, in a scale
Of common causes; will you with counters and
The past-proportion of his infinite?
SCENE II.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And bateled at a waist most odontous,
With grapes and inches as diminutive.
As teats and reasons are, for godly shapes!

Hec. No more,though you hide so sharp at
reasons,

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

Tra. You are for dreams and slumber, brother
prince,

Yer for your groves with reason. Here are

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ’d is perilous,
And reasons files the object of all harm;
Who swears in them, when Helen beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The eye, there is no reason to his head;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dies’nd—No, Nay, if we tell of
reasons.

Let’s shut our gates, and sleep; Manhood and

should have here hearts, would they but in their
thoughts

With this command’d reason: reason and respect
Make lives pale and indecent death.

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

The holding:

Tra. What is aught, but as its valued?

Hec. But value shrinks not in a particular will;
It holds his estimates and dignity.
As well wherein its precious of itself
As in thePrior ’s mind ideally,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is affirmative
To what incommodity itself afflicts,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tra. I take today a wife, and my election
Is cast on in the manner of my will;
My will unbridled by mine eyes and ears,
Twoאנheaded pike th’ dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How shall I avoid,
Although my will dictate what it elect’d,
The wife I chose? There can be no relevance
To blemish from this, and to stand firm by ho-

nor;

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have sold them; nor the remainder
vast.

We do not throw in unprofitable slave,
Because we are now full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
You must each, with full consent settle his sail;
The crew and winds and tides of war make
a thrice;

And did him service! he touch’d the ports de

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held ex-
pensive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Would appease’d and make pale the morning.

Why do we bear her! the Grecian keep her aunt;
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose breath hath lively’d above a thousand
ships,

And torn’d grand kings to merchants.

If you’ll annex, these wisdom Paris went
As you must needs, for you all cry’d—(for, go,

You must needs, for you all clap’d your
hands,

And cry’d—inevitabler why do you now
The cause of your deeper will? did
And do a deal that fortune never did,
Begg’d the assistance which you priz’d
Rather than we and land? is that our base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, shinny, norworth of a thing so stolen,
From that I fend away their disgrace.
We fear to warrant in our native places!

Coe. [Within] I Cry, Trojans, cry! Tra. [Within] What noise? what shriek is this?

Pri. [Within] The man must die, he doth know his
voice.
Coe. [Within] Cry, Trojans! Tra. [Within] It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Coe. Cry, Trojans, cry! I sent men ten thousand
hours,

And I will fill them with profligate tears.
Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Coe. Young and old, mid-age and wrinkled

elders,
Soft inancy, that nothing caus’d but cry,
Add to my anguish, and pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of mean tocomes.
Cry, Trojans, cry! praise your eyes with tears;
The cause may be, that you did not stand;
Our faithfull brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a Helen,
Cry, cry Troy burns, or else let Helen go.[Exe.

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high

Of divination in our sister work
Some touchers of renown or is your blood
So mildly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of having success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tra. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each sect
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once depict the courage of our cause.
Because Cassandra’s mad: her brainack rup-
tures.

Cassandra, the good woman of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all respect’d
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch’d than all Poises money
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us.
Such things as might offend the weakest spirit:
To fight and maintain

Par. Rose might the world convince of levity,
As well my undertakings, as your counsel;
But I shall get me my full consent
Gave wings to my propagation, and cut off
All hope Amongst us toire a project
For what, this? can these my single arms
What proposition is in one man’s valour,
To stand the post and vanity of these
This quarrell would exalt? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had an ample power as I have will,
Paris should walk against that he hath done,
Now 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 protest not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soul of her late laps
Wip’d off, in honorable keeping her.

What treason was it the smoothness, queen
Degrance to your great worth, and shame to our,
Now to deliver her possession up,
To lose of soe complexion? I think it be,
That to degenerate a strain so this
Should once set footing in your generous bo-

Par. There is not the meanest spirit on our party,

Without a heart to dare, or soul to dread,
When Helen is defended; nor none so bold
Whose life were all bestowed, or death unkind,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,

We have not seen of late more love, or her, whom we know well,
That the world’s large space cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you both have said well;
And on the other side we were now in hand
Have gone,—but superficially: not much
Unlike young men, whose vapid thoughts
Unto our moral philosophy,

The reasons, you allege, to more conducce
To the hot passion of Distrimest A blood, Thus to make as a true determination "Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and prevention, Have more esteem than actors to the voice Of any wise discretion. Not at all Does every one of his or her own; Now, What nearer debt in all humanity Than with is to the husband? This law Of nature be corrupted through affection; And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their own wishes, can by none the same. There is a law in each will order'd nation, To curb those vagaries of appetite Most dishonorable and refreshless. If Helen then be wise to Sparta's king, As it is known she is—These moral laws Of nature, and of ordines, speak aloud To have her back zurückt! Thus to persist In doing wrong, estimates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion Is this the way of truth; yet, nevertheless, My strength's teetereth, I prepugge to you In resolution to keep Helen still; For the cause that hath not the least dependence On our joint and several dignities. No, why, then you touch'd, the life of our Were not that glory which we more affected Than the performance of our saving custom, I would not now shed a drop of Trojan blood; Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honour and renown; A sport to valiant and magnificent deeds Whose present courage may beat down our fort, And then, in time to come, consumes us: For, I presume, your Hector would not lose So rich advantage of a proud'st glory, As smiles upon the forehead of this action, For the wide world's revenue. 

Host. You valiant offering of great Priam— I have a tolerable challenge sent amongst The dail and factions nobles of the Greeks, Who strikes amazement to their drowsy spirits: I was advow'd, their great general afooth, Whilst emulation in the army crest; This, I presume, will wake them. [Exeunt.


Thers. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax cast thee, and beat thee down, and I call not at him? O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: "Well, I'll learn to confess and raise devil, but I'll see some issue of my spiritful excursions. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer: If Troy be not taken till those two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunderer of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and Mercury, how all the serpents and the waxy Caduceus; if ye take not at that little litle-less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will act in circumvention deliver a fly by a spider, without drawing their many iron arrows, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp or, rather, the home-scafe for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a piece. I have said my prayers, and devil, envy my Ajax. What, he is my lord Achilles! Enter Patroclus.

Patro. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and talk. Ther. I could have remembered a gift.
Ulysses. No: you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the height of their Frigates is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong companion, a fool could disdain.

Ulysses. The sanity that wisdom, kites not, folly may easily unite. Here comes Paracicus.

Re-enter Paracicus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulysses. The elephant hath points, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for pleasure.

Parac. 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 he is no other, But, for your health and your digesting sake, An after-dinner’s breath.

Ajax. Tell them, dear sir, Paracicus:
—We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his creature, wing’d does swifl with a scorn, Cannot satisfy our apprehensions.
Much attributes he hath; and much the reason Why we accredit to him, yet all his commands.
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their glow; \textit{Yes, like fair fruit in an overhanging dish, Go and tell him}, We come to speak with him: And you shall not
—If you do say—We think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater.

Here stands the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind.
His humorous predomina: ye, watch His petulant looks, his elate, his brows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his side. Go, tell him this: and, if, That, if he over-proof his piece so much, We’ll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, he under this report—
Bring action bitter, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant.—Tell him so.

Parac. I shall; bringing his answer presently.

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

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Ajax. 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?

Ajax. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—

Ajax. 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 does pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Ajax. Your mind’s the clearer. Ajax, and you virtues the fairest. He that is proud, cuts up himself; pride in his own glass, his own trumped his own chronicle; and whatever pretenses itself in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

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

Ajax. And yet he loves himself? Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulysses. Achilles will not to the field be-morrow.

Ajax. What’s his answer?

Ulysses. He doth rely on none: But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or regard of any. He will peculiar and in self-admission.

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

Ulysses. Things small as nothing, for request’s sake, only.

Nest. He makes important: Prouder he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-suffice; imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swells and not discourse.

Ajax. He is not more proud, that the death token of
Cy—No recovery.

Ajax. Let Ajax go to him.

Ajax. Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be lest,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulysses. O Agamemnon, let it not! We’ll conciliate the stops that Ajax makes.

Ajax. When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own sense; And never suffers matter of the world.

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do resolve.
And remain himself,—shall he be worship’d
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, the thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so state his palm, nor any sort;
Nor, by my will, remember his merit,
As ample gilded as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles.

That were to colour his fate already pride;
And add more colours to Cares, when he burns
With outstaining great Hecuba.

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

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

Ajax. And how his silence drinks up this appearance?

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm’s flat I’ll push him
Over the face.

Ajax. Or, no, you shall not.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I’ll please his pride.

Ajax. Let me go to him.

Ajax. For the worth that hangs upon our spokes.

Ajax. A paup’ry, insolent fellow!

Ajax. How he describes himself?

Ajax. Can he not be sokeable?

Ajax. The river
Chides blackness.

Ajax. I will let his humours bleed.

Ajax. He’ll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men
Were of my mind.

Ulysses. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not hear it so.

Ajax. He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Ajax. I’ll know him, I will make him supply.

Ajax. He’s not yet thorough warm: force him with praises.

Ajax. Poor is, poor is; his ambition is dry.

Ulysses. My lord, you feel too much on this dislike.

Ajax. In all things, in all things, Achilles.

Ajax. When this of him does him harm.

Ajax. Now is a man.—But lie before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

Ajax. He is not enmous, as Achilles is

Ajax. Now is the whole eye, he is an enmous
Ajax. A horrenous dog, that shall paller thus

with us!
I would, he were a Trojan! What a vice
Nor
Were it in Ajax now—

Ojip. If he were proud?

Ajax. Or soovous of praise?

Ojip. Ay, or slick borne?

Ajax. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ojip. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet complexure:
Praise him that got thee, one that gave thee suck;
Fain'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Then's how beyond all estimation;
But he that decipher'd his arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him hall: and, for thy vigour,
Bold braving Mido 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 Nester,—
Instructed by the antique times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise—
But pardon, father Nester, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain as tender'd;
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Net. Ay, my good son.

Ojip. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.

Ajax. There is no tarrying here: the bard

Chill. Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his arms 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—some knights from east to west
And pull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater bulls drew deep.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy.

A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandaros and a Servant.

Pan. Follow me, sir; 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 call him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superciliously.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord

Pandaro.

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 it; it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the heavens, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Commanded, 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: Art whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's he, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, he that is there in person, with him, the musical Venus, the heart's fire of beauty, who's invisible:—
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that by her attributes?
Pan. For the persuasions, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I came to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus, I will make a calamity upon him, for my business.
Serv. Sudden business! there's a slow word, please, indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all the fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, (doth it likewise? 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 again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—
Neil, he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truly, lady, no.
Helen. O, sir.
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in sooth very rude.
Serv. Well said, my lord: well, you say so in this.
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 slay, certainly.
Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—(Marry, thus, my lord—

My dear lord, and most esteemed friend: think you know Troilus?
Helen. My lord Pantalæon: honey-sweet lord—
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.
Helen. You shall not hob and merrily about your head.
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.
Helen. And to make a sweet lady and, in some

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall a't not, in truth, ha. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, I desire you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuses.
Helen. My lord Pandaro—
Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My very sweet queen, Helen:—
Pan. What's the matter?—

Pan. What's the matter?—

Pan. What express' in hands? where supes 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.
Pan. I'll lay my life, with my dispose Cressida.
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wise; come, your dispose is sick.
Serv. Well, I'll make excuses.
Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—

Cressida? no, your poor dispose's sick.
Pan. Say, you say?—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. They shall have it, my lord, if I be not my lord Paris.
Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they are two.
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 truth, I love her heart's last, a light forehead.
Pan. Ay, you may, you may.
Helen. Let the song be love; this love will make us all, O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!
Pam. Love me, say, that it shall, I’faith.
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
Pam. In true troth, it begins so.
Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
Par. Oh, love’s boy’s
Shut up back and die!
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But sickle still the more.
These invaders cry—Oh! Oh! they die!
Yet that which seemed the wound to kill,
Dost turn oh! oh! to be! he! he! he!
So dying live more.
Oh! oh! I amble, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha! ha!
They ha!
Helen. In love, I’faith, to the very tip of the nail.
Par. He eats nothing but doves; love, and
That brents hot blood, and hot blood begats hot thoughts, and hot thoughts begats hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Par. 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. You, Hecates, Helene, Antonio, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would faint have armed to-night, but my Neil would not have it so. How chance my master Troilus went not out?
Helen. He hangs the tip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.
Par. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sport to-day—You’ll remember your brother’s exile?
Par. To a hair.
Par. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Command me in your place. [Exit.
Par. They come from field; let us to
Troom’s hall.
To great the warriers. Sweet Helen, I must woo you.
To help warner our Hector: his stubborn tunics
With these your white enchanting fingers
Touch’d.
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greenland arrows; you shall not more
Than the mad kings, dares great Hector.
Helen. Twill make me proud to be his servant,
Peris.
Par. Yes, what he shall receive of me is duty.
Give me no more in beauty than we have;
Yes, oversteps myself.
Per. Hence, sir, I love you. [Exit.
SCENE II. The same. Pandarus’ Orchard.
Enter Pandaruss and a Servant, whispering.
Par. Where now? where’s thy master? at my cousin Cressida’s.
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you is summoned him.
Par. Enter Troilus.
Par. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?—
Serv. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.
Par. You have seen my cousin?
Serv. No, Pandarus; I speak of her does.
She is a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staring for waifsage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportation to those places
Where I may wallow in the styke belly.
Propos’d for the desarves 4 Pandaruss.
From Cypus’s shoulder pluck his painted wings
And get by them the styke belly.
Par. Walk here! the orchard, I’ll bring her among.
[Exit Pandarus.
Par. This womanly: expectation whets my round.
The imaginary realm is no sweet
That it enchant my sense; What will it be, When that the wavy palace shakes indeed? Love’s drum-beating means; nay, I swear me; Scouring destroy joy too fastening,
Too soluble puff, too sharp in sweetness.
For the capacity of my ruler powers:
I fear it must be; and I do fear besides That I shall lose dominion in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps: The sunny flying.
Re-enter Pandarus.
Par. She’s making her ready, she’ll come straight I you must be witty now. She does so bountiful, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were tired with a spring; I’ll fetch her. It is the predestin’ villain she fetches her breath as short as a new-married woman. [Exit Pandarus.
Serv. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom; My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers in their bestowing lose; Like vassals at one master’s encircling
The eye of majesty.
Re-enter Pandarus and Cressida.
Par. Come, come, what need you blush? shame’s a baby.—Here she is now: dissemble the air about her, that you may have grace to tell me.
What, are you gone again? you must be watch’d ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you drive backward, we’ll put you it the fields.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and he’s not your pictures. Als the day, how long you are to offend daylight! an’ were dark, you’d close sooner. So, a wile, and kiss the mistress; How now, a kiss in face-form! built those carpenters: the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your heart out, ere I part you. The falcon as the terrors, for all the darts ’t the river: go to, go in.
Par. You have bound me of all words, lady.
Par. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she’ll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your serving in question. What, billing again? Here’s—In casuswhereby the parties
interchangeably—Come in, come in; I’ll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.
Cress. Will you walk in, my lord?
Par. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me
To be where I am, and kiss the mistress; [Exit Pandarus.
Cress. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—
O my lord?
Par. What should they grant? what makes this mighty abruption? What too customs drug my sweet lady in the cradle of our love?
Cress. More depths than water, if my heart have
Par. Are those mak’st devils cherish’d? they never were truly.
Cress. Blind fear, that seeing reason loathes, finds after losing the initial reason stubbing without fear; To fear the worst, oft tunes the worst.
Par. O, let my lady apprehend no fear in all Cypus’s prospect there thrives me the mistress.
Cress. Nor resting moisture reids?
Par. Nothing, but our mutinings: when we now to wrap seas, live in fire, eat rocks, some tigers; thinking it harder for our mistrusts in the wise protection enough, than for us to undertake any difficulty imposed. This is the mutinously in love, lady—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the not a slave in limit.
Cress. They say, all lover swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an inutility, though they were written more than the periodion of ten, and discharging true than the truth part of one. They that have the voice of men, and the act of bulls, are they not unmataxes?
TROJANS.

ACT IV.

In theeld of Troy, near the shore of the Isthmus, where Ajax and Ulysses had pitched their tents. The Trojan women are assembled, lamenting the death of their husbands and fathers.


Tro. Let me go and try: I have a kind of self-respect 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.

Crest. Perseance, my lord, I show more craft than love: And felt so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise; Or else you fear 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,) And of eyes her lamps and flames of love; To keep her constancy in sight and youth,
SCENE III.

Col. You have a Trojan prisoner, call’d Ant. 

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. 

He have you any honour or Merit which i have, they have their right great exchanges, and Troy hath such duties: But this ambition, 

Troy hath such duties: But this ambition, 

Now, is such a wron in their affairs, 

That their negotiations are most slack, 

Wanting his management, and they will almost, 

Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, 

In charge of him: let him beseech, great princes, 

And he shall buy thy daughter, and her presence 

Shall quite strike off all service I have done, 

In most accepted pain. 

Again. 

Let Dionides hear him, and bring us Crescent-hitter; Celaus shall have 

What he requests of us.—Good Dionides, 

Furnish you baily for this interchange: 

Within, either however. If he will to-morrow 

Be answer’d in his challenge; Ajax is ready. 

Oho. This shall I understand; and we a burden 

Which I am proud to bear. 

[Enter Dionides and Celaus. 

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent. 

Ajax. Achilles stands if the entrance of his tent. 

Please it your general to pass strangely by him, 

As if he were forgot, and princes all, 

Leg and negligent and least regard upon him; 

I will come in: ‘Tis like, he’ll question me. 

Why such ungodly eyes are bent, why toady, 

It is so, he has darions most in store, 

To see between his strength and his pride, 

Which his own will shall have thoughts to drink 

It may do good; pride hath no other glass. 

’Tis self, its last prime; for apple knows 

I do not. I do not know, or good man’s face. 

Again. We’ll execute your purpose, and yet on 

A form of strangeness as we pass along: 

So do each lord; and never give him now, 

Or else disdainfully, which shall shake his more. 

Then if not look’d on, I will without the way. 

Achill. What, comes the general is speak with me! 

You knew my intent, I’ll fight so more again Troy. 

Again. What says Achilles? would be aught 

us! 

Not. Would you, my lord, aught with the general! 

No. 

Achill. Nothing, my lord. 

Achill. The latter. 

[Enter Agamemnon and Nestor. 

Mec. How do you? how do you? 

Ere. What does the ekehold seem now? 

Achill. How now, Patroclus? 

Achill. Good morrow, Ajax. 

Achill. Good morrow. 

Ajax. Ay, and good night too. 

God Ajax. 

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

Patro. They pass by strangely: they were wild to send, 

To send their smiles before them to Achilles; 

So come so invisibly, as they would to creep 

To holy altars. 

Achill. What am I poor of late? 

’Tis certain, greatnesse, once fallen out with fortune, 

Some fall out with man too: What the Scythel’d is, 

Has formed here, the eyes of fortune. 

As list in his own fall: for men, like butterflies, 

Show not their meat wings, but the summer; 

And not a man, for being simply man, 

Hath any honour; but honour for these honours, 

That are without him: then honour, favour, 

Pires of accident ah oh no merit: 

Which when they fall, as being slippery stand. 

The love that lost’t on them as slippery too, 

Or one plow down another, and together 

Die in the fall, and ‘tis not so with me: 

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy, 

At ample point all that I did possess, 

Save time’s men’s look: 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? 

Achill. What are you reading? 

Ulyss. [Aside a strange fellow hero 

Writ me, that man—how does he dare ever parch, 

How much he has a, or without, or in— 

Cannot make boast to have that which he held, 

Nor feels not what he cares, but by reflection; 

As when his virtues shine upon others 

Heat them, and they return that new again 

To the first giver. 

Achill. This is not strange, Ulysses. 

The beauty that is borne here in the form 

The bearer knows not, but commend itself 

To others’ eyes: nor doth the eyes itself 

That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself, 

Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppose’d 

Solves each other with each other’s form. 

For speculation too can play to them. 

’Til it hath travel’d, and is married there 

Where it may itself: this is no strange stall. 

Again. I do not know, or good man’s face. 

Again. He that is born in and of him there be much consisting. 

Till he communicate his parts to others. 

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught 

Til he be hold them found in the opales 

Where they are extended; which, like an arch, 

Rememberes the voice again: or like a glass of steel 

Fronting the sun, receives and readers back 

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

And apprehended here immediately 

The unknown Ajax. 

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

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

Most adjet in regard, and dear in use! 

What things again most dear in the external, 

And points is worth! Now shall we see to-morrow, 

An act that very changeless there upon him. 

Thus resembles. O becausse, what some man do, 

While some men leave to do! 

How some man creep in skimish fortune’s hall, 

Whiles others play the idiots in eyes ever. 

How me man esta into another’s pride, 

While pride is fasting in his Wantonness. 

To see these speeches lords to dearly composed, 

They clap the hinder Ajax on the shoulder; 

As if his foot were on brave Hector’s breast, 

And great Troy shrinking. 

Achill. I do believe it; for they pass by me, 

As much as by beggars; neither gives to me 

Good word, nor look; What are your deeds 

Ere. Ulyss. Thes, lady’s lord, a waiter at his 

back, 

Whereas he puts alone for admiration, 

A good man thursday! — 

These scraps are good much pass: which are 

dever’t as far as they are made, forget as soon.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

As done: Perseverance, dear lord, keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail. In honour's contest, the instant way; For honour travels in a strait and narrow, Where one but goes abroad: keep then the path; For custom hath a thousand scars.

That one by one pursue: If you give way, With wise advice you gain the direst fight: Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by, And leave you kindmost.

Or, as fallen in first rank, Lie there for pavement to the utmost rear, Overrun and trampled on: Then what they do.

Though less than yours in past, must o'er top years;

For the time like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And wields a arms out stretch't, as he would fly
Grace in the corner: Welcome ever smiles, And farwell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remissness for the thing it was;

But bear it high, birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious eyes, and sullen 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 gift, More land than gift over-dusted.

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man, That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since men in motion sooner catch the eye, Than what not stirs. The cry went once on the field, And still it might; and yet it may again, If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive, And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions amongst the gods them- selves,

And draw great Mars to faction.

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

The reasons are more potent and heroic;

The know'g, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Has known?

Ulises. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Faint beams in the uncomprehendable deep;

Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,

Does thought's unveil in their dumb creation.

There is a mystery (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,

Than breath or pen can give expressiveness to;

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly are, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyphemus;

But it must grievous young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our isles sound her trump;

And all the world shall shake at Achilles' name,—

Great Hector's side did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Vexed, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Ajax. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you; a woman impudent and manifold grown

Is more behight than an effeminate man in time of action. I stand condem'd for this; They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, constrains you thus: You, that in Lycaon's field, the weak vaises

Cupid shall from your neck unloose his arrows field, And, like a dewdrop from the linden's mane,

Be shoot to sir.

Ajax. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patrol. Ay and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Ajax. Against my riputation is at stake; My fame is already good'rd.

Patrol. O, then beware! These wounds heal ill, that men do give them selves;

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to the love of danger;

And danger, like an arrow, subtly taunts

Even when we sit idle in the nest.

Ajax. Greece! I call there! Sweet Patroclus! I'll send the foot to Ajax, and desire him To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat, To see here unarmed! I have a woman's longings.

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his woods of peace;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Even to my fall of view. A labour's cd!

Enter Thersites.

Thers. A wonder!

Ajax. What?

Thers. Ajax goes up and down the field, taking for himself.

Ajax. How so?

Thers. He must fight singly to overcome Hector; and is so prophetically proved of an he- roical edging, that he raves in saying nothing.

Ajax. How can that be?

Thers. Why, he stalks up and down like a pike- cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an husband, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; slips his lip with a po- litic regard, as who should say,—there were well in this head, an 't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a Flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's un- done for ever: for if Hector break not his neck the combat, he'll break himself in vaiseling.

He knows not me: I said, Grand-mourning Ajax; and he takes, Thanks, Agamemnon. Does he think of you this man, that takes me for the gen- eral? He is grown a very landish, languid, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

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

Thers. Who, I' faith, shall answer nobody; he professes him overwrought; speaking is for beggar, he wears his tongue in his arms. I will pen on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the sport of Ajax.

Ajax. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most val- uous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the meanest, and most illustrious, six-o'clock captains of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do thus.

Patrol. Love him great Ajax.

Thers. Hump! I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Patrol. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent?—

Thers. Agamemnon?

Patrol. Ay, my lord.

Thers. Hie!
SCENE III.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Par. What say you to't?
Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.
Par. 'Tis very strange, that is so.
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.
Par. Your answer, sir.
Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.
Arch. Why, but he is not in this lane, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out o' site thus: What must be, 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 sinners to make eating.
Arch. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.
Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.
Arch. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stir'd:
And I myself and thou know'st of it.
[Exit Achilles and Patroclus.
Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were ever fresh, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a kick in a sheep, than a such a va
tilant ignorance.
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Eneas, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Diomedes, Ante
or, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Serv. See, he who's that there?
Ther. 'Tis the lord Eneas.

Eneas. Is the prince there in person?
Par. He and I go occasion to be long, as you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi
ness.

Eneas. Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Par. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Eneas.

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

Eneas. Health to you, valiant sir; during all question of the gentle true,
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Par. The one and other thousand entertain,

Our bloods are now in slim; and, solemn, health:

But when contention and occasion meet,
By love, I'll play the lover for the life,
With all my force, parent, and policy.

Eneas. And thou shalt hunt a beam, that will fly
With his face backward,—In burn our gentleness,
Welcome to Troy; now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed!—By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, nay, much less a wert,
The thing be means to kill more excellently.

Par. We sympathize—love, let Eneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
Thousands of complete courses of the sun
Eritis, in Minee, beautiful, let him die,
With every beam a wound; and, that to-morrow!

Eneas. We know each other well.

Par. But we know each other worse.

Eneas. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that ever I heard of.—

Par. What beam?

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

Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to reason him,
For the refused answer, the fair Cressida:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Hear of Calchas: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain know
ledge.)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;

Rouse him, and give him pits of our approach,
With the whole quality wherever: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Eneas. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borse to Greece,
Then Calchas borse from Troy.

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

Eneas. Good morrow, all. 
[Exit.

Par. Tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Mysich, or Memnon?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her; that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her solitude),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palting the taste of her dis-honour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
You, like a paling cuckold, would drip up
The legs and dregs of a flat tame-piece:
You, like a lecher, out of whores and boys
Are pleased to mended out your inborns;
Both merit's paid, each weight nor less nor more;
But as he is, he is a lover 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 bawdly veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carnal 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 chapsmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to will.

Here lines our way. 
[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear Cressida, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
Down in the down.

He shall unloot the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not; to bed, to bed; Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give us soft attachment to thy senses,
As immates' empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you angry with me? Tro. O Cressida! but that the lazy day,
'Ward by the lark, hath roam'd the replen crown,
And dawning weep'd the sun—hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Behold the witch with venomous wights she stays,
As teasingly as bell; but then the groupes of love,
With a more careless hand than thought
You will catch cold, and freeze me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You will never tarry.

O foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's

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,—
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV.

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads now? Here, you maid, where’s my cousin Creusa? Cresc. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you don’t let me too. Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what? what have I brought you to do? Cresc. Come, come, beawred your heart! you’ll repent good. Now suffer others. Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch! a poor captive, man; just not asleep or sick. He should be, a naughty man, let it sleep! A bugbear take him! [Knocking.

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he be knock’d o’ the head? Who’s that at door?—good uncle, go see. My lord, come you again into my chamber: You smile, and mock me, as I meant naughtily. Tro. Ha, ha! Cresc. Come, you are decide’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. [Exit Troilus and Crescida. 

Go to the door. Who’s there? What’s he?—will you beat down the door? How what’s the matter? Enter Aneas. Good morrow, lord, good morrow. Who’s there? My Lord Aneas? By my I knew you not; what news with you so good.

Is not Prince Troilus here? He?—what should he be here? Conn, he is here, my lord, do not deny him! It doth impudently 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? Aneas. Who say, then—Come, come, you’ll do him wrong ere you are aware: 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? Aneas. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash:—There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deliphobs, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Delivered to us: and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must go up to Diomedes’ hand. The lady Creusa. Tro. Is it so concluded? Aneas. 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 Aneas, We meet by chance; you did not find me here. Aneas. Good, my lord: the secrets of nature Have not more gift in tardity. [Exit. Enter Troilus and Aneas. Pan. Is it 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 his neck. 

Enter Crescida. Cresc. How now? what is the matter? Who was here? Pan. Ah, ah! Cresc. Why speak 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! Cresc. Or do the gods?—what’s the matter? Pan. By th’ gods, see, whan you were born? ’Twas when that hand never born: I know, thou wouldest be his death,—O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor! Cresc. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what’s the matter? Pan. That must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troy: till be his death! till be his banes—be cannot hear it. Cresc. O you immortal gods! I will not see.

Pan. Thus must. Cresc. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity. No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so nears. As the sweet Troilus,—O you gods divine! Make Creusa’s name the very crown of false hood, If ever she leave Troy! 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, The drawing all things to it. 'T’ll go, as and creep; Pan. Do, do. Cresc. Year my bright hair, and scrub my most pleased cheeks. Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart. With sounding Troilus I will not go from Troy. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandaras’ House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aneas, Deliphobs, Antenor, and Diomedes. Par. It is a great morning; and the hour prefixed Of her delivery to this valiant Grecian Comes fast upon us;—shall we not, Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose? Tro. I’ll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it not insipid: and my brother Troilus A priest, there offering to his own heart. [Exit. Par. I know what’s to be done; And ’would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exit. 

SCENE IV.

The same. A Scene in Pandaras’ House.

Enter Pandaras and Creusa.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. Creus. Why tell you me of moderation? The great is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violent in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? I could temperize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like alliance could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dress: No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus. Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him. Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too; O heart,—as the goodly saying is— O heart, O heavy heart, Why sightst thou without breaking where he answers again, Because thou canst not ease thy smart, By enlargement, nor by approaching. There never was a truer rhyme. Let us say—
SCENE V. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and damnable-devise,
That temptet most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you so, Tro. No.
Tro. 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.
Cres. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [Within.] Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Ermenes, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be gone?
Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch so many in the hold.
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plate, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Ermenes, Pantic, Ansitur, Diphilus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Astyanax we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And, by the word, presently I'll conduct her to thee.
As thou hast promised, she shall come anon.

Enter Cressida.

Cres. Come to him that instantly must die—
That he may take possession; she shall come anon.

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

Cres. O, thou art in the Greeks?

Par. No remedy, Cressid; amongst the merry Greeks.

Cres. When shall we see again?

Par. Hear me, my love; Be thou true but true of heart.—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem
That makes thee think I am a truant in this?

Par. Nay, we must make expediency, for
It is from our good.

Cres. Why comes he not true, so far forth as I?
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no manation in thy heart;
For I have been in fashion in my
Sir's protestation: be thou true, and I will see thee.

Par. O, you shall be expell'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite and imminent but, I'll be true.

Par. And I'll grow friend with danger. West these stairs.

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

Par. I will corrupt the Grecian multitude,
To give them slightly vanities.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! be true again?

Par. Hear why I speak it; love,
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with graces of
true flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercises;
A man a kind of godly jealousy
[Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin]
Take me in guard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Par. Do I a villain then?

Cres. Do you call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit? I cannot sing,
I cannot attempt, nor possess falls,
Not play at single games; fair virgins all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Par
toimus, Menelaus, Olympos, Nestor, and others.

Agam. These are such as in appointment fresh and
fairy.

Enter with thy trumpets a loud note to Pnovs.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

ACT III

Then dreadful Ajax: that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combustant,
And blast him with his breath.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there’s my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy bronzen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher’d pipe shall check!
Outswell the colic of pow’d Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood.

Trumpet sounds.

Ulysses. No trumpet answers.

Ajax. ’Tis but early days.

Ulysses. ’Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the face, that spirit of his
In inspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cresida.

Ajax. Is this the lady Cresida?

Ulysses. Even she.

Ajax. Most deeply welcome to the Greeks, my lord.

Ulysses. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ajax. And yet the kindness but particular;
‘Tis better she were kiss’d in general.

Ulysses. And very curiously counsel I’ll begin—

Ajax. I’ll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.

Ulysses. Achilles bids you welcome.

Ulysses. Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Ajax. But that’s no argument for kissing now:
For thus pop’d Paris is his hardiement;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulysses. O deadly gale, and theme of all our sorrow!

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

Ulysses. The first was Menelaus’ kiss—this mine;

Patroclus kisses you.

Ulysses. Mon. O, this is trum!


Ulysses. I’ll give my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Ulysses. I’ll make my match so live,

Ulysses. The kiss you take is better than our kiss;

Ulysses. I’ll give you boot, I’ll give you three for one.

Ulysses. You’re an odd man; give even, or give none.

Ulysses. Mon. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Ulysses. No, Paris is not; for, you know it’s true,

Ulysses. That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Ulysses. You flipp me o’ the head.

Ulysses. Mon. ’No, I’ll he sworn.

Ulysses. It were no match, your axle against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you.

Ulysses. You may.

Ulysses. Mon. I do desire it.

Ulysses. Why beg then.

Ulysses. Why then, for Venus’ sake, give me a kiss.

Ulysses. When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Ulysses. I am your debtor, claim it when ’tis due.

Ulysses. Never’s my day, and then is kiss of you.

Ulysses. Lady, a word—I’ll bring you to your father’s side.

Ulysses. Mon. I do beseech you, wearess.

Ulysses. A woman of quick sense.

Ulysses. Fie, fie upon her!

Ulysses. There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her footstep: her wanton spiritual look
At every joint and motive of her body;
O, these enchanters, so glib of tongues,
That give a coaching welcome ere it comes,
And out with the tables of their thoughts
To every turgid reader! set them down
For fathers spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. | Trumpet within.

All. The Trojan’s trumpet.

Ajax. Eunder comes the Troy.

Enter Hector, armed; Ajax, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Anthracites.

Hector. All, the states of Greece! what shall be done
To hire that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edges of all extremity
Pursue each other? or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector. Trojans, let your arms take fire.

Ajax. Which way would Hector have it?

Hector. He cares not, he’ll play conditions.

Ajax. As he’s done like Hector; but presently

They’ll be in the field; like Hector, and that Greek.

A little proudly, and great deal respecting
The knight appears.

Ajax. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Hector. It is Achilles, nobles.

Ajax. Therefore Achilles? But, what’s, what’s, know
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and proofs excels themselves in Hector;
The case is safe in infinite ways.

Hector. The other blank as any nothing. Weigh him well
And that, which looks like, grave, is true answer.
This Ajax is full wand’re of Hector’s blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half bear, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blessed knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achilles. A maiden battle then, I say, I encounter you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Ajax. Here is Sir Diomed.—On guard, knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you love Eneas.

Hector. Consent upon the order of their flight,
So be it; either to their extremest.

Ajax. As the extremity of great and little,
Valour and proofs excels themselves in Hector;
The case is safe in infinite ways.

Hector. The other blank as anything. Weigh him well
And that, which looks like, grave, is true answer.
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In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
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Half bear, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blessed knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
SCENE V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

A meeting-solomon to great Troy's need;
The obligation of our blood's forlorn;
A very consolation (twist on twain).
Wore thy commotion, Grece, and Trojan so,
That thou couldst not say—This house is Grecean still;
And this is Trojans, the slaves of this leg.
All Grece, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the doctor's shank, and this sinister
Boundary my father's; by Jove omnipotent
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish name.

Wherein my sword had not impressed name
Of our rank feud; But the just gods' gain,
That any drop thus borrow 'st from thy mother,
My secret saint, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;
By him that therefore, thou hast best prey; Hector
Would have them fall upon him now:
Counsel, all honour to thee, Hector.
I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, counsel, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so miracle
(As whose bright great brave Fame with her loud'st
Cries, This is he,) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour turn from Hector.

Hec. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hec. We'll answer it; The issue is submission:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax: If I ought in extrausion find success
(As said I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecean faints.

Hec. Thy Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doubt long to see, even not the valiant Hector.
Hec. Examine, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the affective end Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin.
I will quest with thee, and see thy knights.
Achilles, my own, and all my tooth some.

Hec. The worthiest of them shall tell me by name

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and ponder side.
Achilles: Worthy of arms as I welcome as to one
That would be rich in an enemy,
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What you are, and what you come, is stre'd with
And forceful ruin of oblivion.
But in this exult moment, faith and truth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow browdrewing,
Ride thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcom.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Achilles: My well-hon'd lord of Troy, so less to

Hec. Meet me, confirm my princely brother's greeting:

You bears of warlike brothers, welcome likewise.

Hec. Whom mean we answer?

Hec. O you, my lord? by Mars his sanctified thanks?
Mock not, that I affect the undesired oath:
Your guardian with sweats still by Venus's glove
Shall be well, but dehade me not commiserate to you.

Hec. Name her not now sir; she's a deadly

Hec. O, pardon; I offend.

Hec. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for death; make cruel way

Through ranks of Grecean youth, and I have

As soon as Persian, step thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many brittle and entangled;
When thou hast thence thy advanced sword to

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my master's son;
Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life;
And I have seen like ease, and take thy death,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling; this here I say;
But this thy own business, will lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandeur,
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.

Hec. To the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicler,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I could, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they conjoin with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I hold they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morn.

Hec. Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulysses. I wonder now how city Troy rules.
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well,
Ab, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Iton, on your Grecean embassy.

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

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

Ulysses. For your valour, that proud from your town,
You towers, whose wanton tops do buss the cloud,
Must kiss their own first.

Hec. I must not believe you;

Hec. There they stand yet: and modestly I think

Ulysses. No, Grece was fall but to meet us loose.
A drop of Grecian blood; The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will ne'er end and Ulysses.

Ulysses. Me to him we leave it.

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

Achilles: I shall foretell thee, Lord Ulysses,
Thou—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with ease all thy valour's ends, Hector,
And capted joint by joint.

Hec. Is this achilles?

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me lock on good.

Achilles. Behold thy fill.

Nay, I have done already.

Achilles. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

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

Hec. But there's more in thee than thou understand'st.

Hec. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achilles. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I kill thee; whether there, there, or there?

But that I may give the local wound a name!

Achilles. He has thine soul, where part Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens! He

Hec. It would disdain the bless'd exit, great man,
ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. I'll beat his blood with Greekish wine tonight.
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow—
Patroclus, let us feast to the height.

Patr. Here come Thetis.

Enter Thetis.

Ach. How now, thou care of envy? Thou crafty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ach. From whence, fragment?
Thet. Why, thou full dish of food, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Thet. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Ach. Two persons, Adversity! what need those tricks?
Thet. Thy beauty is silent, boy; I profit and by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' make valiant.

Patr. Malus variet, you rogue! what's that?

Thet. Why, his meagrely whose. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the gout, grumbling, rupetum, enteritis, boils of greed, the fever, the emaciation, the despair, cold palates, raw eyes, distemper livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of improper urine, palpitation, linea in the palm, insensible bone-ache, and the reviled fa-simile of the letter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what made thee tell me to speak to thee?

Thet. Do I care thee?

Patr. Why, no, you rascals butt; you where an insubstantial cur, no.

Thet. No? why art thou then expectant, then idle insubstantial skein of sheep's milk, thou green, squint set flap forces sore eye, thou issued of a prodigious purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pastured with such wot-of-your-discoveries?

Patr. Out, get away.

Thet. Finish eggs.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am wearied quits 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.
Fare, Greeks; fail, fame; honour or go, or may, My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.

Come, come, Thetis, help to trim my tent.
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. Enter Achil. and Patro.

Thet. 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 cover of madness. Here Achil.,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quaint; but he has not so much brain as exorcist. And the gloomy transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive status, and obliges memorial of caskholds; a thirsty sheering-horn is a chain, hanging at his brother's last,—to what form, but that he is, should not unhardened with malice, and malice forced will turn him to? To an ass, were another; he a both as and ox: to an ox was nothing: to both ox and ass. To a dog, a mole, a toad, a fiend, a jew, a madam, a drunk, or a humping without a toe, I would not dare; but to be Meleah, I would hop several seas from convoying.

Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thetis; for I care not to be the host of a house, so I were not Meleah.—Hey-dee! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Meleah, and Diomed, with Light.

Agam. We go wrong, we go on.
Ajax. Fap, yeonder! Hec.

Thet. Where, we see the lights.

Ach. I trouble thee.

Ajax. No, not a what.
Ulyss. Hey-dee! spirits and fires!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So pour, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to stand on you.
Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the great general.

Men. Good night, my lord.
Hec. Good night, sweet lord Meleah.

ACT VI.
SCENE II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Nay, but.
Tro. Woes! one woman in your ear.
Cres. Tro. O plague and mortality!
Cress. You are move'd, press ; let us depa r t ,
I pray you,
I must your disposition should enlarge itself.
To wraithful scenes ; this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly, I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you !
Cress. Now, good my lord, go off;
I saw you to great destruction; come, my lord.
Tro. I' th' name of man, stay.
Cress. You have no patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Cress. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

Why, how now, lord !

By Jove, I will be patient.

Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Fhio, phio !�ia! thou ; you puller.
Cress. In faith, I do not; comest hither once again.
Cress. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strikes his cheek.


Cress. 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.


Cress. Nay, but do then ;

And let your mind be coupl'd with your words.

Tro. What should she remember !
Cress. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.


Tro. Roguery !

Cress. Nay, then—

Dio. Fhio! fhih come, tell a pin : You are forewarned—
Cress. In faith, I cannot ; What would you have me to do?


Tro. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Cress. Was what you swear you would betray
on me ?


Cress. Ye yoke, do not hold me to mine oath.


Dio. How now, Trojan?

Cress. No, no, good night; I'll be your foot no more.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

Whose was it?—Tro.

Cressid is mine, that with the bonds of heaven;
This bond I have with heaven; for the bonds of heaven itself;
The bands of heaven are alike, deaths, and loyals;
And so with another knot, five-fingered, tied.
The fractions of her faith, nay, of her love,
The fragments, scrape, the bits, and greasy relics.

Of her e'ry-soared faith, are bound to Diomed.

With that which here his passion skewl express;

Tro. Ay, Greek; and shall be divulged well.

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Infam'd with Venus: never did young man say

With so much zeal and so fast as is a soul.

Harb. Or ask—As much as do I Cressid love,

So much my weight hate I her Diomed;

That above is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Was it a casque compose'd by Vulcan's skill;

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spot,

Which shin'den do the hurricane call.

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall di'ry with more disdain Neptune's star.

In his descent, than shall my promised sword

Palling on Diomed.

Thar. He'll chie, let it for his memory.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false.

Let all our limbs stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ullys. O, contain yourself!

Your passion draws ears bitter.

Enter Hector.

Hec. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord;

Hector, by this, is arm'mg him in Troy;

Adon your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, sires:

Farewell, revol'ted fair!—and, Diomed,

Stand last, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ullys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

Enter Troilus, Eneas, and Ullys. Ther. Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!

I would cool like a raven; I would blow, I would note.

Patriots will give me any thing for the intelligence of this where: the javel will not do more for an almond; than he for a com-

modious drab. Lechery, lechery: still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A turning devil take them.

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungrate-tender'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, wear, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you to

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 tenent;

Consort with me in load and dear petition.

Purse you him we know; for I have dreamed Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of sith.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet broth.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard us swerve.
Scene IV.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

The gods are deaf to hot and perversé vows;  
They answer prayers with a yea or nay;  
They spoil the lives 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 win violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.  

Cae.  It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.  

Hec.  Hold you still, I say;  
Mourning keeps the weather of my face:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—  

Enter Troilus.  

Hec.  Here now, young man, I mean’t thou to fight to-day?  

And.  Cassandra, call my father to persuade.  

Hec.  No, faith, young Troilus; duff thy har- 

Cass.  ness, youth!  

I am to-day the vein of duty:  
Let grow thy senate till their heads be strong,  
And tempt not yet the bristles of the war.  

Let them, in turn, for thee, and for me,  
I’ll stand this day, for thee, and for Troy.  

Tro.  Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better be, a lion than a man.  

Hec.  What vice is that, good Troilus? I chide  

You for it.  

Tro.  When many times the captive Grecians fall  
Even in the fan and shaf of your fair sword,  
You but run them out alive.  

Hec.  O, its fair play.  

Tro.  Foul’s play, by heaven, Hector.  

How now! how now!  

Hec.  The love of all the gods,  
Let’s have the hermit Pity with our mother;  
And when we have our arms lankle backèd on,  
The venom’d vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Shun them to ruthless work, reun them from ruth.  

Tro.  Prize, saffron, lie!  

Hec.  Hector, thou art wise.  

Tro.  Hector, Hector, I would not have you fight to-day.  

Hec.  Who should withhold me?  

Not fate, obedience, nor the bond of Mars  
 Binding with fiery lance my retire;  
Not Priam’s and Heorctus on knees.  
Their eyes o’ergalled with recorse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword  

Oppose to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.  

Enter Cassandra, with Priam.  

Cass.  Loy hold upon him, Pity, hold his feet:  
He is thy creature; now it thou lose thy stay,  
Then on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.  

Pri.  Come, Hector, come, go back!  

This wile hath dreamt not; thy mother hath  
Cassandra doth frame; and I myself visions;  

d like a prophet sadly enrap’d,  
To tell thee—that this day is ominous!  

Therefore, come back.  

Hec.  Besides is ailed:  
And I do stand enrag’d to angry Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to this morning.  

Cass.  But then shall not go  

Hec.  I must not break my faith;  
You know my soulful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shew it, but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.  

Pri.  O Priam, yield not to him.  

Hec.  And.  

Do not, dear father.  

And.  Cassandra, I am offended with you;  
Upon the love you bear me.  

Cass.  Priam, yield not to him.  

Hec.  This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,  
Makes all these bedemen to appear evil;  
O farewell, dear Hector.  

Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eyes turn pale!  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many veins!  
Hark, how Troy wails! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolorous fate!  
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like whins and thistles, one another meet!  
And all cry—Hector! Hecutor’s dead! O Hector!  

Tro.  Away! Away!  

Cass.  Farewell.—Tet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:  

Thou dost thyself all our Troy deceive.  

Hec.  You are annoyed, my liege, at her entreaties.  

Go in, and cheer the town: well forth, and fight;  

And when she pleads, and they tell you at night.  

Pri.  Farewell! the gods with safety stand about thee!  

There are at it! hack! Froud Dionel, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.  

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, PANACEUS.  

Pan.  Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?  

Tro.  What now?  

Pan.  Here is a letter from you poor girl.  

Tro.  Let me read.  

Pan.  A whore’s pithick, a whore’s ractally  

Such as thrives with fortune, without a face,  
What is this girl? and what one thing, another,  

That I shall leave you one of these days: And I have  

A secret in mine ears too; and such an echo  

In my bones, that, unless a man were cruel, I cannot  

Tell what to think on.—What says she to you,  

Pan.  Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;  
Pan.  The following is the letter.  

The effect which operate another way.  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to- 

gether.  

My love with words and errours still she feeds;  
But stirs another with her deals.  

[Exeunt severally.}  

SCENE IV.  

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.  

Alarum: Excursions: Enter Thersites.  

Thers.  Now they are clipper-clawing one another.  
I’ll go look on. That dissimulating abominable vassal, Dionel, has got that same scurvy  
Doing foolish young knowse’s sleeve of Troy there,  
In his heel, I would I might whom meet; that  
That same young Trojan sue, that loves the where  
There, might send that greeke wheresoever  

Nector;  

And that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not  

The present worth a blackberry.—They set me up, in  

Policy, that mongrel our Ajax, against that dog  

Of as bad a kind; Achilles, and now is the cur  

Ajax greater than the cur Achilles, and will not  

This day: whenupon the Grecian began to  

Proclaim insurmountables, and policy growes into an ill quines.  

Thers.  Here comes the cure and other.  

Enter Diomede, Troilus following.  

Tro.  Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river  

Thers.  I would swim after.  

Thers.  Then dost missall retire;  

I do not fly; but advantageous care  

Withdraw me from the ets of multitude  

Thers.  Here!  

Thers.  There!  

[Exeunt Thersites and Diomede, fighting.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV.

Then draw'd Ajax; that the appalled air
Might pierce the head of the great combatant,
And kill his spirit with the gore of blood.
Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy tramps, and split thy brassen pipes:
Blow, villain, till thy spihar burn'd thy mouth.
(Trumpet sounds.)

Agam. No trumpets answer'd.

Ajax. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not your Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toss that spirit of his,
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.
Agam. Is this the lady Cressida?
Diom. Even she.

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

Ness. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet in the kindness but particular:
'Twere better she were kis'd in' general.

Agam. And very secretly counsel: I'll begin.

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

Ulyss. Achilles bid you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

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

Ulyss. For this your lady in his heart's secret;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gale, and theme of all our sorrow.

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. Parts, and I kiss evermore for him.

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

Cress. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cress. 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.

Cress. You're an old man; give even, or give none.

Men. An old man, lady! every man is odd.

Cress. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are old, and he is even with you.

Men. You fill me o' the head.

Cress. No, I'll be sworn.

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

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

Cress. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cress. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss.
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cress. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

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

Do. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Yes, fit upon her.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wan spirit looks out
At every joint and motive of her face.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a consisting welcome are it come,
And wide the tables of their thoughts:
To every ticklish reader I set them down
For etch; they speak of opportunity,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

SCENE V.

A courtier's manner to great Priam's seat;
The obligation of our blood forbid.
And every simulation, 'twixt us twain,
Were thy commission Greek, and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say—This hand is Greeken
all.

And this is Trojan; the name of this day
All Greece, and all Troy: my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Boundless in my father's: by love multiform,
Thou shouldest not be sure from me a Greekish
member.

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainst
That day drag thou the bucket from thy mouth,
My sacred arm, should by my mortal sword
Be drawn! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;
By him that thunder'd, those last busie arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus;
Con't, all honour to him.

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector: This art too gentle, and too free a man;
I came to kill thee, converse, and bear hence
A great addition eminent to thy death.
Hec. Not Neoptolemus so miserable
(On whose bright countenance with love's light
Cries, This be he), could promise to himself
A thought of added horror from Hector.
But there is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hec. We'll answer it;
The issue is embroilment—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in sneer, and fruitless success
As I have the chance, I would desire
My famous course in our Greekish truth.
Dido. To the Argonauts' wish: and great
Dido long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hec. Roger, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify his 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 thy knights.
Ajax. Great Argonautus comes to meet me here.
Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But all Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and pure size.
Achilles. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rival of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is sworn with
Hector And foreswear'd with hands.

Hec. The last of them tell me name by name;
But all Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and pure size.
Achilles. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rival of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is sworn with
Hector And foreswear'd with hands.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Argan-

Ajax. My well-born lord of Troy, no less to
you
To Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting.
You grace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Ajax. Whom name we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus.
Hec. O you, my lord! by Mars his guardian
Mock not, that I affect the unrelented oath;
Your grandmama with sorrow still by Venus' glove
Shall be wise, but hast not commanded her to do.

Mam. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly

Hec. O, passion! I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make great way.

Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spark thy Phrygian sword,
Despairing many forts and subtilizations.
When thou hast hung thy advanced award in the
air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some of my understand-by;
Lo, Jupiter is wond'r, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath.
When that a ring of Greeks have harnessed thee in
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy confidence, still look'd for in steel,
I never saw till now. I know 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.

Dido. To the old Nestor.
Hec. 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 claspe thee.
Nest. Such would, my arms could match thee in
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

O ye, Achilles?
Nest. Here I.

Dido. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Nest. Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Dido. I wonder now how yond'ry city stands.
Nest. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses; well.
An, sir, there's a many Greek and Trojan dead.
Since first I saw thee not Discord in
Thy bosom, on your Greekish embassy.

Dido. Sir, I forbid you then what would seem
Achilles.

Dido. My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that partly from your town,
You bisect, whose wants tops do dress the cloud:
Most kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you;

Dido. There they stand yet: and modestly I think,
The fall of Troy over that stone wall will cost
A drop of Greekish blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Dido. So to him we leave it.

Nest. Most gentle, and most valiant, Hector, welcome.
Hec. After the general, I beseech you,
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achilles. I shall forecast thee, Lord Ulysses;
Nest. Now, Hector, I have set mine eyes on thee.

Dido. I have with exact visions in my eyes, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hec. Is this Achilles?

Achilles. I am Achilles.

Dido. Sound fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achilles. Say not thy fill.

Dido. Nay, I have done already.

Achilles. Thou art too bright! I will the second time.

Hec. As I would buy thee, view thee limit by limit.

Achilles. Or, like a book of sport, thou read me over.

Hec. But there's more in me than thou underestimated.

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

Hec. Shall I discern him; whether there, there, or
there?

Dido. That may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breadth whereabout
Hector's great spirit flies: Answer me, heavens!

Achilles. It would discredit the soul's eye!
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'at thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to pronominate to thee another,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yes.
Hec. Wilt thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard well thee.

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stibbed Mars his helm,
Hit thee where every yea, o'er and o'er,—
Wield Graccianus, pardon me this brag,
Thy lance drew folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match those words,
Or may I never.

Achil. Do not chafe thee, cousin; and you, Achil, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to:
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.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had paling wars, since you refu'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow, do I meet thee, set as dead;
To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match again,
First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the field confide we; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your brother shall
Concur together, severly entreat him.

Achil. Do not you laugh, or be sportive, let the trumpet blow,
That this great master may his welcome know.

[Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep his tent?

Ulyss. At Menealaus' tent, most princevly Troilus:
There Diomed doth least with him to-night:
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and best of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.

Tro. She is, sweet love, 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, air, to such as boasting show their scars.
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was below'd, she lov'd; she is, and oaths:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Grecian wine to-night;
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Thou, why, thou picture of what thou seemest
And idol of idol-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Thersil? Why, thou, full dash of fool, from Troy.
Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Achil. The squire's box, or the patient's wound.

Pat. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?
Thy bane be all, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' main\n
[Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.

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But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exeunt.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,
Ulysses, Nestor, Menealaus, and Diomed,

[Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,
Ulysses, Nestor, Menealaus, and Diomed,
With Lights.

[Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,
Ulysses, Nestor, Menealaus, and Diomed,
With Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go, con.

Hec. No, not a whit. Ulysses. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid you good night.

Ajax commends the guard to stand on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the Grecian generals.

Agam. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet lord Menealaus.
SCENE II. 

Thes. Sweet draughts! Sweet raiment! sweet singing! Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

Achill. Quiet! Quiet! 

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

Achill. Quiet! Quiet! 

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

Achill. Quiet! Quiet! 

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

Achill. Quiet! Quiet! 

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

Achill. Quiet! Quiet! 

And we're welcome, too, to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.

And back to those that go, and tarry.

Good night.
TROY AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

Cressida is mine, tied with the bands of heaven; instance, instance! strong as heaven's bands.
The bands of heaven are slip't, dissolve'd, and lost;
And with another knot, free-fingered, the
Freedoms of her faith, arts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and grosser relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulysses. May worthy Troilus be hath accord'd
With which here his passion doth express,
Tro. Ay, Greek; and which shall be disposed well
In characters as red as Mars his heart.
Infam'd with Venus: never did young man say
With so sacred and so fair a soul.
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight have I her Diomed,
That slice is mine, that he'll bear on his head;
Were it aasaki compos'd by Ulysses' skill.
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spear
Which shipmen do the hurricane call
Constring'd in case by the slanting sun,
Shall gory Diomed's head with this inquest
In his descent, than shall my prompt reward
Palleting on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tackle it for his conscience.
Tro. O Cressida! O false Cressida! false, false
Let all mutuality stand by thy stained name,
And they'll soon seem glorious.

Ulyss. Your passion draws耳朵 blind,
Contain yourself: your passion draws ears blind.

Enter Heecus.

Enter. Heecus. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.
Hec. your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have you 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 Troilus, Heecus, and Ulysses.
Ther. 'W'uld I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven: I would bode
Glorious will knew me any thing
For the intelligence of this where the parrot
Shall not do more for an almond, than for a
Commendation; I, Lychus, Lychus: still wars and
Lychus: nothing else holds fashion: A burning
devil take them!

[Exit.

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. That was my lord so much ungenly
temper'd.
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And, my dream will, sure, prove consoled
The day.
Hec. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Where is my brother Hector?
And, Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in issues;
Consort with me in foul and dear petition.
Hec. Persever in me, and I have a
Of bloody turbulance, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
Slaughters.
Cass. O, it is true.
Hec. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.
Hec. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
ever.
SCENE IV. - TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 663

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They answer those who ask them not, and cheer
Than equal lives in the sacrifices.
And of their promise: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is an arrest;
For we would give much, to use violent threats,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cae. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hec. Hold you still, I say;
Might honour keeps the weather of my fairest:
Lest every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious than life.

Enter Trosillus.

Hec. How now, young man? mean'zt thou to fight to
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade me.

Cassandra. See Cassandra.

Hec. No, faith, young Troilus; shoo thing to
And. Troilus, shoo thing to

Hec. What value is that, good Troilus? I charge
With the rest of all the gods,
My love for the Ilium heavens with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
Our sword's vengeance ride upon our sword;
More them to ruthless work, reun them from ruth.
Hec. Tho. save, stave, &c.

Tro. Hector, then 'tis war.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day,
Who should wear our shield?
Not fate, obedience; nor the hand of Mars
Beswooning with fiery threaten our retire;
Not Priam and Helen on knees,
Their eyes o'engaged with recovers of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword.
Oppose to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Prisian.

Cae. Lay hold upon him, Prisian, hold him fast;
He is thy wench; now if thou lose thy way,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee.

Pris. Come, Hector, come, go back;
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself

Am I a product suddenly unespert,
To tell thee—now this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hec. Let us afield; And I do stand engage'd in many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, as appear
This morning to me.

And. But thou shalt not go.
Hec. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
I am not ungracious; but yet I
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Prisian.
Cae. O Prisian, yield not to
And. Do not, dear father.

Cae. Troilus and Andromache, I am attended with you:
Upon the love you bear me.

Enter Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these beards and creases hoarse.
Cae. O farewell, dear Hector.
Hec. Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale?
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hec. How Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolorous shrill!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like winter mockers, one another meet.
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!
Cae. Farewell. —Yes, soft—Hector, I take thy leave
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
Hec. You are amaz'd, my love, at her exclamation.
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight.
Do deeds worth praise, and tell them at night.
Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee.

[Exit Andromache, Priam, and Hector.]

Hec. They are at it! I am! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.
As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other

Priam. Can you hear my lord? do you hear?

Hec. What now?

Priam. Hector, you are better from your poor girl.

Hec. Let me read.

Priam. A whosoever pitch, a whosoever rashly pitch at me, that mortal pitch at me;
That woman's tooth, that woman's speech, that
Who is theless of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that
I shall leave you one of these days; and I have
A threat in mine eye too; and such an ache in
My bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot
Not to what to think out.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, words, words, no matter from the heart;

Hec. Tearing the letter.

The effect doth operate another way:
Go, wind, to wine, there turn and change to
My love with words and letters still to hear;
But edifies another with her distress.

SCENE V. - Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excurse. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are sharper-clawing one another;
It's now look on. Their dissolving scarce
Vendeable vail'd, Diomed, has got that same scarce
Doting foolish young knowbe's shore of Troy there;
In his behalf I would have them most; but that same young Trojan ass,
That loves the whore there; might send that Greekish whoreson valley
With the sky back to the dissembling luxurious drench, on a sleeveless eard. O!
That other side, the policy of those crafty wearing
Vainly;—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese,
Nector; and that same dog-dox, 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 larger than the cur Achilles, and will not
Some time bid:—whereupon the Grecians begin to
Proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an
Inignon. Soft! here comes some sleep and others.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Ther. Fly not; for, should they then take the river

 Dio. Then dost insult them; I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdraw me from the odds of multitude.

Ther. Hold thy where, Grecian!—now for thy

Dio. Come, hold thee;—now the sleeve, now the arrow;

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.}
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

SCENE VI. Another part of the Field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomede.

Diom. Troilus, I say, where’s Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Ajax. Werd’t he general, thou shouldst have my offices.

Try to correct—Troilus, I say, what Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed—turn thy face from me, and thy life thou now owest me for my horse.

Diom. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I’ll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed. Diom. He is my prize. I will not look upon.

Troy. Come both, you coggling Greeks; have at you both.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yes, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Now do I see thee; Hec—Have at thee.

Hec. Pass, if thou wilt.

Achill. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan; be happy, that my arms are on thee. My real and negligence believed thee now, that thou sore shall be envious again! Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hec. 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 taken Eneas; Shall he be? No, by the flames of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I’ll be taken, too, Or bring him off.—Ajax, hear me what I say! I shall not trouble thee till my life today.

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, stand, Greek; thou art a goodly mark! No I wit thou not?—I like thy armour well; I’ll shatter 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.

SCENE VII. The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achill. Come here about me, you your Myrmidons. Mark what I say. —Attend me where I wheel; Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in bounds; And when I have the bloody Hector bound, Emplore his weapons round about; In full manner execute your arms. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eyes I It is decreed. Hector the great must die.

SCENE VIII. The same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting; then Thersites.

Thers. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, build now, dog! You, Paris, you, building my double-headed spear! You, Paris! You, the bull has the game,—ware horse, boy!

Enter Margareta.

Marg. Turn, turn, slay, and fight. Ther. What art thou?

Marg. A bastard son of Priam's.
SCENE XI.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most pitiful Core, so fair without,
Thy grace and honour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good thanks.
But, sweet; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[Dearest As I beseech thee, and hang his shield behind him.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

And look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the rain and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarmed; forego this vantage Greek.

Ach. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man's victor;
So, on, till then next night, Troy sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy Hew, and thy home—
Oh, Myrmidons! and cry ye all again—
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat sounded.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Ach. The dragon wing of night overspreads the earth.
And, sickle-like, the armies separate,
My halffarmpid sword, that frankly would have fell;
Prepare for this dauntless hit, thus goes to bed—
[With his sword.

Come, join thy brave to my hero's tail!
Along the field I will the Trojan way.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,
Dionysus, and various, marshalling, Shears.

Ach. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Drums.

Ach. Hark's Hector's shout! Ach! Ach!

Dion. The breath—Hector's shin, and by Achillihs.

Agam. If that be so, then may we well be.

Great Hector was as wise a man as he.

Ach. March, march, march, march, march, march, march, march.

Nest. But pray Achilles, was not that sound?

Ach. If he hath the gods have well deserved,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wares are ended.

Enter Hector and Trojans.

Hec. Stand, lest ye weovershadow the fields.

Nest. FIELD.

Easter Troilus.

Hec. Hector is slain.

Frown on, ye heavens, effect your rage with speed.

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be measured,
And longer not our sure destructions.

Hec. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Hec. You understand me not, that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But there all immunities, that gods and men
Address their thoughts to Hector's fate;
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Hec. Let him that will a screw of axle be called,
Oath to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead.
There is a word will Priam turn to scene;
Make wells and noise of the males and wive,
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.

Hec. Nay yet;—you vile abominable tent,
That proudly pelt upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you—and Thou, great-

[Exeunt.
ACT I.


Enter Post, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, all several Doors.

Post. Good day, sir.

Tim. Pale. I am glad you are well.

Post. I have not seen you long; how goes the world? 

Tim. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Post. Ay, that’s well known.

Tim. But what particularity! 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.

Post. I know them both; Vithur’s jeweller.

Mer. O, ‘tis a worthy lord!

Post. Nay, that’s most fitly.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath’d, as it were, to an untiring and continue goodness; fly praises.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let’s see it; for the Lord Timon will.

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for this—

Post. When we for recompense have praise’d the self, it stirs the glory in that happy verse Which naily sings the good.

Mer. ’Tis a good form. (Looking at the Jewel.)

Post. And rich; here is a water, look you.

Tim. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication.

To the great lord.

Post. A thing slip’d idly from me; Our poesy is as a gum, which ones From whence ‘tis nourish’d: The fire! the fire Shows not, till it be struck: our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chases. What have you there? 

Post. A picture, sir;—And when comes your book forth?

Post. Upon the heels of your presentation, sir.

Let’s see your piece.

Post. It’s a good piece.

Post. So ‘tis; this comes off well and excellent.

Post. Indifferent.

Post. Adorable: What is this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Move’s in this lip! to the dance of the gesture One might interpret.

Post. It is a proper painting of the life, Here is a touch; let it go?

Post. It teaches nature: artificial parts Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Post. How this lord’s follow’d! 

Post. The senators of Athens — Happy man!

Post. Look more! 

Post. You see this confidence, this great flood of visitors. I have, in the inside work, shap’d out an man, Whom this benefic earth doth embrace and beg With simplest enter, my free drift.

Hail! not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no level’d makes Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth ear, Leaving no track behind.

Post. How shall I understand you?

Post. I’ll match to you. You see how all conditions, how all minds (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as (Of grace and measured quality) tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Nudities and properties to his love and tendance. All sorts of hearts, yes, from the glass-fad’d flatterer To Alcmanthus, that few things love better Than to abhor himself — even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon’s nod.

Post. I saw them speak together.

Post. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill, Feign’d Fortunes to be thrown: The base of the most

Is rank’d with all deserts, all kind of nature, That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states: amongst them all, Those eyes are on this sovereign lady’s, and One do I personate of Lord Timon’s frame: Whose Fortunes with her ivory hand to mix: Whose present grace to present slaves and serv

Translates his rivals.

Post. ’Tis conceiv’d to scope.

This theme, this Fortunes, and this hill, meditates, With some man become’d from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount
SCENE I.

TIMON OF ATHENS

To climb his happiness, would be well expressed: In our condition.

Nay, sir, but hear me out: All those who were his fellows, but of late (Some better than his valor,) on the moment Follow his strakes, his hobbies fill with tendance, Rain sacrificial whispers in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him Drink the free air.

Tim. Ay, marry, what of these?
Post. 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, he him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Tim. Is't common?
Post. A thousand mortal paintings I can show, That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune More prodigiously than words. Yet do you well, To show Lami Timon, that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head.

Tim. Prepare sound. Enter Timon, attended: the Servant of Venustius talking with him.

Tim. Impression'd be he, say you?
Post. Sir, my lord: five talents is his debt to him.

Tim. His means most short, his creditors most strait: Your honourable letter he desires
To those who shot him up; which falling to his ear Permits his comfort.

Post. Noble Venustius! Well; I am not of that feather to strike off My friend when he must need me. I do know him.

Tim. A gentleman, that well deserves a help, Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Post. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Command me to him: I will send his answer; And, being unacquainted, bid him come to me;— Be not too helpful to the fertile up, But to support him after. Fare you well.

Post. All happiness to your honour! [Exit Enter an old Athenian.
Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Pray, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant's man'd Lucullus. Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble, Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attend he here, or no? Lucullus!

Enter Lucullus.

Luc. Have, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy youngest.
My lot? It frequents my house. I am a man That from my lot's height will have in me, And my estate deserves an heir more rared, Than one which builds a broocher.

Tim. Well: what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else; On whom I may confer what I have got: The point is, if, the youngest for a bade, And I have bred her at my dearest cost, In qualities of the best. This man of thine Accepts her love: I pray, my lord, Join with me to forbid her her request; Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. For the man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon: His honesty rewards him in itself, It must not leave his daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt Our own precedent precepts do instruct us What civility's in youth.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

Athen. Time to be honest.
1. Lord. Time that sense sharp.
Athen. The more accused thou, that still
more accused I.
2. Lord. Time art going to Lord Timon's feast.
Athen. Ay; to see meat fill fruges, and wine
head wine.
2. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Athen. Then art a fool to bid me feast with thee.
2. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Athen. Should have kept as to thrall, so I
mean to give thee none.
Athen. No, I will do nothing at the bidding:
make thy requests to thy friend.
2. Lord. Away, unseemly dog, or I'll spurn
thy base.
Athen. I will fly, like a dog, the beasts of the
woods.
1. Lord. He's opposite to humanity.
Athen. And taste Lord Timon's beauty; he
enjoys
The very heart of kindness.
2. Lord. He's come in, I know; he says, the
god of gold, is his heart's reward
For meekness above itself; we give him:
But breach the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
1. Lord. Let him think the noise he makes
That ever governed men.
2. Lord. Long may he live in fortune; shall
No mean:
1. Lord. I'll keep you company.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great host
quartered in for flaming and other attending
than enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucullus, Lucullus,
Scipio, and many more. They give the sound:
Fain would they enquire about:
To your free heart; I the noise these talents,
Double, with thanks, and service, from whose
help
I deriv'd thyrry.

Tim. O, by my soul,
Honest Volumnius! you make me love
I gave it freely ever; and there's more
Can truly say, he gives, if he receive
If our fellows play at that game, we must not have
To imitate them; Plants that are such, are rare.
Fam. A noble spirit.

[They all stand simultaneously looking

Tim. Nay, not a word, remember
Was but devil'd at first, to set a snare.
On faint grounds, fellow welcome;
Reckoning goodness, marry you are shown;
But where there is true friendship, there ends
Pray, sir; most welcome are ye in our house;
Than my fortune to me.

1. Lord. My lord, we always have condescend
Athen. Ho, ho, wouldn't it? hang st in hand.
Not you.

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to thee the time; shew out of doors
Tim. Pah, thus art a fool; you have got a
humour there
Does much to shame
They say, we wot, this low favor brewe.
Yes, but you won't make us angry.
SCENE II. TIMON OF ATHENS

Go, let him have a table by himself; I'll do him some effect company.
Not to be fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine upper, Timon; I come to observe; I give the thing no countenance.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: prythee, let my men make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meant; I would choose me, for I should.

Never answer 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 mantles
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
His friends turn up too.

I wonder men, cast their necessities with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's not a man that does not love his host;
The host in him, nor any can have such trust.
Am I not here next him, part bred with him, and
Pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiness to kill him; it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals:
Let them, they say my windpipe's dangerous
Uses;
Great men should drink with harness on their throats:
Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Tim. Flow this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his sides well.

Timon. These healths will make them, and dry state, ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a dinner,
Honour worse, which never left man: it is more:
Tim. And my food, are equal; there's no odd.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus. Grac's.
Insolvent gods, I crave no self;
I pray for no thee, but myself:
Great men may never prove so fond;
To touch men on his oaks or bend;
Or harken, for her weeping;
Or a day, when she becomes a sterness;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need them:
Less men, less gold,
Rich men, and I eat root.

Much good duchy the 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 ene-
rimes, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord;
There's not a man like them; I could have, my best
friend at such a dinner.

Apem. Would all those flattering men were the same
things, and then they might'st kill Timon;
And bid me to.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord;
Love haps, much example for, where
by we might express some part of our zeal, we
should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, 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? I why have you that charitable title
to thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my
heart? I have told more of you to myself, than
you can, with modesty speak in your own
behalf: and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, I
think, what need we have any friends, if we
should be heretofore our own? Aye, and all your
friends.-I tell you there were the most needful creatures living, should we not have
there for us: and would most resemble sweet
instruments being put in case, that kept
their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer
to you. Ye are here of doing fortunes: and what
beter or properer can we call our own, than the
riches of our friends? O, what a precious com-
fort is to have so many, like brothers, com-
manding one another's fortunes! O joy, 'ten
made a man can be born! Mine eyes cannot
hold out water, methinks: to forget their fail.

Apem. Thou wastest to make them drink.

Timon. 2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe springing up.
Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a
bustard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd
me much.

[Trump sounds]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain
lettish moss degrees of admirance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?
Serv. There comes with them a foreigner, my
lord, which bears that office, to dignify their
pleasures.
Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cupid. Halt to thee, worthye Timon—and to all
That of his bounty taste! The five best saucers
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely.
To grante thy plentiful bosom: The ear,
Touch, smell, all pleased from thy table-base;
They only now come to feast thine eyes.
Tim. They are welcome: let them have
kind admirance:
Music, make their welcome.

[Exit Cupid.]

1 Lord. Thou seest, my lord, how simple you are
bellow'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of
Ladies as Amazons, who take in their hands,
dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes
this way; The thought: 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 dupp't our selves:
And spend our flatseries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we are. Upon whose age we are.
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Degrave, or deceives? who dies, that bears
Not one sparw to their graves of their friends' gift.
I should fear, those, that dance before me now.
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been
done.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much singing
of Timon; and, to show their love, each sin-
gles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with
women, in lofty strain or two to the lute-tune,
and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies; set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautifull and so;
You have added worth unto, and livelyourse.
And entertain'd us with mine own device:
I am to thank you for it.

Ladys. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Pish, for the worst is filthy; and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

This. Ladys, the goodly ladies have served us up.
Attends you; Please you to dispose yourselves.
All Ladys. Most thankfully, my lord.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT II.

Can justly praise, but what he does affect;
I weigh my friends affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true — I'll call on you.
All Lords. Some so welcome. Tim. I take all and your several wishes.
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Men's, I could deal kingliness to my friends,
And we're wealthy — Alcibiades,
Then art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is through the dead: and all the headless limb
Lies in a pick'd field.
Alcibiades. Ay, defied land, my last.
1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound.
And so
Tim. Am I to you.
2 Lord. So infinitely envies.
Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights.
1 Lord. Lights. More of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
2 Lord. Ready for his friends.
Apem. What a soul's here! Served of books, and nothing but of home.
I doubt whether their legs be worth the same;
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of drugs,
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fellows lay out their wealth on our
Gunpowder.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not so
I'd be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing; for, if I should be rich
too, there would be some left to fall upon thee;
and then thou wouldst spin the stater. Then gives
so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself
in paper shortly: What need these foils,
poops, and waltzers now!
Tim. Nay, an you begin to run on society now,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell;
and come with better music. [Exit.
Apem. So thou wilt not hear me now — thou shalt not
then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to suffer! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens.

A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to
favour.
He owes me thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty — Still in motion;
Raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog.
And give it Timon, why, do the dog a gold.
If I would sell my horses, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it feeds me straight.
And able horses: No porter at his gates.
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Capistr. No, I say.
Capistr. I say!

Enter Caphis.
Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;
Important for my namesake; be not tardy.
With slight denial; nor then alien'd,
Command me to the extravaganza — and the cap.
Plays in the right hand, thus — but tell him,
sirrah.
My way to you, I must serve my turn.
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
...
SCENE II.

Timo of Athens

And my relations on his fruited plains.

Have said my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger;
Immediate are my words; and my relief
Must not be tardy and tarry to me in words,
But find supply immediate: Out you go,
Put on a more important aspect,
A visage of demand: for, I do fear,
When every leader sticks in his own wing,
Our Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phaenix. Get you gone.
Cap. I go, sir.

And have the dates in account.
Cap. I will sir.

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Apem. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with them.

Fool. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Apem. Sire, a plague upon him, dog!

Fool. Sire, how does your fool?

Apem. Sire, do you talk with thy shadow?

Fool. Sire, I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 's I think, some one.

Fool. To the fool.

Apem. [To Var. Serv.]. There's the fool hanging on your back already.

Fool. No, thou stand'st at single, thou art not on him yet.

Apem. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question: Poor rogues, and wretches! men! below between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourself: a poor, poor fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Grammaries, good fool. How does your mistress like you?

Fool. She's eaten setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Woud, we could see you at Cenchrae.

Apem. Good kind men.

Enter Page.

Page. Fool, look here, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. Enter Page.

Page. What are you? And how do you, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. I was mad, and had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profanely.

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 hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Apemantus. On thou must wear a tassell, and thou'lt die a baud.

Page. Thou wast whipped a dog, and thou shalt finish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

Apem. Even so does not a goat. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Page. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon, stay at home. You three serve three masters.

All Serv. Ay: would they served us?

Apem. So would I, as a good trick to every hangman served them.

Fool. Are you served master's men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think: me neither but a fool to his servant: my master is one, and I am her fool.

When men come to borrow at your masters, they approach easily, and go away sorrow; but they owe my mistress' house inwardly, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Serv. Fool. I could rambler one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a washangable, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Fool. Sire, what is a washangable, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometime it appears like a good man; a wiser i' sometimes, like a philosopher, with two stems more than his artificial one. He is a very stout Jack, &c.
and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up
and down by, and is driven to thinnest, the
spirit walks in.

You, Sers. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nay then, altogether a wise man; so much
foolery as I have, so much wilt thou lackest.
Serp. That answer might have become Apoc-

tommonus.

All Sers. Aside; aside! here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavia.

Tim. Come with me, fool, come.
Fool. I do not always follow, elder brother,
and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exit Apocstommonus and Fool.

Flavi. Pray you, walk near me, and speak with
you anon.

[Aside.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, sir?

Flavi. Had you not fully laid my state before me?

Tim. O my good lord! I have not.

Flavi. At many times I brought in my account,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you had bid me
Bear so much, I have shook my head, and
wept;

Tim. To hold your hand more close; I did endure
Not patience, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lord,

Flavi. Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's the
time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debt.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flavi. To all my hand's, some forfeit, and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present taxes; the future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend,

Flavi. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Was it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly was it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flavi. If you suspect my husbandly, or false,
hoood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been express'd
With furious feelings; when our vaults have wept
With dreariest spirts of wine; when every room
Had blazed with lights, and brayed with min-
scultry
I have cement to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at low. You gods, reward them!

Flavi. Bravo, no more.

Flavi. Heaven, have I said, the bounty of this
lord?

How many prodigies has he slaves, and ma-
pens?

This night englighted! Who is not Timon's?
What heer, hond, 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;

Flavi. Come, sirrah, we are further:
No stinking bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwist, not ignobly, have I given,

Tim. Why do these weeps I cannot the present
look,
To think I shall lack friends? Security 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 truly say,
As I can bid this speak.

Flavi. Assurance bless thy thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these words of mine

Flavi. That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends; You shall perceive, how
My treasures have bound time to set them
Toward a supply of money: at the request
Be fifty talents.

Flavi. As you have said, my lord.

Flavi. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? who is
there
The latter, sir. [To Constantinus] you are the
sentences

[Of whom, even in the state's best health, I have
Deemed this farthing, but 'tis most of the state.
A thousand talents to me.

Flavi. I have been bold.

[For that I knew it the most genearal way]
To stem to one your signal, and your name;
But they disheave their heads, and I am here

Flavi. No richer in return.

Tim. I'll try them. Can I be? I am.

Flavi. They answer, in a joint vast corporate
voice

That now they are at full, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are no
honorable—

Flavi. That ye should have wish'd—they know not

Flavi. Something hath been smiles—a noble nature
May catch a weapon—would all were well—this
joy—

And us, interesting other serious matters.

Flavi. After disastrous looks, and these last frauds,
With certain half-cups, and cold moving nod,
They freeze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—I pray thee, man, look chearly;

This old fellow
Their ingratitude in them bellow'd
Their blood is cool'd, it is cold, it achenes cold.

For lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And when, an ever green again toward want,
Is fashion'd for the burnyng, dull, and heavy.

Go to your friends, [To a Serv.]—Pray, sir; [To
Flavia] I am not so.

Tim. Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee.—[To Flavia]—You

Tim. Buried his father; by whose death, he's war'd
into a great estate: when was e'er poor,

Intricd, and in scarcity of friends,

Flavi. I played him, and five talents; give him five

Tim. Did he suppose, some good necessity
Touched his friend, which causes to be remem-
ber'd
With these five talents—had, [To Flavia] give
it these fellows

Tim. To whom is instant due. Never speak, or think.

[Exit. Timon's Touches, among his friends can seek,}
Scene II.
TITUS OF ATHENS.

Flaminius being sent for. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I thank you, sir. Enter Lucullus.

Luc. Here’s your lord.

Serv. [Aside.] One of Lord Titus’s men is a gift, I warrant. Why, this is right: I dreamt of a silver lasso and ever after. Flaminius, honest Flaminius: you are very respectably welcome, sir.—I’ll get some wine.—[Exit Servant.]

Luc. And how does that honestable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very handsome lord and master?

Serv. His health is well, sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, sir, and that he has been there under the thick, pretty Flaminius.

Serv. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir: which, in my lever, had I been in Rome to entertain your honour is a sorry sight; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, had sent his lordship to furnish him a nothing disabling your present assistance therein.

Luc. Nay, let, be, be—nothing doubting, says he, alas, good lord a noble gentleman’s tie, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have closed with him, and told him on’t; and came again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would entreat 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 to less expenditure.

Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have esteemed thee always. Here’s to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a towadry prompt speaker, give thee a din, and one that knows what belongs to reason: and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well; good part in this:—Get you gone, sirrah. [To the servant, who goes out.]—Drake scarce, honest Flaminius: Thy lord’s a beauteous gentleman; but thou art wise; and then knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lead money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here’s three my lord, and good boy, wink at me, and say thou art not me. Fare thee well.

Serv. Isn’t possible, the words should so much

And we alive, that liv’d? Fly, damnable bawds, To him that worshippeth the money away.

Luc. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucullus.]

Serv. I have added to the master that may want thee.

Luc. Let him soon in thy demurrage, Then distaste, and then mislike thyself! His friendship such a faint and wily heart, It serve not less than two ages! O ye gods, I feel my unmanly love! This slave... Unto his honour, his lord’s most most in him; Why should it thrive, and turn to nothing, When he is turn’d to pulchritude?

O may discerns only work upon’t! And, when thou art sick to death, let that part of nature Which my lord paid only for, be of any power To expel sickness, but nothing else! [Exit Servant.

Scene II. The same. A public place.

Enter Lucullus, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Titus? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

Str. We knew 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 rumour: new Lord Titus’s happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him. Luc. I do, I do, and believe he cannot want for money.

Str. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; may, upon extreme fear, and show what necessity be for; beheld not but yet was denied.

Luc. How?—

Str. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What have they since now, being so free the gods, I am ashamed of? Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed him, even of his own part. I must confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like, nothing comparing to his; yet had he met him, and sent to me, I should never have denied his occasion so many talents.

Serv. Say, by good day, yonder’s my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.—

[To Lucullus.]

Serv. Say you are kindly mad, sir. Puts they well.—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honour, my lord hath—

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endured to that lord; heretofore sending; How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; resuming occasion to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; he commands you very welcome.

Serv. 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. What a wicked beast was I, to disturb myself a point such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unkindly it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a late part! I do renew a great deal of honour—Servilius, now before the gods, I am able to do’t; the more base, I say.—I was sending to me Lord Titus myself; these gentleman can witness; but I would not, for the world, do such a thing. Commend me beautifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fourest of me, because I am not power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest affections, say, that I cannot procure such an honourable this good gentleman. Will you bestow me so far, as not to use mine own words to him?

Serv. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I thank you out a good turn, Servilius.

Serv. True, as you said, Titus is strunk, indeed.

Luc. And he, that’s more desired, will be thy next pay.

[Exit Lucullus.

Str. Do you observe this, Wolvilius?

Str. Ay, sir; we will.
TIMON OF

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1 Stras. Why, this
is the world's soul; and just of the same place
is every fastidious spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips not into the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; say, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: I have not...-
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the meanness of man)
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! He...-
He does deny him, in respect of his
What charitable men allow to beggars.
3 Stras. Religion groans at it.
1 Stras. 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.
And this is meekness use of me.
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart: How fairly this
Men must learn now with pity to despise;
For policy sits above conscience.

SCENE III.
The same. A Room in Timonius's House.
Enter Symphilon, and a Servant of Timon's.
Ser. Must he needs trouble me for't? Humph!
"Here all on board!"
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too.
When he rests from prison; all these there
Owe their estates unto him.
Ser. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
for
They have all denied him.
Ser. 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 phy-
sicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure
upon me?-
He has much disgrace'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no
sense for it,
But his occasions might have was'd me first; For,
In my conscience, I was the first man
That 'er receiv'd gift from him; And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite last? No: So he may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst the fools be thought a fool.
I had rather the world of twice 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.
Ser. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly vis-
lion. The devil knows not what he did, when he
made man politic; he earnestly lift't:
and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of
such a nature as is politic love;
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
So much the gods murther. Now his friends usurp,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
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, man keep his...-

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.
The same. A Hall to Timon's House.
Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant
of Lucius, escorted Titus, Hortensius, and
other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting
his coming out.
Luc. Ser. Well met; good morrow, Titus,
and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius? What, do we meet together?
Luc. Ser. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.
Enter Flaminus.
Luc. Ser. And air
Flaminus too?
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Ser. Welcome, good brother.
Tit. What do you think the hour?
Phi. Laboured for mine
Luc. Ser. I wonder 'tis; he was sent to shine at
Luc. Ser. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him;
You must consider that a prodigious course
is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
Tit. To deepest winter in Lord Timon's paws;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Tit. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll shew you how to preserve a strange
your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. He wears jewels much of Timon's gift,
For which you wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Ser. Most, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And even as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money 'em.
Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness.
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than theft.
1 Ser. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns;
Tit. What's your's?
Luc. Ser. Five thousand minae.
Tit. Much deep; and it should seem by the sun,
your master's confidence was above mine; Else surely, his had equal'd.'

Enter Flaminus.
Tit. Out of Lord Timon's house.
Luc. Ser. Flaminus! sir, a word? Titus, is
my lord ready to come forth?
Phi. No; indeed, he is not.
Tit. We await his lordship; 'pray, signify to
him that.
Phi. I need not tell him that; he knows you
are too diligent.

Enter Flaminus, in a cloak, masked.
Luc. Ser. H! is not that his steward missing?
He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.
Tit. Do you know, sir?
Luc. Ser. Say; By your leave, sir;-
What? What do you ask of me, my friend?
SCENE V.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Timon. Here, my lord. Timon. So fully? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Flavius, and all the drummers; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flavius. O, my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Timon. Be't not in thy care; go, I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knives once more; my cook and I'll make

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The same.

The Senate House. The Senate sitting.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice with thee; the fact
Bloody: 'tis necessary he should die;
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. He must, my lord; but this is not his hour.
Alcibi. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate.

1 Sen. Who, my captain?

Alcibi. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but true men use it truly.
It pleased time, and fortune, to be heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood,
Hath stamp'd the face of death, which he past deep
To those that, without blood, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of cunning virtues;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(A honour in him, which buys out his fault);
But, with a subtle craft, and fair sport,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such wight and unlovely passion
He did behave his usage, ere 'twas speak'd,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

2 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 massachussetts into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of existence: it is indeed,
Is value middagot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born: he's truly valiant, that can suffer;
The worst that man can breathe; and make his
Wrath:
His outsiders: wear them like his raiment, carelessly.
And naught prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Sennachus: While it is easy, and envious us kill,
What folly 's to hazard life for ill!

Alcibi. My lord,

1 Sen. You cannot make gave size look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to hear.

Alcibi. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats'ning I stamp upon it
And let the fagotten cut their throats,
Without repentanc? But if there be
Such valour in the hearing, which make we
Are women; though women be most valiant,
That stay a stone, if bearing carry it;
And th's more captain than the lion (the felon
London with iron, worse than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good!
Who cannot commend him in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, it sin's extremest gues;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is matter:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Wear the crown with ease.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.
TIMON OF

ATHEN.

Act II.

Alcibi.

In vain his service done
At Leandiaem, and Byzantium
Were a sufficient recompense for his life.

1 Sen. What's that? 

Alcibi. Why, say, my lords, he does fair
service.

And slain in light of many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himself!
In many a conflict, and made plentiful wounds!
2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with them,

A secret riter, as a sin that often
Drews him, and takes his valiant prisoner;
If there were no laws, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrage,
And dochaxia facundia: 'Tis infernal.
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcibi. Hear me! 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 designs to him, and join them both:
And, for I know your revered ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victorious, all
My honour to you, upon his good return.
If by this crime he owe the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, for laws: urge it no more.
On whose remains, the disemboweler:
Friend or brother; he forfeits his own blood, that spills another.
Alcibi. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords, I
do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How? 

Alcibi. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What? 

Alcibi. 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 sore at you.

1 Sen. Do you charge our anger
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcibi. Banish my dignity! banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days shine, Athens contain
time.
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
evolve our writ,
He shall be executed presently.

[Execut Senatores.] 

Alcibi. Now the gods keep you old enough:
that you may live
Only in base, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept lock their foes.
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest: I myself,
Rich only in my heart. All those, for this!
Is this the balance, that the wasting senate
Pours into captives' wounds? I banish him?
It must not be to let him be add
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens: I'll cheer up
My censured troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most hands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out; Servants attending.

Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you.

1 Lord. Upon that was my thoughts tiring,
when we conversated: I hope, it is not so low
with him, as he made at once in the trial of his
wealth.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the prevailing
of his poor base

1 Lord. I think so: he hath sent me an
entreaty writing, which many my near enemies
did urge me to put off; but he hath employed an
enemies.

2 Lord. In his manner was I in debt to my
importance, but he would not hear my
reason; I am sorry, when I do not to borrow of
me, that my province was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
stand how all things go.

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

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. And of what you?

3 Lord. A thousand pieces, sir—there he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentleman both—
And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, bearing wall of your
lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows, not summer more
will follow the same.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor will, more willingly have winter;
such summer-birds areseen—Oldness, your
inning will not recommence this long way:
feast your ears with the music's wild; if they
will fare so harshly on the trumpet sound: we
shall fare as you shall.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I returned you an empty

Tim. 0, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

1 Lord. The banquet brought us.

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am too
sack of shame, that, when your lordship the other
day sent to me, I was so insufficient a beggar.

Tim. Thank not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better re presenta-
ceme, come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

2 Lord. Dine not that, if money, and the
season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

2 Lord. Alcibiades is banished. Have you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

2 Lord. Tell me, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how!

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what I?

2 Lord. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast towards.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and—

1 Lord. I do conclude. 

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that apex as
he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet
shall be in all places alike. Make not a new
feast of it, to let the meat cool are we can sign
upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require
our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our sacrifice
with thankfulness. For your own gift, let
your selves praise! but reserve still to god,
your deities be despised. Lord to each as
enough, that one need not lend to another; but
your godheads to borrow of men, not
would forake the gods. Make the want be
before, be not the benefactor; it gives it. Let an
assembly of twenty be without a score of suffers.
If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen
them be—she as they are. — The rest of your latter,
TIMON OF ATHENS. 577

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. What shall we do to assuage the miseries of the poor?

And yet confusion live!—Plague, wasting, and famine:

Your potenti and infectious feverishness

In Avalanche!—a sort of spiritual

Crippl our senators, that their limbs may fail:

And drown themselves in riot!—thieves, plunders,

Sow all the Athenian teams:—and they are

To be general leprosy!—breath infect breath;

That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely prunus!—Nothing shall bear them:

But nakedness, then destitute town;

Take thou that too, with multiplying taints!

Timon will in the woods;—where he shall find

The unknown beast more kinder than mankind.

The god confound (bear me, you good gods all!)
The Athenians both within and out that wait!—

And grant, as Timon grows, his hails may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low!—

Amen.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. A Room in Timon's House. Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Why, sir, why do you, master steward, where's our master?

Flavius. Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

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

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,

As poor as you.

2 Serv. Such a house broke!—So much a master fallen!—All gone! and not

One friend, to take his fortune with him,

And go along with him?

3 Serv. Nay, we are as in our ranks,

From our companion, thrown into his grave;

So, his familiar to his buried fortunes.

Stink all away;—leave the place where he was,

Like empty purses pick'd:—and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-known poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flavius. 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 follow;—let's shake our heads, and say,

As there came knoll unto our master's fortunes,

We have seen better days. Let's each take some.

Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part, we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Serving Servants.

O, the fierce wrathfulness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Some riches point to misery and content.

Who'd be so nick'd with glory I to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pump, and all what state compounds

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

Uniform to goodness! Sounds, unsual blood.

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good?

Who then dares to be half so kind again?

Poor farm and all the drab that falls my ear.

To the honest lord,—Shame's, to be most sacred.

Rich, only to be wretched.—thy great fortunes

As madness, or as he had at first been, wise head.

He's hung in rage from this ingrateful seat

Of monstrous friends:—nor has he with them.
Scene III. The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Timon. This blighted genus can draw from the earth its human treasure; below, by the light of the sun, he sees the air! From whom a brother of one womb—Whose praetorship, revenue, and birth, Nature is divided—touch them with several friends.

The greater serves the lesser. Not nature, To whom all savors yield savagery, can bear great fortune.

But by contempt of nature: Smites me this beggary, and deny that lord; The senator shall bear contemptuous reverence, The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture larks the brother's side, The wind that makes him less. Who dar's, who daren, In partly heart, stood staid upright.

And say, This man's a father? If one be, So are they all; for, where grace of fortune Is smooth as by that hand; the learned pate Docks to the golden foil: All is oblique; There's nothing straight in our errant fortunes, But direct villany. be abhorred All senate, society, and throng of men! Is semblable, yet, himself. This is my principle: Distraction kings mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sense his passion With thy most opulent poison! What is here? Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods, I am no idle votarist. Reason clear heavens! Though much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

He, you gods! Why this? What this, you gods?

Why this Will buy your priests and servants from your sides! Place stout men's pillows from below their heads: This yellow slave Will link and break religions; bless the accursed; Make the hoar legions ador'd; place thieves, And give them titles, knees, and approbation, With senators on the bench! this is it, That makes the weepers' widow wed again; She, whom the spiritual house, and lobsters serves Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices To the April day again. Come, dammed earth, Than common whereof mankind, that part'd oads Among the rout of nations, I will make thee To thy right nature—March after April!—[Flies

A drum!—Then'roth't 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 flags, in warlike manner; Phryne and Timandra.

Alcibiades. What art thou there?

Timon. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw

For showing me again the eye of man!

Alcibiades. What is thy name? I am so hateful to thee.

That art myself! man! Timon. I am so hateful, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou were a dog,

That I might love thee something.

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Enter Alcibiades. Alcibiades. Art thou, Timon?

Timon. I know thee too, and more, than that I need done here. Follow thy drum;

With many blessed groves and pleasures, givest, pities, In thy fields, and wine, and houses, for every child.

That what should war be? This all whereof

Dread in her more destruction than thy sword, For all her chariots look.

Timon. I will not treat thee; thou art not man.

Alcibiades. Hail! to the noble Timon to the father!

Timon. At thee the moon done, by wresting light to give But these few hours I could not, like that moon; There were no sense to borrow of.

Alcibiades. What friendship may I do thee? Timon. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcibiades. What is it, Timon? Timon. Promises me friendship, but perform none:

That will not procure, the gods please them, for Those art a man if thou dost perform, confirmed him.

For that I am a man.

Alcibiades. I have heard in many sort of thy manner. The rest, I am ready there, when I had propriety, Alcibiades. I see thee now; there was a blessed time.

Timon. As youth is now, hold with a weave of hair.

Alcibiades. Is this the Athenian nation, whom the world

Would so regardly?

Timon. Art thou Timandra? Yes.

Alcibiades. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them disease, burning with thee their lust.

Make use of thy art hours: amen, the slaves For tuts, and baths; bring down rose-clad oaths

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timon. Hang thee, murderer! Alcibiades. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wrong Are dround'd and lost in his calamities.

Have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make wear In my penurious band; I have heard, and grieved,

For cased Athenus, minds of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour States,

But for thy sword and fortune, tread upon them.—

I pray thee, hear thy drum, and get thee gone.

Athen. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Timon. How dost thou pity him, when thou dost trouble

I had rather be alone.

Alcibiades. Why, fare thee well! Here's some gold for thee.

Timon. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcibiades. When I have laid prood Athenus on a death.

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athenes? Timon. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Alcibiades. The gods confound them all if thy success; and

Thee alter, when thou hast conquer'd?

Timon. Why me, Timon?

Timon. That. By killing villains, thou wast want to bestow my country.

Put up thy gold: Go on.—here's gold,—go on; As a planetary plague, when Jove Will over some high-woof'd one hang his plate In the star air: Let not thy sword slip out: Why not haste again for his white head.

He's an easter! Strike me the counterfeited native;
SCENE III.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 579

It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd! Let out the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy treacherous sword: for these millenii-
papers
That through the window-barren eyes at men's
eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible tidings: Spare not the
hair,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy!
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath shook his brains in, and should not
shalt eat, and
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against ob-
jects:
Put your sword on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yeats of mothers, ashes, nor
hares,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce ye yet. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confession; and, thy fury spent,
Griefs that with injuries shall suffice:
There's more
Alcibi. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
And give it me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
Upon our heads.
Phry. & Timon. Give us some gold, good Tim-
on: Hast thou more?
Tim. Enough, to make a whore bear her
trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you shits,
Your apostle's mountain: You are not unfaulchable!
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly sworn,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immaterial gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whose still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you;
Be strong in whom, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turnspouts: Yet may your pain, six
months,
Be quite contrary: And hatch your poor thin
root
With hardness of the dead:—some that were
watered,
No matter,—wear them, betray with them:
where still;
Paint till a house may move upon your face:
A paltry wretch!
Phry. & Timon. Well, more gold:—What
Believe, that we'll do anything for gold.
Tim. Consumptions now
In hollow houses:—strike their sharp shinings,
And men's sparking. Crack the lawyer's
voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor could his quillers sharper: hoarse the flame,
That scalds up not the quality of flesh.
And not believe him: down with the nose,
Down with it fly: let the brace quite away
Of burns, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general well: make car-low
patriate
cuts wide,
And let the smuts of largeness of the war
Devise some form from you: Pissage all;
That your activity may defeat your gold:
The source of all creation. There's more
—Don't you damn others, and let them damn you,
And dot her grace you all!
Tim. & Timon. More cease with more money,
boundless Timon.
Tim. More cease with more money,
Alcibi. Break up the drum, and the Athenian
army:
If I throw all, I'll throw thee again
Timon: If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcibi. I never did thee harm.
Tim. You, then speak well of me.

Alcibi. Call set thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it easy. Get thee away,
And take thy bagels with thee.

We but offend him.

[Drum beats. Enter Alcibiades, Phrynus, and Timandra.
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
ness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
Digging.
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems and feeds all: whose self-same officer,
Were all the adored birds below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine
Yield him, who all thy human sins doth hate,
From forth thy plantless bower, one poor root
Ensue thy fertile and conception womb.
Let it be more bring out ingratitude man!
Go great with serpents, dragons, wolves, and bears;
With new and masters, whom thy upward faces
Hath to the marbled mansions all above,
Never presented:—O, a root!—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy narrow, vines, and plush-shorn less;
Wrest from ingratitude man, with baritonal draughts,
And grapple unsanctious, press his pure mind.
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Alcibiades.

More man? Plague! plague!

Alcibi. I was desolate here: 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!

Alcibi. This is thee in a nature and affected
A poor unmanned melancholy, spring
From change of fortune. Why this space?—this
place?
This was the habit? and those looks of care?
Thy flattering yet wear all, drink wine, lie soft;
Hie thy diseases perfumes, and have forget
That ever Timon was shame not the woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carcer.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By which that has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'dst observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told that
Thou gainest these ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome.
To knowers, and all approachers: 'To most just,
That thou turne rasces: hast thou wealth again,
Rascal should have.' Do not assume my liberty.

Alcibi. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Alcibi. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy blustering chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt onärmous? Will these mossed
trees,
That have mouth'd the eagle, pay the bills.
And ship when thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook
Conduct with lie, cally thy morning taste,
To care thy overrich's surfeits call the create-
ers.
Whose watered nature live in all the spit
Of weakens, whose throns, whose soused trunks,
To the consuming element expos'd,
Answer by nature, bid them flatter thee;

Alcibi. Thou shalt find—

Alcibi. A fool of thee: Depart.

Alcibi. I love thee better now than ever I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.

Alcibi. Why?

Alcibi. Thou flatter'st me.

Alcibi. I flatter not: but say, thou art a cattile.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

To seek thee.
TIMON OF ATHENS. ACT IV.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Aym. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too.

Aym. If thou didst put this sober cold habit on To castigate thy pride, 'twas well; but thou Dost it emphasis; thou'dst courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery... Outwits uncertain pump, is crownd before: The one is filling still, never complete; The other, at high wish; best state, contentless, Has a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, contentless.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable. Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm With favour never clasps'd: but bred a dog. Hast thou, like us, from our first swath, proceed-

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords, To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely command, thou'lt have applauded thyself.

In general riots: melted down thy youth In different beds of lust; and never learned Thy key precepts of respect, but follow'd The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confidant, found The moulds, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men.

At e'en, more than I could frame employment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves Do on the oak, have with one winter's breath Fell from their boughs, and left me empty, bare. For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this, That never knew but better, is some burden: Thy nature did commensurate in time, Haste made haste hard in't. Why should'st thou hate me?

They never flatter'd thee: Why hast thou given it? If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag, Must be the subject; who, in spite, put stuff To some she beggar, and compassed thee Poor rogue helter-skelter. Hence! be gone!— If thou hast not been the worst of me, Thou hast been a knave, and flatterer.

Aym. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not the less. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now; Were all the wealth I have, shot up in thee, I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone— That the whole life of Athens were in this! Thou wouldst eat it.

Aym. Here: I will stand by thy feast. ['Offering him something."

Tim. First mend my company, take away

Aym. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. Thou art not mended; so, it is but yonch; If not, I would it were.

Aym. What would'st thou have Athens to?

Tim. That, librer in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold: look, so have I. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;

For here it sleeps, and doth no hired harm.

Aym. Where 'st thou o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where fewest thou o' days, Aymenusius?

Aym. Where a stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Aym. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To those thy dishes.

Aym. The middle of humanity thou never knowest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gait, and thy person, thine unmocked thee for too much curiosity: Thy eyes that knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a needle for thee, wilt it?

Tim. See what I have, I fear not.

Aym. Dest hate a mollusk?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Aym. An thou hadst bribed multitudes with, thou'shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever repent that was beloved after his reason?

Tim. Who without these means that hath'st not, dost thou know beloved?

Aym. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; but men are the things themselves. What would'st thou to win the world, Aymenusius, if it lay in thy power?

Aym. Give it the house, to be rid of thee.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the tomates?

Aym. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A heavily ambitious, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou werst the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou werst the lion, the fox would eat thee: if thou werst the lion, the fox would suspect thee, when, perchance, those were assailed by the one: if thou werst the fox, thy diligence would torment thee; and still those lived but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou werst the wolf, thy greatness would allure thee, and off thou'shouldst hasten thy life for thy dinner: were thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make those own self the common enemy, that revered thee; whereas thou'dst be kilt by the horse: were thou a horse, thou'lt be seized by the leopard: were thou a leopard, thou'lt be gored by the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were furred on thy ribs: all thy safety were remiss'd, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, thou seemst not thy house in transformation?

Aym. 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 art broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Aym. 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 shall be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Aymenusius.

Aym. Thou art the captain of all the false alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit

Aym. In thy face.

Tim. A plague on thee, thou art too lust to cure.

Aym. Timon, villain, that's thy stand by thee, are you?

Tim. There is no leprosy but what thou hast.

Aym. If I name thee—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Tim. 'Would thy tongues could rejoin them off

Away, thou louse of a mummy dog! Eater does kill me, that thou art alive; I were to see thee.

Aym. 'Would thou wouldst have'

Tim. Away.

Aym. Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall see thee!

Tim. A stone by thee,

Aym. 'Thros a stone at him.

Tim. Slave.

Aym. 'Tous.

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue.

[Aymenusius rushes backward, or goes.]}
SCENE III.

TINOM OF ATHENS.

1 am sick of this false world; and will love neught.
But even the more necessaries upon it.
This is a truth, Timon; presently prepare thy grave;
Like where the light beams of the sea may beat
Thy grave-as-many days: make those epheges,
That death in me at other's life may laugh.
O thou sweet king, Pilgrim, and dear Thetis,
[Looking on the gold] (Hymen's parent bed) then valiant Mars!
Timon: ever young, fresh, lordly, and divine.
Whose idle doth those the consecrated snow
That lies on Dan's lap? I thou sweet god,
And god I call myself; doth not love yet
And miss'st him most: that speech'th with every

Thy: every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave may relish: and by thy voice
Thou dost into the world of living, and hence
May have the world in triumph.
Asp. Would 'were so.
Tim. So, till I should—till I should have that gold
Then wilt be through'd to shortly.

Thryng to it

Asp. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Asp. Long live, and love thy misery!

More things like men—Eat, Timon, and adore them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thiev. Where should he have this gold? I am
some poor fragment, some slender sort of his reremains: the more want of gold, and the falling
from of his friends, drove him into this madness.

2 Thiev. It is noised, he bath a mass of treasure.

3 Thiev. 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 we get it?

4 Thiev. True; for he fears not about him, he doth.

1 Thiev. Does not thin be?

2 Thiev. Whereat?

3 Thiev. To know him. What is his name?

4 Thiev. Never saw Timon.

5 Thiev. Never, thou art not a thief: but men that
must have it.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much.

Why should you want? I behold the earth hath
Within the same break both a hundred springs.
The rose he must, the ivory scarlet ships:
The honnest here have, none, on each hand
That salt he must, and, for the most part, want why want?

1 Thiev. We cannot live on green, on berries,

As, pies, and bread, and fishes.

Tim. In the beasts themselves, the birds, and

Thy want is not.

You must at men. Yet thanks I must you own,
That you are honest; that you work not
In law, in stolen, in unacted; that you
In honest, that you are honest.

Here is gold. Go, seek the whole body of the

Tim. Leave me with my blood to breathe.

As: what use have you of the physician:
If thou hast not the self, and be a thief.

Men, as ye see it, take wealth and live to gettle.

Do you see, now you protest to do.

Twixt: I'll compe't with them with thievish

The more a thief, and with his great attraction.
Rolfes the vast sea: the moon's an avant thief,
And her pale fire she matches from the sun:
The sun a thief, whose light disproves;
The moon into all toars: the earth's a thief,
That feeds, and need by a computer stoln
From general expectation: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough

Have no reck'd thief. Love not yourselves

Rob thee: others. There's more gold: cut through,
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,
But thieves do: I m'st: Neal not less, for this:
I give your gold, but I do not your housings.

Tinom: refers to his Care.

4 Thiev. He can show me charm'd me from my
problem, by presenting me first

1 Thiev. 'Tis in the index of mankind, that he

Three: us: I have no trust in no husbandry.

2 Thiev. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give

1 Thiev. Let us first see peace in Athens:

3 Thiev. There is no time to miserable, but a man may be

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods

1 Thiev. If you despried and runins man my lord?

2 Thiev. Full of doing and falling: O monument

3 Thiev. And wonder of good deeds entirely lost'd.

Flav. What an altemation of honour

1 Thiev. Or want备.

4 Thiev. What virtue thing upon the earth, than friends,

5 Thiev. Who can bring noblest minds to basest gods

6 Thiev. How rarely do it meet with this time's guest,

7 Thiev. When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

8 Thiev. How I may ever love, and rather woo

9 Thiev. Those that would mischief me, than those that do

10 Thiev. He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him: and, as my lord,

11 Thiev. Still serve him with my life:—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Care.

Tim. Away! I what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that I have forgot all men?

Thief. Do they grant at their own, I have forgot these.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tinom. I know thee not: I never had honest man

Over much: about me, I all that I had were knowes,

To serve in most to villaine

Flav. The gods are witness,

Tinom. Ne'er did poor steward wear a true grief

His master's lord, than mine eye for you.

Tim. What: do thou step—Come nearer—

Tinom. Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flav. Manish: whose eyes do never give,

Strengh times that weep with laughing, not with

Flav. I seek of you to know me, good my lord,

Tim. To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now

Flav. No, or unfortable! It almost turns

My dangerous nature mild. Let me behold

Thy face. Surely this man was born of us more

Flav. Praise my general and exempted rashness

You person—dear god! I do proclaim

Our house can—smoke are we not,—but one:

So more, I pray,—and he is a steward—

How could I have hasted all mankind,

And the restraint in myself: first all, even then,

I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise: For, by supposing and betraying me, This might'at have gained another service; For many so arrive with second names Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true. For I must ever doubt, though 'tis too sure, Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If it be a wearing kindness; and as rich men steal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one. Place, No, my most worthy master, in whose breast Doubt and suspect alas, are plac'd too late! You should have leant't false times, when you did feast! Suspect still, comes where an estate is least. That which I show, heaven knows, is morally love, Duty, and need to your unwatched mind. Care of your food, and living: and, believe it, My most honour'd lord, From any point of me, Either in hope, or present, I'll exchange For this one wish, That you had power and will To requite me, by making rich yourself. Tim. Look there, 'tis so; Thou singly honest in thy misery. Here, take;—the gods out of my misery. His words were more than true. Go, live rich and happy; But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men, Have all, cut all; show charity to none; But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relish the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them. Debts with them: Be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lift up their false bleedings! And so farewell, and thrive! Pain. O, let me stay, And comfort you, my master. Tim. If thou hast'at Curses, stay not; for whilst thou art bless'd and free: Ne'er see thon man, and let me ne'er see thee. [Exit severally.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.

Poet. As I took none of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Tim. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold true, for that, he is so full of gold? Pain. Certain; Aribaces reports it; Porchia and Tandania had gold of him; he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: Tim said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Tim. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our love to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly to us, and is very likely to load our purses with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report of his having.

Tim. What have you now to present unto him? Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Tim. I must serve him too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the least. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the dullest for his act: and, in the simplicity of his, and single kind of people, the dead of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most couplet and fashionable: performance is a kind of will of no account, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.
SCENE II.

That mightily doth move you.

Duke. Do we, my lord? Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him swallow,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain asord,

That he in's made-up villain.

Pleon. I know none such, my lord.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold.

Pleon. I shall receive these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stam them, drown them in a drought.

Conform them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Duke. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. Ye 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 them are, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him—if thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, there him destroy.

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye cause for gold, ye slaves!

You have done work for me, there's payment here:

You are an alchemist, make good of that.

Out, ragged things, that. budding and driving them out.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Marcellus and two Senators.

Marcellus. It is in that way that you would speak with

Tim. For he is not so handy to himself.

That nothing but himself, which looks like man,

Is friendly with himself; the better for Timon.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,

To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are but all the same: "Twas time, and

That from him thine time; time, with his fair hand,

Drew the Athenians, use of his former days.

The former man may make him: bring us to

him, and choose him as it may.

2 Sen. 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 reverent senators, great thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Then turn, that comfort'm, born—Speak

And be kind:

For such true word, a bluster' and each false

Be as a sapling to the root of the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking.

1 Sen. Right not, my noble Timon—

2 Sen. Of none but such as you, noble Timon.

2 Sen. The Senators of Athens protest thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank thee; and would send them back

the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of kindness,

Entreat thee back to Athens: who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant be

For thy best use and wearing.

They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too greatful, great;

Which saves the publick body—which doth adorn

Play the recantier,—feeling in itself,
Enter Senators and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discovered; are his files
As full as thy report?

2 Sen. I have spoke the least.

3 Sen. Besides, his expedition promises
Prompt approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

1 Sen. I met a courier, one, mine ancient
friend.

1 Sen. Whom, though in general part we were apposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends—this man was
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship; the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators from Timon.

2 Sen. Hee come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of nothing, of him expect.

The messenger's drum is heard, and fearful sounding
Doubt chokes the air with dust; in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the spare.

SCENE IV. The Woods.

Timon's Cave, and a Tambourine seen.

Enter a Soldier, keeping Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.

Who's there? speak, ho!—No answer? What is
ther

Timon is dead, who hath nature's life span:
Some heart reek't this: there does not live a man
Dead, our: and this his grave.—

What's on this tombstone I cannot read: the character
I'll use with want.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
As 'gainst the weather, 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.

Alc. Bound 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 mirth, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such
As sleep within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our truncheons' arms, and breath'd
The silence vainly! Now the time is flush.

When crowning sorrow, in the heavy spring,
Cries of woe, and a more: new breathless wrong
Shall out and past in your great chains of fate; and
Parsy leasnesse shall break his wind,
With fear and knavish flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hast power, or we had cause of fear
We sent to thee to give thy ragnes bale,
To wipe out our ingratitude with love
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we wage
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by paneled means;
We were not all ascendent, nor all desert.
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. Those walls of ours were not eroded by their hands, from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such,
That they can lower trophies, and schools should fail
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they bring,
Who were the motives that you first sent out;
Shame that they were cunning, in excess
Broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy benes amiss;
By detection, and a hideth death
(If thy revenge hunger for that tool.
Which nature leaves,) take thus the second
sight
And by the hazard of the spotted die.
Let die the spotted.

2 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 countrymen,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage.
Thy Athenian cradle, and theies, which
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and call the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Then rather shall enforce with thy smile,
Than howe 't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampart's gates, and they shall open;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter boundly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of these honourable,
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 had thy fall desire.

Alc. Then there's thy glove!
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
These enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for respect,
Fall, and no more; and, to arouse your fears
With more noble meaning.—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
That shall be rendered to your public laws
At nearest answer.

Both. Tis most nobly spoken.
Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead:
Entombe'd upon the very hem of the sea:—
And we have transferred this inscrutable; which
With which we would have brought awe, whose soft impresions
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched cors, of whom
so and forget
Seek not my name: A plague consumes you
which rashly left.
CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCUS CORIOLANUS, a noble
Romean, of a noble patrician
TITUS LARTIUS, a General against the
VOLCANICANS.
MENENIUS AGrippa, Tribune to Corioli-
VOLUMNIA, Mother to Corioli-
SIDNUS Kis, Tribunes of the
VIRGILIA, Wife to Corioli-
BRUTUS, a Patrician
VIRGILIA, Friend to Virginia.
YOUNG MARCUS, Son to Corioli-
A Roman Hero.
YOUNG MARCUS, Son to Corioli-
TULLUS AUFFIDUS, General of the Vol-
Roman and Volcanic Senators, Patricians,
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

SCENE—partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volcanics and Antilates.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of malicious Citizens, with
Shame, Chide, and other Weapons.

1 C. This PACIFISM, this enmity against the
2 C. What he cannot help in his nature, you
3 C. If I must not, I must not be barren of
4 C. In the house, in the end; ' Would all the
5 C. I pray you.
2 C. Our business is not unknown to the se-
6 C. For his country; he did it to please his mother, and to
7 C. Say unto you, which he hath done fa-
8 C. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

2 C. What he cannot help in his nature, you
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8 C. Nay, but speak not maliciously.
CROCEBALLO

Art 2

1 Cth. It was an answer: How apply you this? Also, matter of Rome says it is good, body, to the multitude members: Touching their counsel, and their care; digest things

3. Men. Either you must

5. Confuse yourselves wondrous malleiously, or be accounted as folly. I shall tell you

7. A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it; but since it serves my purpose, I will venture to unfold a little more.

9. 1 Cth. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to rob off our disgrace with a tale: but sit down.

11. Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

13. Bleded in against the belly: thus account's it—

15. That only like a gulf it did remain

17. 'Tis the body, life and inactive, still courting the visage, never bearing

19. As labour with the rest; where the other in

21. Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel; and, mutually participates, did minister unto the appetite and affections common of the whole body. The belly answered.

23. 1 Cth. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

25. Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of

27. smile, which neither came from the lungs, but even then (for, look you, I may make the belly smile, as well as speak) it tauntingly replied

29. To the disconsolated members, the multitude parts:

31. That envied his receipt: even so most timely As you malign our winter, for that

33. They are not such as you.

35. 1 Cth. The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eyes,

37. The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier;

39. Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpet;

41. With other movements and petty helps

43. In this our fabric, if that they—

45. 1 Cth. What then?—Fore me this follow spokes:—what then?

47. What then?

49. Should it be the commonest belly be restrain'd;

51. Who is the sink o' the body.'

53. 1 Cth. Well, what then?

55. The former agents, if they did complain;

57. What could the belly answer?

59. Men. If you will hear me, I will tell you:

61. If you'll but hear me, (of what you have)

63. Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

65. 1 Cth. You are long about it.

67. Note me this, good friend;

69. Your most grave belly was deliberating,

71. Not rash like his sensuous, and thus answer'd:

73. True it is, my incorporeal friends, quoth he,

75. That I receive the general food at first,

77. Which you do live upon: and it is:

79. Because I am the storehouse, and the shop

81. Of the whole body: But if you do remember,

83. I send it through the rivers of your blood,

85. Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the

87. brain;

89. And, through the cranks and offices of man,

91. The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins;

93. Prove me receive that natural competency

95. Whereby they live: And though that all o' once,

97. You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark

99. 1 Cth. Ay, sir; well, well.

101. Though all at once cannot

103. Show what I do deliver out to me;

105. Yet I can make my audit up, that all

107. Wherein me too, resides the reason of all,

109. And leave me but the brain. What says you't not

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persauded;

for though abundantly they lack discretion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you,

What says the other troop?
SCENE II.

Coriolanus. 567

Mars. When we were chosen tribunes for the people.

Sic. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Mars. Being mark'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Re-clock the Student moon.

Mars. The present war doth prove him: he is grown too proud to be so valiant. Such a nature,

Tiskled with good success, disdain the shadow Which trends on at noon: But I do wonder, His innocence can brook to be commanded Under Comunari.

Sic. Pame, at the which he alms,—

Mars. In whom already he is well grad;—not

Sic. Better be held, nor more attainted, than by A place below the first: for what mischiefs Shall be the greater, that's the son: which form To the utmost of a man; and shaky earnest Will they even out of Marsuci, O, if he Havc hold the business! Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Mars. Opinion, that so sticks on Marsuci, shall Of his damask robe Comunari.

Sic. Comus: half all Comunari's honors are his honors, Though Marsuci can't them set; and all his
carnals To Marsuci shall be burdens, though, indeed, In mought 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. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Corin. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullius Andronicus, and certain Senators.

Sic. So your opinion is, Andronicus,
That they of Rome are enral'd in our counsell, And know how we proceed.

Asf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought or in this state, That could be brought to body not ore Rome Had circumstance: 'Tis not four days gone, Since I heard thereof; there are the words: I think, I have the letter here; you, have it here: [Reads. They have arrest a part of the state, but it is not known Whether for cast, or what: The design is great; The people summons: and it is rumour'd, Comunari, Marsuci, ye, and old enemy, (Who is of Rome were hasted them of you,) And Tullius Andronicus, a most valiant Roman, Three times head on this present occasion Whether 'tis best: most likely, 'do for you: Consider of it.

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

Asf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretenses well'd, till when They need you show themselves; which is the

hatching, It seemed, appeal'd to Rome. By the discovery We shall know, what's in our cause, which was, To take in many towns, or, almost, Rome Should know we were about.

Sic. Noble Andronicus, Take your commission: he to your bands: Let us abate to you, Corin. If they can bring on the army; but I think you'll find They have not prepar'd for us: Asf. O, doubt not that.

I speak from certainties. Nay, more, Some persons are worth, which was already, And only hitherward. I leave your honour. If you and Marsuci choose to meet, To the severest causes you shall never conclude Till one can do me more.
Scene III.

Rome. An Apartment in Marcus’ House.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and smoke.

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freer relish in that address wherein he won honour, than in the embarrassment of his bed, where he would show more love. When he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my want; when youth with sometimes plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kind satiety, a mother would 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 air, 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. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son. Therein would have found issues. Hear me profusely sincerely: Had I a downtown, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thee and my good Marcus—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfet out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GEN. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VOL. ’Tis so, she comes, I give me leave to retire myself.

VOL. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear harder your husband’s drum; See him pack Anchises down by the hair: As children from a bear, the Volsci 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 hairy war-man, that’s task’d to now Or all, or lose his hire.

VOL. His bloody bow! O, Jupiter, no blood! Vol. Away, you fool! It more becomes a man, Than girt his trophy: The breasts of Heaven, When she did ancke Hector, look’d not lovelier Than Hector’s forehead, when it got forth blood At Grecian swears’ contaminating.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to let her welcome. [Exit Gent.

FIN. Her bloody brow bless’d my lord from Anchises! Vol. He’ll best Anchises’ head below his knees, And tread upon his neck.

Reenter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher.

VOL. My lady both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam,—

VOL. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VOL. How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot!—But do you make little son? Vol. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam. Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmister.

VOL. O’ my word, the father’s son; I’ll swear, it’s a very pretty boy. O, my truth, I looked upon him o’ Wednesday half an hour together: he had such a confirmed countenance. I saw his arm after a gilded butterfly: and when he caught it, he let it go again: and after it again, and over he comes, and up again, resistI again: or whether his full朝阳 spread, or how brisk, he did so set his teeth, and war! O, I warrant, how he mummied him! Vol. One of his father’s moles.

VOL. Indeed is, ’ts a middle child.

FIN. A crack, madam.

VOL. Come, lay aside your satirical; I mean you have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

FIN. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VOL. Not out of doors.

FIN. She shall, she shall.

FIN. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord returns from the wars.

FIN. Yes, you resolve yourself must unnaturally: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

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

FIN. Why, I pray you?

FIN. ’Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

FIN. You would be another Pallas! yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses’ absence, did but fill those tall full of moths. Come, I would, your cabin went sensible at your finger, that you might leave prickings it for pay. Come, you shall go with me.

FIN. Very good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not for.

FIN. In truth, la, go with me; and I’ll tell you excellent news of your husband.

FIN. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

FIN. Verily, I do not jest with you; there comes news from him last night.

FIN. Indeed, madam?

FIN. In earnest, it’s true: I heard a senator speak it. Then it is—The Volsci have an army forth; against whom Considius the general is gone, with part of our Roman people; 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.

FIN. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

FIN. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but discourse better matters.

FIN. If it be true, I think she would—Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady—Prythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out of doors, and go along with us.

FIN. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

FIN. Well, then farewell. [Retires.

Scene IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Marcus, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. Tullus a Messenger.

MAR. Yonder comes news:—A waggon some days have met.

LART. My horse to yours, my master.

MAR. LART. Agree.

MAR. Nay, has our general met the enemy?

MESS. They lie in view; but have not spoken.

LART. So the good horse is mine.

LART. I’ll buy him of you.

LART. No, I’ll not use him, nor give him: but you can have him.

LART. For half a hundred years—Summon the awam.

MAR. How far are you from the enemy’s armies?

MESS. Within this mile and half.

MAR. Then shall we hear their toms, and they ours.
SCENE VI.

CORIOLANUS.

Now, Mars, I pray thee make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends—Come, blow thy drum. They sound a pavoy. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others. Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? I see, no; nor a man that fears you less than he, That's nearer than all. [Alarums after off. Are bringing for our youth: We'll break their walls. Rather than they shall pean us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but plain'd with flint. They'll open of themselves. Harsh, you braves; [Other Alarums. There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven arms. [Hark, they are at it! Lart. Their noise be our instruction—Ladders, ho! The Voices enter and pass over the stage. Mar. They be not all, but lust forth their city. Now set your shields before your hearts, and fight. With hearts more proof than shields—advance, bravely! Thus: They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me swear with wrath.—Come on, my fellows! He that retires, I'll take him for a Volvo, And he shall feel mine edge. Alarums, and about Roman and Volvo, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcus. Mar. All the contention of the south light on you. You, whose name of Rome! you hard of—Boils and plagues. Pester you over; that you may be abash'd Further than seen, and one infect another. Against the wind a mile! you souls of greeze, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From those that open would beat? Thus and thus! All heart behind; hark, red, and face pale. With flight and fear will I. Come, and charge home, or, by the first of heaven will, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on; If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, As they to us in the battle then followed. Another Alarum. The Voices and Roman re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into Coriolis, and Marcus follows them to the gates. So, now the gates are open;—Now prove good seconds: To the followers fortune wishes them, Not for the flame: mark me, and do the like. [He enters the gates, and is shut in. 3 Sol. Foot-hardiness!—not I. 2 Sol. Nor I. 3 Sol. Sir, see, he shots him in. [Alarums continue. All. What is become of Marcus? 1 Sol. Thus, sir, death's revenge. 1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters: who, upon a sudden, Claps't to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city. Lart. O noble fellow! Who, sensible, outstarest his useless sword, And, when it bites, stands up! Thus am I left. Marcus. A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Then was a soldier Born to Cæsar's wish, not force and torrid. Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like persuasion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st those masses shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble. Re-enter Marcus, bleeding, assailed by the enemy. 1 Sol. Look, sir. Lart. The Marcus! Let's fetch him off, or make some return. [They fight, and all enter the city. SCENE V. Within the town, a street. Enter certain Romans, with spears. 1 Rom. May we carry to Rome. 2 Rom. And it is. 3 Rom. A morrow can't I took this for silver. [Alarums continue still off. Enter Marcus, and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet. Mar. See her these movers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd drum, a! Cushions, laden spoons, Irons of a dot, doth but hangmen would Bury with them that were there, those base slaves, Eve 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, Fervent of our Rome; and, let the gods take Convenient numbers to make good the city; With him I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius. Lart. Worthy sir, thou hast said it! Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight. Mar. Sir, prove me not: My work hath yet not worn'd me: Fare you well. The blood I drop is rather peaceful. Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thou I will appear, and fight. Lart. Now the fair goddess Fortune, Full deep in love with thee: and her great charms Magnify thy opponents' arms: I shall gentler, Prosperity be thy pages! 1 Rom. Mar. They friend thee less Than those she placeth highest. So, farewell! Lart. Thus worthless Marcus! [Exit Marcus; go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call hither all the officers of the war, Where they shall know our mind. Away. Lart. SCENE VI. Near the Camp of Coriolis. Enter Cominius and Forces, retreating. Com. Breathe you, my friends; well taught: 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 be struck, By intercepts, and conveying guses, we have heard The charges of our friends—The Romans gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own; That both our powers, with smiling faces encouring, May give you thankful sacrifice—Thy news? Men. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Larrius and to Marcus battle; I lay our party to their trenches driven, And then I saw Marcus. Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Machinist then speak'd at well. How long has it been since 1?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. "Tis out a mile; briefly we heard their drums.
How could it be that in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?"
Mess. Spies of the Yolisc.
Held me in chase, that I was hard to wheel.
Three or four miles about; and also had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcus.
Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flag'd to a god?
He has the stamp of Marcus; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mars. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mankind in your own.
Mars. O! let me slip you in,
In such a sound, as when I wak'd in sleep;
As merry, as when our naval day was done,
And lapsers hurst to bedward.
Com. [Flower of warriors,
How is it with Titus Lartius?
Mars. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Hanging him, or pitting, threatening the other;
Holding Coriolanus is the name of Rome,
Even like a frowning 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?
Mars. Call him bolder.
Com. 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 eat, as they did the budge.
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevails it?
Mars. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords of the field?
If not, why cease you toll you are so wise?
Com. Marcus,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mars. How lies their battle? Know you on
Which side
They have please'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcus,
Their stands in the vanguard are the Aretines,
Of their best trust otter them Aevican,
Their very heart of hope.
Mars. 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 do
Let me against Aevian, and his Aretines,
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advance'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Through I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Dare you your choice of these things
That best can aid your action.
Mars. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you and me esteem'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report.
If any think, brave death out weighs base life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wax'd thus, [waving Air hand], to express his dismission.
And follow Marcus.
[They all shout, and move their swords; take
him up in their arms, and set up their capes.
O me, alone! Make you a wound of me?
If these should not be outward, whither you
But is four Yoliscs? None of you but he
Able to bear against the great Aevian.
A shield as hard as his. A certain sword
Thought thanks to all, must. I scarce from all: the
rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight.
As cause will be obey'd. Follow me to march;
And four shall quickly draw on my comment,
Which men are best lost here.
Com. March on, my followers;
Make good thisatisfaction, and you shall
Divide in all with us.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The gate of Corinthus.

Titus Lartius, standing at a guard upon Corinthus,
giving with a drum and trumpet several commands.
Commanus and Comacus Marcus, enter with a Lieutenant,
Counters of soldiers, and a-Squaid.
Lart. So, let the portc be gaudied: keep your
dares,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch.
Those couriers to our camp, the yeast shall serve
For a short holding: I fore we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lars. Fear not me xcan, sk.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us—
Our guards, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.
A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscan Camps.

Alarum. Enter Marcus and Aevian.
Mars. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Aev. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor.
More than thy fame and easy! Fix thy back.
Mars. Let the first behold the others slave,
And the gods doom him after.
Aev. If I slay, Marcus,
Hallow me like a hot
Mars. Within these three hours, Tullus,
And I fought in your Coriolic walls,
And made what work! I pleased: 'Tis not my
blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of thy brave's progress,
Thou shouldn't not escape me here—
[They fight, and certain Yoliscs come to the
midst of soldiers.
Afflict, and not valiant: You have shew'd me
In your conquering seconds.
[Exit Aevian, driven in by Marcus.

SCENE IX. The Roman Camps.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter
at one side, Cominian and Romans; at its
other side, Marcus, with his arms in a and
other Romans.
Com. If I should tell thee o'er this day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,
Where some shall desire to see it again.
Where great patriots shall attend, and shall
ponder, admire; where ladies shall be obliged,
And, gladly mask'd, hear more; where the old
tribunes,
SCENE X.

CORIOLANUS.

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours, Shall say, against their hearts—We think the House hath such a legislator.

Yet canst thou to a model of this feast, Having fully dined before.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lar. O general, Here is the stand, we the captives : Hast thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extort her blood, When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done As you have done; that's what I can: insist'd As you have been; that's for your country: He, that has but effected his good will, Mar. 1180 the noblest act.

Com. You shall not be The graces of your deserving: Rome must know The value of her own: above a compensation Worse than a thief, no less than a traducement, To hide your dignities; and to silence that, Which, in the sure and top of praise wouldst, Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you As sign of what you are, not to reward What you and I. I before our army hear me. Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart To bear themselves remember'd. Com. Should they not, We who might restore gait, gratitude, And treat themselves with death. All the horses (Whereof we have too good, and good store) of all The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city, We render you the tenth: to be taken forth, Before the common distribution, at Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general: But must not make my heart consent to take A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it; And swear upon my common part with thee That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their eyes and dance: Cæcubins and Labours must have.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profaned, Never sound more: When drums and trumpets shall beat the pace drivellers, let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When such groups Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made An overseer for the war: No more, I say; Forsooth I have not wish'd my nose that bad, As he had some delicate wrack—which, without more,

Here's many else have done. You shall be made for to be exclamation-hypocritical! As if I lov'd my little should be dicted In any more with this.

Com. Too mother are you! More cruel to your good report, than grateful To us that give you truly: by your patience, If against yourself you be incensed, 'twill put you (Like one that means his proper harm) in such

Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known As to us, in all the world, that Calpurnia Wears the same garb, in tokens of which My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him, the other part in containing; and from this time, For what he did before Coriolanus, call him, With all the uma and emblem of the host, Calpurnia Marcius Capito.

Bear the solemn duty ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.]}

All. Calpurnia Marcius Capito!

Cor. I will go wash.

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush, or no. However, I beseech you— I mean to stir up your stead; and, at all times, To undercrust your good addition, To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent: Where, ere we do receive us, we will write To Rome of our success. You, Tullus Aufidius, Must to Coriothuck send us to Rome The fear with whom we may articulate For their own good, and ours.

Lar. If, I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that new Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my Lord's good will.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours. What I'll do. Cor. I sometime lay, here in Coroath, At a poor man's house how we were kindly; He cried to me; I saw him prisoner; But then Ambushed was within my view, And wrath sheambushed'd my pay: I request you To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd! We he the butcher of my son, he should Be free, as is the wind. deliver him, Tullus—

Lar. Marcius, his name?

Cor. My Jupiter, forget— I am weary; yea, my memory is it's-'tis.

Com. Have we no wine here? Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage cries: 'tis time It should be bled to: come. [Exit.]

[SCENE X.

The Camp of the Voices.]

A Flourish. Cæcubins. Enter Tullus Aufidius, Bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is taken.

To. Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?

I would, I was a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Voice, be that I am. —Condition! What good condition can a traitor find? I part the sword that arbitrizes. Every time, Marcius, I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me, And wouldst do as I think, should we encounter As often as we eat. By the elements, If ever again I meet him heart to heart, He is mine, or I am his. Missed calamity Hath not that honour left, 'tis hard, for where I thought to crush him in an equal force (True sword to sword) I'll pitch at him some way; Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so middle: My valor's plain.

With only sheltering state by him; for him Shall fly out of itself: one sign, one summary, Being cold, sick; one face, our Capitol. 

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifices, Enthusiastic all of small, shall lift up Many a clayed song. My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it At home, upon my brother's guard, even there Against the haughty man: would I wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go ye to the castle.

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are that must be treated for Rome. 

1 Sol. Will you go? 

Auf. I am attended at the syren grove.

I pray you, [To Marcius, with the silky mild.] before me word things. Now the world goes; that to the pace of it I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exit.]

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.]
ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome.

Enter Menenius, Senators, and Senators.

Men. The augurs tell me, we shall have news
of night.-

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcus, and they love not Rome.

Sir. Nature teaches, hence to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the well love?

Sir. The State.

Men. Ay, to deserve him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcus.

Bru. He, who is called the butcher of the state, bears a face like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.

Two old men; tell me one thing that I may be sure in.

Both Thee, well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor, that he is worthy the name of Marcus?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but scored with many.

Sir. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And hating all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of the right hand side? Do you?

Both Thee. No, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now:-Will you not be angry?

Both Thee. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience, give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasure; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being as You blame Marcus for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your help are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too innumerable, for doing manchachuses. You talk of pride; O, that you could turn your eyes towards the maps of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good sides! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unassuming, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sir. Menenians, 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 out a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; lusty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the backside of the night, than with the forehead of the morn.

What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath:
Meeting two men weakness as you are (I cannot call you Lynxemics,) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversity, I make a crooked face at it: I cannot know your worthies 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 revenged grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see me in this mood, my venation will follow it, that I am known well enough too! What harm can your trusted constellations ghoos 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 anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' captas. Then you were out good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wine and a forest-seller; and then return the controversy of three pence to a second day of all.

Men. When you are bearing a <char> to your party, if you choose to be pleased with the colic, you may have it by means of--set up the bloody flag against all passages; and in roasting for a chance defect, digest the more condiment, the more enlarged upon your learning: all the pests you make in your cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are not a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underhand to be a pair of strange ones; but a necessary bench on the Capitol.

Men. Our very private coast must become masses, if they shall encounter such ridiculous opinions as you are. When you speak you speak the purpose, it is not worth the weighing of your tongues; and your best speeches come to nothing as to stuff a botcher's cottage, or to be handed in an awn's pack-saddle. Yet you mean to wear a sting, so if he, in that situation, is worth all your jargonism, since Democritus, though paradoxism, some of the less of them, and more of your jargonism more of your controversy would affect my brain, being the backdrop of the breadly plebeians: I will be bold to take the leaves of you.

Both Thee. and Sir. retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter Volumnius, Virgilia, and Valeria, maid.

How now, my lady fair as mild lilies, and fair, my maids, were earth the worthy, whether do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vot. Honorable Menenius, my eye Marcus approaches; for the love of June, he's go.

Men. Ha! Marcus coming home?

Val. Fast he may, Jupiter, and I thank thee.

She kisses it.

Vot. Look, here's a letter from him, what the matter hath another, his wife sent; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house met to-night:-

A letter for me?

Vot. Yes, certainly, there's a letter for you: I know it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' healing, in which time I will make a mouth at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but succeeded, and, as this preservative, of no letter expect than a horse-brench. It be not wanted! He was sent to come home yesterday.

Vot. Oh, no, no.

Vot. He is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, I think he is not much.--brings in victory in his pocket! The wounds become him.

Vot. O my brave, Menenius: I commend the third time home with the calash; redoubled.

Men. Has he disciplined Latinos usually?

Vot. Titus Latinius writes, they fought together, but the standard of our house-hold was made in this action outstripped his former deeds doubly.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I warrant him that, as he had stild by him, I would not have been so afraidly all the shame to Coriolanus, and the good that's in him. Is the senate pleased of this?

Vot. More letters, let's say!-Yes, yes, you; the senate has letters from the general, whereby he gives my son the whole name of the war, he being in this action outstripped his former deeds doubly.

Men. In truth, there's wondrous things quid of him.

Vot. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and all without his true purchasing.

Vot. I am to grant them true!


Men. True? I'll be sworn they are now; Where is he wounded? God save your good sir.
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our House will cast upon it.

Cor. As I am a mother, I had rather be their servant in my way,

Shy away with them in their.

Cor. On to the Capitol.

[Flourish. Corinna. Emancipate in state as before. The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the blessed sight.

Are ungoverned to see him: Your prattling maid
Into a captive lets her lady cry,
While she charms him: the kitchen windows
Her richest beckron boat her ready neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks,
Whence.

Are another up, leads fill’d, and ridges hor’d
With variable complections: all agreeing
In eunuchs to see him: wid’flown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and post
To win a vulgar station: our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded chocks, to the public spoil.
Of Priapus’ burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were allaly swept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cor. On the sudden, I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

In his degree, do 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 molus, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours.

Which he shall give them, make as little question
 As he is proud to do it.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear in the market-place, nor on him put
 The napkin to his mouth, nor as the say
 Nor, shewing pas the manner of his wounds
 To the people, beg their silencing breaths.

Sic. Then the right.

Bru. It was his word; O, he would mis it,

Carry it, but by the suit of the genius to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and put it in execution.

Bru. To most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills
 A mere destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out,
 To him, or our authorities. For an end,
 We must suggest the people, in what interval,
 He still hath held them: that, to his power, he
 Would have made them moles, alike’d their pleasures,
 And
 Disproprietoried their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capital.
 Of no more soul, nor stature for the world,
 Than camals in their war; who have their wound;
 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 wait
 If he be put upon it; and that’s as easy,
 As to set dogs on sleep, will be his fire.
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brut. What's the matter? 

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. The people, the Senate, and the Tribunes, are in a passion; and many of the senators have declared that if you will not come to the Capitol, they will force you thither.

Brut. What is the matter? I have not sinned against my people. I have done no wrong. I will go to the Capitol, and hear what they have to say.

Enter the Senators and Tribunes.

Senators and Tribunes. Brutus, you are accused of treason. The people have declared that you are plotting against the state. You must come to the Capitol and be tried for treason.

Brutus. I will not come to the Capitol. I will not be tried for treason. I will not be forced to do anything against my conscience.

Enter the Tribunes.

Tribunes. Brutus, you must come to the Capitol. You are accused of treason. If you do not come, you will be punished.

Brutus. I will not come to the Capitol. I will not be forced to do anything against my conscience.

Enter the Senate.

Senators. Brutus, you are accused of treason. You must come to the Capitol and be tried for treason.

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Brutus. I will not come to the Capitol. I will not be forced to do anything against my conscience.

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SCENE III.

CORIOLANUS.

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timid with dying cries; alive he entered
The mortal gaze; and the city, which he painted
We strained destiny, unless he came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriolis, like a planet; now all's his;
When by and by the din of war gain pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Kept lingering what in flesh was fatigue,
And to the battle came he; where he held
Ran seeking over the lives of men, as if
There was a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his toil with pausing.

Men. Worthy man! i

1. Seq. He cannot but with measure fit the honour Which we devote him.

Cor. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things preen'd, as they were
The common stock of the world; he covet's 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. Seq. Call Coriolanus.

Of. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd To make thee consul. I do own them still My life, and services.

Men. It then remains, That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do by you, as by your own.

Men. Let me overlook that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and reproach them,
For my wounds sake, to give their sufferings; please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Men. Sir, the people
Must have their voices: neither will they bathe
Our joy of ceremony.

Cor. Pray you go, and to the customs:
And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them. Thus I did, and thus show them the unaching scars which I should
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only—

Men. Do not stand upon us.

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, Our purpose in them; and to our noble comrade With all my joy and honour.

Sic. To Coriolanus some all joy and honour!

Flourish. These crown Senators.

Flour. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his intent? He will require
As if he did consider what he request'd Should be in them to give.

Cor. Come, we'll inform them Of our proceedings here: no man, on the place, I know, they do attend us.

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. Cit. Ones, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. Cit. We pay, if we will.

3. 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 thus his deed, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; as, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of which, the we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

2. Cit. We have been called as of nay nor: not that our heads are some brown, some black, some anubra, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly it is, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points of the compass.

3. Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. Cit. Nay, your wit will not so come out as another man's will, his strongly weighted up in a blackhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

4. Cit. Why that way?

3. Cit. Let him stand in a forge; where being three parts melted away with frozen dew, the fourth would return for consequence, sake, to help to get there a wife.

5. Cit. You are never without your tricks:—

You may, you may.

3. Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? Hat that's no matter, the greater part carries it.

1. Cit. I say, if he would tickle 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 back to him where he stands, by one, by two, and by three's. He's his request by particulars; wherein every one of us has a silver 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.

1. Cit. Cer. content.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known
Some certain of your brethren recent, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O, gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

Sic. Think upon me? Hang 'em! I would they would come and hang me, for which our lives lies by them.

Men. You'll make all: I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, in wholesome manner.

[Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Did they wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1. Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you so late?

Men. Our own desert.

2. Cit. Your own desert?

Men. Mine own desires.
CORIOLANUS

How! not your own desires?

But yet, in begging for, or, if we give you any

money, your price & the comfort, to ask it kindly.

Kindly?

I have wounds to show you in private—Your good

will have it, worthy sir.

in, sir——

in worthy voices legg'd:

time; adieu.

An 'were to give again.—But this

matter.

Enter two other Citizens.

Pray you now, if it may stand with the

public interest, I may be counselled; I have grown

observed nobly of your coun-

try, deserved nobly.

I have been a scourge to her enemies, a

been a red in her friends: you have

en, loved the common people.

en should account me the more virtu

I have not been common in my love.

I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people,
to earn a dearer esteem of them; 'tis a con-
dition they account gentle; and since the wis-
dom of their choice is rather to have my hat
than my heart, I will practise the insignifying
nod, and be off to them most counterfeightly: that
is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some
popular man, and give it beautifully to the de-
sirers. Therefore, be assur'd, you may be counselled.

4 Citi. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Citi. 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 Citi. The gods give you joy, heartily! [Exit.

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this world should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needful vouches! Custom calls me to it!—

What custom wills, in all things should we do it,
The dock on antique time would lie unwept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd.

For truth to everyone.—Rather than feel it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do this.—I am half through:
The one part suffic'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 old; latticed threesix

I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have

Done many things, some long, some more: your

voices;

Indeed, I would be counsel.

5 Citi. He has done nobly, and cannot go without an honest man's voice.

3 Citi. Therefore let him be counsel: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
SCENE III.  
CORIOLANUS.  

As you were bare-aside, had touch’d his spirit,  
And nobly hazard’d from his planet’s flame;  
Either his gracious promises, which you might,  
As came had call’d you up, have hold him to;  
Or else it would have gall’d his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article.  
Trying him to cough; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have whet the advantage of his  
shred,  
And past him unexpect’d.

Brut.  
Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he as much as seizes; and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he truth-power to crush? Why, your noble  
heart amongst you? Or had you tongues, to  
cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?  
Scf.  
Have you,  
Ere now, deny’d the asker? and, now again,  
On him, that did so much, but mock, bestow  
Your mad for tongues?  
Cl.  
He’s not confirm’d, we may deny him yet.  
Cl.  
I’ll have five hundred voices of that sound.  
Cl.  
I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece  
them.

Brut.  
Get you hence instantly; and tell these  
friends,  
They have cause a counsel, that will from them  
take  
Their liberties; make them of more no more voice  
Then dogs, that are as often licit for barking,  
As therefore kept to do.

Scf.  
Let them assemble;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
How in his suit he sor’d you: but your love,  
That making upon his services, look from you  
The apprehension of his present portraince,  
Which most unseemly, ungraciously he did fashion  
After the incontinent hate he bears you.

Brut.  
Laugh,  
A fellow on us, your tribune; that we lab’rd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

Scf.  
Say, you choose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections: and that, your  
prosopny’d with what you rather must do,  
Than what you should, make you against the  
grain
To voice him counsel: Lay the fault on us.

Brut.  
Ay, bear it so not. Say, we read instinct  
How young he began to serve his country,  
How long continu’d; and what stock he springs  
of.  
The noble house of the Marcius; from whence  
That Marcus Marcius, Numa’s daughter’s son,  
Who, after great Mollius, here was king:  
Of the same house Publius and Lucinus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits nimbly;  
And Caesariana’rful of the people’s,  
And nobly arm’d, being ensorcer twice,  
Was his great ancestor.  

Scf.  
One thus descended,  
That hath besidel in his person grateful  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrance; but you have found,  
Scolding his present bearing with his voice,  
That he’s your fixed enemy, and provoke  
Your sudden apprehension.

Brut.  
Say, you never had done  
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on  
And presently, where you have drawn your number
Repair to the Capit.  
Cit.  
We will wait, almost all. [Several apiece.  
Repeal in their election.  
Sempron. Senators.
Let them go on.
This sorry were better put in hazard,  
Tha n stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his name is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.
Scf.  
Come: we’ll be there before the stream of the  
people;  
And this shall mean, as partly his, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward.  
[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.  The name.  A Street.
Cor.  
Enter Coriolanus, Messenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.
Cor.  
Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?  
Lart.  
He had, my lord; and that it was, which  
Our swifter composition.
Cor.  
Since the Venetian stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make  
road  
Upon us again.

Com.  
They are worn, lord council, so  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banne’s wave again.  
Saw you Aufidius?  
Cor.  
On safeguard he came to me; and did  
curse  
Against the Venetian, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is return to Antium.

Cor.  
Spoke he of me?  
Lart.  
He did, my lord.  
Cor.  
How?  
Lart.  
Upon what, he had met you, sword to  
sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: That he would own his  
fortunes  
To hopeless mediation, so he might  
Be called your vasqueorer.

Cor.  
At Antium lives he?  
Lart.  
At Antium lives he?
Cor.  
I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

Enter Seroutus and Bruns.

Brob.  
Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The toga’s of the common man. I do de-  
spise  
They do prack them in authority,  
Against all noble suffering.  
Pass no further.
Cor.  
Ha! what is that?

Brus.  
It will be dangerous to  
Go on no further.
Cor.  
What makes this change?
Men.  
The matter.
Com.  
Has he not paid his the nobles, and the  
commons?
Brus.  
Cominio, no.
Cor.  
Have I had children’s voices?  
Ser.  
Tribunes, give way: he shall to the  
market-place.
Brus.  
The people are incensed against him.
Scf.  
Stop,  
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor.  
Are these your hard?—  
Must these have voices, that can yield them  
no.
And straight dissemble their voices?—What are  
your ulcers?  
You being their mouthes, why rules not their  
truth?
CORIOLANUS. ACT III.

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his presence may subdue the heart
Of the bare and noise of the mountains, wants not spirit
To say, well turn your current as a shark,
And make your channel his; if he have power,
Then will you his ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous temper. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushioned by you. You are pictures.
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both their voices blended, the greatest
Most palest there. They choose their magistrates.
Amid the same as his, who puts his hand
His popular shall, against a lower bond,
Than ever grew to his Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes a true consul base: and say and sets
To see y, when two authorities are as,
No more supreme, how some confusion
May enter twist the gap of both, and take
The on by the other.

Cor. Come—will to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave thee counsel, to go forth
The corn of the storeroom grants, as turns and
Sometimes in Greece.

Men. Well, well, so more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fad
The mind of the state.

Brut. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons.
More worthy than their voices. They know,
the corn
Was not our recompense: resting well named,
They nor did service for's; being press'd as
the war,
Even when the yawl of the state was touch'd,
That would not thread the gage: this kind of
service
Did not deserve even grate: being 0 the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shied
Most valor, spoke not for them: The accuse
Which they have often made against the senate,
All came unbrok, could never be the native
Of our so rank densities. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesies? Let them express
What's like to be their words We did require,
It
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands—Thus we deserve
The nature of our senate, and make the rable
Call our cares, fears, which will in time break
one
The locks of the senate, and bring in the crew
To speak the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Brut. Enough, with overmeasures.

Cor. No, take now:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I cast withal! This double word
ship—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other
Inaudit without all reason; where gen'ry, title,
Wisdom
Cannot conspire, but by the yes and no
Of general ignorance. It must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To muscular deceptions: purpose so hard, a
follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, touch
you.
You that will be less fearful than discreet:
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than they doubt the changes of it; that prefer
SCENE I.

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with dangerous physic
That’s sure of death without it—at once place out.

The murderous tongues, let them not live
The sweet which is their poison: your dialogue
Maries true judgment, and becomes the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would;
For the ill which does control it.

Brut. He has said enough.

Cic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Then straight!—despite overwhelm them—
What should the people do with these bold tri-

Brut. On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater benefit. In a rebellion to say ill
What’s not meant, but what must be, was law.

Thems: They chose; in a better hour;
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power in the dust.

Cic. Munition treason.

Cor. This is a counsel I no.

Brut. The old, the old, let him be apprehended;
By whose name, myself.

Cic. Attach too, as a traitorous innovator.
A lie to the public weal! Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. He was, old great!

Brut. No. We’ll surely him.

Cic. Honor, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
Out of thy garments.

Cor. He’s a traitor, ye citizens.

Reciter Brutis, with the Eddies, and a Rabble
of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Cic. Here’s he, that would
Take from you all your power with these bold tri-

Brut. Seize him, Eddies.

Cic. Down with him, down with him.

Cor. General speck.

Men. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

Brut. They all smell about Coriolanus.

Cic. Tribunes, patriots, citizens—what ho?

Brut. Eddies, Brutis, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cic. Peace, peace, peace; stay, heed, peace!

Men. What is a farm to be 1 I am out of breath;
Confusion’s near: I cannot speak—You, tri-

Brut. To the people—Coriolanus, patriots;

Cic. Speak, good Sicinius.

Men. Hear me, people—Peace.

Cic. Let’s hear our tribune—Peace; Speak, speak, speak.

Men. You are at point to lose your liberties.

Brut. Those who have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Cic. Sin, fit, fit! And, Brutus.

Cic. This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Men. To unbridle the city, and all.

Brut. What is the city, but the people?

Cic. The people are the city.

Cic. By the consent of all, we were established.

The people’s magistrates. You so remain.

Cic. Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the people to the foundation
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruins.

Brut. This deserves death.

Cic. Let me stand in our authority,
Dr let us lose it.—We do here pronounce.

Upon the part of the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcius in worthy
Of present death.

Cic. Therefore lay hold of him:
Cic. Him to the cock Thyreus, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. Therefore, lay hold of him.

Cic. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Brut. Silence, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Cic. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country’s

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently rends.

Brut. Those cold ways,

That seem the prudent helps, are very poisonous:
Where the disease is violent—lay hands upon

Brut. And bear him to the rack.

Cor.—No; I’ll give him [Drawing his Sword].

There’s some among you have behind me fighting.

Cic. Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me

Men. Down with that sword—Tribunes, withdraw

Brut. Let hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius! help, You that be nobles; help him, young, and old.

Cic. Down with him, down with him!

Men. (In this Misy, the Tribunes, the Eddies,

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away;
All will be taught else.

Cic. Get you some.

Cic. We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Men. The gods forbid! I pray thee, noble friends, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. Put not thy weekly rage into thy tongue;
One time will give another.

Cic. I could best force them.

Cic. I could myself.

Men. Take up a brace of the best of them; yes, the two tribunes.

Men. But now his odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is called base, when it stands
Against a falling falcon. Will you hence, friend,
Before the bag return, whose page doth read the
Like interrupted verses, and overbear
What they are nought to bear.

Men. Pray thee, be gone.

Men. I’ll try whether my old wit be in request.

With those that have but little; this must be possible.

With cloth of any colour.

Cic. Nay, come away.

Cic. [Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.]

Men. This man has marry’d his fortunes.

Men. His measure is too noble for the world;
Or love for his power to humble. His heart’s his

Men. What’s his breast forges that his tongue must vent?
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Men. Here’s good work!

Men. I would they were about it.

Men. I would they were worn in Tyre. What, the
CÖRİLIÁNÜS.

ACT III.

Where his shall answer, by a lawful steed
(As took) to his statent peril.

Sic. Note, tribune,
It is the humane way : the other
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Note, tribunes,
Do you then as the people's officers
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Brut. Sic. Meet on the market-place: We'll amend
Where, if you bring not Marcus, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:
And destroy your company. [To the Senators.] He must come,
what is worst will follow.

Sic. 'Prey you, let's to him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, and Patrizia.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; we sent
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I hold
Be thus to them.

Enter Volscian.

Pat. You do the noble.

Men. I muse, my mother,
I'd approve me further, who was worst
Them woollen vassals, things creased
And sell with groats; to shew bare breasts
Prejudgments, to yaw, be still, and wonder,
One bit of my ordinance stuck up.
To speak of peace, or war, I talk of you.

Vol. Why did you wish me mutilate? Would you have
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Men. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. I'll go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With serving less to be so: Lessar had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were disposed
To enquire, and your power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and learn too.

Enter Menenius, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, ye have been too rough,
something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

Men. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not doing, our good city
Cheve in the midst, and perish.

Pray be counsel'd.

Men. I have a heart as little as yours,
Yet yet a brain, that lends me 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 arm on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Men. What then? what then?

Men. Repeat what you have said,
Cor. For them? I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolutely,
Though therein you can never be too mild.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say
Honor and policy, like unseason'd friends,
SCENE III.

C O R I O L A N U S .

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Cor. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pray, now, sweet son; as thou hast
said.

Cor. My praises make thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as a snuff, or the virgin voices
That bathe fuls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and scholl-bys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A Jupiter's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm's
knows
Who 'd rook'd but in my airship, bend like his.
That hath receiv'd an alun,—I will not do't.

But I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseless.

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 daunct from it from me.

But own thy pride thyself

Cor. 'Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cug their hearts from them, and come home belov'd.

Of all the tramps in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return counsel;
I'm never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of batter, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Cor. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself
To answer mildly: for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. Thy word is, mildly:—'Pray you, let us go;
Let them accuse me by invention,
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exit.

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he
affirms
Tyrannical power: If he create us there,
Enforce him with his sarry to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was never distributed.

Enter an Edict.

What, will be come?

Add. He's coming.

Add. How accompanied?

Add. With old Memmius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

Add. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we haste procured?
Set down by the poll?

Add. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Add. Have you collected them by tribes?

Add. I have. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say, It shall be so
If the right and strength of the commons, be it
Either
For death, for fine, or banishment, let them,
If I say, fine, any fine; if death, any death;
Issuing on the old presumptive

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CORIOLANUS.

ACT III.

In the forum.

1. Sic. I do pray the gods.

2. Cor. Mark you this, people. I say, To the rock; to the rock with him! Peace.

3. Sic. We need not put new matter to his charges. What you have seen him do, and heard him speak.

4. Cor. Reading your offices, curing yourselves, Opposing laws with strokes, and here defy

5. Sic. Those whose great power must try him: even this, So criminal, and in such capital kind, Deserves the extremest death.

6. Cor. But since he hath Serv'd well for Rome. What do you please if severe? I talk of that that know it.


8. Cor. I pray you. — Fill but this place with people.


10. Cor. Nay, as an instigator, that for the present peace. Their, and at the will of one fair word;

11. Sic. Nor seek my courage for what they can give.

12. Cor. He it is with saying, Good more.

13. Sic. For that he has

14. Cor. You in his line) from time to time

15. Sic. Against the people, seeking means

16. Cor. To work away their power so now at least.

17. Sic. And that not in the premises

18. Cor. This it is; it is in the name of the people.

19. Sic. The power of the two tribes, we,

20. Cor. Even from this instant, banish both our city:

21. Sic. In peril of precipitation

22. Cor. From off the rock Tarpeian.

23. Sic. Never more To enter our Roman gates: I the people's name.

24. Cor. I say, It shall be so.

25. Cor. It shall be so. Let me speak! I have been counsel, and can show from Rome.

26. Cor. Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love my country's good, with a respect more tender,

27. Cor. More holy and profound, than mine own life,

28. Cor. My dear wife's esteem, her women's increase,

29. Cor. And treasure of my house; then if I would Speak this —

30. Cor. We know your drift: Speak what!

31. Bro. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

32. Cor. As enemy to the people, and his country:

33. Cor. It shall be so. —

34. Cor. You common cry of corn! whose breath

35. Cor. As rich o' the rotten fens, whose lovers I prize

36. Cor. As dead carcasses of unbash'd men.

37. Cor. Let there be no sorrow in the name

38. Cor. To banish your defenders; till at length,

39. Cor. Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels...

40. Cor. Making but reservation of yourselves,


42. Cor. The fires! the lowest hell hold in the people.

43. Cor. Call me their traitor! — Then injurious tribute;

44. Cor. Within three eyes sat twenty thousand deaths.

45. Cor. In thy character! as many millions, in

46. Cor. Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free.
SCENE II.

ST. GEORGE.—Stir up the citizens of this city, and send them against this enemy.

Attendants.—I'll go at once.

Act II. Scene II. / A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sisinnius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no farther.

Sub. Now we have shown our power, let us seem humbler after it is done, than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home.

Sub. Say, their great enemy is gone, and they stand in their ancient strength. / Erect Edile.

Enter Sisinnius, Brutus, and the Sejanus.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Sub. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Sub. They have taken our note of us:

Keep on your way.

Sub. If I could, I would:

Sic. To hearkened plague o'the gods.

Require your love!

Sub. Peace, peace: be not so loud.

Sic. If that I could for wapping, you should hear.

Sub. Nay, and ye shall hear some.

Sic. Will you be gone? / To Brutus.

Sub. You shall stay too: (To Sic.) I would, I had the power.

Sic. To say so to my husband.

Sub. Are you mankind?

Sic. Ay, fool! is that a shame?—Note but this fool.

Sub. Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foresight to banish him that struck most blows for Rome, than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Sub. More noble blows, than ever thou wert worth.

And for Rome's good:—I'll tell thee what:—Yet go:

Sic. Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would, my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sub. What then?

Sub. What then?

He'd make an end of thy prosperity.

Sub. Dastards, and all:—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Sub. Come, come, peace.

Sub. I would, he had continued to his country, as he began; and not quitted himself the noble knave he made.

Sub. Would he had!

Sub. They incensed the rabble;

Cata, that can judge as fully of his worth,

As I can of thy beauty which heaven will not have earth to know.

Sub. Pray, let us go.

Sub. 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, thy, do you see?)

Whom you have banished, do excess you all.

Sub. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sub. Why say we to be bated

With one that wants her wits?

Sub. Take my prayers with you:

I would the gods had nothing more to do.
CORNELIUS.

ACT IV.

First that thy wives with spats, and boys with 

Enter a Citizen.

In pray battle say me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you. 

Cor. Direct me, if it be you will, 

Enter Claudio. 

O, word, by slippery turns! Friends now for 

Sonn. Double bosoms seem to wear one heart, 

Are you the one the other, by some chance, 

Fest. I know you not, and am a stranger. 

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Coton? my master calls for 

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast much well: 

Fest. 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, with his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Fest. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have asked my business, and I will hereby 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? 

Fest. A most royal ear: the couriers, and their charges, distinctly betided, 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, sir; heartily well met, and most kinds of your company. 

Fest. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. 

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium; City, that made thy widows; many as fair 

Have I heard groan and drop: then knew me not,
SCENE V.

CORIOLANUS.

And bathe in cold hails; [P ochus him away.

Cor. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Serc. And I shall. [Exit.

Cor. Where dwelleth he?

Serc. Under the canopy.

Cor. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

Serc. Where's that?

Cor. In the city of knees and crows.

Serc. P'acthe city of knees and crows?—What is it to thee?—Then thou wilt dwell with two too.

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Serc. How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. 'Judas an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Those are particular parts—serve with thy treasurers, hence! [Beats him aside.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Serc. Here, sir; I have beaten him like a dog, but the fool's law will not be satisfied.

Auf. Whence commest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st thou not, man? What's thy name?

Cor. Speak'st thou, If, Tatius? [Unmeaning. Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessarily.

Command me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. Servants refer.

Auf. A name unknown to the Volscians' ears, and heard in sound to thee.

Cor. Say, what thy name?

Auf. Thou hast a grievous appearance, and thy face bears a command; but though thy tangle's torn, thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name, Coriolanus? Prepare thy brow to crown: Know'st thou that yet?

Auf. I know thee not; Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volsci, Great hurt and mischief; therefore whip not 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 majesty and displeasure Which thou shouldest bear: only that name remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people, Eyed by one and all, and not a dog But have all foreseemed, bid devour'd the rest; And suffered me by the knife of slavery to be Without theTue. Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth. Not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had feared death, of all the men in the world I would have vowed thee: but in more spite, To be full quick of these my bastards, Stand I before thee. Then thou dost hast A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge Those countless particular wrongs, and stop these malice.

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight.

And make my misery serve thy tom: so use it, That my revengeful service may prove A benefit to thee, and I will fight, Against thy canker'd country with the spleen Of all the matter lesser. But if so be Then dost not this, and that prove more fortunes

Then art thou, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My thrust to thee, and to thy ancient majesty Which canst not take, would show thee not a foot; Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tents of blood out of thy country's brow, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do this service.

Auf. O, Marcus, Marcus, Each word thou hast spake hath wounded from my heart A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from thy cloud speak divise things, and say, 'Tis true, I'd not believe them more than thee, All noble Marcus.—O, let me twice Mine arms about that body, where against My grain an hundred times had broke, And smote the muse with splinters! Here I clip The awl of my sword; and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in antithesis strength I did Contend against thy value. Know thou first, I loved thee more than I loved the moon; Though I could not be a slave to her, For I did love thee. But if I seem to shun Sigh'd in tear-breath; but that I see thee here, That noble thing! more moves my vast heart, That where I first may see thy so Berstride my threshold. Why, thou Man! I tell thee,

We have power on feet; and I had purpose Once more to show thy target from thy brow, Or less mine arm on't: but thou hast best me out Twenty several times, and I have nightly since Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me: We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, flinging each other's sweat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcus,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banished, we would master all From twelve to seventy; and pouring war Into the bosom of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood 'v'er blast, O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of us, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Through not for Rome need.

Cor. You bless me, gods! Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenge, take The one half of my commission; and set down,— As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways.

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, Or rushst with them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. . . . But come from me: Let me commend thee first to those, that shall Say, you, to thy desire. A thousand welcome's, and not enough! Yet, Marcus, that wondrous: Your hand, Most welcome! [Exit.

1 Serc. Advancing. [Here's strange alteration! 2 Serc. By my hand, I had thought to have procured him with a sop; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him. 1 Serc. What an arm he has! He turned me about, with his figure and his limbs, as one would set up a top.

2 Serc. Nay, I saw by his face that there was something to this like, not nothing.—I cannot tell how to term it. 1 Serc. He had so: looking as it were,— 2 Serc. I would be hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

1 Serc. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the greater man I the world.

1 Serc. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he is.

2 Serc. Who? your master?

1 Serc. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serc. With you, sir? 1 Serc. Nay, not so settler; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 Serc. But of him, sir, you cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.
CONOLAN. 

SIR. Ay, and for an assault too. 

REENTER THIRD SERVANT.

SIR. O, slaves, I can tell you news; verily, you mean;


SIR. I would not in a Roman, of all nations;

1 SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

SIR. Why, serv't he that was wont to thread our general—Caius Marius,

1 SERV. Why do you say, thwack our general?

SIR. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him. 

2 SERV. Come, we are fellow friends; and friends he was; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so myself.

SIR. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth; and before Coriolanus, he lashed him and matchet him like a carbuncle.

2 SERV. As he had been unusually given, he might have brooked and eaten him too.

SIR. But, more of thy news?

3 SERV. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were only and heir to Mores; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bared before him: Our general himself makes a mistrust of him; sanctifies himself with his hand, and turns up the white o' the eye in his face. But the bottom o' the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for those that have him busy by the extremity and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sow's the power of Rome gates by the ears: He will snare down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 SERV. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

SIR. Do't he will do't; for, look you, sir; he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 SERV. Directitude! what's that? 

SIR. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up about, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like coves after rain, and revel all with him.

1 SERV. But when goes this forward? 

SIR. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their least, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 SERV. Why, then shall we have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ball-players.

1 SERV. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's nightly, waking, audible, and full of veris. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; maimed, dead, asleep, insensible; better of more than any children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 SERV. 'Tis so; and as wars, in some sense, may be said to be a ravisher; as it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 SERV. Ay, as it makes them lose another.

3 SERV. Reason, because they then less need one another. The wars for my money, I hope to the Romans, are cheap as Volscus. They are rising, they are rising.

SCENE VI. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter Mucius and Brutus.

SIR. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; his remedies are tame; the present peace, and quietness of the people, which before

Wore in wild hurry. Have do we make his friends blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, though they themselves did suffer by it, behold Diamatious numbers, posturing princes, than our traitors singing to their shops, and going about their functions friendship.

Enter Mucius.

BRUTUS. We stood to it in good time: in the meeting?

SIR. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late—Hal! sir.

MYNA. Hal! to ye! to ye! 

SIR. You Coriolanus, sir, is not much abroad, But with his friends: the commonswealth and stand,

And so would do, were he more weary at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much

He could have tempered'd.

SIR. Where is he, hear you? 

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his master and his 

Hear nothing from him.

Enter Serv or four Columns

CICERO. The gods preserve you both! 

SIR. Good eye, our neighbours! 

BRUTUS. Good even to you all, good even to you all. 

CICERO. Ourself, our wives, and children, on our knees, are bound to pray for you: we 

Lives, and thrive! 

BRUTUS. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish

Hail! so you as we did.

CICERO. Now the gods keep you well both.

BRUTUS. Farewell, Farewell.

[Exeunt Columns.

SIR. This is a happier and more concievable treaty than these follows ran about the street, Crying, Confusion.

BRUTUS. Coriolanus was——

A worthy officer 't was the war; but indeed, 

Outcomes with pride, ambition past all thinking, 

Self-loving. 

SIR. And affecting some sole heroes, 

Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

SIR. We should by this, in all our lamentations, 

If he had gone forth counsel, found it so.

BRUTUS. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Silent and still: without him.

[Exit Brutus.

ED. Worthy tribunes. 

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, 

Reports,—the Volscus with two several powers 

Are enter'd in the Roman territories; 

And with the deepest toasses of the war 

Destroy what lies before them.

Men. "Tis Ambuscade, 

WHO, hearing of our Marches' continuance, 

Thrusts forth his horse again into the world; 

Which were insted, when Marches stood for Rome, 

And durst not once peep out.

SIR. Come, what talk you

Of Marches?

BRUTUS. Go see this rumourer whip'd,—it comes

The Volscus dare break with us. 

Men. Cannot but. 

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 has been so

Last you should chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware

Of what is to be dreaded. 

SIR. I know, this cannot be.

BRUTUS. Not possible.
SCENE VII.

Enter Messengers.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going All to the senate-house: some news is come, That turns their countenance.

Mess. He is this slave:—

If he were putting to my house the brand That should consume me, I have not the face To say, 'Tis an enemy. You have made fair hands,
You, and your counsel: you have crafted fair! 

Com. You have brought A trembling of Rome, such as was never So incapable of help. 

Tri. Say not, we brought it. 

How! Was it we? We loved him; but, like beasts, And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters, Who did bate him out of the city.

But, I fear They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius, The second name of man, 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.

Here come the clusters. — And is Aufidius with him? — You are they That made the air now holocausts, when you cast Your striking, grey cowse capes, in howling at Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming; And now a hair upon a soldier's head, Which will not prove a whip: as many ox-corns, As you have in your tawgs up will tumble down, And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter; If he could burn us all into one coal, We have deserve it.

Cit. 'Tis faith, we hear fearful news.

Com. And now let's hear the news. 

Com. Make your own part, When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

3 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did many of us; That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly concerned to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goody things, you voices! 

You have made Good work, you and your cry!—Shall we to the Capitol? 

Com. Or, ay; what else? 

1 Com. Tomorrow Cominius and Menenius. 

Sec. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.

Three are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. This is the crowd that is banish'd me! Comes, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were it the wrong, When we banish'd him.

3 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. 

[Exeunt Citizens.

Brus. I do not like this news.

Sec. Nor I.

Brus. Let's to the Capitol!—Would, hail my Would buy this for a lie! 

Sec. Fray, let us go. 

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Ausilius, and his Lieutenant. 

Sup. Do they still fly to the Romans? 

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 darkness in this action, sir, 

Even by your own. 

Sup. I cannot help it now; Unless by using means, the base the foot 

10 Of our design. He wears himself more prouder Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him? Yet his nature
CORIOLANUS.

ACT III.

In that's no challenging; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Yet I wish, sir, (I mean for your particular,) you had not
Joind in your company with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

When he shall come to his account, as I know not,
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 dispositions for the Volscian state.
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which, if he would break his neck, or hazard mine,
Where'er we come to our account.

Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry

Aid. All places yield to him as he sits down;
And the nullity of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too;
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as he is, in the repeat's expung'd.
To repel him hence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the speyry to the fish, which takes it
By supremacy of nature. First was his
A noble season to them: but he could not
Carry his honors even; whether turns their pride,
Which out of folly ever turns adverse,
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fall in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether naught,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the case to the cushion, but commanding
Peace.

Even with the same austerity and gruff
As he controls the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spaces of them all not, all not,
For I dare too far free him,) made him bear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merc
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
List in the interpretation of the time:
And power, into itself most commendable,
Hath not a town so evident as a hear
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rightly by rigthiower, stronger by strength's do fall.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine
Thou art poorst of all; then shortly art thou
must.

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 sometimes his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He called me father;
But what 'tis that? Go, you that banished him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel.
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he say'd
To hear Curius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the trope
That we have bled together. Corioli
He would not answer to: forbid all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rank'd for Rome,
To make one cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare position of a state.

To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Could he be any less?

Com. I suffer'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 wisest, noyest chief: He said, was forty.
For one poor groat or two, to leave unaided,
And still to save the offence.

Men. For one poor groat or two.

Car. Or two? I am one of those; his mother, who
His child, and this brave fellow too, we see
You are the matter chief; and you are small.
Above the moon: We must be heir for you.

Men. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-beheld help, yet do not
Uproar all with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleasure, your good

Men. More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countrymen.

Car. No; I'll not meddle.

Men. Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Car. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcus.

Men. Well, and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is without,
Unheard; what then?

Car. Do not as a distinguished friend, pride-shut
With his unkindness! Say'st be so?

Sic. Nay, I must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Car. I'll undertake.

Men. He think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhandsome
He was not taken well; he had not sh'd:
The veins unfil'd, our blood is cold, and slow.
We pour upon the morning, are soot.
To give is or forgive; but when we have sh'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feasting, we have supple scents,
Than in our priest-like lusts: therefore I'll watch
him.

Car. Till he be diered to my request, and then I'll set upon him.

Men. You know the very road into his hand,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him;
Speed how it will. I shall have some knowledge
Of my success.

Car. He'll never hear him.

Men. Yet? Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, and eye
Red as a worm would Rome; and his injury
The garter to his pity. I kneeld before him;
'Twas very tainly he said, Rise: don't sit me
Thus, with his speechless hand; What would he do?

Car. He sent in writing after me: what he said,
Boarded with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that would be the thing.

Men. Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to seduce him.

Car. For mercy to his country. Therefore, in
hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

SCENE II.

An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?
2. G. Sicinius, and go hast.
SCENE III.

CORNOLIANUS.

Adm. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am of an old and official state, and come
To speak with Cornolianus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will return here from hence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Cornolianus.

Men. Good friends, if you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is late to blame,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menen-

1 G. He is so: go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here practicable.

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 unparalleled, happily amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Oh whom he's chief!) with all the size that verity
Would have the merit, may, sometimes,
Like a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the lasting: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

2 G. P lead, sir, if you d d told as many lies
In his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
You should not pass here: no, though it
Were your rights virtuous to lie, as to live chaste. There-
fore, go back.

Men. Pythian, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party
Of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his lie, (as you
say, you have,) I am one that, telling true un-
der him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore,
go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? I
Would not speak with him till after dinner.

2 G. Go thou, my man, say to him?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome as he does
Come you, when you have push'd out your gates
The very defender of them, and, in a violent
Popular ignorance, given your enemy your
shoat long in retribution with the easy
Greens of old women, the virginal palms of your
Daughters, or with the palced intercession
Such a decayd 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
reprisal and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
He would without hesitation, I say to you,
the very defender of them, and, in a violent
Popular ignorance, given your enemy your
shoat long in retribution with the easy
Greens of old women, the virginal palms of your
Daughters, or with the palced intercession
Such a decayd 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
reprisal and pardon.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow——

Enter Cornelionus and Anfius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, sir, I am not companion, I'll say an errand
for you: you shall know now that I am in esti-
mation: you shall perceive that a Jack guardian
came from Cornolianus: general, but by my entertainment with him, if thou
standst not in the state of hanging, or of some
dead threat, (which long is 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 they
loved my father Memenius done? O, my son, my son,
they art preparing fire for us; look there, here's
water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being assured, none but
my self could mov'e thee, I have been blow'n out of
your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy pettytonious 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 I away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volctae breasts: that we have been familiar,
Inanimate fulmen shall, in vain, rise;
Than puy note how much—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your mists are stronger,
Than your voice against my forces. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I write for thy sake;
Give a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Memen-

us, I will not hear thee speak. This man, Anfius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou beholdest—
Ave. You keep a constant temper.

[Exit Cornolianus and Anfius.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Memenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know me, with what ease

1 G. Do you hear how we are sent, for keep-
ing your greatness back?

2 G. What cause do you think, I have to
sworn?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general: for such things as you, I can scarce
think there's any, you are so slight. He that
hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from
another. Let your general do his worst. For you,
be that you are, long; and your misery increase
with your age! I say to you, so I was
said to, away!

[Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. This here fellow is our general: He is the
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exit.

SCENE III. The Tent of Cornolianus.

Enter Cornolianus, Anfius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volctae lords, how
I have borne this business
Ave. Only their ends
You have respected; stop'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;
Say, godheadl me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to Jace 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
Upmost, I have been to them: Fresh embists, and mists;
Nor from the state, nor my private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—I'll what about is this?

Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time his made! I will not—
Enter, in mourning habit, Virginia, Volunna, leading young Marcus, Valeria, and Attendees.

My wife—come foremost: then the honour'd monib.

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection
All bond and privilege of nature, break I
Let it be virtuous, to be obtained.

What is that out-by words; or those doves' eyes?
Which can make gods forsworn—I melt, and

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bade
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication and: my young boy
Halit an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Nay not.—Let the Voices
Though Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a going to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in

Flr. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
May you think so.

Cor. Yes, like a doll now acting,
I have forgot my part, and I am out.

Even to a flood of that day's flush,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, Forgive our Romans—O, a kiss
Long to the exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now by the jennex queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin it e'er since. You gods! I groan.
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsalted: Sulk, my knee, if't the earth.

Kneeling.

O my deare deeply more impresion shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bland'd

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the sand,
I kneel before thee; and appropriately
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Kneeling.

Your knees to me? To your correct son?

Then let the pendulous on the hungry beach
Pierce the stars; then let the waters strike
The proud cedar 'gainst the fiery sun;

Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, in Heaven
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove
To shame unvanquished, and stick it the war

As a great seaman, standing every wave,
And saving those that gaze on thee.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Even, be, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are sailors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forewarn'd, may never
Be held by you damas. Do not boil me
Dispute my son, or capitalizing,
Againo with Rome's mechanics—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To alloy my rage and revenge, with
Your colder reasons.

Flr. O, no more, we were

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 blindest
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear me.

Cor. And she, and you a Voice, speak, as we shall
Hear mouth from Rome in private. Your arg,

Flr. Should we be silent and not speak; our

And state of nature, would bewray what life
We have lived 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

Consolation, on thy restoration, weep, and

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see,
The man, the father, seeing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,

Flr. These show how we have

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort.

That all but we enjoy: For how can we

Make a comparison of the rest? That coun-

Whereas we are bound; together with this victory,
Whereas we are bound? Alack! for we must lose
The country, our dear muse; as else thine person,
Our comfort in the country. We must not
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either
Most, as a foreign revereant, to be
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy life and children's blood. For myself, on

Flr. I purpose to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine. If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Those shall have whom I shall send to
March to assail thy country, then in treat
(That 'tw., thou shall not on thy mother's

That brought thee to this world.

Flr. My son, 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 beauty;

Requires not child nor woman's face to see.

I have not too long.

Cor. Nay, so done us these

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Voices whom you serve, you might condemn
us,
As prince's of your honour; No: that our visit
Is, that you reconcile then; while the Voices
May say, This mercy we have showed; the Romans.

This see receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and ery, He bless'd
For making up this peace? Thou know'st, good

Son, the end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquerst, the beneficent
Which so shall thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose representation hath both with common
Whose glorious triumphs, as the sun's noble
But with the last attempt he wifred it out;

Destroy the country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age immortal. Speak to me; and

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To bear with thunder the wide cheeks of the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not

Thou'st claim'st it honorible for a noble man.
Scene IV. coriolanus.

Still to remember wrongs!—Daughter, speak you: He cares not for your weeping.—Speak then, boy: For your report and his, but three more than a provoking thing. Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate Like one of the stocks. Thee hast never in thy life Should'd thy dear mother any courtesy. When she (poe her head) fond of no second brood, Has clucked thee to the wise, and safely home, Laid with honour. Say, my requests current, And spare me back: But if it be not so, Thou art set honest; and the gods will plagued thee, That then restrain'd from me the duty, which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away: Down, ladies; let us share him with our knees To his serene Coriolanus's lone move pride, This pity to our prayers. Down; an end! This is the last.—So we will home to Rome. And to among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us: This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels, and holds up hands, for kinglyness, Does redress our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny?—Come, let us go: This fellow had a Valentin to his mother; His wife is in Corioli, and his child. Like him by chance?—Yet give us our despatch; I am bound not until my eye be dry, And then I'II speak a little. Cor. O mother, mother! [Reading Valentinus by the hands, silent. What have you done? Behold, the heavens do open. The gods look down, and this monstrous curse They laugh at. O my mother, O 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 now mortal to him. But, let it come: Ausilius, though I cannot make true wars, I'II frame convenient peace. Now, good Ausilius, Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard A mother less? or greatest less, Ausilius? Ausi. I was mov'd withal. Cor. I dare be sworn, you were: And, sir, it is no little thing to make This eye to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part, I'II not to Rome, I'II back with you; and pray you, Stand to me in this cause.—O mother I win! Cor. Ausilius is glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor at difference; not of that I'll work Myself a former fortune. [Aside. [The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus. Cor. Ay, by and by: [To Valentinus, Virginia, &c. But we will drink together; and you shall hear A better witness than words, which we, On like conditions, will have consequences. Come enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you; all the words In Italy, and your confessors, And could not have made this peace. [Exit. Scene IV. Rome. A publick Place. Enter Menenius and Brutus. Men. See you yond' coloin o' the Capitol: yond' conqueror? Sic. Why, what of that? Men. If it be possible for you to dispose it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say otherwise, our threats are sentenced, and stay upon execution. Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the tenor of things? Men. There is difference between a groan and a butterfly: yet your butterfly was a grub. This Menenius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, and flies, and follows the moving thing. Sic. He loved his mother dearly. Men. He did do so; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The taste of his face sour pipe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shakes before his trampling. He is able to piece a cobbler with his eye; take like a knell, and his fum is a battery. He sits in his seat, as a thing sworn for Alexander. What he late done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but sterility, and a burning sight. Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly. Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what money 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. Never was such case, the gods will not be good unto us. When we insinuated him, we expected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us. Enter a Messanger. 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 you tooth by tooth. Enter another Messanger. Sic. What's the news? Mess. Good news, good news,—The ladies have prevail'd. The Volentes are dub'g'd, and Marcius gone: A mercer stay did never yet great Rome, Not, the prosecution 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? Never through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hurk you? [Trumpets and Harquebuses sound, and Drums beat loud, all together. Shouting also within. The trumpets, each with their banners, and flags, Colors, and symbols, and the shooting Romanes, Make the sun dance. Hurk you! Mess. [Shouting also. Sic. Hurk you! [Shouting agains. Mess. Sir, this is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Volentia is worth of councils, senators, patricians. A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and a land full: You have prov'd well to-day, This morning, for ten thousand of your throats I'ud not have given a dot. Hurk, how they joy! [Shouting also. Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, Accept my thankfulness. Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thank. Sic. They are near the city? Mess. Almost at point to enter. Sic. We will meet them. [Going. Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They press over the stage. Sen. Behold our patroness, the wife of Rome; Call all your cries together, praise the gods, And make triumphal fire; strokeuffles before them. [Unleash the noise that batters't Marcius, repeat him with the welcome of his mother; Welcome, ladies, welcome, And you, Sen. Sic. Welcome, ladies, ladies.
Enter Tullien Andria, with Attendants.

Asg. If you will do so, you shall have it.

Enter Three or Four Comedians of Andria's Faction.

Most welcome !

1 Com. How is it with our general ?

Asg. As well as a man by his own alma virtute; And with his charity slain.

2 Com. Most noble sir, if you do hold the same intent wherever You send us parties, we deliver you Of your great danger.

Asg. Sir, I cannot tell. We have been pressed, as we do find the people. 2 Com. The people will remain uncertain, while You twist there's difference; but the fall of other

Makes the survivor hair of all.

Asg. I know it.

And my prentice to strikes at him admits A good construction. I raise him, and I gav'd him honour for his truth : Who being so height,

He water'd his new plants with dew of battery, Instructing his friends; and, to the end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, uneasy and free.

3 Com. Sir, his successors.

When he did stand for counsel, which he lost By lack of stopping.

Asg. That I would have spoke of: Being banished for't, he came unto my heart; Prescyled to my knife's thrust : I took him; Much serv'd with me, gave him way In all his own desires: may, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish. My best and foremost men, serv'd his designs In mine own person; help to reap the same, Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong : till, at the last, He seem'd his follower, not partner; and He was'd me with his countenance, as I had been mercenary.

1 Com. 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.—

Asg. For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him. At a few drops of women's tears, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and honour Of our great action; Therefore shall he die, And I'll revenge me in his fall. But hear! [Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Clouts of the People.

1 Com. Your native town you ent'rd like a post, And had no welcome home; but he returns, Splitting the air with noise.

2 Com. And radiant flocks, those children he hath slain, their base threats tear, When giving him glory.

3 Com. Therefore, at your vantage, Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounced shall buy His reason with his body.

Asg. Say so much; Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Asg. I have not done yet; But, worthy lords, have you with heed purs'd What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And given your orders. What suits he made before the last, I think, Might have found easy issue: but there was fault Where he was to begin; and give away The benefits of our letters, answering us With our own charge to bringing a treaty, when There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

Asg. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Tullien, with Dreams and Colours; A Crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Ha, lords! I am return'd your soldier, No more infected with my country's love. Then when I parted hence, but still subsisting Under your great command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With many passage, I was, 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 manoeuvred With no less honour to the Action. Than slants to the Romans: and we bare deliver'd Subscribed by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal of the senate, what We have compounded on.

Asg. Read it, not, noble lords; But tell the traitor, in the highest degree He had abus'd your powers. Cor. Traitor! How now !

Asg. Ay, traitor Marcus.

Cor. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus; Doth thou think I'll grace thee with that rubbery, dry and name Of Corinth in a Cæsar?—You lords and heads of the state, posthumously The hand press'd with your seals, and sealed up. For certain drops of salt; your city Rome (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother: Breathing his oath and resolution, like A twist of rotten silk; never admitting Counsel of the war: but at whose senseless tears He sigh'd and you'd do nothing to save. That pages blush'd at, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at other.

1 Com. Ha, sir! Is this true, Mars !

Asg. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. No more. Cor. Measurable tears, than had made my heart So great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!— Pardon me, lords, 'twas the first time that ever I was forc'd to sob. Your judgments, my Must give the ear the lie, and his own notion (Who wears my stripes may read on him: that is) My beating to his grave) shall join to thirst The lie unto him. I love my Father, both, and hear my voice Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscus; men and falls Stains all your edges, and me.—Boy! I When you had writ your ans. true, 'twas there, That like an eagle in a dove-cot, I Patter'd your Volscus in Coriolanus : Alone I did it.—Boy!

Asg. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart !
V.

CORIOLANUS

our eyes and ears!—act one, speaking produciously] Tame him to
him presently. He killed my son—my
son. He killed my cousin Marcus—He
is my father.

Peace, no—no outrage—peace.

it is noble, and his home holds in
the earth. His last offence to me
the most judicious hearing. Stand, Andius,
and let the peace.

O, that I had him,

Audians, or more, his tribe,

my lawful sword!

Insulted villain!

Cid, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

aud Ans and the Conspirators drew, and
kill Corioli, who falls, and Andius
stands on him.

Hold, hold, hold, hold.

as noble masters, hear me speak.

O Tullio!

Then last done a deed whose value
will weep.

And let not upon him.—Masters all, be

Put up your swords.

As! My sword, when you shall know (as is
this rage)

Provoke' 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 seduce
Your beauteous censure.

1 Lord. Hear from hence his body,

And mourn for him: let him be regarded.

As the most noble corn, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impudence

Takes from Andius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

As! My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow. —Take him up :
Help, three of the oldest soldiers: I'll be one—
Beat the drum at it, if I live tomorrowly:

That your soul piques—Though in this city he
doth widow'd and wench'd away a one

Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[Exeunt, bearing the body of Corio-
lanus. A loud March sounded.

JULIUS CAESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAESAR.

ANTONIUS.

LEPIDUS.

LUCANUS.

BRUTUS.

CASSIUS.

CASCA.

TITINIUS.

MESSENGER.

CLITUS.

ASSASIN.

MARCULUS.

TIBERIUS.

SIBOBIUS.

CALPURNIA.

PORTIA.

SENATORS.

GUARDS.

ATTENDANTS.

VENUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Flavius, Marullus, and a Rabble of

Citizens, They: home; you idle creatures, get you

hence! Why? what! know you not,
mechanical, you ought not walk,

labouring day, without the sign

profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Why, sir, a carpenter.

Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

Is that thy best apparel on—

what trade are you?

Presty, sir, in respect of a free workman

as you would say, a cobler.

But what trade art thou? Answer me
to me.

A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with

meance: which is indeed, sir, a mender

of shoes.

MR. What trade, then knowe; thou naughtly

knave, what trade?

2 CR. Nay, I wassh you, sir, he not out with me;
yet, if you be out, sir, I can med you.

MR. What mean'd thou by that? Mind me,
you saucy fellow?

2 CR. Why, sir, cobler you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2 CR. Truly, sir, all that I live by, is with the

awl: I mend me with no tradesman's matters,

women's matters; but with awl. I am, indeed,
sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in
great danger, I recover them. As proper men

ever trod upon men's leather, have gone upon
their handy work.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

2 CR. Truly, sir, to weare out their shoes, to get

myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we

make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his

triumph.

MR. Wherefore rejoice? Why conquest brings

he home?
JULIUS CESAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The same. A public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Museck, Caesar; Antony, for the course: Calphurnia, Portia, Lucrezia, Cæcilius, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Casius, and Casca, a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cas. Calphurnia,— Peace, he! Caesar speaks.

Cas. Cal. Here, my lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonius’ way.

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, mixed and wonderous is your grace.

Cas. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say, The brows you put on in your holy chase, Shall shake off their stern corse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Caesar says, Do this, it is perform’d.

Cas. Set on; and have no ceremony out.

[Music.

South. Caesar.

Cas. Ha! who calls?

Cas. Did ever noise be still?—Peace ye! [Music.

Cas. Who is it that in the press, that calls on me? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick, Cries, Caesar!—Cries: Caesar! Can’t hear’t!—Soth. Beware the idea of March.

Cas. O, for a man that is a Soothsayer, Brutus, a Soothsayer, bides you beware the idea of March.

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Caesars.

Cas. What say’st thou to me now I speak unto thee?

Soth. Beware the idea of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[Enter Cornwall and Caesar.

Cas. What doth this look so mean, that you go see the order of the course?

Cas. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Were I a common laughter, or did use Of that sport which is in Antony, Let me not hinder, Casius, your desires; I’ll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness, And show of love, as I was wont to have: You bear me unkindly, and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

Br. people.

Cas. You do not deserve it; if I have willed my hand, I wore the trouble of my own convenience Merely upon myself. Vexed I am, Of late, with passions of some difference, Contumely only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour: But let not therefore my good service be grudg’d (Among which cousin, Casius, be one) Nor censure any further my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, was himself at war, Forgets the shows of love, and other marks.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much misjudg’d your passion, By misjudging hereof, this breast of mine hath bosom Thoughts of great value, worthy consideration. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? Brutus. I see myself; for the eye sees itself. But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. Tell me, the same. Will not a man at any time find that he doth deserve?—A Soothsayer.

Cas. That you would have me seek into myself. For that which is cut out before one.

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear: And, since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your ghost, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus: For that which is cut out before one.

Br. To state with ordinary curses my love To every new prophet: if you knew That I do fawn on men, and beg them hard, And after scandal them; or if you knew That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rest, then how I dare command you. [Flourish, and Soth.]

Br. What means this shouting? I do fear, he Choose Caesar for his king.

Cas. Ay, do you hear it?

Br. Would not, Caesar; yet I love him well— But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would import to me? If it be sought against the general good, Set honour in one eye, and death in the other, And I will lastly bend to Jove’s will. For, let the gods so speed me, as I love The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue be in you, Brutus As well as I do know your outward favour. Well, honour is the subject of my story.
Scene II. JULIUS CAESAR. 615

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I know no more what course to take
In view of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you;
We both have lost as well as we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a rare and gusty day,
The censured Tyber shaking with her shafts,
Caesar said to him, 'Dost thou know, Cassius, noise
Lags in among me less this than thy flood?'
And swam in greater pangs? Upon the world,
Answered he as I was, I plunged in,
And back him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent rear'd; and we did touch it.
With lasty answer; throwing it said
And exclaiming it was the streets of that city.
But ere we could arrive the point propound'd,
Caesar cry'd, 'Help me, Cassius, or I faint.
I, Alarbus, our great ancestor,
Disdained from the flames of Tytus upon his shoulder
The old Ambitious bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber
Did I the fired Caesar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius
A worship'd creature, and man bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but touch on him.
He and a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, did mark
How he did shake: his true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose broad bend danc'd the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan
Aye, and that tongue of his, that taste the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, Gaius came again, Titinius,
As a sick girl. To rude, it did amaze me,
A man of such a fertile temper should
Not yet the mildness of the talking world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.
Rumour.] Another general shout.
I do believe, that these appliances are
For some new honors that are kept on Caesar.
Cass. Why, man, he doth boldly the narrow
world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Waltz not in his huge legs, and proud about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fate:
This Caesar is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that
Why should that name be sounded more than
Behind?
Write them together, yours is as far a name;
Sounded it, doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, as an heavy; compare with them,
Caesars will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
[Shout. Now in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what must doth this one Caesar fear;
That he is grown so great? Age, then art ashamed,
Romans, then hast but the braid of noble brows;
When waste there by an age, since the great
Rome, but it was fond with more than with one man;
What could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walk encumber'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have
And the eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As nearly as a king.
Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jeal-
sous.
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I should venture a resolution: for the 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 pleasure, and find a time
Both men to hear, and answer, each high things.
Till then, my noble friends, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villain,
Than to revenge himself a son of Rome.
Under these hard conditions at this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but that much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Caesar, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is re-
turning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Cassus by the sleeve;
And he will, after his curt fashion, tell you
What hath proceed'd, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a children train;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cassus
Looks with such fervor and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol.
Being crowd'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Cassus will tell us what the matter is.
Ant. Caesar.
Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleep-killing men, and such as sleep o' nights.
You Cassus has a lean and haggard look:
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not; Cassus, he's not dangerous:
He's a notte Roman, and well given.
Cas. 'Would he were fatter; — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassus. He made 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 musician:
Seem'd to be weary; 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, never at heart's ease,
While they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather thee, than he be farr'd.
Then, what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear in deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exit Caesar and his Train. Cassus stays behind.
Casus. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
say good words with me?
Bru. Ay, Cassus; tell us what hath chanc'd to
today.
That Cassus looks so sad.
Cas. Why. You were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask Cassus what hath
chanc'd to.
Casus. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his hand, time; and then the people fell a
shouting.
Bru. What was the second noise for?
Cas. Why, for that too.
Casus. They shout'd thrice? What was the last
say for?
Casus. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?
Casus. Ay, marry, wash, and he put it by thrice,
every time firmer than other; and as every gur-
ing by, mine honest neighbours shouted.
Casus. What offer'd him the crown?
Casus. Why, Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cassus.
Casus. It was with a large paper, as call the
manner of it; it was more humeistry. I did not
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;
—yet, 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of those
commemoratives — and, as I told you before, mark it, by monos.
But, for all that, in my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it to him again; but, in my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still he refused it, the ebullition heated, and clapped his clapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a din of stirring breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he was overworn, and fell down, and gave me part. I burst not, I laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.
Cas. But, MDL, I pray you; What did Caesar say?
Cæs. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was senseless.
Brut. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.
Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And hunger, Cæsar, we have the falling sickness.
Cæs. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If theлагагг people did not clap him, and him, according to his pleased, and dispel them, as they too do to the players in the theatre. I am no true man.
Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?
Cæs. Merry, before he fell down, when he perceived he was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me up, he told him, and offered them his threat to set — An I had been a woman altogether, I would not have taken him at a word; I would not have been among the vultures — and to be told. When he came to himself, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their warrant to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenchings, where I stood, cried, 'Hail, good and noble — and forgive him with all their hearts.' But there was no hand to be taken of them; if Caesar had advised it, it might have been done else.
Brut. And after that, he came, thus and away —
Cæs. Ay.
Cas. Did Cæsars say any thing?
Cæs. No, it was spoken to him.
Cas. To what effect?
Cæs. No, say I tell you, that, I'll never look you I'd hearken; that, I understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for my part, I was Grecian to me. I could tell you more news too: Marcellus and Flaminus, for falling scars off Cæsar's image; are put to death. There was more mordant yet, if I could remember it. If you will sup with me to-night, Cæsars? 
Cæs. No, I am promised forth.
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Cæs. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cæs. Good: I will expect you.
Cas. Desio; Farewell, both. [Exit Caesar.]
Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick malleable, when he went to school.
Cæs. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprises.
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a source to his good will,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better apprise.
Brut. And so do I. 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 hither with you for ever.
Cas. I will do so:— till then, think of the world.
Brut. Farewell. [Exit Brutus.]
Cæs. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thine honourable metal may be wrought.
Poenus that this is not the meeting;
Till noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be moved?
Cæsars doubt he nor hard; but he knows Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were again,
He should not humour me. So I will this night,
Be several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several cities,
Writing all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holdeth his nativity, whereof certainly
Caesar's solemnity shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let Caesar send him this:
For we will shake him, or we will stop him.
SCENE III. The same. Cæsar. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite side, Cæsar, with his armed guards, and Antony.
Cæs. Cit. Good morrow, Cæsars! Bring you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stay you round Cæsars? Are not you weary, when all the way is so short?
Brut. Like a thing unwilling! O Cit. I have seen tempests, when the rolling wind Have roared the knocky oak, and I saw you The ambitious ocean swell, and main, and base, To be salted with the thievish winds!—
Cæs. Oh! You are right, and they have not the sea; Besides I have not since put up my word,
Against the Capitol. I meet a man,
Who glist upon me, and walk softly by,
Without evengery soul! I have seen myself
Upon a heap a hundred ghostly women,
Transformed with their fear! who waver, they
Man, all in fire, wall up and chase the muse.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon day, upon the margin above,
Hooting and shrieking. When these tempests
Be so conjointly met, in so many ways,
This is their reading — They do some wise;
For, I believe, they see portentous things
Upon the climate that they point out. Cit. Indeed, it is not time;
But men may foretell those after their fashion.
Cæsars: Clean from that good of Cleopatra's,
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol of Rome?
Cæsars. He does; for he did command
Such word to you, he would be there to announce.
Cæs. Good night there, Cæsars! this tempest
Is not to walk in.
Cæsars. Farewell, Cæsars! [Exit Cæsars.
Cit. Good night there, Cæsars! This tempest
Is not to walk in.
Cæsars. Farewell, Cæsars! [Exit Cæsars.
Cit. What's there?
Cæsars. A Roman.
Cit. What is your name?
Cæsars. Your car is good. Cæsars, what sight
Is that?
Cæsars. A most pleasing sight to honest men;
Cæsars. Who ever knew the bır�assment in Rome?
Cit. Those, that have known the earth as full
Of such as these. For this, I have no need.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the pursuasion night
And, through the cross-eyed lightning sound
The breeze of her ear, I present myself
Even in the air, and very touch of it.
Cæsars. How more? does that so much add
to the heaven?
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Stand clear awhile, for blood comes sure in

haste.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. I do know him by his gait:

He is a friend—Cassius, do you know me?

Cassius. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus

Ciceron?

Cassius. No, it is Cassius; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not said for, Cassius?

Cassius. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this:

There's two or three of us have seen strange

sights.

Cassius. Am I not said for, Cassius? Tell me.

Cassius. You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win

The noble Brutus in our party—

Cassius. Be you content? Gaius Cinna, take this

play.

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this

At his door: set this up with words:

Upon old Brutus's statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find

me.

In Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there:

Cassius. Are all but Metellus Ciceron? and he's gone

to seek you at your house. Well, I will his,

and so destroy these papers as you taste me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Cassius. Come, Cassius, you and I will, yet, yet, away,

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

It once already: and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cassius. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;

And that, which would appear offence to me,

His countenance, like riches alchymy,

Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him, and his worth, and our great need

of him,

You have right well concealed. Let us go,

For it is after midnight: and, ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. So say I:

Cassius. So say I:

Enter Brutus.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give a less clear account to-day than, Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius! when? Aweake, I say: What,

Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord? Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius; Where it is lightest, some and call me here. Lucius. I will, my lord. Brutus. He must be by his deads and, for my part, I know no personal cause to spare 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 skeleton, and the weary 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

Reason from power: And to speak truth of

I have not known when his affections swayed

More than his reason. But in a common proof, That falsehood is young ambition's ladder,

Wherein the climber-upward turns his face: But when he once attains the umbrous round,
Luc. The taper burned in your closet, sir; searching the window for a light, I found this paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure, it did not lie there, when I went to bed. Brut. Go to bed again, it is not day. Luc. It is no sooner, ho! the idea of March! Luc. I know not, sir. Brut. Look in the calendar, and bring me word. Luc. I will, sir. 

Brutus. Thou sleep'st! awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake. 

Such instigations have been often drop'd, Where I have taken them up. Shall Rome, etc. Thus, must I place it out; Shall Rome stand under man's a wreath! What? Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. Speak, strike, O Rome! I make thee promise, If the reviver will, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! 

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. 

Brut. "Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 

[Exit Lucius. 

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phænomena, 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. 

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you. 

Brut. Do you know then? 

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him. 

Brut. Let them enter. 

[Exit Lucius. 

They are the faction. O conspiracy! Shalt I, then, to show thy dangerous brow by right, When e'en are must free? O, then, by day, When thou wilt find a cavern dark enough To make thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy, Hide it in smiles, and affiliations: For thou hast, thy native semblance on, Not Eratosthenes' self were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar! We shall find him
A shrewd counsellor; and, you know, his humour,
If he be well spurned, he will go so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Caesar, fall together.

Brut. Our course will seem too bloody, Calpurnia.

Cassius.
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be severer, but no butchiers, Calpurnia.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar’s spirit,
And not discern Caesar! But, also,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let’s kill him boldly, but not wittingly.
Let’s cut him as a dish fit for the gods.
Not hear him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And not our crates, but our väseus,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after soon to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not curious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar’s arm,
When Caesar’s head is off.

Cass. Yet I do fear him.
For in the heartless love he bears to Caesar,—
Rom. Alas, Alas! I think that is the mark of him.
If he love Caesar, all that can he do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Cass. There is no fear in it; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Rom. Peace, count the clock.

Cass. The clock hath struck three.

Rom. The time is past.

Cass. For Caesar will come forth at the gates;
Or, if he come not, for some;
For he is suddainly grown at late;
Quite from the main opinion he had once
Of the fame; or perhaps he is
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The uncommon’d terror of this night,
And the untriumphing end of Brutus.
May hold him back from the Capitol to-day.

Oes. Never fear that: If he be so resolved,
I can o’erawe him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be braw’d with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with togs, and men with flattlers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flattlers,
He says, he does; being more most mattered.
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.

Rom. By the eighth hour: Is that the utmost?
Cas. Be that the utmost, and fall not then.
Met. Caesarian doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Rom. Now, good Metellus, go along with him:
But, when the man’s there, let me know him;
Send him but hinder, and I’ll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We’ll leave it,
And, friends, dispense yourselves: but all re-
member
What we have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Brut. Good gentlemen, lock fresh and merely;
I am no enemy to our purpose;
But hear it as our Roman actors do,
With natural spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you all.

[Exit all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! — What aleep? — It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy slepe of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, no man fancis;
Who formeth thou the air of men;
Then sleep thee st’st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord! 

Brut. Portia, what means you? Wherefore thee
you now?

Por. It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your mother. You have un-
gentle, Brutus,

Side from my bed! And yester-night, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and would about
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You star’d upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg’d you further: then you scratch’d your
beard,
And too impatiently stamp’d with your foot.

Por. Yet, I insisted, yet you answer’d not;
But with an angry weasand of your face,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
For fearing to strengthen that impulsions,
Which seemed to grow much excoliv’d: and, with,
Having it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor take your sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape;
As it hath done upon you, it work’d upon me.
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Por. Why, so I do: — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical?
To walk embrued, and suck up the humours
Of the still morning? What is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his chaiselieu bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And temper his chymistry, and appargue sir
To turn into his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind.
Which, by the force of your present place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I choose you, by my cesar commended beauty,
Be you in peace, and be you in great joy.
Which did incorporate and make us one.
That you could to me, yourself, your hair,
Why you are heavy: and what men tonight
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Por. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Por. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected, I tender my words,
That appear to you? Are you 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 midst
Of your good pleasures? If it be so no more,
Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.

Por. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the rusties droop
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If it be not true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman: but, withal,
A woman of true and honourable wife.

Por. I grant, I am a woman: but, withal,
A woman well reputed: Cassio’s daughter.
Thank you for this: But, as it be my sex,
Being so father’d, and so brothel’d?
Tell me your counsel, I will not dissemble them:
I have made sure of your constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound.
JULIUS CAESAR.

A scene in Rome. Before the residence of Brutus. In a急速 to-night.

Enter Octavius, and dying bid his messenger bid him farewell: 
"Tell them, at the last degree of power, 
So Caesar may live, and when the guard is there, 
Tell them, I die." 

Octavius. What can be said, 

"Would that I were free from the stealthy gods! 
Yet Caesar's name go forth, for he has 

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. They would not hear you in the house to-day. 

You have not found a heart within the house. 

Cass. The gods then do this in shame of Caesar. 

Cass. If he should stay at home to-day for sex. 

We were two lions lidded in one day, 

And the elder and more terrible; 

Cass. Shall Caesar go forth? 

Cass. Alas, my lord, 

Your wisdom is concealed. 

Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear, 

That keeps you in the house, and not your own. 

Cass. Mark Antony to the senate-house; 

And he shall say, you are not well to-day: 

That I myself, prevail in this. 

Cass. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well; 

And, for thy honour, I will stay at home. 

Enter Decius.

Decius. Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. 

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar: 

I come to fetch you to the senate-house. 

Cass. And you are come in very happy time, 

To hear my greeting to the senators, 

And tell them, that I will not come to-day: 

Caesar's name is in my will, I will not come; 

Cass. Say, he is sick. 

Cass. Shall Caesar send a letter? 

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arms so far, 

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? 

Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come. 

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, 

Lost I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so. 

Cass. The cause is in my will, I will not come; 

That is enough to satisfy the senate. 

But, for your private command, 

Because I love you, I will let you know: 

Cass. Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 

She dreams to-night she saw my ghost, 

Which, like a fountain, with a hundred springs, 

Did run pure blood: and many lucky Roman 

Came smiling, and did bless their hands in it. 

And these doth she apply for war, peace, 

And evil imminent; and on her knee 

Hath begged me, that I will stay at home to-day. 

Dec. This dream is all a mere interpretation; 

It was a dream, fair and fortunate: 

Your states spending blood in many pipes, 

In which so many smiling Roman heads, 

Signifies that from you, Octavius, shall not 

Reviving blood: and that great men shall press 

For territories, states, relics, and compliances, 

This by the planets' motion, and Calphurnia's dream. 

Cass. And this may have you well exprest.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'twixt 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?
Let us say it:
What Caesar would, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Par. You know, bring me word, boy, if thou lookest well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Caesar said, what not; and tell it to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Par. Then, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. South, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter South-sayer.
Par. What shall I say now?
Luc. Come hither, fellow.
Par. Which way hath thou been?
Luc. South. At some own house, good lady.
Par. What is't I shall do?
Luc. South. In the ninth hour, lady.
Par. In Caesar yet come to the Capitol?
Luc. South. Caesar, no, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see his passage, to see how he looks.
Par. Thou hast come not to Caesar, hast thou not?
Luc. South. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar,
To be good to Caesar, as to me,
I shall be ready to him to bend my head.
Par. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
To worsen him?
Luc. South. None that I know will be, much that I
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow,
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of priests, common authors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more even, and there
See Caesar, my lord.
Kneel. Par. I must go on. Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed the noble enterprise! —
Sure, the boy heard me. — Brutus hath a suit,
That Caesar will not grant — O, I grow faint —
Run, Lucius, and command me to my lord;
Say, I am muny; 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 Antemidorus, and the South-sayer. Phocion. Enter Brutus, Caesar, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Casca, Antony, Leopha, PulICLES, Publius, and others.

Cas. The bills of March are come.

Cas. Ay, Cassar; but gone.

Art. Hail, Cassar! Read this schedule.

Do. Tis not in me to do you so much read.

Art. Of Caesar read mine first; for mine a suit
That never Caesar read; to read it, grant Caesar.

Cas. What touches us in itself, shall be last
read'd.

Art. Delay not, Cassar; read it instantly.

Cas. What is the fellow mad? — Publius.

Cas. What, are your petitions in the street?

Enter to the Capitol.

Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise? — Publius.

Pop. Fear you none. — Advancement to Caesar. What said Popilcles then?
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets? 

Brut. 

Reader me worthy of this noble wife! 

[Smiling within.

Hark, hark! one knocks! Polio, go in a while; 
And try and thy beast shall paroke. 

The secrets of my heart, 

All my engagements I will contrive to lose, 
All the charwomen of my sad browes— 

Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.

Enter Lucrece and Lycias.

Luc. Here is a sick man, that wants 

With you. 

Brut. Call Lucrece Ligarius, that Metius 

Do stand by me, Lucrece. 

Log. 

Necessity good morrow, 

To this great lord. 

Brut. O, what a time have you been 

Here? 

Cain. 

To keep a secret. 

Log. I am not sick, if this 

Say you that makes them write the seal. 

[Smiling within.

Have you a healthy child present thee, Cimber? 

Log. By all the gods and goddesses, I have 

Here clean only one, my dear. 

Brave son, dearer than mine, and first chosen, 

Then, like an euripid, do not find. 

My mothered my car bears such relief blood, 

And I will stand and from the true quality 

You get these much mellow foods: I mean, sweet 

Apples, 

Bread, 

Cranberries, and base spanning foxing. 

Log. But, how do you? 

That he is here a young man, and pray, and pray for him, 

Brut. I like this cur out of my way. 

I shall, Caesar doth not wrong; use without cause 

To be satisfied. 

Log. There is no voice more worthy than my 

Appetit, 

True, and more sweetly in great Caesar's ear, 

For the repeating of my husband's brother? 

Log. I know thy limb, but not in fastness, Caesar; 

Going thee, that Publius Cimber may 

Have freedom of repeat. 

[Exeunt Brutus, Caius, and Cæcina.

Enter Pardoe.

Pard. Caesar, Caesar: Caesar, pardoe: 

And they that cannot stand in the erudition for Publius Cimber. 

Caius. I could be well mirth'd, if I were as you; 

I could not pray to move prayers would move me: 

But I am constant, as the northern star, 

Of whose true-fix'd, and lasting quality, 

There is no fellow in the firmament. 

The stars are painted with unnumber'd spots, 

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 with men, 

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; 

Yet, in the mother, I do know because 

That unassable holds on his rank, 

Undisable of motion; and, that I am he, 

Let me make a little show it, even in this: 

That I was constant, Cimber should beush'd, 

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Caius. O Cæsare! 

Caius. Honest! Will thes thee lift up Olympus? 

Dec. Great Caesar— 

Caius. Dost not Brutus bowles knelt? 

Caeci. Speak, hands, for me. 

Bruc. Because stope Cæsar in the Neck 

Cæsar electroshold of his Arm. He is there 

establishd by several other Consulare, 

and great Marcus Brutus. 

[Exeunt, Brutus.—Then, fall, Cæsare. 

[Dict. The Senators and People retire in 

Caius. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead—

Horses did go down, 

And ghosts the wings of 

Cæsare. 

And there was none but 

Cæsare. 

Who? 

Publilli. 

You are confounded with the wisdom; 

Our, and join together, but seem head of 

This not of standing—Publilli, get 

cheer; 

there is no harm intended to your person. 

Caius. And leave us, Publilli; lest that the only 

Hoolish on us, should do your age some mark. 

Caius. And leave us, Publilli: lest that the petty 

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Hoolish on us, should do your age some mark.
Remorse, Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony! Does thou live so low? Where art thou, Brutus, Cato, Trebonius, Sempronius?—Fare thee well.—I am in good heart to-night; for this is the first time in my life I have been in the presence of a conqueror; and I will not die with the knowledge of the mean of death.

A thousand years, no more, I am safe; for thou art a man of no mean death, thou dost not strike at death; thou dost not sacrifice thy life; thy soul is a victim of no mean death; thy death is of the meanest sort; but I am a man of the meanest sort, and I will not die with the knowledge of the mean of death.

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Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might
there.
1 fear our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: Mark him.

Cas. Caesar, be suffer'd, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Caesars or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will play myself.

Bru. Caesars, be constant.

Populi Lenus speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trofimous knows his time; for, look, you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Lucy Antony and Trofimous; Caesar
And the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Maelius Cimer? Let him go,
And presently his suit to Caesar.

Brus. He's here; address'p, press near, and second him.

Cas. Antony, you in the first that reads your hand.
Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate most renew?

Dec. Most, most mighty, and most pleasant Caesar,
Maelius Cimer throws before thy seat.

An humble hope is heard by Caesar.

Cas. I must present thee, Cimer.

Cas. The speeches, and these lowly courtesies,
Might for the good of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decrees,
Into the slow and weighty courses.
Be not food, to think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thrust from the true quality
With that which neither feeds: I mean, sweet,
Words, low crooked curtseys, and base spangled fav'ring.
The brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost head, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spare thee like a son out of my way.

Know, Caesar, thou art not wrong; nor without cause
Will be satisfied.

Dec. Is there no voice more worthy than my own?
To sound more sweetly is great Caesar's ear,
For the repeating of my hand's brother!

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimer may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus?

Cas. Parton, Caesar: Caesar, pardon:
As low as to the foot both Cimer fall,
To beg entreaty for Publius Cimer.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were so:
If I could pray to move, prayers would do no more:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and vesting quality,
There is no fellow in the Roman place.
The skies are painted with immemorial sparks.
They are all wise, and every one wise enough;
But there's but one in all that holds his place.
So, in the world: The furnish'd well with men,
And men are wise and bloody, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaccompanied is on his work.
Undeck'd of tuition: and, that I am so,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant; Cimer should be banished,
And Cimer do voidly to keep him so.

O, Caesar!

Cas. Hence! Will thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cesar, hence.

Cas. Thus not Brutus bootless as kneel'd?

Cas. Speak, bonds, for me.

Cas. Brutus, in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, at the same time, by Marcus Brutus. 

Dec. Brutus—then fall, Caesar.

Cas. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead—

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures—
That we shall die, we know; but of the time,
And of the way we shall be answer'd hereafter.

Cas. Why, then, that sate of twenty years to live,
Cuts off so many years of being base.

Bru. I am indeed exceeding hungry.

Cas. And so are we Caesar's friends, that have shudder'd
His time of leaving death. Slop, Rome, slop, and
Let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood.
Up to the elbows, and burn our swords:
Thus walk we forth, even in the morning:
And washing our weapons over our heads;
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Soothe them, and weep.

May as gently hence,
Shall this our lovely scene be acted over,
In states unknown, and secrecy yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basin 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 fetch?

Bru. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and I will crease his heart
With the most boldness and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Cas. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me bend down:
And, being press'd, thus he bade me say:

"Brutus is noble; wise, valiant, and honest;"
"Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;"
"Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;"
"Say, I fear not Caesar, honour'd him, and live;"
"If Brutus will2wooden, that Antony"
"May safely come to him, and he reach'd;"
"How Caesar hath resolve'd to lie in death,"
"Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead" So well as Brutus living: but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorow the hazards of this unsaw'n act:
With all true faith. So says my master Anton y.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant man; 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.

Scrib. I'll fetch him presently. 

Cas. I know, that we shall have him well speeded.

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a wish,
That fears him much; and it may misgiving tell
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
SCENE I.

Antony. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

And. O, Caesar! Doth thou lie so low?

Are all thy enterprises, glories, triumphs, spoils, 
Shrink to this little measure?—Pars this well,—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend.

Who else must be left dead, who else is rank?

If I myself, there is an hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour! now instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, make rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,

New, whilst your purple bands do veck and smoke,

Puff thy pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die.

No place's till please me no, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bras. O Antony! beg not thy death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our heads, and thus our present art,

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 palpitating;

And pity to the general wrong of Rome

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.)

And who is this, this Caesar's body?

To your swords have lend points, Mark Antony.

Our arms, in strength of valour, and our hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. You shall be as strong as any man,

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bras. Only be patient, till we have appeased

The tumults, healed our wounds, with tears;

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Caesar when I strucked him,

Have done this proceeding.

And. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

Firr. Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you—

Ner. Cæsare Cæsus, do I take your hand;—

Ner. Cæsare, Brutus, yours,—Now yours, Mætillus;—

Ye gods, Cæsars;—and, my valiant Cæsars, yours;

That Caesar in your pure and bright interest

Gentleman all,—thus,—what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That the least word of you may move me,

Either a coward or a traitor.

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, his true;

If then the spirit look upon you now,

Shall it not grievous thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony walking his postes,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foe,

Most noble! in the presence of the curse!

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 wait thou bay'd,

Firr. Hector shall call; and here thy hunters stand,

Sing'd in thy spoils, and crimson'd in thy blood.

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 hence live!—

Cæs. Mark Antony.

And. Pardon me, Cæsare Cæusus;

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Thus, traitor most traitorous.

Cæs. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be the chief number of our friends?

Or shall we go, and not depend on you?

And. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,

Swear' 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 reason;

Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bras. Or else were this a savage spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,

You should be satisfied.

And. That's all I seek:

And am moreover surety, that I may

Proclaim his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bras. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cæs. Brutus, a word with you.—[Aside.

You know not what you do; Do not consent,

That Antony speak in his funeral;

Know you not what people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Bras. By your pardon;

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Caesar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented, Caesar shall

Have all his rites, and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bras. Mark Antony here, take Cæsar by the body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;

And say, you esteem him.

Ego shall not have any hand at all

Above hishonours; and you shall speak

In the same pulpit; and having got

After my speech is ended.

Be it so;

Bras. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.

And. O, pardon me, then blessing-piece of earth,

That I am sneek and gentle with these butchers;

Then art the rascal of the instept man,

That ever lived in the tide of times.

To the hand that shed this costly blood;

Over thy wounds now do I grope—

Which, like doubt months, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—

A curse shall light upon the hands of men;

Doomed deck, and fierce civil strife,

Shall number all the parts in Italy;

Blood shall be drawn no more, and

Dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall not smile, when they behold

The sport of their dear sons.

A fearful night upon the banks of men;

With Atreus by his side, come not from thence;

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry Hecoco, and set up the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smelt above the earth

With voracious men, groaning for burial.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Canst thou carry him to come to Rome?

Serv. I did receive his letters, and is coming;

And had mine say to you by word of mouth,—

O Caesar!—[Seeing the Body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee pace and weep;

Pension, I see, is catching; for wise eyes,

Seeing these heads of sorrow stand in this,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He's like to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post with speed, and tell him what hath passed.

Here is a subduing Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

His trusted and belled a while;—

Then shall not back, till I have borne this curse.
INTO THE MARKET-PLACE: THERE SHALL I TRY,
IN MY OBLATION, HOW THE PEOPLE TAKE
The cruel issue of these bloody men.
Accumulating in the which, thou shalt discern
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lead me thy house.

SCENE II. THE SAME. THE SURPRISE.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens

CIT. We shall be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

CASSIUS. Go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Then, that will bear me speake, let them stay
Here.
Then that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publish Cassius's name shall be rendered.

Of Caesar's death

1 CII. I will bear Brutus spake.
2 CII. I will have Cassius; and compare their

JULIUS CAESAR.

WHEN severely we bear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.

BRUTUS GOES INTO THE STREETS.

3 CII. The noble Brutus assented: Silence! Silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient. But thou dost not bear in mind:
That Rome is often in his bosom.

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cassius was ambitious:
And grievously hath Cassius answered it.
Here, under leaves of oak, doth he sleep.
(For Brutus is an honourable man.
So are they all; all honourable men.)
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious.
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose renown doth the general nature fill:
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of better stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Capitol
When he did frame those words, was ambition?
You all did see, that on the Capitol,
You all did see, and in the Forum,
And in the streets, too.
Now say me not,
That Brutus was unjustly mur'd.

CII. None, Brutus, none.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SPEAKING AT ONCE.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done
No more to Caesar than you should do to Brutus.
The question of his death is sealed in the Capitol: his glory not extinguished, wherein he
Was worthy; nor his enemies enforced, for which
He suffered death.

Enter Antony and Others, with Caesar's Body.

Antony, now comest thou, whom the Senate
Hath set a soldier to his head; with which
Shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth?
With this I depart; that as I slew my best lover
For that good cause of Rome, I have the same dagger
For myself, when I shall please my country
To meet my death.

JULIUS CAESAR.

CASSIUS. Live, Brutus! live!

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done
No more to Caesar than you should do to Brutus.
The question of his death is sealed in the Capitol: his glory not extinguished, wherein he
Was worthy; nor his enemies enforced, for which
He suffered death.

Enter Antony and Others, with Caesar's Body.

Here comes his body, mounted by Mark Antony:
Who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth:
With this I depart; that as I slew my best lover
For that good cause of Rome, I have the same dagger
For myself, when I shall please my country
To meet my death.

BRUTUS. Live, Brutus! live!

CASSIUS. Live, Brutus! live!

CASSIUS. Give me a statuette with his ancestors.
CASSIUS. Let him be Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Shall now he crowne'd in Brutus.
CASSIUS. We'll bring him to his house with shuffle
And solemnity.

BRUTUS. My countrymen,
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the instant, to win myself: and you,
Then I will wrong such honourable men.
But here’s a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, ‘thus I found it;’
but the commune hear that testament:
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.)
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar’s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yes, and tear a hair of him for memory;
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Insisting on it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. C. We’ll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

C. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar’s will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not lose my voice.

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov’d you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, in his head, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
’Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
’Tis bad that you should know what you are not.

4. C. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony.

Ant. You shall read us the will; Caesar’s will.

4. C. I will. You shall hear it; so you shall.

Ant. Stay you a while: I have not told you all.
I have not told you, to tell you of it:
I have sworn myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men.

Whose daggers have stab’d Caesar? I do fear it!

4. C. The will! Honourable men! Ach, the will! the will!

2. C. They were villains, murderers: The will

read the will!

And. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will:
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

4. C. Come down.

2. C. Descend. [He comes down from

3. C. You shall have leave. [the pulpit.

A C. A ring! stand round.

4. C. Stand here, stand here, stand from the body.

2. C. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

4. C. Stand back! Room! Room! Room! Room!

And. If you have tears, prepare to shed them.

You all do know the mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on:
’Twas on a summer’s evening, in his tent.
That day he overcame the Neret:
Look! in this place, ran Caesar’s dagger through!
See, what a rent the venomous Caesar made:
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stab’d;
And, as he pluck’d it up again, as I remember,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow’d it!
As rushing out of doors, to be rememb’red;
If Brutus so unkindly knock’d, as I saw
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov’d him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab
Legitimately, more through traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquish’d him: then burn his mighty heart.

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fault was there! who hath not
Thrice, and you, and all of us fall down.
Whilst bloody treason breathes here and there
On what you step; I persuade you feel
The dist of pain: those are gracious drops.
Rins cold, what, wrap you, when you look behind
On what you look behind. Look, you and me.
Here is himself, mark’d, as you are, with treason!

2 C. O pleasant spectacle!
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall burn them, to make our hands clean.
To ground himself, and unpaint the business.
Either led as driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will—
Then take him down his load, and turn him o'er,
Like to the rusty man, to shake his ears,
And grace in common.

Oct. (You may do your will,
But he's a trick and valiant soldier.)
Ant. So many horses, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to sleep, to run directly on;
His corporal motion governed by my spurs.
And, in some taste, he is Lepidus but so;
He must he hurled and tied up:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and institutions;
Which, out of one, or all, of them,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Lend me great things.

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sabi
don.

Enter Brutus, Lucullus, Lucius, and Soldiers: Tidium and Pindarus following them.

Brut. Stand, he!
Luc. What is the word, ho! and stand.
Brut. What now, Lucullus? Is Caesar near?
Luc. He is at last; and Pindarus is come
To give a solution from his master.

Pind. He gives me a letter to Brutus.
Brut. He gives me well—Your master, Pindar

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some words cause to wish
Things done, no more; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

I do not doubt,
But that our noble master will appear
Such a one, full of regard and honour.
Brut. He is not doubt'd—A word, Lucullus:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
Not with such familiar instances.
Nor with such free and friendly conferences,
As he hath made of old.

Brut. Then here be said!—A hot friend cooling: Ever more, Lucullus;
When love begins to mix, then may we away,
It needs an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and proofs of their merit:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their vectors, and, like despicable jacks,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sicilia to

March out.

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
SCENE III. Within the Tent of Brutus. 

Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

SCENE IV. Within the Tent of Brutus. 

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it. 

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me, deth appear 

You have contemn'd and noted Lucius Fulcos, 

For taking notice of your excesses. 

Wherein, my letters, prying on his settle. 

Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case. 

Cass. If such a time as this, it is not meet 

That every offence should bear his comment. 

To sell and mar your offices for gold, 

Or to dissemble. 

Brutus. The name of Cassius honour this occasion, 

And chastenment doth therefore hide his head. 

Cass. I am in no mood to be furthered. 

Brutus. I hope there is nothing to recall me. 

Cass. I am in no mood to be furthered. 

Brutus. I hope there is nothing to recall me. 

Cass. I am in no mood to be furthered. 

Brutus. I hope there is nothing to recall me. 

Cass. I am in no mood to be furthered. 

Brutus. But if you have not wrong'd me, 

You shall not have wrong'd me. 

Cass. I say, you are not. 

Brutus. Do you forget yourself? 

Cass. I have no more, I shall forget myself; 

But mist upon your health, tempt me no further, 

Brutus. Away, slight man! 

Cass. Let me have all this. 

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak. 

Cass. I give way end room to your rash choice? 

Shall I be digested, when a madman storms? 

Brutus. Do you gods! Must I endure all this? 

Cass. All this? or, most: First, till your proud heart break. 

Go, show your slaves how chagrin you are, 

And make you beshrewed. Must I change? 

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch 

Under your yoke? Under your yoke? 

By the gods! 

You shall not wear the servant's yoke. 

Though you should split you: for, from this day forth, 

I will use you for my mistress, yes, for my laughter, 

When you are wapish. 

Brutus. Is it come to this? 

Cass. You say, you are a better soldier: 

Let it appear so; make your vancing true, 

And I shall please me well. For mine own part, 

I shall be glad to learn of noble men. 

Cass. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, 

Brutus; 

I said, an elder soldier, not a better: 

Did I say, better? 

Brutus. If you did, I care not. 

Cass. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me. 

Brutus. I durst not. 

Cass. What? I durst not temp him? 

Brutus. In your life you durst not. 

Cass. I do not presume too much upon your love, 

I may do that I shall be sorry for. 

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for. 

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; 

For I am arm'd as strong in honour, 

That they past by me as the idle wind, 

Which I respect not. I did send to you 

For certain sums of gold, which you desired me; 

For I can raise no money by vile means: 

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 

And drop my blood for justice, than to win 

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, 

By any inducement. I did send 

To you for gold; but what you did do, 

Which you desired me? Was that done like Cassius? 

Should I have answer'd Calm Cassius so? 

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 

To look such rash counters from his friends, 

And make, with all the monstrosities, 

Dash him to pieces! 

Cass. I did not. 

Brutus. I did not. 

Cass. I did not: it was but a fool 

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath 

riv'd my heart: 

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. 

Brutus. I do not; tell you please them on me. 

Cass. You love me not. 

Brutus. I do not like your faults. 

Cass. A friendly eye must never see such faults. 

Brutus. A fathers's would not, though they do 

appear 

As large as high Olympus. 

Cass. Cato, Anton, and young Octavius, come, 

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, 

For Cassius is awary of the world: 

Hatred by me be Greek; hatred by his brother; 

Check'd like a bowman; all his faults observ'd, 

Not in a one-hand, hearken, and count'd by rule; 

To wade into his heart. Or, I could weep. 

My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, 

And here my naked breast within, a heart. 

Devise thee Brutus' name, riper than gold: 

If that then be a Roman, take it forth: 

I, that deni'd thee gold, will give my heart: 

Strike me, strike me, I know not the strain. 

When thou dost hate me worst, thou lovest him. 

More than ever lov'd Cassius. 

Brutus. Swear thou thy daggers; 

Be angry when you will; I shall have scope. 

Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour. 

O Cassius, you are yoked with a bear.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III.

Enter Titius and Messala.

Mess. Come in, Titius—Welcome, good Titius.

Tit. Now sit down; we converse about this taper here, and call in question our necessities.

Mess. Portia, art thou gone?

Tit. No sense, I say you—Messala, I have here received letters, that young Octavius, and Mark Antony, came down upon us with a mighty power, bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mess. Myself have letters of the senate most.

Tit. With what addition?

Mess. That by their proscriptive, and bills of estate.

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, have put to death a hundred senators.

Mess. Their letters do not well agree:

Tit. Miss speak of seventy senators, that died by their proscriptive, Cicero being one.

Mess. Cicero one?—Ay, Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscriptive.

Mess. Had you not letters from your wife, my lord?

Tit. No, Messala.

Mess. Nor nothing in your letters, but of her?

Tit. Nothing, Messala.

Mess. That, melancholy, is strange.

Mess. Why ask you? Have you not heard of her since you were young?

Mess. No, my lord.

Mess. Now, so you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange means.

Tit. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala: With necessitating that she must die soon, I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men great issues should endure.

Tit. I have seen so much of this in art as you,

Mess. But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Tit. Well, to our work alive.

Mess. What do you think of marching to Philippi presently?

Tit. I do not think it good.

Mess. Your reasons?

Mess. Tit. ‘Tis better that the enemy seek us:

Mess. So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers.

Mess. Doing himself offense; whilst we, lying still,

Mess. Are full of youth, courage, and mischiefs.

Mess. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

Tit. The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground, do stand but in a forceful attention; For they have grudg'd us on contribution, The enemy, marching by them, By them shall make a fuller number up. Come on refresh'd, new add'd, and encourage'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

Mess. Hear me, good brother.

Tit. Under your pardon—You must not be angry.

Mess. That we have tried the utmost of our friends. Our legions are bourn full, our cause is ripe: The enemy increaseth every day. We are 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 shallow, and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now advanc'd: And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our venture.

Mess. Then, with your will, we will—

Tit. We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Mess. This is the time when we are under the cup, And nature must obey necessity;

Tit. Which we will niggle with a little rest.
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Now I have taken heart, thou visioner!—ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Hail, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument—

Luc. Awake, my lord; Lucius, that thou may'st be safe.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did so.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius—Sarah, Claudius!

Fellow there! awake.

Far. My lord.

Claud. My lord.

Far. Why did you so cry out, sir, in your sleep?

Far. Claud. Did we, my lord?

Far. Did we, my lord?—Shall we do any thing?

Far. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Far. Go, and commende me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Far. Claud. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Platia of Philippi.

Enter Cassius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony; our hopes are answered: You said, the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions; It prays not as their battles are at hand; They mean to warm us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. They are in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places: and come down With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face, To fasten in our thoughts that they have couragii; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show, Their bloody signals of hate is bare out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Occur us, lead your battle aday on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand, I keep them the left.

Ant. Where do you crossmen in this exigency?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucullus, Titinius, Messenius, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Ant. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charges. Make forth, the generals would have some words. Oct. Stir not yet till the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do. Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes; Octavius.

Ant. In your head strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hope you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, Long live Octavius, Caesar.

Cass. Antony, The posture of your letters are ye well-known: But for your words, they rub the Hyble been, And leave them unsound.

Ant. Not single one.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too:

For you have stole their buming Antony,
Julius Caesar

Act V

And, very wisely, threat before you sist.
And, Villains, you did not, when your vile
saggers.
How'd one another in the sides of Caesar;
You should'd your teeth like spikes, and wand'd
like homots.
And how'd like bollards, binding Caesar's feet ?
Whilst damned Cassius, like an eel, behind,
Sneak Caesar on his back. - O shameless !
Cass. Flatterers! - 0, Brutus, thou art thyself.
This conquest had not extended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled it.
Oct. Come, come, the cause! If arguing makes us
sweet,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look: I draw a sword against conspirators: -
Who think you this the sword goes up again? -
Never, till Caesar's throne and twenty wonds
Be well awa'to'; or till another
Have added slaughter in the sword of traitors.
Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors;
Unless they bring thee with them.
Oct. So I hope I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Now then, about the soldiers by my strain,
Young man, thou couldst not do more honourable.
Cass. A pavian schoolboy, worthless of such
Journies with a master and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius shall.
Oct. Come, Antony; away. -
Defence, traitors; how's your teeth today?
If you dare fight to-day, to the field;
If not, when have you stomachs?
[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Cass. Why now, blow, wind; swell, bilowy;
And swim! hark! -
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. He !
Lucius; hark, a word with you.
Cass. [To Messala. What says my general?
Cass. This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey wax'd mine, so I must compell'd to sit.
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 pressage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here concert us.
This morning are they fled away, and go;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites.
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were filthy prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mess. Believe not so. -
Cass. But I believe it partly;
For I am fresh in spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brut. Even so, Lucilius.
Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age;
But wherefore of that we are not certain.
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this.
The last; then we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Brut. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did consult Cato for the truth
- Which he did give himself; - I know not how,
But do I find it cowardly and vile.
For fear of wrong meant full, so to prevent
The time of life - arming myself with patience,
To say the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led as thralls.
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Brut. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Rome;
That ever Brutus will go bow'd to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the idea of March borne;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our envoys hasten to the Kent -
For ever, and in due form, to consult;
If we do meet again, we shall smile;
If we must separate, I'll weep to-day;
Cass. For you, and ever, fairwell, Brutus; -
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed!
Brut. Why, then, let us - 0, 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!

Scene II. The same. The fall of Brutus and Cassius.

Enter Brutus and Messalla.
Brut. Ride, ride, Messalla, ride, and give these
hills
Unto the congregations on the other sides:
[Exeunt. Enter Lucius, Antony, and Messalla.
Luc. Let them set out at once: for I hear of
Cold countenance in Octavius' mind.
Ant. And sudden push gives them the overawe.
Ride, ride, Messalla; let them all come down.
L EU. -

Scene III. The same. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Octavius and Titinius.
Oct. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly! -
Myself have to mine own sword to yield;
This ensuing hail of钢 was turning back;
Slew the coward, and took it from him.
Th. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: ere the news fell to appeal,
Whiles we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Petreus.
Pet. Fly, fly further off, my lord, by further off;
Mark Antony in your rear, my lord! -
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, by far off:
Cass. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Tu-
inus;
Are these my tents, where I perceive the fire? -
Thy, they are my lord.
Oct. Come, Titinius, if thou livest on,
Mount then my horse, and hide thy spurs in his
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assured,
Whether your lords' friends are enemies.
Pet. I will be here again, even with a sight.
Oct. -
Cass. Go, Petreus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thine; regard Titinius;
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
Pet. This day I breathed first; time is come now,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass - Strab, whatsoever

Cass. What news?
Pet. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the wae -
Yet he spurs on. - Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! - now some light Go, my
Pet. -
And hark! [about] they shout for joy.
Cass. Come down, behold so much -
SCENE III.

O, for the sword that I have, to live so long,
To see my best friend taken before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sir; remember I did take this prisoner;
And then I swore, saving of my life,
That whatsoever I did but this do,
This should not attempt it. Come now, keep
these with thee.

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That run through Caesar's bowels, search this
harrow.

Stand not to answer: Here, take them hillis;
And, when my face is covered as his now,
Guide them the sword.—— Caesar, thou art not dead! With
Even the sword that kill'd thee.——[Dies.

Pins. So, I am free: yet I would not have been,
Drest I have done my will.—— O Caesar!
For from this country, Pindarus, and thee,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Exit.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Max. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power:
As Caesar's legions are by Antony.

Tit. Those things will well comfort Cassius.

Max. Where did you leave him?

Tit. In the streets.

With Pindarus his bondsman on this hill.
Max. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living:—— O my heart!
Max. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messalla; but Cassius is no more.—O sitting sun!
As in the red yea, when gentle die at night,
So in his red blood Caesar's day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dust, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Messala. All my success hath done this deed.

Max. Master of great success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou weep to the ap'd thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon condemn'd,
Thou never canst into a happy birth,
But killest the root that expected thee:
Why dost thou weep to the ap'd thoughts of men
The things that are not?

Tit. What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Tit uninus?

Max. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, throning this report.
Into his ear I may say, throning it,
For piercing steel, and true remembrancers,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As things of this light.

Tit. His you, Messalla;
And I will seek for Pindarus this while.

Re-enter Pindarus with Brutus.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did not I meet the friends? and did not they
Put thee upon his breath of victory,
And bid me give thee this? Dost thou not hear
their voices?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this paragraph on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and then
Will do his bidding.—— Brutus, come, peace, and
And see how I regarded Cassius.

By your leave, gods:——This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius, sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Exit.

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Decimus, Basso, Salus, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clu. Stalins show'd the torch-light: but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or 's too, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Cassius: playing is the word;
It is a deth in fashion.—— Hark thee, Cassius.

Whispering.

Clu. What, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clu. I'll rather kill myself


Clu. O, Decimus! — Do such a deed?

Bru. O, Cassius!
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phil. Nay, but this is a step not generally Overstep the measure; this his goodly eye, That o'er the skies and masters of the wave

Have glow'd like plated Mars, now head, now turn, The offices and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The brander on his breast a flaming lamp; And in it burns the bellows, and the fire, To seal a glory's last Look, where they come!
SCENE II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Train. Embracing one another. Antony, take but good note, and you shall see in him the triple pillar of the world transform'd into a superfluous' foot; 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 bowr how far to be belov'd. Ant. Then most thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony—Pulchera, perchance, is angry; or, who knows if she be dear to me, or not?—His powerful mandate to you. Do this, or this: Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform it, or else we damn the man.

Ant. How's my love? Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismissal is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.—Where's Pulchera's process? Caesar's, I would say, both.

Call in the messenger.—As I am Egypt's queen, Then hinder—Antony; and that loath some thing Is Caesar's bounty; the so the check pays shame, When she pay'd-bought's Pulchera world.—The messenger.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber seek, and the wide earth Of the king's empire fall! Here is my space: King here's are clay: our musing earth alike Passes least as man: the uselessness of life Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, Beholding.

And such a twin can't do, in which, I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet, We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Pulchera, and not love her? I'll see the feel. I am not, Antony. Will he himself.

Ant. But staid're by Cleopatra— Nor for the love of love, and her with hours, Let's not confound the time with conference; as:

There's not a minute of our lives should watch Without some pleasant hour: What sport to-night? Cleo. Hear the and—

Ant. Don't, we're the queen! Whom every thing be prose, to stoop to laugh, To weep, to every passion only add. To make it void the hell, that all.

No Messengers; let none and all alone, To need, we'd wander through the streets, and

Then dashes of people. Come, my queen; Last in, quic!! and leave us. —Nay, stay a while. I am, not, Antony. And Cleo, with their Train. Dost thou mean with Antonia, or so slight? The queen with Antonia; and so slight, Cleo? He comes, short of that great respect Which should be paid with Antony. Ant. I am full sorry. That he were not the woman-near, who Thus speak's of him at Rome: But I will hope For better days to come. Rest you happy!

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alex, and another.

Charm. Lord Alex, you said not, Alex, said nothing. Alex. Ah, almost most all. Lord Alex, what is the reason that you answered to the queen? I do not know this business, which, you shall shape my horse with gloves! Alex. Soothsay.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. I must with haste to Rome from here.

Eae. Why, then, we kill all our women: We saw how much we needed women to us: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eae. Grief and sorrow make us forget occasion; let women die: It were a pity to cast them away by killing; though, between them and a great care, they are too much of each other; Cleopatra is a Roman; and the last touch of this, dead instantly; I have seen her die too often upon for your own seat: I do think there is no great merit in those that commit such a dying act upon her, she killed a country in dying.

Ant. She is coming past men's thoughts.

Eae. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her words and writings, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than stub-

Ant. This is still news, hath, with his Parthian force.

Eae. This is still news, my lord; I know of purpose, I know not what we are about.

Ant. You shall know, sir, how you now know the news, I speak there.

1 Att. The man from Secynon—Is there such a

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian letters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose more in detrage. What are you?

1 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Secynon; her length of sickness, with what else more serious, Importune thee to know, this bears

Ant. Give a letter.

First Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone: Thine did I desire it; What our contemplation do often hurl from us, We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By revolving sorrow, does become The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back, that sh'd not her.

I must from this enchanting queen break off; The thousand harms, more than the ill I know My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Kneel whilst I Enter Eubadbam.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.
SCENE IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ant. 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?

Ant. In every thing give him way, cross him

in nothing:

Then he will think it so easy: the way is

less liable.

Cleo. 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, andullen;

And I am sorry to give breathing to your purpose.—

Ant. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall;

it cannot be too long, the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

Cleo. Now, my dearest queen,—

Ant. Tray you, stand further from me.

Cleo. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some

good news.

What says the married woman? — You may ask;

'Would, the best never given you to come!

Let her not say, "No; that keep you your

love, I have no power upon you; here you are

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. The mighty power of heaven?

Yet, at the first, I saw the treason planted.

Cleo. To Cleopatra,—

Ant. Why should I think you can be mine, and

true,

Though you in swearing shake the drest gods,

Who have here false to Pulcina? Hush, madam,

To be engaged with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing! —

Ant. Most great queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek so colour for your

going.

But bid farewell, and good; when you must staying,

Then was the time for words. — So going then;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes;

Siles in our breasts' best; came our parts so poor,

But a race of heaven. They are as still,

Or the greatest child of the world, Art

turn'd the greatest lady.

Ant. How now, lady! I would, I had thy

Ine; thou shouldst know,

There was a heart in Egypt.

Here, me, queen; —

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a while: but our full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines out with civil swords. Brutus Pompeii;

Makes his approaches to the poet Rome: —

Equality of two domestic powers

Breaks ambitious factions: the hated, grown to

Are newly grown to love: the commend'sd Pompeii;

Rid in his father's honor, crosses space

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,

And quittance, grown sick of rest, would go

By any desperate change: My more particular;

And that which most with you should make my

going,

In Pulcina's death.

Cleo. The age from folly could not give me

freedom.

It does from childhood: — Can Pulcina die? —

Ant. She's dead, my queen:—

Look here, and, at thy sovereign pleasure, read

The guilloche she wear'd; at the last, last:

She, whom, and where she died.

Cleo. O must false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? I see, I see;

In Otre, death, how the gods witting what

should be.

Ant. Quared no more, but leap'st in know

The purposes I bear; which, ore, or some,

As thou shal give the warrior; by the fire,

That quickest Nereus' sire, I go from hence,

The soldier, servant; making peace, or war,

As thou allov'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 in his love, which stands

An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Pulcina told me.

Ant. I pr'ythee, turn Aside, and weep for her;

Then bid her sister to sit by her, and say, the tears

Belong' to Egypt: Good now, play some

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look

Late perfect honour.

Cleo. Ant. You'll heat my blood; so more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is neatly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target;—still he needs: —

But this is not the least: Louk, pr'ythee, Charmian,

How this Helenous Roman does become

The carriage of his face. —

I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courageous heart, one word.

Ant. Sir, you, and I must part; but that's not it;

Sir, you, and I have love; — but there's not it;

That you know well: Something it is I would;

O, my child's a scout, and well.

Ant. I am all forgery.

Cleo. But that your royalty

Holdthence your subject, I should take you

For Idleness itself. —

Cleo. To hearing labour.

Ant. To hear such idleess as near the heart.

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me.

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

Eye-loyd to you: Your honour calleth you honour

Therefore he dead to my unprofitable lady,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit hum'd victory! and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet! —

Ant. Let us go. Come.

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, reading here, given you wit, and

Ant. I, being struck, here remain with thee.

Away. —

SCENE IV.

Ant. — An Audience in Caesar's House.

Enter Octavian Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth

It is not Caesar's natural wish to hate

Our great competitor: From Alexandria.

This is the news: His sisters, truth, and

Was the hope of night it rival: is not more missile

That Cleopatra; nor the queen of Pseudoceo,

More woundedly than her: hardly give audiences,

Or Vercogen to think to his bad parents: You shall

find them

A man, who is the abstract of all fools.

That all men follow: —

Left. — I must not think, there are

Foolish enough to darken all his goodness.

His faults, in him, seem on the spot of heaven.

Morn lyes by night's blackness; herdly,

Rather than purchase, when he cannot change;

Theu what he chooses.

Cas. You are too indulgent: Let us grasp it

At once to mankind on the last of Pseudoceo,

To give a kingdom for a wish; to sit,

And keep the term of sleeping with a slave;

To seal the streets at noon, and stand the beat.

With knaves that smell of sweet; as this, which be

comes him,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V. Alexandria. A room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Maidservants.

CLEO. Charmian,—Iras, Madam,—Madam, I must in earnest affection, Maidservants, What's your highest pleasure? CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing; I sing to pleasure. In sight a smuggris: 'Tis well for the, That being manoeuvred, thy trusty thoughts May come by forth of Egypt. Hast thou又称了? Madam. Yes, gracious madam. CLEO. Indeed? CLEO. Not to be dead, madam; for I can do nothing But what is done is known to be done; Yet I have fierce affections, and think, What Venus did with Mars. CLEO. O Charmian, Where's that man 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! The heavenly horses! for which does when thou movest? The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm And strongest of men—He's speaking now. Or mourns, you've here's my servant old Nabi? For as he calls me: Now I feel myself With most delightful person—Thank you, That sm with Pharaoh's amorous passion closely, And would love—more: time. Bread around ear, When thou wast here above the ground, I was A morose, and great Antony Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brace. There would be anchor his aspect, and die With looking on his life.

Enter Alexus.

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail! CLEO. How much unlike an than Mark Antony! Yet, coming from him, that great medicishe mankind Which with his tides guided, How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen, He knew,—the last of many di-died know, This orient pearl!—His speech sticks in my heart. CLEO. My ears must pipe it, alas! ALEX. Good friend, quoth he, Say, The firm Roman to great Egyptian wonder This treasure of an age: 'at whose foot To tend the patty present, I will peace Her espousal, when with kingdom, All the court, Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he added, And further did mount a magnificent stand. Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have been Was beauty dumb'd by him. CLEO. What, was he sad, or merry? ALEX. Like to the time of the year, between the extremes. Of heat and cold; he was not mad; nor merry. CLEO. Our well-divided disposition!—Not him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man: let none judge him. He was not sad; for he would shew none That make their looks by his: he was not merry. Which would not to tell the young enormity In Egypt with his joy: But between both: O heavenly mingle!—be't them and or marry.
ACT II

SCENE I. Memphis.

A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Memecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist the deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey, that they do delay, they do not deny.

Pom. While we are tutors to their throne, decease the thing we see for.

Mem. We, ignorant of ourselves, beg our own burthen; which the wise powers deny us for our good: so find we profit, by lessing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: the people love me, and the sea is mine; my power's a cressent, and my auguring hope, heys, it will come to the full. Mark Antony

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make no war without doors; Cesar gets money, where his losses heart: Lepidus futters both, of both is female; but he neither loves, nor either cares for him.

Mem. Caesar and Lepidus are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this "fit false."

Mem. From Silvia, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together.

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love, Salt Chelotta, eaten they wond'rit lip! Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both! Tie up the lifetime in a field of-boasts, Keep a brain tumbling: Equanumian cooks, Sharpen with chryseous sauce his appetite; That steep'rit feeling may provoke his honour, Even till a Lute's dulness—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is ever here in Rome

Expected: since he went from Egypt, 'tis a space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter a better ear—Menas, I did not think, this amorous surfeiter would have don't his

Mem. For such a petty war: his friendship is twica the other twice: But let us rear the higher our treasons, our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The new lost-wreathed Antony.

Mem. I cannot hope, Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife, that's dead, did trespass on Caesar;

Pom. I know not, Menas, how lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Mem. Wont'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

May centre their divisions, and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.

There is no god's will have it! It only stands

Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Koclubarus, 'tis a worthy deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your cap.

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him to answer like himself: if Cesar move him,

Lep. For private soother: Titus not a time

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, sit, no embers up. Here comes the noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Vindictus.

Eno. And yonder, Cesar.

Ant. If we compare well here, to Partibua:

Hark you, Vindictus:

Cesar. I do not know, Menecrates; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends, that which combin'd us was most great, and let not a lesser action rend us. What's smiling,

May it be gently heard: When we debate

Our trivial differences, we do commit

Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,

(Cref, the rather, for I extremely hence)

Touch you the sternest points with sweetest

terms,

Nor cut your grow to the matter.

Ant. Was spoken well: Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

Cesar. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cesar. Sit, sir! Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cesar. I must be laughed at, if, or for nothing, or a little.

Should not myself offend: and with you

Chiefly, t' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once unswear'd you derogately, when to sound your

name

It not concern'd me.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

My being in Egypt, Caesar.  

Worthy spoke, Marcus.  

Or, if you beare my mother's love, on the instant, you may, when you learre any worse words of Pomp. return it again: you must have time to wrangle it, when you have nothing else to do.

Where are you a soldier only; quae mi sens.  

That truth should be silenced, I had almost forgot.  

And, you wrong this presence, dangerous speak no more.  

Go to them; your considerate sense.  

I do not much dislike the master, but the manner of his speech: for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship, our condition differing in their acts. Yet, if I know not, though I should hold us unseemly, since it is

Odd: of this I would pursue it.  

Give me leave, Caesar.  

Speak, Agrippa.  

Say not so, Agrippa;  

If Cleopatra heard you, your respect ante: wore desire of readiness.  

And I am not married, Caesar: let me be.  

Agrippa further speak.  

To hold you in contempt easily, to make you brothers, and to knot your hearts with an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavius to his wife: when he is married, no worse a husband than the best of men; whose virtues, and whose general grace, speak that which more else can utter. By this marriage, all little jalousies, which now seem great, and all great fears, which now import our dangers, would then be nothing: truths would be tales. Where now half tells be truths, hear in both, would each in other, and all love in both. Draw after her. Parson what I have spake: For his is a truthful, not a jesting thought, by day ruminate.

Wilt Caesar speak?  

Not till he hears how Antony at present.  

What is speak alenly.  

What power is to Agrippa.  

If I would say, Agrippa, be you,  

To make this go.  

The power of Caesar, and his power unto Octavia.  

May I never  

To this god pursue, that truly knows, generat., and esteem. Let me be thrice bless'd: Further the act of grace; and, from this base, the heart of brethren grown in our seven, and envy of our greatness.  

There is my hand.  

To your kingdome, and our hearts: and never Fly off our loves again:  

It's easy, upon.  

And I will not think to draw my weapon against Pomp.  

I have bad last strange courage, and grace.  

Of late upon me: I must think him baze, let my remembrance suffer all repent, at feel of that, defy him.  

Time calls upon us.  

Caesar must Pompey presently be sought: or else he seeks us out.  

And where are he?  

About the Mount Marmion.  

What's his strength by land?  

Great, and increasing: but by sea  

He is an absolute master.  

And.  

She is the same.
SCENE IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Would, we had spoke together! Haflce we for it: Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we The business we have talked of.

Cleo. With gladness:
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Leb. Not lack your company.

Ant. Not sickness should detain me.


Mrs. Welcome from Egypt, my lords.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Meaeas - my true-hearted friend, Agrippa -

Ant. And Endearment.

Mrs. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay well by it in Egypt.

Eno. It is wise; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mrs. Right wild hours passed while your's was a breakfast, and not twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feasts, which. with a worthy deccion motion.

Mrs. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
Let speech to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purured up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Ant. There she discovered indeed; or my report
deposed well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The large she sat in, like a larnian eieone, burn'd on the water: the peopd was beasted golden.

Purple the sail, and perfipated that.

The whole were loaden with them the nuns were silver;

Which to the tune of futes kept stroke, and made

The water, onr, which they best, to follow faster,
As seome of their strokes. For her own person
It legard'd all description: she did shew
In her passion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
(Perspicuouth that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork: nature: or each side her,
Blood pretty daimish boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverci-coloured hair, whose wind did seem
To give a spirit to her: she charmed which they did cool,
And what they did, did.

Ant. O, rare for Antony!

Mrs. Her gentilwomen, like beee sides,
So many servants, tender'd her the eyes,

And made their hands' bodies at the helm
At a most proper motion: the siren in the
Swell with the tongues of these flower-footed birds,
That yearly change the office. From the large
As orange invia. peruse it to the sense
Of the adjacent harreness. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and Antony.

Earlsh'd in the market place, did set alone,
Whistling to the air, when it, but the vacancy,
Had gone to grace: in Cleopatra hot,
And made a gap in nature.

Ant. She said, 'Come, Egyptian!'

Mrs. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be so, she would come. She expected;

They met the word of. No woman have speek;

Being linen, and a gown, and even to the coat;

And, it his ordinary, pyes her heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Ant. Her countenance was great, by his breakfast:

Eno. He found her, and she dropp'd.

Ant. She saw her once

Hop pasty faces through the public street:

And having lost her breath, she spake, and glance.

That she did make, defect, perfection,
And, therefore, power to perfect the faith.

Mrs. Now Antony may leave her virtu.

Eno. Never; he will not.

Ant. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale.
ACT II

CLEOPATRA

A. Caesar and he are greater friends than
The best. He marks that a fortune from me.

Cleo. That he be faithful to me.

Cleo. He is not like that yet, in days to
Come. The good preface; it is upon you yet.
But yet is as a goat to bring forth.

Cleo. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. I'll hang it up good dead.

Cleo. He's married, madam.

Cleo. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Good madam, patience.

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Cleo. He's married, madam.
SCENE VI.

Antony and Cleopatra.

That art not—What? thou'rt sure of it—Get thee hence. The merchandises which thou hast brought from Rome, Are all too dear for me; Lie ther upon thy hand, And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Cle. In praising Antony, I have disgrac'd Cæsar.

Cas. Many times, madam. 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 features of Octavia, her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out The colour of her hair—bring me word quickly. [Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go;—Let him not, Charmian, Though he be painted one way like a gipsy, The other way he's a Mars;—Bid you Alexas To Mardian.

Bring me word how tall she is;—Pity me, Charmian, But do not speak to me,—Lead me to my chamber. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Near Macedon.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet; at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight. Caesar must meet That first we come to words; and therefore have Our written purposes before us sent; Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know It twill tie up thy discontented sword; And carry back to Sicily much salt 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, Haste made me fly my father's; at whose hinder The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To soothe the ingratitude that disrespectful Rome Cast on my noble father.

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'ercourse thee.

Pom. Those dost o'ercourse me of my father's house; But, since the cockeo builds not for himself, Remain in't as thou mayst.

Cas. Please thee to lead us, (for this is from the present,) how you take The offers we have sent you.

Cle. There's the point.

Cas. Which do not entreat to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Cle. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Of Sicily, Reginia; and I must Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Men to Sicily and Rome: This 'greed upon, To part with unheeded edges, and bear back Our large unclined.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT III.

Scene I.—A room in Pompey's Palace near Misenum.

Enter Antony, Octavia, Eros, Roscius, with a crowd of Egyptian slaves.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [To Caesar.] They take the flow of the Nile.

By certain signs of the present, they know, By their height, the brow, the mean of their path, Or the breadth of their nostril, or of their mouth, or the motion of their eyes, or the swelling of their cheeks. They own it is prudent, as it effects, the elder man, that the slave, and even scatters his grass, And utterly refuses to receive.

Ros. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, so, Lepidus.

Lep. Your part of Egypt is bred now of your mind by the operation of your son; so is your crocodile.

Act III.

Scene II.—A room in Antony's Palace.

Ant. They are in.

Pom. Sit, and some wine. — A health to Lepidus.

Ant. Let me not so well as I should be, but I'll never out.

Oct. Not till you have slept; if I can, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemys' pyramids are very good things, without contradiction, I have heard that.

Pom. Pompey, a word.

Oct. Say in mine ear: What a's?

Pom. Forsake thy seat; I do beseech thee, come up.

Lep. And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till I see Octavia.

This wine for Lepidus.

Oct. What manner of thing is your crocodile? And it is shaped, as, like itself; and as broad as it hath beak in, it is just so high in, and with eyes, and with arms: arm it to go, that which maintaineth it: and the element out of it, it 통통다리다.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Oct. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. To Menas, aside. Go, hang, sir, hang; Tell me of that I away.

Ant. Do as I bid you: Where's this cap I called for?

Oct. If the sake of mirth then will bolster me, Round from the stock.

Ant. I think, the worse will.

Pom. [Aside.] I have ever holding cap of old age.

Ant. Thou hast, I swear, with much it is.

What's more to say?

Pom. Very little.

Lep. These are keen, Lepidus, Keep off of these, or you must.

Pom. Will that be so bad, that you must?

Oct. What's more to say?

Pom. What is best of the worse you'll.

Lep. That's more.

Pom. What shall I do for the King?

Oct. You shall do all.

Pom. What shall I do for the King? But enough, and.

Oct. What is it, then. Lepidus, you know, it is, and then.

Lep. What is it, then.

Oct. That's more.

Pom. What shall I do for you?

Oct. What shall I do for you?

Pom. What's more to say?

Oct. That's more.

Pom. More to say which way.

Oct. That three times shewn, more says.

Pom. There is the word, King; now the word; And when we set off, but, they break: And then.

Oct. Why, how then.

Pom. And I have made it, you know.

Oct. I have made it, you know.

Pom. I shall have to do with her, to her.

Oct. In the, it has been good service.

Ant. Not me, I profess: that now I may know.

Oct. Nor me, that now I may know. But you can then it now.

Ant. I'll be a fellow, you'll learn.

Oct. And I have to be a fellow.
AC'T III.

SCENE I. A Plea in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest, with Silue, and other Roman Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of Marcus Crassus before him.

Fen. Now, during Parthia, all thou sinest; and now
Pleas'd fortunes does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenge.—Gur the king's son's lady
Before our army:—My Pasoeum, Crudes,
Plays this for Marcus Crassus' son.

Del. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm
The fugitive Parthians follow; nor through Medea
Macaoomeus, and the shelter whither
The rout'd king a so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thou not triumphal chariots, and
Put garlands on his head.

Fen. O Silus, Silus,
I have done enough. A low place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silus;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a taste, which hat we want's
away.

Cesar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Scenius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accommodation of renown,
Which he acquireth by the minute, but his favour.
Who does if the wars more than his captain can,
Become his captain's captain; and ambition.
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darken him.
I could deserve to do Antonius good,
Rrot 'twill offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
M. Than Lasus, Ventidius, the
Without with which a soldier, and his sword,
Grans scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to

Fen. I'll hereby signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
Now, with his banners, and his well paid ranks,
The me'tro-yet-beaten force of Parthia
We have jaded out of the field.

Fen. Where is he now? I
Fen. He purporteth to Athens whither with
what haste.
The weight we must convene with us will permit,
We shall appear before him:—On, there go
along.

SCENE II.


Enter Agrippa, and Emaurius, muttering.

Agg. What are the brother's parts? I
Em. They have alwayes said with Pompey, he is
gone:
The other three are sealing. Octavia wrapes
To part from Rome: Cesar is sad; and Lepidus,
Sence Pompey's beast, as Mimas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Del. A noble Lepidus.

Agg. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cesar!—
Agg. No, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!—
Em. Caesar, why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agg. What is Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Em. Speake you of Cesar? How! he the unce-

Agg. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Em. Would you praise Cesar, say,—Cesar;

Agg. Tis the man he's the
Em. He told the Parthian brave—Yet his love
Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribels, bard's,
poet's and
Thinks, speak, cast, write, sing, number, be, his
love
To Antony. Beset us for Caesar.

Em. Now, during Parthia, an thou sinest; and now
Pleas'd fortunes does of Marcus Crassus' death

مارکوس تراخیوس قراسس، که بعد از کشف، به سیلیو، و دیگر افسران و نیروهای رومی که بر هنگام مرگ مارکوس تراخیوس قراسس بودند، می‌پیشبرد. خانم مارکوس تراخیوس قراسس است. می‌توانم به او نزدیک شوم. آن زمانی که با سایر نیروهای رومی در جنگ‌های پارسی می‌خورید، نتایج زیادی داشته‌اید: اما به خاطر انجام این اقدام بزرگ‌ال一举ه، نباید اتفاقی باعث محسوسی شود که این نتایج را بتوانید به‌صورت مشابهی با وصیتی که می‌خواهید انجام دهید، تجربه کنید. بهتر است که این اقدام را برای آینده به‌صورت قطعی و به‌صورت بزرگ‌الزمان انجام دهید. 

هیچ چیزی در اینجا برای من نبود. به‌طور کلی، من به‌طوری‌که در اینجا بودم، نتایج زیادی داشته‌ام. 

آنتونی و آنکسیا، به‌طوری‌که در اینجا بودند، نتایج زیادی داشته‌اند. یکی از مردان من، جنگی، در سیریا و به عنوان سفیر، داشته‌اند. 

زمانی که با سایر نیروهای رومی در جنگ‌های پارسی می‌خورید، نتایج زیادی داشته‌اید: اما به خاطر انجام این اقدام بزرگ‌الزمان باید این نتایج را به‌صورت بزرگ‌الزمان، نه به‌صورت مشابهی با وصیتی که می‌خواهید انجام دهید، تجربه کنید.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidas, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir. Octavius rose from a great part of myself; I love me well in it.—Sister, give me such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest hand Shall pass on thy approbation.—Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Between us, as the cement of our love, To keep it builded, be the rain, or the hail. The forgiveness of it; for better might we Have loved without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherished. Make me not offended In your distrust. Octav. I have said. Ant. You shall not find, Though you be therein curious, the least cause I've what you seem to fear; so, the gods keep you, And make the heart of Romans serve your ends! We will here part. Octav. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well. Ant. The elements be kind to thee, and make For sport all of comfort I fare thee well. Octav. (Aside) My noble brother! Ant. The Aegyp't in his eyes: it is love's spring. And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful. Octav. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

CEASAR. What, Octavia? I'll tell you in your ear. Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart instruct her tongue: the swan's down That stands upon the swell at full of tide, And neither way inclines. Esco. Will Caesar weep? (Aside to Agrippa.) Agripp. He has a cloud in his face. Esco. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; So is he, being a man. Pr. Why, Emilianus? When Antony found Julius Caesar dead, He cried almost to roaring: and he wept, When at Philippi he found it: So is he. 7 8 9 That year, indeed, he was troubled with a stone; What willingly he did confound, he'll do: Believe it, till I weep too. Caesar. No, sweet Octavia, thou shalt hear from me still: the time shall not Ouido thy thinking on you. Ant. Come, sir, come; I'll wrestle with you in my streams of love: Look, here I have you: thus I let you go, And give you to the gods. Adieu; be happy! Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light To thy fair way! Caesar. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia. Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt. SCENE III. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Irida, and Alexas. Cleo. Where is the fellow? Alex. Half apace 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 pleased. That Herod's head I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone Through whom I might command it.—Come thou here: Cleo. Most gracious majesty, Dost thou behold Ces. Octavius? Cleo. Ay, dread queen. Ces. When? Cleo. Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face; and in her bed Between her brother and Mark Antony. Cleo. Is she as tall as she? Cleo. She is not, madam. Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-sounding or low? Cleo. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced. Cleo. That's not so good; she cannot like her long. Char. Like her? O false! 'Tis impossible. Cleo. I think we, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish! What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If ever this look'd rapt on majesty. Ces. Her countenance makes her. Cleo. Her motion and her station are as one: She shows a body rather than a life: A statue, but a breathing. Is this certain? Cleo. Or have I no observance, Char. 7 Three in Egypt. Canst make better note. Cleo. He's very knowing. I do perceive:—There's nothing in her yet— The fellow has good judgment. Char. Excellent. Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee. Madam, She was a widow. Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, mark. Ces. And I do think, she's thrifty. Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? I'll regale her. Cleo. Round even to faintness. Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish then. Octavius. Her hair, what colour? Cleo. Brown, madam: And her forehead As low as she would wish it. Cleo. There is gold for these. Thou must not take my former sharpness in: I will supply thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready; Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger Char. A proper man. Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much. That so hardy he's: Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing. Nothing, madam. Char. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know. Char. Hath he seen majesty? has he so done, 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. [Exit. 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 sensible import, but he hath wag'd Now wars 'gainst Pompey: made his will, and read it. To publish ear: Spoke scantily of me; when my force he could not But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly He would have, most narrow measure him: When the best him was given him, he not task'd. Or did it from his teeth. O my good lord, Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
SCENE VI.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Strengthen not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, never stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock
When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and husband!

Under that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Pray, and destroy the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gideon Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which
Sucks.
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,
You shall go between us; The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your sores haste
So your desires are yours.

Verc. Thanks to my lord.
The love of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your recommender! War's twist you twain would be
As if the w-e-l-d should cleave, and that slain men
Shake off the earth and the sky. The rub is,
Ant. When I apprises you to whom I turn this.
Turn your displeasure that way: for our faults
Can never be as 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 Enos, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Enos?
Enos. There's strange news come, sir.
Enos. What, man?

Eros. Cesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enos. This is old: What is the success?

Eros. Cesar, having made use of him in the war against Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the return; and not seeing here, accuses him of letters he hath not writ to Pompey: upon his own appellation, bares him. So poor that is up, till death enlarge his conscience.

Enos. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw it 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 scarce
The rush that lies before him; cries, Foul, Lep- idus!
And that he's the threat of that his officer,
That mutiny'd Pompey.

Eros. For Italy, and more. More, Dominicus.
My lord leaves you presently; my news
I'm ghyt have told hereafter.

Enos. Twill be sought.
But let it be bringing me to Antony.

Eros. Conv. Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.  ROME.

A Room in Cesar's House.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, and Meesonas.

Cesar. Confirming Rome, he has done all this:
And more.
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
If the market-place, on a tribunal alread
Capetbes and himself in chains of gold
Were publicly enthrone'd: at the test, sat
Caesarian, whom they call my father's son;
And even all the unwise state, that their last
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'Stablishment of Egypt'; made her
Of love of Syria, Cyprus, Lydias,
Absolute queen.

Cesar. I the common show-place, where they exercise.

His son he there proclaims'd. The kings of kings,
Great Medes, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: this
In the habitations of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Afer. Let Rome be thus informed.

Agres. Who, quassay with his insolence
Already, will your good thoughts call him from.

Aces. The people know it: and have now re-
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cesar. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius aguil'd, we had not rated him
As part of the other. He is to say, he a pardon
Some shipping move'd: lastly, be free,
That Lepidus of the transvirates
Should be deposed: and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ares. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was too soon too cruel;
That he his high authority about,
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.

Aces. He'll never yield to that.
Cesar. Nor must not then be yielded in this.

Enter Octavia.

Cesar. Britt, Cesar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cesar! Cesar. That ever I should call thee, cast away! I
You have not call'd me so, nor have you call'd me so.
Cesar. Why have you still upon us thus? You cannot
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The guards of horse to tell of her approach.
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Lament for what it had not; may, the that
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Ha'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-mall to Rome; and have prevented
The spectacle of our love, which, left unknown,
Is done left unvow'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my own will. My lord, Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My army and war within; whereas, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cesar. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstacle 'twixt his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cesar. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Cesar. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT III.

Scene VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Emadarius.

Cleo. Cæsars is never more admiring
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebel,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To mount at slackness. —Cædamus, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea? What's that? 

Ant. Why will my lord do so?

Cleo. For that he cares not.

Ant. And to wage this battle at Ptolemais,
Where Caesar fought with Pompæus: but then
offers,
Which were not for his vantage, he takes:
And so should you.

Cleo. Your ships are not well armed;
Your mariners are mutinous, rebels, you;
Ingrained by each upon them, and so they are.
Are with this, that often have 'gainst Pompæus war;
Their ships are prey, your, heavy. So long
Shall fail you for returning him at sea.

Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Cleo. Most worthy sir, you know not how
The absolute submission you have unto
Dispute your naming, which do not more
Of war-marked houses, have need to
Your own renowned knowledge. Let's keep
The way which promises success,
And strip yourself to hazard, from
him security.

Ant. At sea.

Cleo. We then can thus: —

Enter Aemilius Paulus.

Aem. The news, my lord, doth it not asemble?
Cleo. Our fleet is taken Tyre.

Aem. Can be there true, most noble lord?

Cleo. See, my lord, we have the Tyre,
Our merchant fleet, all such force of ships.

Aem. Our ships, and that our naves, the
edge of the sea,
And instants too.

Cleo. My presence needs must stir Antony.
Take from his heart, from his head, from
his art,
What shall he think to arrest. He's clearly
To end in Rome, that Pompey, a march, and
your made,
Sink Rome, and their tongues to the
end.

Cleo. Speak against me! A phrase we heard the
end;
And, as the present of my kingdom,
I apprehend for a man; you agast at it;
I will not stay behind.

Ant. Nay, I have done;
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. I'll not change, Cleopatra.
That from Tarusitum, and from Bucebades,
He could so quickly out the Roman sea,
And take to Tarsus! —You have heard on't,
sweet!
SCENE IX.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 647

Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that; take it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Alc. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
our ships.

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
myself result'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 doors do cowry; for the white
Repulse the brown for bashfulness, and they them
For fear and doing.—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 bashfulness; take the hint
Which you more earnestly press. Let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the seelide straightforwardly,
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me. I pray, a little:—pray you now—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by and by.

[Sit down.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him.—Comfort
him.

Iros. Do, most dear queen.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam—

Eros. Madam; U good empress?

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword in his hand like a dancer: while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius: and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended. Deal'd on lieutenant, 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.
Char. Go to him, madam: he is unequalled with such shame.
Cleo. Will then.—Sustain me:—Oh!
Eros. Most noble sir, arse; the queen
approaches;—
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. And I have offended reputation
A most unblameable averting.
Eros. Sit, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of these eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind.
Stroied in dishonour.

Cleo. Of my lord, my lord.
Cleo. Forgive my fearful sails I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knowest too well,
My heart was to thy rackler tied by the strings,
And thou should'st not cow me after: O, my quest
Thy full supremacy thou know'rt, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. O, my pardon.

Ant. To the young man send humble treaties, dole
And order to the shifts of honours; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd I'd pass,
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.

[Exeunt.

Scene IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Attendants.

And, Mark, the land bids me tread no more
upon
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I

[Exeunt.
SCENE X. Caesar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter Antony, Delphina, Thaernis, and others.

Ant. Let him appear that's come from Antony—
    Is he yet here?

Del. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is placed in, when either
He makes up a vision of his wing,
Which had required kings for messengers,
Not many motes gone by.

Enter Eschines.

Ant. Approach and speak.

Esch. Such is he, I come from Antony: I
    was of late in party to his end,
    As at the monarch's in the myrrh tree
    that ground am. Ne

Ant. He is so; Declare those office.
    The Lord of Rome has been his friend, and
    Sent him to live in Egypt: which is not granted,
    He becomes his requests; and to the same
    To him he stands between the heavens and earth,
    A private man in Athens: This for him.

Esch. Surely Cleopatra does sustain the greatness;
    Believes her to be mighty; and all of her
    The circle of the Pilgrims for her heirs,
    Now blazoned to thy grace.

Ant. Per Antony,
    I have ears to his request. The queen
    Of so much, no, no power, nor service she.
    From Egypt, from her all-disposed friend,
    Or take here life: That if she perform,
    She shall not owe unheard. So to them both:
    Exp. Fortune pursue thee!

Esch. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Eschines.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch:

From Antony was Cleopatra: promising
To Thrymas.

And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From these invention, offers women are so,
In the former part; but what will perform the
The perjur'd d rest: Try thy causing,
Make thine own ordain for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I do.

Ant. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st he's very action speak
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Eumebus, Charian, and Ira.

Cleo. What shall we do, Eumebus?

Eumo. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eumo. Antony only, that would make will
    Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several range
    Frughted 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 the world opposed, he was
    The mere question: 'Twas a shame no less
    Than was his loss, to course our flying flags,
    And leave his navy going.

Cleo. 'Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Eschines.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eumo. Ay, my lord.
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him I am prompt,
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to knees:
Tell him, from all-cheating breath Ibear
The deum of Egypt.

Thyrs. "To your noblest sons,
Wax rich and fortunate combating together,
If that the former dare what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cles. Your Caesar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Beauteous on that upwarring place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Eunuchus.

Ant. Favour, by love that thunbers!—
What art thou, fellow?—

Thyrs. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
to have commanded they'd.

Eun. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried,

Like boys unto a mass, kings would start forth,
And cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whipp' him.

Eun. To better playing with a lion's whipp',
Thrice with an old one dying.

Thyrs. Moon and stars!
Whip him!—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of the here (What's her
name?,
Since Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Tell, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,

And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Mark Antony.

And. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyrsus.

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha! I

Have my pillow left supin'as in Rome,
Forbears the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abash'd
By one that looks on beauteous.

Cles. Good my lord,—

And. You have been a bogglor ever:
But when we in our viscerous growth hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods send our eyes;
In our own total creep, our clear judgment; make us
Adors our errors: laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cles. O, is it come to this?

And. I found you as a morrett, cold upon
Dead Caesar's trailer: nay, you were a frag-
ment
Of Corin Pompey's; besides what better hours,
Unrequer'd in vulgar fame, you have
Laxiriously pick'd out:—Yes, I am sure
Though you can guess what temperance should be.

You know not what it is.

Cles. Wherefore is this?

And. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you! I be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kindly seal
And plighted of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of flames, to outrun
The peremptor heart be I have savage cases;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A hail'd deuch, which does the haggard thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants with Thyrsus.

And. Students, my lord.

Cles. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Ant. He did ask favour.

And. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thon

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look out.—Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: I look, thou say'st,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful doing on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry
And at this time most easy 'tis to do it:
When our good store, that were my former gods,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mistake
My space, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd handman, whom
He once at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quell me: Urge it slow:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone! [Exit Thyrsus.

Cles. Have you done yet?

And. Ack, our terrane moon
Is now eclips'd: and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

I must stay his time.

And. To fatter Caesar would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points.

Cles. Not know me yet?

And. Cold-hearted toward me.

Cles. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven gently pluck my hair,

And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop on my neck; as it determines,

Dissolve my life! The next Cesarian smile!

Tell, by degrees, the memory of my womb,

With my brave Egyptians all,

By the disbanding of this petrified storm,

Lie grievous; till the blood and guasts of Niles
Have burn'd them for prey!

And. I am satisfied
Cressa sit down in Alexandria; where
I will appease my gods by land,

With cattle and the fat,

Hath nobly held; our sever'd too
Have knot again, and rest, threat'ning most seave-

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return ones more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
And my sword will earn our chronicle:
There is hope in it yet.

Cles. That's my brave lord!

And. I will be trouble-dove'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight malignantly: for some mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for less; but now, I set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Le's have one other grand night! call to me
All my sad companions, fill our bowls many more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cles. It is my birthday: I
had thought, to have held it poor; but, since
my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

And. Well yet do well.

Cles. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Decids, you shall speak to them; and at sight
I'll force

The wine peep through their scarns.—Come on my
quest.

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 pellucid eye.

[Exeunt Ant. Cles. and Attendants.

Enter now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be

As, to be frighted out of fear: and in that
move, the dew will pack that drop, and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restore his heart: When valour prays on reason,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT IV.

ENE. I. Caesar: Camp at Alexandria.

Caesar: Letter; Agrippa, Mecenas, and Others.

1. And chides, as he had / press'd; my messenger with olives; bears me to personal / Let the old ruffian know, eter ways to die; eter mean, allungo. 

Cesar must think, real begins to rage; he's hunted (a.) Give him no breath, but new monition: Never anger ased for itself.

Let our best hands hast tomorrow the last of many boats. / Within our files there are not Mark Antony but two, / them in. See it be done; / we have sure store to, carol'd the waste. Poor Antony! 

[Exeunt.

II. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, and Others.

Is not well fight with me, Dominius.

Why should he be not? He thinks, being twenty times of bittis 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. Won't thou fight well? 

Emo. I'll strike; and cry. Take all.

Call forth my household servants; let's tought. 

[Exeunt.

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meall. Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honor'd, so hast thou; And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well, And kings have been your fellows.

Emo. What means this? 

Emo. 'Tis one of those old tricks, which sorrow shows. 

[Aside.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And then 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? 

Ant. To make his fellows weep. 

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: purchase to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you, As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, If you turn 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.

Emo. What means you, sir?

ACT V.

In. To give them this discomfort? Look, they say; And I, an us, sun coron'y'd; for shame, Transform us not to women. 

Ho, ho, ho! Now the witch take me, if I meant it once. 

Graces grow where those drops fall. My angry friends, You take me in too suddenly a sense; I speak to you for your consider; did you think To bear this night with tunes; know, my heart, 

I hope well of to-morrow; and will last you, Where rather I' ll expect victoriness. 

Than death and honors. Let's in supper; come, And draw in consideration. 

(SCENE III. The same. Before the Palace.

inter two Soldiers, for their Guard.

1. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the

It will determine no cause: in you will re-

of nothing strange about the news! 

Nothing: what news? 

Well, sir, good night. 

[Exeunt.

Enter two other Soldiers.

[Aside.

[Aside.

They talk their Poesy, and to-morrow

my thrive, I have an absolute hope men will stand up. 

'Tis a levee, sir, and full of purpose.

Music of Muschke under the Stairs. 

Peace, what order? Loo, look!

Don't not?

1. Soll. Peace, I say. What about this mean't? 

2. Soll. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony 

Now leaves him. 

1. Soll. Walk; let's see if other watchmen 

Do hear what we do. 

[They advance to another Post.

2. Soll. How now, master? 

Now how? How now do you hear this? 

Several speaking together. 

'AY; let's not strange!

1. Soll. Do you hear, master's? do you hear? 

1 Soll. Follow the noise so far as we have 

Let's see how't will give off. 

[Exeunt.

(Several speaking.) Content: 'Tis strange. 

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian and Others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros! 

Sleep a while.

Ant. No, my chuck—Eros, come; mine am-

Eros! 

Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put thinne on 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? 

Ah, let be, let be!
SCENE VI. 

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra. O Antony, I am come to see thee, and to give thee some comfortable advice.

Antony. What advice, Cleopatra? I have heard of thee, but never before of thee as a friend.

Cleopatra. Why, Antony, thou art not yet come to know me. I am Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and now a stranger in Rome.

Antony. What dost thou mean, Cleopatra? I know thee not.

Cleopatra. Why, Antony, thou art forgetful of me. I am the queen of Egypt, and thou hast been my lover.

Antony. I remember thee now, Cleopatra. I have heard of thee, but never before of thee as a friend.

Cleopatra. Why, Antony, thou art forgetful of me. I am Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and now a stranger in Rome.

Antony. What dost thou mean, Cleopatra? I know thee not.

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Antony. What dost thou mean, Cleopatra? I know thee not.

Cleopatra. Why, Antony, thou art forgetful of me. I am Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and thou hast been my lover.

Antony. I remember thee now, Cleopatra. I have heard of thee, but never before of thee as a friend.

Cleopatra. Why, Antony, thou art forgetful of me. I am Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, and now a stranger in Rome.
We have beat him to his camp; Run me before, To the quays know of our guests.—To-night, the sun shall rise, we'll spill the blood his to-day escaped. I thank you all; sightly-handed are you: and have fought, you served the cause, but as it had been man's like mine; you have shown all valor, the city, clip your seizes, your friends, your legs; whilst you with joyful ears

Wash the contumancy from your wounds, and let honour's gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; 

Enter Cleopatra, attended. It shall be done; thrice, thank thee,—O thou day of the nine-armed neck; leap thou, surfei and all, in proof of harness to my heart, and there the pant's triumphing. Lord of lords! 

Yet virtue, com' a' then smiling from old's great means uncaughish. My righting lines! We have beat them to their bules. What, girl, though gray

Do something mingl with our younger brown's yet have we

A breath that nourishes our nerves, and can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Command unto his lips thy favourable hand.—Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had destroy'd in such a shapeless ruin. I'll give thee friends, An armour all of gold: it was a king's. As he hath done so, to him where it curv'd like holy Pharaoh's ear.—Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Bear ever back'd with guards like the men that owe them: Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would set together; And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal bed.—Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingl with our rattling tafardines; That heaven and earth may strike that sounds together Applauding our approach. [Exit.

SCENE X. Caesar's Camp. 

Sentries on their Post. Enter Enobarbus. 1 Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour, We must return to the court of guard: 'Tis night; is shiny; and, they say, we shall embalm By the second hour! the more. 2 Sold. This last day was a drear'd one to us. Enobarbus, 3 Sold. What man is this? 2 Sold. Stand close, and list him. Enobarbus, Be witness to me, O favell'd blessed moon, When men resold shall upon record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent! 1 Sold. Peace; 3 Sold. Mark further. 

Cleopatra. 

SCENE IV. O sovereign mistress of true melody. The poisonous drench that's from my pyre opens me That life, a very relic to my soul. May hang no longer on me: I throw my head against the first and hardiness of my fear; Which, being dried with grief, will break in pieces. And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, Nother than my recall is inflamous. Forgive me in some one particular; But let me see it, register A master's head, and a forgive: O Antony! O Antony! Let's speak to him. 

Cleopatra. Let's hear him, for the things he spake unstead Caesar. Let's do it. But he seems 1 S. 3 c. 1. 3 Sworny religion; for so had a prayer as 

Was never yet for sleep.

3 S. Go we to him. 2 S. Awake, awake, air; speak to us. 3 S. The hand of death hath caught him. 2 S. Holy drums. 3 S. Slay the slaves. Let us hear him To the court of guard; he is a man: our hour is fully out. 1 S. Come on then; 2 S. He may recover yet. [Exit with the body. 

SCENE X. Between the two Camps. Enter Antony and Scarcus, with Forces, marching. 

And. Their preparation is to-day by sea; We please them not by land. 

Sacr. For both, my lord. And I would, they'd fight the fire, or in the air; we'd fight there too. But this it is; Our best. Upon the hills adjoining to the city, Shall stay with us: order for me is given; They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a spot, Where their appointment we may best discover, And hold on their endeavor. [Exit. 

Enter Caesar, and his Forces, marching. 

And. 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 gallery. To the vales, And hold our best adwantage. [Exit. 

Re-enter Antony and Scarcus. 

And. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder point does stand, I shall discover all: I'll bring the word Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit. 

Sacr. Swallows have built in Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurs say, they know not—they cannot tell—look gravely. And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony is valiant, and dejected: and, by starts, His fretted fortunes give him hope, and lest, Of what he has, and has not. 

Alarm off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter Antony. 

And. All is lost. This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: My feet hath yielded in the foe: and yonder They cast their caps up, and carouse together Like friends lauguest.—Triple-turn'd where I Hast sold me to this novice: and my heart Makes only war on thee.—Bid them all fly! O Antony! I am wrong'd upon my charge, I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone. [Exit Scarcus: 

O sun, thy upper shall I see no more:—Fortune and Antony part here: even here Do we shake hands.—All come to the?—The
SCENE XI.

That spaniel! me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discern, melt their sweets
On shimmering Caesar; and this pine is trop'd,
The best overgrown. Betray'd! I am all.
Betray'd! I am all.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye bade forth my wars, and call'd
Then home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief sad,
Like a right gall, bath, at fast and loose,
Recall'd me to the very heart of love.
- Wilt, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Awake,
Cles. Why that hard string'd against my love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And bid my Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And beat thee up to the shouting plebeians;
Follow this chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy eyes; most monstrous-like, he shown
For people's diminutives, for desire; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visible up
With her prepared sails. [Exit Cleis.] 'Tis well

If it be well to live: But better yon'sere
Thus dashed into fury, now thy heart
May have prevented many. - Eros, ho! -
The sight of Nebast is upon me: Teach me,
Majesty, thy ancestor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthless self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy I now thy self have sold, and I

Under this plot; she is dead! - Eros, ho! Eros, ho! [Exit Eros.]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! 0, he is more mind
Than Pelasgon for his shield; the heart of Thrasymus
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!

I shall now, and send him word you are

Char. To the monument !

To the monument! - Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'rythee, pitiously: Hence, Mardian; and bring me how he takes his

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet bold! of me?

Ant. Sometimes, we are so a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometimes, like a sent on, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pentomick rock,
A forked mountain, or blue preservative
With trees upon it, that saw the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thus hast seen
Then they are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even a thought,
The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct.
As water in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, never was a spaniel
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, That, or she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, was annex'd unto
A million more, how lost, - she, Eros, how
Passed cards with Caesar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph.

Nay, wert not, gentle Eros; there's left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. - O, thy vile lady!

Eros. She has rob'd me of my sword.

Ant. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With those entirely.

Ant. Hence, sunny couch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Eros. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharging; What then
Wouldst thou do; is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the mist a tearing gale did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and life: she renders' life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Eros. [Exit Eros.]

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done.
And we must sleep: - That thou depart'st hither
Does pay thy labour richly; Go. - Off, pluck

Mard. The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. 0, cleave my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy enemies.
Crack thy frail case; - Apollon, Eros, space;
No more a soldier; - Bristled pieces, go;
You have now nobly borne. - From me a while.

Ant. [Exit Mard.]

Eros. [Exit Eros.]

Ant. 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 cut,
Lie down, and stay no further: Now all labour
Marc what it does: yes, very forces entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done;
Eros - I come, my queen; - Eros - Stay for me;
Where blood doth spread on flowers, we'll hand in
And with our agricultur port make the ghosts gaze;
Duly and her chief shall want troops,
And all the haunts 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 baseless - I, that with my sword,
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The worship of a woman; less noble mind
Then she, which, by her death, one Caesar tells,
Is companion of myself. Then art worm, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Then thou wouldst tell me: - I must do; the time
Then struck at me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st;
Foul colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that, which all the Puritan dares,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not 3?

Eros. Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and

Thy master thus with pleasant arms, bending
down
His curvable neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
This baseless that ensnared me.

Eros. I would not see it.

Ant. Come the 3; for with a wound I must be

Draw that fatal sword, which then hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT IV.

A SONG.

Erst. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, sword's not then not then
To do this when I hate thee? Do it it once; Or thy precedent services are all But accidents unpursu'd. Draw, and come.
Erst. Turn from thee then that noble countenance.
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.
Erst. My sword is drawn.
Then let it do at once.
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Erst. Three nobler than myself.
Thou teachest me, O valiant Erst, what I should, and time could not. My queen and Erst. Have, by their brave instigation, put open me A boldness in record: But I will be A bridge of my death, and run into it As in a lover's bed. Come thee; and, Erst. Thy master dies thy schelder: to do thus
[Falling on his Sword.
I learnt of thee. Here I not deal? I not deal?
The guard—be!—O, despatch me.
Enter Demetrius and Guard.
1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill; friends, you make
Of what I have begun.
2 Guard. The stars are fallen.
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 Guard. Not I.
2 Guard. Nor I.
3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit Guard.
Dem. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings Shall enter me with him.
Enter Diomedes.
Diom. Where's Antony?
Thrace. Diomed, there.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? I draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Diom. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Diom. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Diom. She and in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage Would not be purged, 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. You late, good Diomed.—Call my guard,
Diom. What, ho! The emperor's guard! The guard, your Lord calls.
Ere it to the last service that I shall command you. I guard: Wo, we are we, sir, you may as live to wear
All your true followers out.
Ant. Nay, good my followers, do not please your fate
To grace it with your sorrows; but feel those volumes Which comes to punish me, and we punish it. Seeming to hear it lightly. Take me up,
I have left you off; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all.
[Exit, bearing Antony.
SCENE XIII. A Room in Antony's House.
Enter Asineus, Cleopatra, Chorazim, and Seneca.
Ant. Chorazim, I never go from hence at all. Be comforted, dear madam.
Chorazim. No, I will not.
Ant. All strange and terrible events are
But comforts we displace; our size of sorrow, Proporion'd to our pains, must be as great.
[Exit Diomedes.
As that which makes in—How now! I am dead?
Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead Look out of the other side your monument, His grace have brought him thither.
Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.
Ant. O then sue, Burn the great sphere thou mov'st it darkling on.
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony! Help, Chorazim; help, I Beseech thee, help, friends Below, let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Ant. Not Caesar's valour hath overthrown Antony, But Antony's valour triumphed on itself.
Chorazim. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony: but we, 'tis so.
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death a while, until Of many thousand times the present last I lay upon thy lips.
Chorazim. Dear my lord, pardon. I dare not, dear.
Ant. Let I be taken: not the imperious show Of the false world! Caesar ever shall Be broke with me: if knives, drugs, serpents have
Fly, wing, or operation, I am safe; Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes, And still conclusion, shall acquise as honour Departing upon me: But come, come, Antony,
Help me, my women. We must draw them up, Await, good friends.
Chorazim. O, quick; or I am gone.
Ant. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weight my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight: Had I great less
The strong wing Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little— Wisards were ever fools. Come, come, come, come: [They draw Antony up. And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd! Quicken with hissing; had my lips that power, Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, crying: Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Chorazim. No, let me speak; and let me call as high, That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.
Prove'th by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
To Caesar seek your honour with your safety.
SCENE I.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cles. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:

Cles. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;

And I will trust it. But first let me know

Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince of the world,

The noblest: and do now not only die,

Not cowardly, but put off my helmet to

My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman

Faithfully vanquish'd. Now, top spirit is going:

I can no more. [Dies]

Cles. Noblest of men, woe is't die!

Hast thou the care of me? I should shine

In this dull world, which is in my absence is

No better than a sky?—O, see, my woman,

The crown of the earth's desire!—It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,

Till they had suffer'd more. All's but taught;

But by this passion the untaught learn;

And impassioned does

Decrease a dog that's not mad;—There is it sin,

To rush into the secret house of death,

And death does come to us?—How now, woman?

What, what? I am well! Why, how now, Charms?

My noble friends!—Ah, women, women! look,

One lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sir, take

heart—[To the Guard below]

You'll bear him; and then what's brave, what's

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take such a man.

This case of that brave spirit now is cold

Ah women, women! we have no friend

But resolution, and the bravest end. [Exeunt

Those above bearing off Antony's Body.

Scenes.

Cles. What left them say'd?

Des. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Cles. The breaking of so great a thing should

make a greater crack! The round world should have

grows into civil street,

Cles. It grew, it grew, it grew;—But that, God bless us

Who hold his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did not

Split the heart.—This was his sword, I

robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd.

Cles. Look you and friends? The gods relumbe me, but it is

Washing the eyes of kings: And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to labour

Our most persisted desire.

Mc. His taints and honours

Waged equal with him. A rarer spirit never;

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us

Some fault to make us make us love.

Cles. This is touch'd.

Mc. With what a suspicious mirror's set before

him, he needs must see himself.

O Antony! I

I have followed thee to this.—But we do lack

Some omen:—To have shown, or to have

Have shown to thee such a declining day

Or look on time; we could not but stir together

In the whole world: But yet let me lament,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my companion in

To love, in her greatness, as we make in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Whose mind his thoughts did kindle,—that our

Unconquerable, should divide

Our countries to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

But I will tell you at some easier season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him.

O noble, we'll hear him what he will. Whence are you?

Mees. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen, my

mansion

Conf'y'd to all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desire instruction;

That she preparedly may frame herself

To the way she's forced to.

Cles. But her have good heart, she

soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

Therefore and how kindly we

Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live

To be ignoble.

Mees. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cles. Come listen, Proconsuls: Go, and say,

We purpose her no shame: give her what com-

Confidence to him, which to us said he had

The superior passion: by some mortal stroke

The gods of her life in Rome

Would be secured in our triumph: Go,

And, with your expeditious, bring to us what she says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Pro.

Cles. Galles, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,

To second Proconsuls?—[Exit Galles.

Agr. Aye, Dolabella.

Cles. Let him alone, for I remember now

How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.

Go with me: Galles, see you shall see

How hardly I was drawn into this war;

How calm and gentle I proceed still
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In all my wragings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My denouement does begin to make
A fitter life: 'Tis policy to be Caesar;
Not being fortunate, he's but fortune's slave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds:
Which shocketh accidents, and holds up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the drum
The beggar's muse and Caesar's.

Enter to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius, Gaius, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt.

And tells the story on what fair demands
Those mean'd to have him grant them.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Proc. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony.

Proc. Do tell me of you, made me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived:
That have no use for trustful: If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decourse, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Do be good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, dear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Whose grace is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: I'll report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A succour, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.] Tell them, pray you, tell them
I am his fortune's vessel, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hardly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort: for, I know, your plight is grieved
Of him that caus'd it.

Gaius. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

Cleo. O, were there one in two of the Guard,
Erased the Monument by a ladder placed
Against a window, and having desecrated,
Come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard
unbar'd the gates.

Guard. The Queen of Egypt comes.

Cleo. [To Proculeius and the Guard.] Eritis Galus?

Gaius. Royal queen.

Cleo. O Cleopatra, I thank art taken, queen!—

[Enter Cleopatra, with a dagger in her hand.]

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. [Drawing a dagger.] Hold, worthy lady, hold;
[Steals and disarm her.

Do not yourself such wrong, which are in this
Relied on, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That ride our dogs of languish?

Cleo. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself, nor the world too.
His nobleness is act'd, 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!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If itt talk with you he necessary,) I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,

On Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that
I will not wait pinn'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavius. Shall they mock me up,
And show me to the shaming variety
Of seeming Rome? Rather a dish in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nile
Let me stark naked, and let the water Moone
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My country's high pyramids my Giles,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do exceed
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause to Caesar.

Cleo. [To Dolabella.] Dol.,

Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath been too swift for us all:
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, it shall content me best: be gentle to her—
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please.

[Exit Cleopatra.

Dol., If you'll employ me to him.


Cleo. Most noble emperor, you have heard of me
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuradly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir; what I have heard, or known,
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Let's not your trick.

[Enter Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony
Of such a sleep, that I might see
But such another man?

Dol. His face was as the heavens, and therein
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
Lighted the little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,

Cleo. His legs besmir'd: he ocean: his beard arm
Crested the world: his voice was proper'd
As all the tones spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quell and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his beauty,
There was no winter's; an autumn's hay
That grew the more by reaping: his delight
Were dolphin-like: they show'd his back above
The waves: at night they liv'd: in his livery
Wall'd crowns and crowne's, real and blond was
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. [To Dolabella.] Cleopatra.

Cleo. Think thee, 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.
Dol. But if there be, or ever were such,
'Tis past the age of dreaming: Nature wants not
To vis strange forms with fancy: yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece gazed fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Cleo. Your love is as yourself, great: and you bear a
As answering to the weight: Would, I might never
Overtake part of a success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that none
My very heart at rest.

Cleo. I thank you, sir,

Dol. Know you, what Caesar means to do with me?

Cleo. I am bound to tell you what I would you

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DOL. Though he be honourable,—
Cim. He'll lead me then in triumph.
DOL. Madam, he will.
I know it. Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Galba, Pompeius, Mecenas, Scaevola, and Attendants.

Cæsar. Which is the queen?
DOL. Of Egypt?
Cæsar. [To the emperor, madam.
Unmask."
Cæsar. You shall not kneel:—
You say, rise, rise, Egypt."
Cæsar. Sir, the gods.

Cæsar. You shall have it thus: my master and I
Must needs obey. Come, Cæsar. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injures you we shun,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cæsar. Tell us all of the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confound, I have
Lately been with the futilities, which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate, rather than enforce;
If you apply yourself to your intents,
[Which towards you are most gentle], you shall
And a benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall beseam yourself
Of my good purpose, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thence you rely. I'll make my leave.

Cæsar. And may, through all the world: his yours;
And we,
Your amorous, and your signs of conquest,
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæsar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cæsar. This is the brief of money, place, and jewels;
I am sententifo: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Selene?
Cæsar. Here, madam.
Cæsar. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord.
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Selene.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather sell my life, to than, my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cæsar. What have I kept back?
Enough in purchase what you have made known.
Cæsar. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra! I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cæsar. See, Cæsar! O, behold
How pomp is follow'd! I mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The impiety of this Selene does
Even make me wild:—O slaves, of so much true
Than love that's but't in!—What, go'st thou back then?
Such shall not.
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though with the bad wings: Slave, soul-less villain,
dog!

O cruel tears!
Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cæsar. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this:
The gods, vouchsafing love to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy kindness,
To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Purloin the soul of my dishonour.
Addition of his enmy? Say, good Caesar,

Thine my ladies have reserves."
Immanent says, things of such dignity.
As we great moderns. Gentile withal: and say,
Some nobler titles I have kept apart
For Livius, and Octavia, to unfold;
With one that I have best The gods! it makes me
Beneath the fall I have. "It's thy, go hence;
Or I shall show the evidences of my spirits
Through the novels of my chance,—Wit then a man,

Cæsar. Forbear, Selene.
Cæsar. [To Selene.
Cæsar. As it is known that we, the greatest, are misbegotten
For thinks that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæsar. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserves, nor what acknowledge'd,
But we in stout of conquerors: still it is yours,
Beside it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of that which merchants sold. Therefore be cheerful;
Make not your thoughts your prison: me, dear queen;
For we intended so to dispose you,
You shall give us counsel. Food, and sleep,
Our ease and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.
Cæsar. My master, and my lord!

Cæsar. Not so: Aliens.
Cæsar. He who you, girls, he words me, that I should
Not be noble to myself: but hast thee, Charmian.
Wispers Charmian.
Cæsar. Finest, good lady: the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cæsar. His thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the hast.

Cæsar. Madam, I will.

Recite Dolebella.

DOL. Where is the queen?
Cæsar. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian.
Cæsar. Dolebella?
DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command.
Cæsar. Which may love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through thy will
Intends his journey: and, within these three days,
You with your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Dolebella.
Cæsar. I shall remain your doctor.
DOL. Your servant.
Cæsar. Good queen: I must attend on Cæsar.
Cæsar. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolebella.]
Now, Iran, what think'st thou then?

Iran. Thou, an Egyptian sister, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanism slaves
With grown abrupt, rules, and hammer, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Hand of gross die, shall we be endour'd,
And we'd to drain their vapour.

Iran. The gods forbid I
Cæsar. Nay, its most certain: Iran, silence listens
With care at us, like spectre; and cold
Rhythms
Rolled out of time: the quick comodians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be thence recorded: presently I shall use
Those speaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT V.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow. That will not be denied your highness' presence; He brings you faggots. Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument!

[Exit Guard. May a noble deed! He brings me liberty. My resolution's pitch'd, and I have nothing Woman in me. Now from head to foot restless constant: now the fleeting moon is silent.

Enter Guard, with a Crown, bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man. Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard. Has that the pretty worm of Nibus there? That kills and pains not? Wronk. 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 out? Clewen. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something gives 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 of the worm. But he that will live all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an old worm. Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell. Clewen. I wish you all joy of the worm. Cleo. Farewell. [Crown set down the Basket. Clewen. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, aye; farewell.

Clewen. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no good in the worm.

Cleo. Take them no care; it shall be tended. Clewen. Very good; give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clewen. 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 wherewith demons do the gods great harm in their women; for in every tea that they make, the devils may live.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clewen. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Ira, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings to me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:

Fare, fare, good Ira (quick—Meditehia, I hear

Antony call; I see him press himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The lack of Caesar, which this gods give none
To excuse their after wrath. However, come; Now to that name my courage presw my life!

Fire, and air; my other element
I give to bane life.—So, have you found
Come then, and take the last warm wish of my lips.

Farewell, kind Cleomen,—Ira, long farewell.

[Exeunt them. Ira, and Ira casts her love.

Have I the answer in my lips? O last fall
If then and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch: Which hurts, and is desired. O how he'll fall
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leaving-taking.

Char. Dissemble, thick clouded, and rain; that may say
The gods themselves do warren.

Cleo. This proves me base—If she first meet the curst Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend this kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, more

[To the Aps, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth thrust this knife into my heart. Of life at once settle; poor reverence fool, Do stody, and noble. Well, I'll not therefore speak? That I might hear these call good Caesar, was Upset:

Char. O eastern star! Peace, peace!

Cleo. Peace, peace. Do not thou see my baby at my bosom,
I am sick; the surge saples. 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 Aps to her arm.
What should I say—I fall on a bed, and die.
Char. In this wild world!—So far they went
Now hast thou death; in thy possession lies
A face upon thee, and above thy window, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beloved
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's away;
I'll use it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen? Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

2 Guard. Caesar hath sent me.

Char. Too slow a messenger.

1 Guard. Apply the Aps.

O, come; space, despatch; I truly feel the

2 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's begun.

1 Guard. There's Delabilia sent from Caesar:—call him 1 Guard. What work is here?—Cleomen, is this well done?

Char. It is well done and shews for a prince Dressed of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!—

Enter Delabilia.

Del. How goes it here? 1 Guard. All dead.

Del. Caesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; Thyself art coming To see performed the dreaded act, which thou So soughtst to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Caesar!

Enter Caesar, and Attendants.

Del. 0, air, you are too sure an answer; That you did fear, is done. Cleo. Bravest at the last She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way. The manner of their coming I do not see them better bless'd.

Del. Who was last with them?
SCENE V.

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her sign.

This was his basket.

Cass. This Chamber: lived but
spoke.

I found her trembling up
On her dead cover; she walked,
And on the sudden gripped.

Cass. I found her overwhelmed with
By external woe; but
As she would catch another
In her strong hold of grace.

Cass. There is a vest of blood:
The life is on her arm.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

1 Guard. This is an asp's leaf: and these
fig-leaves
Have shine upon them, such as the asp's leaf
Upon the cabbages. 

Cass. Most probably,
That so she died: for her physician tells me,
She hath poison'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip 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 move, attend this funeral:
And then to Rome.—Come, Dossabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exit.

Cymbeline.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Glot, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

Ledista Posthumus, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished Lord, disgraced under the name of Morgan.

Guidenius, under the names of Polydore, and Cadwal, supposed to be Belarius.

Philar, Friend to Posthumus, a Spanish Gentleman.

Caius Lucius, General of the Roman Forces.

Two Romans Captains. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Iomg, Daughter to Cymbeline, Queen.

Hel, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but you see
our blood.

No more the heavens, than our courtesies;
Still seen, as doth the king.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son. To widow
That late he married; had refused herself.

Of a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded:
Her husband banish'd: she imprisoned; all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen.

That most desire the match: But not a courtier.
Although they wear their faces to the best
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they saw at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a
thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(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 falling
In him that should compare. I do not think,

So fair an outward, and such within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him fair.

1 Gent. I do extort him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measures daily.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root; His father
Was called Stidils, who did him his honour
Against the Romans, with Cymbeline;
But had his titles by Terrandon, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gained the condescension, Leonatus:
And bad, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, at the time of the war,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their
(Then old and most of) issue took such sorrow, That he quit their; and his gentle lady, 
I'll 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 bodyguard:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do, fast as 'twas mischance'd; and
In his spring became a harvest; Liv'd in court
(Which rule it is to do) most pru'dly, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; in the more mature
A glass that teach'd them; and to the grave,
A child that guided destinies; to his mistress,
For whom he was born belon'd,—her own price
Pronounces how she pardon'd him and his virtues;
By her election may be truly read,
Cymbeline

Went you but riding forth to set yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother’s; take it, love; But keep it till you meet another wife.

When Imogen is dead.

Post. How hast thou another—

1. Gent. O, gentle gods, give me one this I have,
And wear up my embracements from a reat
With bonds of death—Remain, remain there
Here. [Putting on his ring.

While sense can keep it on me. And earnest, haste,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our todes
I still win of you: For my sake, wert thou;
It is a massacre of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Brassed on her Arm

Post. O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king.

Cym. Then beast things, avoid; hence, from my sight.

If, after this command, thou bringest the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you! And bless the good remanachers of the court,
I am gone. I am the best of thee. There cannot be a pitch in death
More sharp than this.

Cym. O didful thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou happest
A year’s age on me!

Post. I beseech you, sir,

Cym. Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Post grace? shew face?

Post. Post hope, and so despair; that way, rest grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of

Post. O bless’d, that I might not! I chose an
Eagle, and did avoid a peacock.

Cym. Thou tookst a baggar; wouldst have
Made my throne a seat for baseness.

Post. No; I rather added
A baste to it.

Cym. O than vile one!

Post. Sir,

Cym. It is your fault that I have lost Posthumus:
Ye bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overblows me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What art thou then? I

Post. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me—

Cym. A near-heir’s daughter! and my Loamus
Our neighbour shepherd’s son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing—

Re-enter Queen.

Post. They were again together; you have done

To the Queen

Not after our command. Away with her,

Queen. Beseech your patience—Peace; cruel
Daughter, pere; Sute strecthe,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself easy in comfort.

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly!

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Pia! —you must give ever...
SCENE V.  

CYMELINE.  661

Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pir. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Your heart, I trust, is o'erjoyed?

Pir. There might have been. But that my master rather play'd than fought, and had no help of sengers they were parted by gentlemen at hand.  

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Tao. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his part.

Pir. To draw on an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africa both together; myself by with a needle, that I might prick the bear back.—Why comes you from your survey?

Pir. On his command: he would not suffer me to bring him to the haven: left these notes of what command I should be subject to, when it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been your first service; and I pray you, sir, I hope he will remain so.

Pir. I humbly thank your highness.  

Queen. Lay this writ with a white.  

Pir. About some half hour hence, I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least, see my lord abroad: for this time, leave me.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III. A public Place.  

Enter Closer, and Two Lords.  

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made it look as sourest. Where sir comes out, sir come in; there's none abroad so wholesome as you that was.  

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

2 Lord. How?  

Clo. Not; no, not to shift it.  

2 Lord. No; for he washatt everywhere.  

Clo. Lord. But him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughward for meat, if it be not hurt.  

2 Lord. His head was in debt; it went no the backside the town.  

Clo. The villain would not stand me.  

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.  

Clo. Lord. Stand you! you have had enough of your own way; but, by your grace, give you some ground.  

2 Lord. As many inches as you have ounces.  

Clo. In this I would, they had not come between us.  

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a feel you were upon the ground.  

Clo. And that she should serve this fellow, and reduce me!  

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.  

Clo. Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: there's a great sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.  

2 Lord. She shives me upon foco, but the reflection should hurt her.  

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber; 'Would there had been some hurt done!  

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.  

Clo. You will go with us?  

2 Lord. I will attend your lordship.  

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.  

2 Lord. Well, my lord.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.  

Enter Imo, Postumus, and Iago.  

Imo. I would then grew'd into the shore of the haven, and question'd every sail; if he should write, and I not have it, twere a paper lost. As off'd be money. What was the last? That he spake to you?  

Pir. 'Twas, His queen; his queen!  

Imo. Then wasn't his handkerchief?  

Pir. And kiss'd it, madam.  

Imo. Soo, so sometimes I happen there; and that was all?  

Pir. 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 sun and star of his mind. Could last these how slow his own sail'd on, how swift his ship.  

Imo. Then should've have made him As little as a crow, or less, we left.  

Pir. To after-eye.  

Imo. Madam, so I did.  

Pir. Imo. I would have him take mine eyes-strings; crack'd them, but to look upon him; till the diminution  

Imo. Nay, fellow'd him, till he had melted from the smallness of a great to air; and then have turn'd mine eyes, and went.—But, good posts,  

When shall we hear from him?  

Pir. He is to send, madam, with his next visitage.  

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.  

Pir. The tears of Italy should not betray Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him.  

Imo. At the sixth hour of morning, at midnight. To encounter me with answers, for then I am in heaven for him: or ere I could give him that parting kiss, which I had set.  

Pir. Kot: charming words, comes to my Father, and, like the tempestous breathing of the north, slants all our love; his answer.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE V.  


Enter Phærias, Aeneas, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.  

Phæ. What, sir? I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a curious note, expected to prove so worthy, as soon as he had been allow'd the name of; but I would you had look'd on him, without the help of admiration: though the magnificence of his endowments had been talk'd by his side, and I persuaded him by himself.  

Aeneas. You speak of him when he was low deserted, than now he is, with that which makes him both wise and strong.  

Phæ. French, I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun well as ten years.  

Aeneas. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he went as weighed rather by her beauty, than his own (words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.  

Phæ. And then his secret suit—  

Aeneas. So, and the approbation of those, that seem this honorable divorce, under her colors are wonderfully to extend him; be it be for—
Cymbeline

Act 2

Exit Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained—such an ungodly, unchristian, unenlightened firebrand, as, to a stranger of his quality—I

bequeath 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 courtesy, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you over-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did esteem my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been got to-gether with so mortal a purpose; as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a matter.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather seems'd to go even with what I have to do.

French. Necessities in the world have a strange access: being guided by others' experiences; but, upon my most judgment (if I offend, not to say it is meddled) my guarded was in the other slight, upon these occasions; and, to your serious answer heron, I must attempt against any lady in the world.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament of swords; and by such words, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, have faultenbroad.

Jack. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safety, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the heat of time; and therefore, an argument that fell out last night, where each of us in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman, in time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less irritable, than any the rival of our ladies in France.

Post. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

French. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Post. You must not so far prefer her fine ones of Italy.

French. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would shew her nothing; though I profess my self her adherer, not her friend.

Jack. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-inhand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she were before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-stares much 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.

Jack. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Jack. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outwitted by a tribe.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold; or given; if there were worth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Jack. Which the gods have given you?

Post. By your graces, I will keep her.

Jack. You may wear her in title yours: but, even in reality, with your neighbours goods. Your ring may be stolen too: so, on your broad of invaluable estimations, the one in front, and the other casual: a running did, is a thing extremely precious and most rare. But how comes it, he is to rejoin with you? How stands acquaintance?

Philo. His father and I were suckled together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:

Enter Posthumus.

Post. My lady is come. Let me be so entertain'd—such an ungodly, unchristian, unenlightened firebrand, as, to a stranger of his quality—I

bequeath 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.
SCENE VI.

Cymbeline.

catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

[Exit. An Honest Post and Lach.]

French. Will this hold, think you? Phil. Sinner lachme will not from it. Pray let us follow him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Corin.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather her those flowers.

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

Lad. 1, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [Exeunt.]

Now, master doctor: have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Plead your highness' stay: here they are, madam: [Presenting a small box.]

But I search your grace (without offence; my conscience taking up the thing you have Commanded of me, these most poisonous com-

bined, which are the movers of a languishing death:

But, though slow, deadly?

Then I do wonder, doctor. Then ask me such a question: Have I not been Thy papal legs? Hath thou not learnt me how To make phrenses I'll puke up yet, to taste me. That our great king himself hath been made of me. For my confessions? Having thus far proceeded (Unles that thou hast me devillish,) I'll not meet That I did amply judgment in other conclusions? I will try the force of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hunting, but mere man.

To try the vigour of them, and apply Allyments 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
deadly and inactive.

Queen. O, content thee.

[Enter Piranesio.]

Here comes a flattering rascal; upeha him. [Aside.]

Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son—How now, Pisans? Doctor, your service for this time is ended; To your own way.

But you shall do no harm. [Aside.]

Queen. [Aside.]

Hark thee, a word, [To Piranesio.]

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She both think.

Strange Lascausian person: I do know her spirit, And will get trust of her and move With a show of such man's nature: Thus she has, Will supply, and shall the sense ambush; Which last perchance, she will, prove on cats, And poor.

Then another six higher: but then is No longer in what show of death it makes, More than the backing up the well where there is. Take more fresh, reviving. She is told With a most false colour; and I thinke, Her to fall with.

[Exit.]

Cor. No further service, doctor.

[Exit.]

Queen. We must see what thy master finds. Thou think'st, in time, she will not speak; and yet directions enter. When they do, see where she's mad. When then shall bring me word, she loves my son.

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as any thy nurse; greater; for His fortunes all are speechless, and his name is at last gap: Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is to shift his being, To exchange his misery with another.

And every day, that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him: What shall thou expect, To be deprived of a thing that lean'st? Who cannot be said built: nor has no friends.

The Queen drops a box: Pisans takes it up. So much as but to prop him!—Thou talk'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 One more to save. Nay, I pray thee, take it; It is an earnest of a far greater; that I mean. Tell thy mistress how.

The case stands with her; do not, as from myself. Think what a chance then changes on; but think Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot my son, Who shall take notice of thee; I'll move the king To my shape of thy preferment, such As thou'st desired and to myself, I chide, That the king's self, to her lord, I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her.

Of liggers for her sweet; and which she, after, Except she shew no more, shall be asaid'st.

Re-enter Piranesio, and Ladies.

To taste of it. —So, so, well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bears no ors to thee.—Fire thee well, Piranesio; Think on my words. [Exit.]

Enter Queen and Ladies. [Aside.]

Dine, and shall do; But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I shall choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same. Enter Imogen.

Is a father cruel, and a daughter false? A fool, sir, is a wedlock only.

That both her husband's indignity;—O, that husband's my super cure of grief! and those repeated visions of it! Had been there stolen.

As my wife, and her artful plot; but the shows of that's glorious: Blessed be those, How mean w-rets that have their honest wives, Which we are comfort—Poor Pisanio! [Exit Piranesio and lachme.]

Pir. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome; Comes from my hort with letters.

Im. Change you, madam? The worthy Leontes in safety,

And greet'st your highness dearly.

[Present to a Letter.]

Im. You are kindly welcome.

Pir. All of her, that's a out of door, most rich.

Im. [Aside.]

If she be 'smi'dh's with mind so rare, She looks like the Parthian, I shall dying fight: Rather, directly fly.

[Reads.]—He is one of the noblist men, to whom I mean infinitely that. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you would your friend.

Leo.
Here comes the Briton! Let him in, unentangled amongst you, as cats, with gentlemen your knowing to a stranger of his guilt, wherein you all, be better known to this man: whom I demand to you, friend of mine: How worthy he is to appear hereafter, rather than to
appear here.

French. Sir, we have known lees.

Parse. Since when I have been courteous, which I will pay still.

French. So, you are.

I was glad to hear it. I had been a great while, with the
wine, to appear hereafter.

Jaco. Is it true?

I was going, sir,

/Jaco. Continue well my lord? His health, by

you?

Jaco. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Jaco. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger.

So merry and so graceful: he is called The Briton reveller.

Jaco. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness: and oft-times

Not knowing why.

Jaco. I never saw him sad,

There is a Frenchman his companion, one

An eminent musician, that, it seems, much loves

A Galliard girl at home: he furnaces

The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from a free lungs,

cries, O, O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who


By history, report, or his own proof.

What woman is, you, what she cannot choose

But must—still his free hours languish for

Assured bondage?

Jaco. Ay, madam: with his eyes in blood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,

And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, he has

known.

Some men are much to blame.

Jaco. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;

In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—

What I am bound to wonder, I am bound

To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Jaco. Two creatures, heartily.

Am I one, sir? (Leant on me)

What reck you, do you say to me:

What are they, that do so live?

You look on me: What reck you in them to me;

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
CYMBELINE.

I had a hundred pound on't: And then a where-
some jackasses must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got be by that? You have broke his coat with your bowl.

2 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, he is not for any slanderers but to curtail his oaths: [Aside.]

2 Lord. No, my Lord; nor [aside] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Wheream dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he be had one of my rank?

2 Lord. He's not to have men by a fool. [Aside.]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth. A jest on't! I had rather not be no-

thing as I am; they dare not fight with me, be-

cause of the queen my mother: every jack-slap

with his belly full of fighting, and I must go up

and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too: and

you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should un-
dertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No. I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferior.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Do you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I know not on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and known him not. [Aside.]

Clo. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leontes' friends.

Clo. Leontes! a boistous rascal; and he's a

mother, whatsoever he be. Who told you of

this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit. I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation on't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool greatly; therefore your own wit, wise, foolish, do not derogate.

[Aside.]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What have I lost today at bowls? I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother

Should bid the world this and a woman, that

years all down with her brain; and this her son

CANNOT take two from twenty for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Also, poor prince, the

Thou divine Image, what thou endurest

Betwixt a father by thy step-daughter govern'd;

A mother hourly counting plots; a wiser,

More hateful than the foul expulsion is

Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act

Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear house; keep unshak'd!

That touch, thy fair mist, that these may stand,

To enjoy thy lashe'd lord, and this great land.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber; 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 there; mine eyes

are weak.

Fold down the ladder where I have left: To bed:

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 a meal, to be hit away!
Cymbeline.  

ACT IV.

Deserves your pity?  

Jach. 

To hide me from the radiant sun, and shun
The shuffling by a mild

Imo. 

I pray you, sir,

Jach. 

Dweller with more openness from terrors
To my demands. Why do you persecute me?

Imo. 

I was about to say, enjoy you—But it
Is an effete of the gods in things, and
No mice to speak on.

Jach. 

You do seem to know something of me, or what concerns me. Yes you

(Since doubting things go ill, often本書
Than to be sure they don't. For cemeteries
Either are not meant to be visited, the
Remedy then born,) I discover to you
What both you spurn and seek.

Jach. 

I shall this day

To taste the life upon you; this hand, whose
Whose every touch would force the flesh to
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motions of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I please thee then?
Slaver with lips as common as thyself,
That means the Countess; join with a head
Made hard with hourly laboured thought, as
With labour;) then is his peeping in my eye,
Base and miscellaneous as the nightly
That's led with snivelling terrors; it is
That ask the plague of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolts.

Imo. 

My lord, I fear

Has forgot Britain.

Jach. 

And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, presence,
The baggery of his change, but thy presence.
That, from my constant converse, in my cage,
Charm this report out.

Imo. 

Let me hear no more.

Jach. 

O dearest soul! thy cause doth march
My heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to no surgery,
Would make the great'st king's body on a
partner'd
With tongue, fired with that self-exaltation
Which your own coffers yield! with discern
ventures,
That play with all informations for gold
Whose rottenness can lend mystery; such would
stuff,
As well might potash polishes be reveng'd
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recall from your great stock.

Revised.

Jach. 

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,

Jach. 

Lives like Diana's priest, bestow'd cold ashes.
While he is wanting variable rumps.

Imo. 

Revenge is
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure; more
more than that remainage in your list;
And will continue fast in your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. 

What, he, Fisando?

Jach. 

Let me my service tend on your lips.

Imo. 

Away! I do condemn mine ears, but have
So long attended thee. If thou wert household,
Would thou not have told this tale for virtues, and
For such an end thou wert in't; as base as straggles
I have to say. Thee, and the devil alike. What, he, Fisando—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assailant; if he shall think it,

Jach. 

Let me thy service tend on your lips.

Imo. 

Away! I do condemn mine ears, but have
So long attended thee. If thou wert household,
Would thou not have told this tale for virtues, and
For such an end thou wert in't; as base as straggles
I have to say. Thee, and the devil alike. What, he, Fisando—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assailant; if he shall think it,
SCENE VII.

A sorry stranger, in his court, to mark.
As in a Roman show, and to expose
His basely mind to us; he hath a court.
He is a base, and a deceiver, thane;
He not respects at all—What he, Pisanio?
Jack. O happy Cymbeline! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust! and thy most perfect goodness
Her service 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 worthless! Is give me your pardon
Have spoke this, to know if your alliance
Was deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The trust maim'd: such a holy witch,
That he constaint societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Ino. You make amends.
Jack. He is 'smost men's, like a deceased god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortalsense. Be not angry,
Most mighty prouess, that I have白银'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, knowing, cannot err: The love I bear
Made me to fav'ny you thus; but the gods made
Unlike all other, chaffers. 'Tis your pardon.

Ino. All's well, sir; Take my power "tis the
trust for yours.

Jack. My humble thanks. I had almost forget
To request your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and also other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Ino. Oh! I pray what's it?
Jack. Some Queen Roman of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing) has enquire
To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In Peru. "Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Or rich and exquisite fountains; their value great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
That have them in the most straw, and if you please you
To take them in protection?

Ino. Willingly?

Jack. And some mine honour for the rest; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber. They are to a trust,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night; I
Must aboard to-morrow.

Ino. O, no, no.

Jack. I mean, I beseech; or I shall short your word,
By lengthning my return. From Galia
I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace;

Ino. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

Jack. O, I must, madam.
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with well done, and don't to-sight
I have中国企业; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Ino. 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 T. Lords.

Cloten. Was there ever man hand so drunk? when
I kissed the jack upon an opener, to be hit a way?

1 had a hundred penns on't; And then a whore
Jackenjackums must take you up for swearing
as if I borrowed mine pittah of him, and might
not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What goes he by that? You have broke
his pain with your brow?
2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out.
[Aside.

Cloten. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
It is not for any stande by to content his estate:
Ha?

3 Lord. No, my Lord; nor [aside] crop the
wages of them.

Cloten. Whoreman dog!—I give him satisfaction?
Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have small like a fool.
[Aside.

Cloten. I am not more vexed at anything in the
earth.—A por ruff! I had rather be no noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, be
cause of the queen my mother: every jack-aoke
betch his belly full of lightning, and I must go up
and down like a cock that melody can match

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too: and
you crow, cock, with your comb on.
[Aside.

Cloten. Beguys thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should un
make every company that you give offence to.

Cloten. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit affiance to him

3 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

1 Lord. Why, as I say.

Cloten. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

3 Lord. A stranger! and I know not on't.

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and
knows it not.

3 Lord. There's a Roman come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloten. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's
another, whatsoever he is. Who told you of
this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Cloten. Is he so? I want to look upon him? Is
there contradiction in't?

1 Lord. You cannot wrong, my lord.

3 Lord. No, by my troth; and I believe he
may.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted: therefore your
issues being foolish, do not derogate.

3 Lord. Coutenant! I'll use my best. I have not
to-daw at bowls, till 'm to-night of
him. Come go.

2 Lord. Attend your lordship.

3 Lord. I know Cloten and first Lord.

That such a caco Lectus as his mother
Should yield the world this child; 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 imago, who thus endurest
Her with a father by thy nape-gaine govern'd
A mother hourly coming clots: a woman,
More hateful than the first expulsion is
Orthy dear husband, there that horrid set
Of the divorce he made! The heavens hold form
The wails of my dear honour, keep un-shak'd:
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
Stand, to enjoy thy lamb'd lord, and this great land.

SCENE II.

A Balcony; in one Part of it a Trunk.

Imagin reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Lady. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Lady. I have read three hours then; mine eyes
Feeld down the locl where I have left: To bed.
Take me away, the river's true companion.
The life I lead by the river's side.
I pray for thee, my dear, to let me remain,
While I tarry by the river's side.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Cymb. How long have you been here?
Queen. I have been here a while.
Cymb. And what have you been doing?
Queen. I have been thinking.
Cymb. What about?
Queen. About you.
Cymb. And you think of me?
Queen. Yes, I do.

SCENE III.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune! If you can penetrate her with

(End of text.)
Cymbeline.

LADY. What's there, that knocks? —
CLO. A gentleman.
LADY. No more? —
CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's servant.
LADY. That's more Than some, whose tallors are as dear as yours.
Can justly boast of: What's your ladyship's pleasure?
CLO. Your lady's person: Is she ready?
LADY. To 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 prince—
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, In telling you of poor, and scarce can spare them.
CLO. If you but said so, so dear as with me. If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.
IMO. This is no answer.
CLO. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me! I shall unfold equal discomfiture To your best kindness; one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
CLO. To leave you in your madness, were my duty.
IMO. But I will not. Fools are not mad folk.
CLO. As I am mad, I do: If you'll be patient, I'll be more mad: But that cares not. I am much sorry, sir. You are very good to me; and I am sure you will not forget me, or forget the kindness you have shown me. 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 fell, than make my boast.
CLO. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For the contract you pretend with that base witch (One, bred of snares, and foster'd with cold dishonors, With scrips, or the court,) it is no contract, mine: And though it be allowed in meaner parties, (Yet who, than he, more mean?') to knit their souls (On whom there is no more dependency But brutes and beggars,) in self-hearted love; Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by the consequences of the crown: and must not do The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A gauntlet, not so eminent.
IMO. Foul knave! 
CLO. Then the son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thou wast but base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Kneeling to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be sty'd The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated For being prefer'd so well. 
CLO. The south-fog rot him! 
IMO. He never can meet with more mischance than
to be bent to of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clung'd his body, is decar, In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men—How now, Florian?
CLO. His garment? Now, the devil—
IMO. To Dorothy my woman she thee present—
CLO. His garment? (ly—)
IMO. I am stark mad with a fool:
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman Search for a jewel, that too casually Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'tis throw me, If I would lose it for a revenue.
CLO. Of any king's in Europe. I do think, I saw this morning: Confident I am, Last night twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope, it be my lord That I kiss'd ought but he.
IMO. 'Twill not be lost.
CLO. I hope so: go, and search.
(IMHO. You have all I was:—
CLO. Your youngest garment?—
IMO. Ay; I said so, sir.
CLO. If you will make an action, call witness to't.
IMO. I will inform thy father.
CLO. Thy good lady: and will concurr, But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. |Exit. CLO. I' ll be ravish'd.
IMO. His youngest garment?—Well.

SCENE IV.

Enter Posthumus and Phalaris.
POST. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold, her honour Will remain hers.
PHIL. What means he, that makes him so afraid?
POST. Not any: but abide the change of time; Quince 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.
PHIL. Your very goodness, and your company, Overpay 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 arraigages, Or lock upon our Romans, whose remembrance is yet fresh in their grief.
POST. I do believe (But though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Italia, sooner landed In our s-bering Briton, than have tidings of any memorable battle. Our countrymen Are men more easier'd, than when Julian Caesar Smitt'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy hisrowning at: Their discipline (Now match'd with their courage) will make known To their approvers, they are people, such That mend upon the world.
Enter Iachimo.
PHIL. See I Iachimo?
POST. The swiftest hartes have posted you by land: And wined of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.
PHIL. Welcome, sir.
POST. I hope, the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

| Exit. Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
POST. And, therewithall, the best; or let her beauty
CYNBERLINE.

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

When I have lost it
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I will make my journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second sight of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

The stone's too hard to come by.

Not a white

Your lady being so easy.

Make not, sir,

You too your sport; I hope, you know what we
Must not continue friends.

Sir, your circumstances
Do not prevent me from the knowledge of your mistress, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Presume myself to be your friend, and your
Together with your ring: and not the wringer
Of her, or you, having proceeded but

To who shall find them.

Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first before you believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oaths; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to sport, when you shall find
You need it not.

Proceed.

First, her hand-chamber
Where, I confess, I slept not; but, prudence,
Had been well rewarded.

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proved too loving to be true, when she saw her beauty.
And Cyrus swelled'd above the banks, or
The press of beauty, or pressing of a spirit so
So bravely done, so rich, that it did suffer
In workmanship; and value, which: I wonder'd,
Could be so rare and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

This is true.

And this you might have heard of her, by me,
Or by some other.

More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Or do your honour injure.

The chimney

Is not the chamber: and the chimney-piece,
Chase Down, burning; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the matter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwitted her,
Motion and breath left out.

This is a thing.

Which you might from relation likewise reap;

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

The roof of the chamber

With golden cherubs is fretted. Her auditors
(1 had forgot them,) were two whispering Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, evidently
Depending on their brands.

This is her honour!

Let it be granted, you have sent all this and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The washer you have laid.

JAC.
SCENE V.

Enter Cleomenes.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half-workers? We are besmirched all; And that most venerable man, which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was half my bulk; some cashier with his tools Made me a countryman: Yet my mother wouldn't The Diana of that time: so doth my wife The thump of this: —O vengeance, vengeance! Of my lawful pleasures she restrains'd, And prays'd me, oft, forbearance: I did with A pittance so large, the sweet view wasn't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her As close as women's snow: —O, all the devil's This yellow lachme, in an hour,—wasn't she?— Or least at first: For chances he spake not; but, Like a full-scour'd horse, a German one, Cry'd oh! and mounted: found no opposition But what he look'd upon: These fopen'd, 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 suffer, It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it, The women's; listening, here; deceiving, here; Least and rank thoughts, here; here; revenge, here; Ambitions, covetousness, change of prices, disdain, Nice beginnings, slander, nobility, All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that half knows, Who, how, in part, or all; but, rather all; For even to vice, They are not constant, but are changing still One vice, but of many, old, for. Not half so old as that: I'll write against them, Distract them, curse them: Yet his greater skill In a true train to praise: —Oh, have they not their will! The very devils cannot plague them better. —[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britomart.

A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Cymb. Here stands, I know not what Anguish Caesar with us;

Loc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance Lives in men's eyes: and will to ears, and tongue,

He was, and hearing ever) we in this Britomart, And conquer'd it, Cymbeline, time is now, is famous in Caesar's praise: —a while; but,

Though in his last deserv'd it not for him,

Is left untaught'd.

Queen. Shall he be so ever.

Clym. And to kill the marcellus,

There are many Caesars,

But seek them up to the topmost. A kind of companion

Cesar made here; but made not here his brag Of, came, and one, and overcome; with shame (The first that ever took it, he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten: and his shippling,

Poor ignorant babbles) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells moved upon their surgings, creek'd As sweetly against our rocks: for joy whereas, The land Cymbeline, who was once at point Of (gigant fortune) to master Caesar's sword, Made Lettis town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britomart with much courage.

Loc. 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 Caesars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to one such straight arms, none.

Clym. Shall we have yet many among us can gripe So hard as Cassiaris: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from us 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.

Clym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free; Caesar's ambition

(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch This side the world,) against all colours, here Did put the yoke upon; which to shake off, Became a worthy people, whom we reckoned Ourselves to be. We do our men to Caesar, Our ancestor was that Malmustine, which Ordain'd our laws; whose was the sword of Caesar Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and frays.

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, (Though Rome be therefore angry;) Malmustine, Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd Himself a king.

Loc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar (Caesar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) his enemy: Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion, In Caesar's name proceeding from me; look For fury not to be resisted.—Thus did I, thank thee for my self.

Clym. Thou art welcome, Caesar.

Clym. Caesar! Caesar! I have met the virgin, and she,

She's well enough:—my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honour Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,

Believes me at utterance; I am perfect, That the Thesmophoria and Dardania, To it is liberty; is now in areas; a present

Which, not to read, would show the Britons

Clym. Caesar! nay, and find them.

Loc. Caesar! Caesar! Let proof speak.

Ple. What monster's he amongst you? or is it Leonatus? O master! what a strange infection.

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

Enter Pisanio.

Ple. How! with all tidings of any news you take of me.
Cymbeline

ACT IV

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Heiress: Let him be so entertained among you, as suits, with gentleness of your knowing, as a stranger, amongst you all. He is better known to this gentleman; whom I command you, as a noble friend of mine. Here he will have to appear hereafter, rather than stay him in his own hearing.

Posthumus. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when have I been debtor to you for entertainments, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Posthumus. Sir, you owe me your royal kindness: I was glad I did some of my countrymen and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as been such love, upon importance of an slight and trivial nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young gentleman: rather, I should say, to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my modest judgment, I do not say it is impossible, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

Posthumus. Faith, yes, be to put to the abridgment of swords; and by such laws, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, we have fallencobit.

Posthumus. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Posthumus. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, 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 observation) he was more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualify'd, and less attemptable, than any the rearest of our ladies in France.

Posthumus. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worse out.

Posthumus. She has her virtues still, and I my mind.

Posthumus. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Posthumus. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adverse, yet, her friend.

Posthumus. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Posthumus. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my wives.

Posthumus. What do you esteem it at?

Posthumus. More than the world enjoys.

Posthumus. Either your unapparelled mistress is dead, or she's outgird'd by a trube.

Posthumus. 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.

Posthumus. Which the gods have given you?

Posthumus. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Posthumus. You may wear her in trine course: but, you know, strange foul light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your house of uninsured calamities, the one is lost, and the other a knave's usage: or a that away accomplished monster, would itself gainsay both of his crimes.

Posthumus. Your faith concludes me to ascribe, of a countern, to convince the honour of my mistress in this term term her fragile. I do nothing, else, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I am at my rings.

Posthumus. Let us leave here, posthumus.

Posthumus. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy judge, we are familiar at first.

Posthumus. With five times so much convenience, which you imagining so reserved, her go back, even to the yielding, and I consent, and an opportunity to friends.

Posthumus. I dare, therefore, pawn the most of my estate to your ring: which, in my opinion, over-values it sometimes in you, that you have rather against your comeliness, than the occasion: and, to bear your omission hence, I durst attempt it against any my acquaintance.

Posthumus. You are a great deal advised in this transaction; and I could not now expense with another such occasion.

Posthumus. What is that?

Posthumus. Through you, if you call it, please me no more.

Posthumus. Gentlemen, enough of this: it seems too suddenly; yet it is as it was done, and, I pray you, let's consider.

Posthumus. Would I had put by my state, and my neighbour's, on the apprehension of what I have spouse.

Posthumus. What lady would you choose to end this?

Posthumus. Yours; whose constant, you think stands so safe. I will lay you the thousand ducats to your ring, that, command me is 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 others.

Posthumus. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger: to part it, I would not.

Posthumus. No, but a friend, and to win the wince.

Posthumus. If you buy ladies' such as a million, a rascal cannot preserve it from burning: But, I see you have some religious influence in you, that you fear.

Posthumus. This is but a cause in your tongue; you hear a graver purpose, I hope.

Posthumus. The state of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Posthumus. Will you then—-I shall bring my diamond if you please: I have, and your lady should be more convenient between us: My mistress exceed in goodness the beguishment of your unworthy thinking: I die you to this match; here's my ring.

Posthumus. I will have it no bay.

Posthumus. By the gods, it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest Lady's part of your mistress, my thousand ducats are yours; as is your thousand too. If I come off, and have here no such honour as you have trust in, you judge, by your jewel, and my gold are yours—-you have my recommendation, for my more entertainment.

Posthumus. I embrace these conditions: let these articles bewit us:—only, thus for you, and answer. If you make your voyage upon, and give me directly to understand how you prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she's not worth our debate: if she remain unsaid, I know not whether it appears to you, or I, by any ill opinion, and the assault you have made on her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Posthumus. Your hand: a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and sought away for Britain; but the bargains should...
SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Corinna.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers; make haste: Who has the note of these dogs?

Corinna. They are mine.


Corinna. Yes, madam; [Aside] Exempt now, master doctor; have you brought those dogs?

Corinna. Follow your highness; ay, here they are, madam: [Presenting a small box.] But I beseech your grace without offence; my commands to have these most poisonous compounds, which are the very movers of a lingering death.

Queen. Yes, though slow, slowly?

Corinna. Then ask'st thou such a question? Have I not said,

That thy prophecy I hast not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? Alas! I promise thee, yet,

That our great king himself could not save me.

For my confessions! Having thus far proceeded,

Unless then think'st me devilish, let 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 some human;

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Affirmations to their fate; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

Corinna. Your highness shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

Queen. Think how these effects will be.

Enter Flavia.

Flavia. O, content thee.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon his

Will I first work: he's for his master.

Flavia. Your service for this time is ended.

Takes your own way.

Corinna. I do suspect you, madam;

That you shall do no harm.

[Aside] Queen.

Mark thee, a word.

[Exit Flavia.

Corinna. [Aside] I do not like her. She don't think

Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her counsel with

A drug of such damnable nature. Thus, she has, will

Simply and will the same awhile;

Which first, prevaricates, she will prove on hate,

And then afterward my higher: but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes.

More than the beckoning up the spirit in time.

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fast'd

With a most false effect; and I the true,

So to be taken with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,

U ntil I send for thee.

[Exit Flavia.

Queen. Woe'st she will, what's she does? Doth

Thou think, in time

She will not quench, and let insurances suite

Where folly now may seem? 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 and lives, and honors

Is at last grasp: Restor her her son, not,

Continue where he is: to shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another:

And every day, that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him: What shall thou expect,

To be so tender on a thing that shall be

Further, to what her son?n has no friends.

The Queen draws a Box: Flavia takes it up.

To much as hast to prop him—Then let 'er, she,

Whom thou'st not what but take it for thy honor.

It is a thing I made, which has the king

Five times redeem'd from death: I don't know

What is more corrupt—Say, I pray thee, take it:

It is an earnest of a farther favor. As thou

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from myself.

Think what a chance she chanced on; but think

That thou hast thy mistress still: to beat my son,

Who shall take notice of that; I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou'st desire; and then myself, I chiefl

That set thee on this desert, am bound

To lead thou merit richly.

Flavia. I am thy women:

Think on my words. [Exit Flavia. A man and

constant honor.

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master.

And the remembrance of her, to hold

The bans that to her love;—I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her.

Of fingers for her sweet; and which she, other.

Except she bear her honour, shall be sown'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too. So, so—well done, well done:

The viols, cornamis, and the primrose,

Hear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Flavia;

Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio and Ladies.

[Aside] But when to my good heed I prove untrue,

I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

Imogen. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;

A Courtier true to a wretched lady

That hath her husband banish'd—O, that has

My suspiring Crown of grief! and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been the stiletto;

In my two hands, happy! but most miserable

Is the design that's glorious! Blessed be these,

How mean these, and have their common wills

With this that does it.—No, may this be false!

Enter Pisanio, and Flavia.

Flavia. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;

Comes from my lord with letters.

Pisanio. Change you, madam? Is the worthy Lucius in the city?

And greets your highness sincerely.

Flavia. [Presents a Letter.]

Imogen. You are kindly welcome. Thanks; good sir.

Enter. All of her, that is out of door, most richly.

[Aside.] If the be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

Like as is the Arabian bird: and I

Have lost the wager. Ishness be my friend!

Arm me, adversity, from head to foot;

Or; like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.

Rather, directly fly.

[Reads.]—He is one of the noblest naths, to whose knowledge I am most infinitely glad. Harry was in him accounting as he should, for the sake of your trust.

Letter.
Revenge!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that bakes mine ears)
Must not in base abuse, if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Live like Diana's priest, before cold showers;
When I am running down my ramp, I
In your despite, upon your purse: Revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that cornucopia to your bed;
And will continue fast to your divisions,
Still close, as sure.

What, ho, Pisanio! Pisanio! Let me serve you, sir.

Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that hear me.

I have attended thee.—If thou were honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue; or
For such a rate thou wouldst seek it, as base as strap
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
镕’t he a lady, that disowns
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted;
Of thy assault: if he shall think it ill,
CYNTHIA. 655

I had a hundred pound on’t. And then a whoreson jackass must make me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. Lord. What set her by that? You have broke his jaw with your words.

2. 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. Lord. No, my Lord; nor [aside] crop the ear of them.

Clo. Whereon dog—i do him satisfaction?

2. Lord. To have smiled like a fool. [Aside.]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the world—A pax o’t! I had rather not be so sensible as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-ass hath his belly full of cutting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2. Lord. You are a cock and capon too: and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.]

Clo. Sayest thou?

2. 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. Lord. Ay, it is for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

2. Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that’s come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I do not know one.

2. Lord. He’s a strange fellow himself; and knows it not. [Aside.]

Clo. There’s an Italian come; and, I think, one of Leonatus’s friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he’s another, whatsoever be his name. Who told you of this stranger?

1. Lord. One of your lordship’s pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in’t?

2. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your peers 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. Lord. I’ll attend your lordship.

[Exit Clo. and 2nd Lord.]

That such a crotty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that runs all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave thirteen. Alas, poor princesses, Thou divine Imagin, what thou endurest! Retains a father by thy step-dame govern’d; A mother hourly crying plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul repulsion is Of thy dear husband, thou, that horrid act Of the divorce he’d make! The heavens hold firm walls of thy deep unhappy soul, That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand, To enjoy thy banish’d lord, and this great land.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attendant.

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 since; mine eyes are weak:—Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed.
Enter Clemen and Lords.

Clop. Your lordship is the most patient man in the world; the most silent that ever turn'd up at once.

Clop. It would make any man cold to lose one like him.

Clop. But every man patience, after the nobility of your birthday; you are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clop. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish image I should have gold enough; It's almost morning, is not it?

Clop. Day, my lord.

Clop. If I would this music come; I am advised to give her music tomorrow; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Clop. Come on: I can if you can penetrate her with your song, so I will try with words too: If some will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'ER. First, a very excellent good companion thing, and I hope a very rational rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

[Enter Clemen and Clop.]

Clop. Here's not the look at heaven's gate deeps, And Phoebus' eyes arise

Clop. Soft o'er the world as the tender springs, Ov'ershadow'd flowers that lie:

Clop. With every thing that pretty blest

Clop. My lady sweet, arise.

Clop. So, get you gone; If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: If it do not, I am a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and eagle-guts, nor the voice of suppliant crotchets can never amaze. [Exeunt Clemen and Clop.]

Enter Clemen and Clop.

Clop. Here comes the king.

Clop. I saw glad, I was up in haste: for lest the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, solicitously. Good morning to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Clop. Attend you here the door of our stormy story?

Clop. Will she not forth?

Clop. I have showed her with much, but she shows me her squint.

Clop. The eyes of heranimation is too slow;

Clop. She hath not yet forgot him; some sort since, And then she's yours.

Clop. Queen. You are most bound to the king;

Clop. You go by no wanton stays, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Prance yourself

Clop. With aptness of the unseen: make emblems Increase your services: so sum, as if You were inspired to do those thing which You tender to her; that you show all her, Save when command to your dismission stands, And then you are sensible.

Clop. Sometimes I not.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassador from Scenio; The one is Caesar Lucien.

Clop. A worthy fellow, About he comes on angry purpose now;

Clop. But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his wands; And towards himself his goodness in no case We must extend our notice.—Our dear seer, When you have given good morning to your mistress.

Clop. Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman—Come, our queen.

[Exit Clop. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clop. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave! [Exeunt.]

Clop. I know her women are about her; What if I do line one of their hands? To gold Which boys adulates; off it dash; yes, and makes

Clop. I aver, false demonstrations; yield up Their deed to the stand of the watch; and the gold Which makes the true man kill'd; and save the Nary, sometime, hangs both thief and true man!

Clop. 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. [Kneel.]
SCENE IV.  Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Chlo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Chlo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more. Than one, whose tedious task, as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of: What's your kindred?

Chlo. Your lady's person: I am ready.

Lady. To keep her chamber.

Chlo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How may I say good name? I must report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princes—

Enter Imagen.

Chlo. Good morrow, fair gentlestate: Your sweet hand.

Imagen. Good morrow, sir: You say out too much praise

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

Is willing you that I am poor of thanks;

And scarce can spare them.

Chlo. Yes, if you but said so, there we have deep with you:

If you swear well, your recompense is still

That I regard it not.

Chlo. This is no answer.

Imagen. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me, and

I shall unfeel equal discourtesy

To your less kindness; one of your great knowledge

Should learn, being taught, endurance.

Chlo. To leave you in your madness, know my name

I will not.

Imagen. Fools are not true folk.

Chlo. As I am mad, I do.

Imagen. If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That more is both. I am untried, sir;

You put me to forget a lady's manners;

By being so verbal; and leave 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 back of charity

To grace myself? I hate you; I had rather

You fell, than make not my bent.

Chlo. You sin against

Obligence, which owes your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch

With states and legacies in small fortune's house.

With whom the court, it is a contract, inward;

And though it be allowed in custom parties,

Yet who, dear, in more mine I to have their souls

(On whom there is no more dependency)

But trust and legacies in small fortune's house;

Yet you are cur'd of that enslavement by

The consequences of the warren: and must and all

The precious note of it with a base slave,

A holding for alivy, a spouse's death,

A paradox, not so eminent.

Imagen. Profane fellow.

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thou wast too base

To be his groom: thou wast dignified,

Even to the point of cold, if Smirke made

Comparative for your virtues, to be sty'd

The under-hangman of his kingdom; and haste

For being faster's so well.

Chlo. The south-fog rot him.

Imagen. He never can meet more misfortune than come

To be but man's Witt of this. His moment garment,

That ever hath but elbow'd his breast, is sever

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

Wore they all made each man.—How now, Philippo?

Enter Philippo.

Chlo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imagen. Trustily my woman this the present

Chlo. His garment?

Imagen. I am surprized with a foot;

Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, but my woman

Search for a jewel, that I love casually

Half lost among; it was thy mother's: 'twas shrieve

me.

If I would les it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw this morning: Confident I am,

Last night I saw mine arm am; I kind it:

I hope, it be not long:

That I timed ought not be.

Imagen. Twill not be lost.

Chlo. I hope so: go, and search.

Imagen. [Exit Philippo.]

Chlo. You have a good—

Imagen. His moment garment?

Chlo. Ay: I said so, sir.

If you will make his action, will witness tell

Chlo. I will inform your father.

Imagen. Your mother too:

She's no good lady; and my conscience, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discount.

Imagen. [Exit Philippo.]

Chlo. I'll be reveng'd.—[Exit Philippo.]

SCENE IV.

Rom. An Apartment in Palladio's House.

Enter Perdix and Philippo.

Perdix. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure

To win the thing, as I am told, her honour

Will return here.

What means do you make to him?

Phil. Not any; but abide the change of time;

Quicks in the present winter's state, and wish

That warmer days come: in these he'd

barely grudgy his love; they falling,

I must dis rack the dearer.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,

Carpys all I can do. By this, your king

that heard of great Angonzo; Claudio Lucio

will in his command throughout: And I think,

He'll grant the tribute, and the arrangement,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

is yet fresh in their grief.

Phil. I do believe

(Statue though I am alone, nor like to be),

That this will prove a war; and rom shall hear

The legions now in Galia, sumer landed

in our over-running Britain, than have tidings

Of any petty aspects paid. Our countrymen

Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar

Smirke'd at their lack of skill, but found their

army

Worthy his borrowing at: Their discipline

(Now united with their courage) will make

known

To their approbation, they are people, such

That need open the world.

Enter Iachino.

Phil. See Iachino? 

Perdix. The swiftest hartes have posted you by,

And winds of all the corners kind'd your sails,

To make your vessel simile.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Perdix. I hope, the beasrevise of your answer made

The swifness of your return.

Phil. Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd open.

Perdix. Ami, there's no, the bonn' or her beauty
Look through a current to allure false hearts, And be false with them.

Post. Here are letters for you.

Jack. Their honour good, I trust. 

Phil. Was Calpurnia in the Britain court, When you were there? 

Jack. He was expected them.

Post. But not approach'd.

Jack. All is well yet.

Phil. Pray touch this stone as it was won't or is't not too good for your good waiting? 

Jack. 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 sight of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. 

Post. The stone's too hard to be carv'd.

Phil. Never whit, Your lady's being so easy.

Jack. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport; I hope, you know that we Must not continue friends. 

Phil. Good sir, we must. 

Post. This is your servant. I have not brought The knowledge of your mistress home. I grant We were to question further; but I knew Presently myself the manner of her honour, Together with your ring; and not the wrangler of it; so, we proceeded fast. 

Jack. By God's will.

Post. If you can make it apparent That she has tasted her in bed, in mind, And ring laymen; if not, the foot opinion You had of her pure honour, grace, or loss, Your sword, or mine; or matterless leaves both To who shall find them. 

Phil. Sir, my circumstances being so near the truth, as I will make them, Mon first induces 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. 

Phil. First, her bed-chamber. (Where, I confess, I slept not; but, professed, Had that was well worth watching.) It was hang'd.

Post. With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Circuana, when she met her Roman, And Cydus swell'd above the banks, or the Press of boats, or press of a piece of war. So bravely done, so rich, that it did arrive In workmanship, and value, which, I wonder'd, Could be so long and exactly wrought, Since the ring lite was not—

Jack. This is true.

Phil. And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other.

Jack. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

Phil. So much.

Post. Or do your honour injure. 

Jack. The chimney Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, Ghostly Diana, bating: never say I figures So likely to report themselves: the under Was as another nature, dream; outcast her, Motion and breath left out. 

Jack. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap; Being, as it is, much spoke of. 

Phil. The roof of the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andurians (I had forget them,) were two whirling Cupids Of silver, each on corner standing, nearly Depressing on their brands. 

Phil. This her honour! 

Post. Let it be granted, you have never this (and praise Be given to your remembrance,) the description Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves The wager you have laid.

ACT II.

Jack. Thon, if you can,

Phil. Put out the brand. 

Jack. Be false; I fear but love to air this jewel: And new up! up again! it must be mad. To that your diamond? I'll keep them. 

Post. Once more let me beseech it: Let it be. 

Jack. In this, but, or I had. 

Phil. Sir (I thank him,) that's right. 

Post. She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet:

Jack. Your proper action did console her grief. 

Post. And yet sorrow'd it too; she gave it me, and said, She prid'd it since. 

Phil. May be, she should'd it off. 

Post. To send it me.

Jack. She writes so to you? Does she? 

Post. O, no, no, no; you lie. 

Jack. She true? You took this too? 

Phil. It is a test. Here, take this too.

Post. The ring.

Phil. I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy A second sight of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. 

Post. The stone's too hard to be carv'd.

Phil. Never whit. 

Jack. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport; I hope, you know that we Must not continue friends. 

Phil. Good sir, we must. 

Post. This is your servant. I have not brought The knowledge of your mistress home. I grant We were to question further; but I knew Presently myself the manner of her honour, Together with your ring; and not the wrangler of it; so, we proceeded fast. 

Jack. By God's will.

Post. If you can make it apparent That she has tasted her in bed, in mind, And ring laymen; if not, the foot opinion You had of her pure honour, grace, or loss, Your sword, or mine; or matterless leaves both To who shall find them. 

Phil. Sir, my circumstances being so near the truth, as I will make them, Mon first induces 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. 

Phil. First, her bed-chamber.

Post. With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Circuana, when she met her Roman, And Cydus swell'd above the banks, or the Press of boats, or press of a piece of war. So bravely done, so rich, that it did arrive In workmanship, and value, which, I wonder'd, Could be so long and exactly wrought, Since the ring lite was not—

Jack. This is true.

Phil. And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other.

Jack. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

Phil. So much.

Post. Or do your honour injure. 

Jack. The chimney Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, Ghostly Diana, bating: never say I figures So likely to report themselves: the under Was as another nature, dream; outcast her, Motion and breath left out. 

Jack. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap; Being, as it is, much spoke of. 

Phil. The roof of the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andurians (I had forget them,) were two whirling Cupids Of silver, each on corner standing, nearly Depressing on their brands. 

Phil. This her honour! 

Post. Let it be granted, you have never this (and praise Be given to your remembrance,) the description Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves The wager you have laid.
SCENE V.

Cymbeline.

But such men up to the top-most. A kind of
composite
Cesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of rain, and, and, and, and a scrawny with shame
The flat that ever told him. He was carried
From off our coast, twice blest 30 and his shore
(Dear innocent lades! on our terrible sea,
Like sea-shells moved upon their surge, crack'd
As easily against our rocks: for joy wherein,
The true Ezzellid, who was once at point
(13) gloat fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,
Muil Luda's town with rejoicing free bright,
And Briton with courage.

Clu. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom's stronger than it was at that
one time: and, as I hear, there's no more
enemies: other of them may have crooked masts:
but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Nay, I am sure of that.

Clu. We have yet many among us canrière
as hard as Cymbeline: do not say, I am one;
but I have no more.-Why tribute? Why should we
pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from
us with a blanket, or just 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
The tribute from us, we were free; Caesar's ambici-
(Which would be so much that it did almost stretch
The sides of the world,) against all colours here
Did put the gate open, which to brake
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
themselves to be. We do say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Midnights, which
Ordain our laws; whose sword the sword of Caesar
Hath so much mangled: whose reaper, and
forms, for ever.

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed;
(Though Rome be then free angry) Midnights,
Who was the true friend of Britons, which did put
Hercules within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Cym. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Cesar,) that hath more kings in his servitude
Than Thyself: but, in the end, he
(Receive it from me, then,-War, and confusion,
In Caesar's name pronounce I against thee; look
For they not to be resisted.-Thus dead,
I think thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Luc. Cesar knighted me: my youth I spent
Much noble labour; of him I with bold honour:
Wish he as from me again, perform;
Bolster me keep at amplitude: I am perfect,
To the Roman, Britons, and Britons, for
To the Britons, arms are now in arms, a prevalent
Which, but to read, would show the Britons
the only.

No Caesar, shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Cym. He that speaks false to my youth,
In settings with us a day, or two: longer
If you seek us, and so in other terms, of course you shall
find us in our queller: if you beat me out
Of it, it's yours: if you fall in the adventure,
Our arms shall have the better for you; and

Cym. Luc. Luc. Cym. I show you Caesar's pleasure, and he
the only.

All the moment is, watch me. 

SCENE II.

Cey. Another Room in the same. Enter Fisone.

Piz. How! of adultery! wherefore write you

What monster's her accuser? - Letnamitho!
O master! what a strange infection
Cymbeline

Act II.

Is fallen unto thy fate! What false Italian
(As poisonous as a snake) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyd! No:
She's too happy for her task; her charms,
More godlike than wise, like wild, such assassins
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now agreeable, as were
Thy fortunes.—How shall I know her death?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have seal'd to thy command?—I, her!—her blood?
If it be to do good service, never
Let me forget, nor seek how look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this in me comes to 1 Do?—

'Tis true;

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall gain thee this occasion. Go stand there
Black as the ink thy pen, on these! Senseless blood,
Art thou a fool, for this act, and lookst
The virginlike without?—Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. No.
How now, Pisanio?—Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord. Is.
Isam. O, thy lord! that is my lord! Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed was 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 of love, of life,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are amiable, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are medicable) that is one of them.
For it doth physic love:—of his content,
All but in that!—Good war, thy leaf: He'd be
Yield'd too, the burden, that make these lack of counsel
Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Thought forc'd of me, as I cast you in your lot,
You clam young Cupid's tables. Good news
Go!—Read.

Justice, and your father's worth, should be
Take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel
to me as you, as the least of creatures, would
And even worse than I, in my time. Take notice
That I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven;
What your own love will, out of this, edit
you follow. So, he wishes you all happy here;
That remaining loyal to his vow, and yours,
Increasing in love, IONATUS INTHUMUS
O, for a horse with wings!—Hearst then, Pisanio!

He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me
How tratast thine heart. It is one of mean affairs
May stand it a week, why may not I.
Glide thither in a day!—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who bring'd me like to me, to see thy lord;—yet long't)
O, let me hate,—but not like me,—yet long't.
But in a manner kind!—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond!—say, speak thick:
(Love's counsellor should fill the boxes of hearing
To the amothering of the sense;) how far it is
To this same bosom 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 map
That we shall make in time from our own counsel,
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get
him.

Why should excurse be born or be begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. By'the, speak,
How many miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour?—Pis. One score, twixt sun and sun,
Marching, 'tis enough for you; and too much too.

I know, one that robs to the execution, man.

Could never go no slow: I have hard of rising
waggon,
When horses have been smaller than the oaks
That cut the clock's behalf. But this is folly;
Go, bid my woman learn a woman; say
She'll home to her father; and give me, presently,
A riding suit; as cooler than would fit
A franklin's drabber's life.

Pis. Madam, you're lost completely.
Jno. I see before me, man, no here, nor not.
Now you can see; but he has a leg to him,
That I cannot look through. Away, Sirjohn; Do
As I bid thee:—There's no man is more
Accessible to me but Milford-Haven.

SCENE III

WALES. A mountainous country with a sea

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A good day not to keep horses, with such
Whose roof's as low as our ears! Stoop, boys! This
Instructs you how to adore the horses; and how you
To tomorrow's holy office. The gates of countries
Are arch'd so high, that horses may get through.
And keep their impious terrors on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Bel. Ha! still he burns.
We house it the rock, yet one not so hardy
As ponder lives do.

Glo. Ha! hell heaven!—Hell heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to you

Your legs are young; I'll teach these last Conside.
When you more perceive me like a crow
That it is place which lessons, and set off
And you may then resolve what tale I have told
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not servile, as being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend them.
Draws' a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharpest battle in a longer hold.
That is the full-wing's case. O, this life
Is nothing, than attending a client.
Richer, than doing nothing for a brute;
Prouder, than rustling in splendid arms
Such gall of the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncared:—to live to ours.
Out. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor

Have never wing'd from view of the next, nor
Not known.

What's from home. Haply, this life is best,
Yet quiet life is best; sweeter to you.

Bel. Behold a sharper known: well corresponding
With your swift pace: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling air;
A prison for a disgrace, that does not dare
To stride a limit.

Arvir. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall have
The rain and wind beat hard December, bow,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? we have been nothing;
We are beastly: subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valor is, to chase what flies; our caps
We make a quire, as cloth the prison tides,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.

Did you but know the city's noises.
And the state's importance: the art of the court.
As hard to leave, as to keep: we scarce top of climb.
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The forward fall not; nor the fallen to the boy;
A man that only seems to seek out danger.
SCENE IV.  
CYMBELINE.  

I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies,  
I' the search;  
And by and by an endless summer.  
As soon as fair set; may, may, may, thou live,  
Dost ill serve by doing well; what's worse,  
Man's nature at the creature—O, leaves, this story  
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd  
With Roman swords; and my report was once  
First with the rest of Rome: Cymbeline lov'd me;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not out of print: Then I was a live,  
Whose laugh did bend with fruit: but in one night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, may, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.  

Cai.  

Uncertain favour!  

Sed.  

My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft),  
But that two villains, whose false names prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
I was confident with the Romans; so,  
Fellow'd my punishment; and, this twenty years,  
This rock, and these desuances, have been my world  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
Money infinite debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time—But up to the mountains.  

This is not bowers' language: He, that strikes  
The version first, shall be the lord of the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister;  
And we will bear no reason, which contends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valley.  

[Exeunt Cymbeline and Attendants.  

How love it, to hide the sparks of violence!  
These boys know little, they are sons to the kings;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think, they are dead:  

Thy cage, wherein they lay, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces: and nature pourest them,  
As simple and low things, to prince it, much  
Beyond the track of others. This Pulteney,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Brabant; wherein  
The king his father call'd Guideline,  
When he was young and great; his son,  

Took from his hands his dress, and all  
The warlike Sears. I have done, his spirits fly out.  
Into my story:—Thus mine enemy felt:  
And thus I act my father's and my mother's  
The prince's hand, and in his cheek, he swears,  
Strains his young navel, and puts himself in  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Caius  

(Oncus Avenger), be as a figure,  
Sterlike life into his speech, and show much more  
Hisrown conviving. Mark the game is round be—  
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience,  

Knows, Thou didst mistly banish me thence,  
At three, and twos years old, I state these fables;  
Thinking to bear them of sentence, as  
Then revel'd me of my hands. Examine,  
Thou wast their cause! 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.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE V.  

Near Milford Haven.  
Enter Pisanio and Imogen.  

Pisa.  

Then told'st me, when we came from  

[house, the place:  

Was never at hand!—Never long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have reason—Pisanio! Macs!  

Where is Posthumus? What is he in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  

From the inward of this? One, but painted face,  
Would be interpreted a thing people's  
Beyond self-exploration; Put thereby  
Into a humour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vex'd my situation. What's the matter?  
Why rushest thou through that paper to me, with  
A look intender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winter, these need not  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
hand!  

That dragoons! I' the bath out-craft'd him,  
And he's at some hard point—Speak, man; say 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.  

Iso.  

[Reads.] Thy master, Pisanio, hath  
played the strumpet in my bed; the tidemakers  
whoare the blowing in me. I speak out of  
weak scruples; but from proof as strong as my  
life, and as certain as I expect my revenues.  
That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if my  
faith he not untainted with the branch of her.  
Let these own hands take away her life: I'll give  
the opportunities at Milford Haven; she hath  
my letter for the purpose; Where, if thou fear  
to think, to make me certain it is done, thou  
art the ponderer to her dishonour, and equally  
to me abased.  

Pis.  

What shall I need to draw my sword?  

The paper hath cut her throat already.—No, lie slander;  
Women's edge is sharper than the sword; whose  


tongue  

Outworn all the words of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the pestling winds, and doth fell all  
All concerns of the world: kings, queens, and states.  
Maid's, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This vengeance slander softer—Woe, brother,  

Thou art false to his bed! What is it, to be false?  

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep in starck clock and still I sleep charge  

Thou breakest it with a fearful dream of him,  
And thy own conscience makes thee that false to his bed?  

Fis.  

As I stand, good lady  

Pisa.  

[Aside.] The conscience witness. In  

Imogen,  

That didst accuse him of inclemency?  

Then tock'st still as a villain; now, meekness.  
Thy favour's good enough,—Sons of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd her  

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer then to hang by the walls,  
I must be right—To place with me I—O,  

Men's vows are women's trumps! All good  

By thy rebuff, O husband, shall be thought  
Put to me villainly: not born, where's gravity?  
That were, a hell for ladies.  

Pis.  

Good morn, bear me.  

Into, true-honest men being heard, like false  

Kneels.  

Wrote, in his time, though false: and Eos's  
weeping  

But somewhat many a holy tear took pity.  

From most true worthies speak:—So then, Pisanio,  

Wilt lay the heavens on all proper men!  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perfidious,  
From thy great fault.—Come, fellow, be thou then  

Do thee thy master's bidding: when thou sent  

A little witness my silence: Look!  

I draw the sword myself: take it, and bid.
CYMELINE.

ACT II.

The innocent maiden of my love, my heart:—
Thou soul of all things, so great,
Thou master is not there; who was, is not,
Thou master of the world doth mend his fortune,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou mean'st a coward.

Fist. Rendez-vous, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Ino. What, must I 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 craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.

Sometimes a soft—soft!; we'll no defence.

Objection as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scuries of the holy Lemnos,
All turn'd to horseflesh! Away, away,
Corruptors of my faith! That shall as much more
Be stoning-seat to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers! Though those that are be

Do feel the revery sharply, yet the trailer
Stands in worse case of wo.

And yet, I think, thou that dost set up
My disobedience against the king my father,
And make my part in contempt the pride
Of omivilty follows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of reason; and I give ear, ear.
To think, when thou shalt be hang'd by her
That now thou'lt die on, how thy memory
Will then be pangs—by her!—Pyrites, dispatch.

The lamb mangles the butcher; Where's thy knife?

Thus art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Ino. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

I'mt. I'll wake mine eyelids blind first.

Ino. Wherefore then
Dis't undertake it? Why hast thou so much,
So many miles with a preference? This place?
Mine action, and thine own our laws' labour
Have taught me time inviolate; I the present'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be subdue, when thou hast taken thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

I'mt. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

I'mt. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therefore struck; can take no greater wound,
Nor text to letters that But speak.

I'mt. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Ino. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

I'mt. 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 the present'd court;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

I'mt. Some Roman courier.

I'mt. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some secretly sign'd; for'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Ino. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where? How long live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

I'mt. If you'll back to the court,—
SCENE V.
Cymbeline.

My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence; And am right sorry, that I must report ye My master's enemy. 
Cy. Our subjects, sir. 
Will not endure his yokes: and for ourself To show less severity than they, must needs Appear unkind. So, sir, I desire of you A conference over hand, to Mithridat Haver— Madam, all joy befell your grace, and you. 
Cy. My lords, you are appointed for that office; The disc is now in ye point again. 
So, farewell, noble Lucius. 
Luc. 1 your hand, my lord. 
Cy. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as ye command. 
Luc. Sir, the event Is yet to come the winner; Fare ye well! 
Cy. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords, Till he have crested the Sorens—Happiness! [Exit Lucius, and Lords. 
Ques. He goes hence trow'ing: but it moves That we have given him cause. 
Cy. The all the better My rightful Britons have their wishes in it. 
Cy. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It is not what we thought: Our choicest and most necessary be in readiness: The powers that he already hath in Thrace Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain. 
Ques. The not sleepy business; But must he look'to specially, and strongly. 
Cy. Our expectation that it would be slow, Much made us forward. But, methinks, queen, 
Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared! 
Before the Roman, nor to us hath told us. 
The duty of the day: She looks us like A thing more made of fasting, than of day: We have not lost it. Call her before us: for We have been too slight in suffrance. [Exit an Attendant. 
Ques. Royal air, 
Since the exile of Posthumus, most strict: 
Hast her life been? the care whereof, my lord, The time must do. "Hast thou forseen thy wife?" Forbear sharp speeche to her: she's a lady 
So tender of rainsiers, that words are strokes, And stripes death to her. 
Re-enter an Attendant. 
Cy. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd? 
[Exit Cy. 
Her chambers are all lock'd: and there's no answer. 
That shall be told to the booth of noise we make 
Queen. My lord, when last we went to visit her, She prov'd our care her keeping close; Wherein confidant by her intimacy, 
She should that duty leave unapp'd to you, 
Which daily she was bound to perform; this 
She wish'd me to make known: but our great court 
Made me to blame in memory. 
Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late? Great, heaves, that which I Fear prove false! [Exit Queen. 
Ques. So, I say, follow the king. 
Cy. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant, 
I have not seen these two days. 
Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Cloten. 
Pisanio, thou that standst so for Posthumus— Hold with a sharp glance, his absence, 
Posed by swallowing that; for he lassures It is a thing most precious; but for her, 
Where is she gone? fable, deepest has hush'd her. 
Of wing'd with favour of her love, she's born 
To her dear'd Posthumus. Gone she is To death, or to discourse, and my end Can make good man's: not being down, I have the playing of the British crown. 

Re-enter Cloten. 
How now, my son? 
Cla. The curst she, she is fled! 
Go in, and cheer the king: he sages: none 
 Dare come about him. 
Ques. All the letter; May this night foresaw him of the coming day! 
[Exit Queen. 
Cy. I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal; And that she hath all charmsly parts more expiates Than lady, ladies, women; from every one 
The less she hath, and she, of all compound, Counsell'd them all: I love her therefore: But, Dismayning me, and browning favours on The low Posthumus, slanders on her judgment, That what's else rare, is cheek'd; and, at that point, I will conclude to hate her, say, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when foes 

Enter Pisanio. 
Shall—who is here? What art thou packing, sirrah? 
Come hither:—Ah, you precious pandar! 
Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word! or else Thou art straitway with the fiends. 
Pis. Her! 
Cla. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, 
I will not ask again. Come villain! I'll have this stone from thy heart, or rip. 
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? 
From whence so many weights of business cancel A fram of worth be drawn. 
Pis. Also, my lord, 
How was she be with him? When was she made? 
He is in Rome. 
Cla. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; 
No further balking; satisfy me hence, 
What is becoming of her? 
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord! 
All-worthy villain! 
Discover where thy mistress is, at once. 
At the next word:—No more of worthy lord,— Shew, or else, for the purpose's sake, Thy condemnation and thy death. 
Pis. This paper is the history of my knowledge. 
Touching her Right. [Presenting a Letter. 
Cla. Let's see it—! I will possess her Even to Augustus Thores. 
Pis. Or this, or perish! 
She's far enough; and what she knows by Athis, 
May prove his travel, not her danger. 
Cla. [Reads. 
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O, moan, 
Safe may't she wander, safe return again! 
[Exit Pisanio. 
Cla. Sehr, to this letter true? 
Cla. It is Posthumus' hand: I know it—Shrewd, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me some service under these employments, wherein 
I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly.—I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preference. 
Pis. Well, my good lord. 
Cla. Will thou serve me? For since patiently and commonly thou hast attack'd to the heavy fortune of that base Posthumus, thou camest not in the course of avadale but be a diligent follower of mine. With thou serv'st me? 
Pis. Sir, I will. 
Cla. Give me thy hand, here's my name— [ exits.
SCENE VI. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Ino. I see, a man's life is a tedious one; I have tired myself; and for two nights together Have laid me down on the green grass of my field. I should be sick, But that your resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Freemont show'd his head, Thou went within a ken! O Jove! I think Foundations by the wretched! such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars, told me, I could not miss my way: Will pour fruits lie, That have affections on them; knowing this A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To laps in his fulness, is sorrier, than to be need; and falsehood, is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord, Thou art one of the false ones! Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this! Here is a path to it! 'Tis some savage hold. I was best not call; I dare not call; yet famish Ere clear it withattur nhors, makes it violent. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowardice; hard to ever. Of hardening a mother—He! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage. Take, or lend.—Ha!—No answer! then I'll enter. I send to find my sword; and if my enemy won't, But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely lend it; Such a foe, good heavens! &c. &c.

Is she gone into the Cause?

Enter Belarion, Girdlerus, and Arvagius.

Bel. You, Polydore, young, but you're best wood- man, and Are master of the forest. Come, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 'in our minds, The scent of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works. Come; we must make What's humble, savoury. Western Can move upon the first, when ready such. Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peer to poor house, that keep my self. I am thoroughly every. I am weak with toil, yet strong in spirit. Yet. There is cold meat, in the cold; we'll brown on that.

Whilest what we have kill'd be cook'd, &c. &c. &c.

Stay; come out in, Loading m.

But that it ears out emotions, I shou'd, what were here a fairy.


Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon.—Behold divinities.

No other than a boy!

Enter Ino.

Ino. 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 truth, I have been bought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my wish. I would have left it on the board, as soon As I had made my meas; and parted

With peace for the provider.

Gus. Money, youth!

Are here! All gold and silver rather than to die! As tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods.

Ino. I see, you are angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have been, had I not made it. &c. &c. &c.

Whither bound?

Ino. To Milford Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Ino. Felicie, sir; I have a kinsman, who Is bound to Italy; he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen in this circumstance.

Pr'ythee, fair youth, Think of me no charms; but measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encircled! At almost night: you shall have better cheer Are you depart; and thanks to stay and eat— Boy, bid him welcome. &c. &c. &c.

Gus. Were you a woman, youth, I should won hard, but be your guest.—in he. I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. Who?

Bel. He is a man; I'll love him as my brother!— And such a welcome as I'd give to him. After long absence, such is yours!—We wel- come! Be sparingly, for you fall 'mongst friends. How are you? If brothers?—Would, it had been so that they Had been my father's sons! then had my princbeen lost; and so more equal ballasting To thee, Freemont.
CYMELINE.

SCENE II. Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guederius, Arringus, and Iomos.

Bel. You are not well! [To Iomos] remain here in the cave:
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr. Brother, stay here! [To Iomos.
Are we not brothers?

Iom. So man and man should be:
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose lust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gue. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Iom. He is not sick; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wonton, as
To seem to die, are such: So pleaseth you leave me;
Sick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Science is no comfort
To one not sensible: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me not;
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Neating so poorly.

Gu. I love thee: I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Arr. What? how? how?

Iom. If he be in thy say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's faults: I know not why
I love this wanton; and I have heard you say,
Love's reasons without reason; the bier at door
And a demand who is shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Gu. O noble strain! [Adoe, Odio.
O worthiness of nature! O bred 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 make itself, I say me—
'Tis the ninth hour of the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Iom. I wish ye sport.

Arr. Your health—So please you, sir.

Iom. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. God's
What lies I have heard?
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou dispirst reptile!
The injunctions were beast mortal; for the dish
How tributary flies as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick—Pisanio, Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gue. I could not stir him; he said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly affected, but yet honest.

Arr. 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.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Iom. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shall be ever. [Exit Iomos.

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears, he has

Good ancestors.

Gu. How near-like he sings:

Arr. But his next cookery! He eat our roots in characters:
And said'd our broths, as Jono had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Iom. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a start, as the sight,
Was that it was, for not being guise a smile;
The smile mocking the sight, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commiserate

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

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 desire the
The greats to this business: he creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cesar!

Tri. Long live Cesar, the general of the forces!

Sen. Remaining now in Gallia?

Tri. With those legions Whose I have spoke of wherever your levy
Must be supply'd; The words of your commision
Will be given to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

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 nipp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistresses, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too! the father (saving reverence of the word) for his said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Thence I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain glory, for a man and his clasp to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the line of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantages of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this impermeant thing love him in my despite. What mortality is! Pastimma, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress adopted; thy ramen cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his legacies, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied unsafe: Out, sword, and to a sound purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dare not deceive me.

[Exit.}
Cymbeline.  

ACT IV. 

Here’s a few flowers, but about midnight, 

more: 

The horse, that have on them cold dew o’ the 

night, 

Are strewing, after graces. — Upon their faces: 

You were as flowers, now fades’t; even so 

These harmless shafts, which we upon you 

show. 

Come, away: apart upon our knees. 

The ground, that gave them first, has them again. 

Their pleasures here are past, so is their 

pain. [Exeunt Brutus and And.] 

Joan. (Aside) Yes, sir, to Milford Haven: 

Which is the way? — 

1. I thank you. — By you must? — Pray, how far 

this? 

2. Old primrose — can it be six miles yet? 

I have gone all night? — Faith, I’ll say down’s 

sleep. 

3. But, sir, I’m telledalow: O, gods and god 

the sky! 

These flowers are like the pleasures of the 9 

This bloody man, the care out’t — I fit 

For, oh, I thought I was a care-keeper, 

and seek to honest creatures: But ’tis not so; 

Thus, and must I serve, and at nothing, 

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes 

are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good 

faith, 

I tremble still with fear: But if there be 

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of sky 

As a ween’s eye, hear’d gods, a part of it? 

The dream’s here still; even when I wake, it 

is with me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt, 

Headless head! — The garments of Posthumus! 

I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand, 

his feet Morivulfs; his Martial thigh, 

The bravest of Hercules; but his fmal 

Murther in heaven? — How? — Tis gone. — Post 

All corsest navied Hencula gave the Greeks, [join. 

And mine to be, be started on thee: Thou 

Conspir’d with that irregular devil, Cledon, 

Hast here out off my lord.—To write and read 

Be henceforth treacherous! — damn’d Pisania 

Hath with his forged letters. damn’d Pisania: 

From the most bravest vessel of the world 

Struck the main-top’o — Posthumus! alas, 

Where is thy head? where’s that? All me 

where’s that? 

Pisania might have kill’d thee at the heart, 

And left this head on. — How should this be? 

Pisania?] 

’Tis he, and Cledon: malice and more in them 

Have laid the world here. O, ‘tis pregnant, 

pregnant! 

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was preser 

and cordial to me, have I not found it? 

Murderous to the senses? That conveys it home: 

This is Pisania’s deed, and Cledon’s! O — 

Give colour to my pale effect with thy blood, 

That we the horror our may see to those 

Which chance is and 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 crossed the sea; attending 

You here atMilford Haven, with your ships: 

They are here in readiness. 

Luc. 

But what from Rome? 

Cap. The senate hath aim’d up the confederates, 

And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, 

That put in good martial service — and they come 

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 

Shanam’s brother. 

Luc. 

When expect you them? 

Cap. With the next benefit of the wind. 

Luc. 

This favour is not a little: 

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present 

numbers.
SCENE IV.

CYMBELINE.

A madness, of which her life’s in danger—

Hecuba.

How deeply you at once do touch me! Toogos,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars press at me: her son gone,
So at need for this present. I strike me, past
The hope of comfort—at best thee, fellow.
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem an ignorant, we’ll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Sir, my life is yours,

I hereby set it at your will. But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
Honour to raise my cruel servant.

1 Lord.

Good, my liege,
The time that she was missing, here it is:
I dare be bound he’s true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection truly.

For Cl慎重.

There wants so diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

1 Lord.

The time’s troublesome; we’ll slip you for a season; but our laudable
master’s

Does yet depend.

1 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.
O Clutos!掀起 the counsel of my son, and
Queen—
I am amaz’d with matter.

1 Lord.

Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of; come more, for more
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cynog.

I thank you: Let’s withdraw: Let’s meet the time,
As it seeks us. We fear not.

1 Lord.

What can from folly ensue us; but we
Grieve at chances here. Away. [Exeunt
Belarius, G Aaron, and Armilios.

All is well: till then, I’ll think on them.

Bel.

This present war shall find I love my country.
Even is the note of the king, as I’ll tell you.
All other deeds, by time let them be clean’d;
Furrows brings in some bolls, that are not stern.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Before the Camp.

Enter Belarius, Gaius, and Armilios.

Gaius. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Gaius. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, in look
From action and adventure?

God.

Nay, what hope
That we in hiding us this war, the common
Most or for Britain play it, or receive us
For barbarous and monstrous round.

Bel.

We’ll higher to the mountains; there secure us,
To the king’s party there’s so much news:
lessness
Of Clason’s death (two being known, not
Among the bands) may drive us as a vendor.
When we have tried; and so extract from us
That which we’ve done, whose answer would be death.

Drawn on with torture.

God.

This is, sir, a deed
In such a time—nothing becoming yes,
Not satisfying us.

Bel.

It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter’d lives, have both their eyes
And ears as clow’d imperfectly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

O. I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cleon then list young, you see, not
More than 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; eye hopeless
To have so far ward’d off; but to be still hotsummer’s innings, and
The shrinking winters of state.

Thus do I cease to be.

Pray, sir, to the army’s end and brother,
I am not known to yourself; so out of thought, and thereto so overgrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Bel.

By this sun that shines,
Pli thither.—What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look’d on blood,
But that you were there; and every wound?
Never betook a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who were no woe;
Nor learn to set the world on fire;
To look upon the holy sun; to have
The benefit of his bless’d beams, remaining
So long as a poor unsoiled
God.

Bel.

By heaven, I’ll go to
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 full on me, by
The bands of Romans.

Bel.

So say I; Amen;
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should remove
My crass’d one to more care.
Have with you, say,

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Field between the British and

Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post.

Yes, bloody cloth, I’ll keep thee; for I wish’d
That shouldn’t be coloured thus. You married ones,
Each of you would take this course, how many
Most not under wiser much better than themselves;
For wrong but a little—O, Posthumus!
Every good servant does not all commands;
He that does trouble the least wise. Gods! if you
Should have taken vengeance upon my fate, I never
Had life to put on this: so hast you saved
The noble Frame to repair; and scarce
Me, write, worse than your vengeance. But,
You match some sense for little tasks! that’s love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second life with life, each other worse;
And make them thread it to the tossing sheet.
But know not your own, O you best of lives, and
Make me bless’d to stay—I am brought
Higher among the Italian greatness, and in fight
Against my lady’s kingdom: O such rough
Then, Brutus, I have read’d my mistress peace! I’ll
Get back to our time. Therefore, good

[Exit.
B.Y. THE SCENE.

Lucius, Iachimo, and Posthumus following.

They march on, and go.

Lucius. Then enter again in secret.

Iachimo, and Posthumus. He vanquished an enmity.

Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Lucius. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom.

Takes off my mask: I have called a lady.

The princess of this country, and the air out.

Here I tell you, that I could this action.

A very draught of nature, have subdu'd me.

In my profession? Knighthoods and honours.

As I wear mine, are today but a scorn.

If part my guest, Briton, go before.

This lord, as he exceeds our lords, the odds

Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

THE BATTLE continues: the Britons fly; Cymbeline

is taken; then enter to his rescue, Belarinius, Gildarinius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but

The valour of our fears.

Gut. Are.

Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and rescues the Britons.

They rescue Cymbeline, and cover. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imonax.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself.

Por. thanks to your friends, and the cowardly such

As war were good-will'd.

Iach. 'Tis a day turn'd strangely; 'tis because

Let's reinforce, of fly.

SCENE II. Another part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Luc. Canst thou from where they made the stand?

Por. I did.

Though you, it seems, some from the fliers.

Luc. I did.

Por. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought. The king himself

Of his winged chariots, the army broken.

And but the lackeys of Helona seen, all flying

Through a strait lane; the enemy full-heard,

Lelling the tongues with slaughtering, having

More plentiful than tools to do; struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with length'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Por. Close by the battle, ditch'd on, and wash'd

with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier.

An honest one, I warrant; who daren't

Hung a breeding, as his white beard came to.
SCENE IV.

Which neither here Pll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prou’d! Lucius is taken:
’Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them:
1 Cap. Nor 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 Cap. Lay hands on him! a dog!
And Rome shall not return to tell
What crowes have peck’d them here. He brings his service.
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended; Biorian, Gudriana, Arviragus, Pescario, and Roman Captives. 

The Captains present to Cymbeline, who question them over to a tamer: after which,
all go out.

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and Two Guards.

1 Guard. You shall not now be stolen, you have
No grace, as you find pasture.
2 Guard. Ay, or assurably. [Enter Guards. Post. Most welcome, king: for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that’s sick of the gout: since he had rather
Groan in perpetuity, than be cur’d.
By the sure physician, health, who is the key
To unfast these locks. My conscience ! thou art set free!
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penuliant instrument, to pick that bolt.
There is no help for it: I am as sad
As children in tempest fathers do appear; God are more full of mercy. Must I repeat?
I cannot do it better than in yeres.
Desir’d, more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of thy grace, my poor pocket, take
Some tender receiver of my, than all my
I know, you are more demented than wise men,
Who of such wretched deities take a third.
A sixth, a tenth, letting them have again
On their assurance: that’s not my desire.
For Imogene’s dear life, take mine; and though
’Tis not so dear, yet to a life: you could it.
Twin man and man they weigh not every power.

Though light, take pieces for the figure’s sake: You rather mine, being yours: and so great
powers.

If you will take this suit, take this life,
And cure those cold hands. O Imogene! I’ll speak to thee in silence.

Posthumus. Enter, as an Aspertainian, Sibilus Leonatus, Father in Posthumus, an old
man, attired like a Warrior; standing in his
hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother
Posthumus, with Music to bear them. Then,
after Musick, follow the young Leonatus, Brothers in Posthumus, with sounds
as they died in the War. They circle Posthumus round, as they die singing.

Exeunt. No more, than thunder-master, show
Thy spit on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Jove elate,
That’s done awhile; Sinne and revenge.

Bath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I did, whilst in the woods he stay’d.
Attending Nature’s law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou能看出”father’s art,
Thou should’st, but he should skill’d him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Mark: Lucius last not me her aid,
But took me in my throes:
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying amongst his, at a time of pity.

Sib. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Misled the staffe as it might.
That he deserv’d the praise of the world,
As great Sibillia’s kin.
1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where he was
That could stand up his parallel;
Or in eye of Imogen, that best
Could decent his dignity.

2 Bro. His marriage wherefore he was knock’d,
To be exit’d and thrown.
From Leonatus seat, and cast.
From her her wonderful light,
Sweet Imogene!
Sib. Why didst thou suffer Imogene,
Sight thing of Italy,
To take his tender heart and brain.
With new-born science.
And to become the geyk and worm
Of the other’s villany.
2 Bro. For this, from siller seats we came,
Our parents, and our train.
That, striking in our country’s cause,
Pell latency, and were slain;
Our beauty, and Tamisun’s right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardyman Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perfur’d it.
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou them sojour’d
The graces for his merits due?
Being all in doleful turm’d?!”
Sib. Thy crystal window, now open; look out,
No longer exercise.
Upon a valliant race, the harab
And prudent inferences
Sib. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his injuries.
Sib. Deep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the sparing god of the rest.
Against thy side.
2 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 reginio-
Observe our hearing; thus I—How dare you, ghosts,
Assume the d瀏覽器, whose belt, you knew,
Sky-planted, batters all rebellious ghosts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence! and rest.
Upon the glassy waving banks of flowers:
Do not with mortal accidents oppose
No care of yours it is, you can, to ears.
Who best I know, I say to make my gift.
The more day’d, delighted. Be content.
Your low-laid son our goalhead will uplift:
His content thrice, his soul well are open.
Our Jovial star return’d at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fide—
He shall be lord of lady Imogene.
And happier much by his affection made.
This table lay upon his breast, wherein
His pleasure still fasten on his comfort
And so, away: no further with your din.
CYNBELINE.

ACT V.

Test you sit up mine—
Palace crystalline.

Ascend—
his accidental breath
it; the holy sage
his ascension is
is his red
this, and clings his back,

Thanks, Jupiter!irement closes, he is entered
and, in his bliss,
he is his great beheld.

[Ghostly exclamations]

Sleep, thou hast been a
and hast great
Brothers! But (Oh no, hence we see no

I am awake—Poor wretched
thee, dream, find and find, neither
is thy sleep, in favours: so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, we need not;
was our fangled work, a garment
than that it covers: let thy effects
be, to be most unlike our courtesies,
as promises.

As when a lion's whole shall, to himself,
without seeking and, be easy
be a piece of tender air: and when
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow; then shall Posthumus end his misery:
Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.

No, it is a dream; or else such stuff as madness
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or speaking
as sense cannot write. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Renter Gaders.


Good.-Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, I'll prove a good report to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Good. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more taym bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of birth: you come in faint for want of meat, the part 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 leviness; 'O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit—O the charity of a penny end! it sums up thousands in a tree: you have no true deliverer and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:
Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and coun-
ters: so the acquittance follows: in what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:
Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and coun-
ters: so the acquittance follows: in what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.

Post. I am mistress to die, than thou art to live. Good. 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 you look, sir, you know not how way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, follow.

Good. Your death has eyes in't, then; I
SCENE V.

CYMBELINE. 620

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to myself. What she confeder'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.

Cor. Pr'ythee, say.

Aft'red greatness get by you, not you;
Marry your royalty, was wise to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cor. She knew this;
And yet she spoke it dying; I would not;
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter whom you bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a worser to her sight; whose life,
But that her sight prevent'd her, she
Took off by poison.

Who is such can read a woman feels there more?
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, lust'ning,
By inches waste you. In which time she pur'ied
By watching, weeping, tend'ring, kissing:
To wake 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 ever by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd in despite
Of heaven and men, her pursuers: rejected
The ends she hod, nor but effect'd: so
Despairing, died.

Cor. Heard you all this, her women?

Cor. We did, so may your highness's reign,
Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Marry, that heart began to my very heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
To have men estim'd her; yet, O my daughter!
That it was fully in me, then my 's say,
And prove it in thy fidelity. Heaven mend all!

Cor.IV. Lucius: Lichim, the Swede, and other
Roman Princes, guarded: Posthumus behind,
And Imogen.

Then comm'd not, Cacus, now for tribute; that
The Britons have exist, though with the fire
Of many a cold look; whose absence have made out,
That their good souls may be apprais'd with daughter
If you your captives, which ourself have granted; So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident I had it gone with me,
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 undone, let it come: suffestich,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on it: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, My boy, a Briton born,
Lest he be unworthy: never master had
A page so kind, so duttious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So fast, so miracle; let him virtue join
With my request, which I will make bold, your subsequent

Cor. I have surely sent 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
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Firmly heav'ry, and thy state, I'll give it; I,
Yes, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest in: I humbly thank thy highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
Ino.

No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Hitter to me as death: thy life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy dissemble me,
He leaves me, scorns me: I briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys?
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cor. Of some it would bethe, boy? I see more and more; and more
More; and more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him then look'at
Ino. What's his eye like?—thy friend?
Luc. He is a Roman: no more kin to me,
Thun to thy highness; who, being born thy
Ward, am something nearer.

Cor. Wherefore cry'st he so?

Ino. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please,
To give me hearing.

Cor. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Cor. Post.

Luc. That art thy master; Walk with me; speak freely.

Ino. For I know'st that I am the youth,
That art thy master.

Post. Is it my mistress?—[Aside.]

Cor. She is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[Cor. and Ino. come forward.

Cor. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, To ich] step
You forth—
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which's our honour, bitter torture shall
Win now the truth from falsehood.—On, speak
To him.

Ino. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?—[Aside.]

Cor. Cymbeline. That diamond upon your finger, say.

How came it yours?

Post. Then 'tis true; I have unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cor. How I say?

Ino. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Cor. Twixt the ground with those hear more, my lord

Ino. Cymbeline. All that belongs to this

Post. That paragon, thy daughter—

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember.—Give me leave:—[Aside.
Cym. my daughter what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Thou didst die with me, and more: arise man, and speak.
Cym. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock)
That struck the hour, it was in Rome assured,
The mansion where it was a seat, (O would
Our viands had been poisoned or, at least,
Those I heard to head) the god, Pou.

What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where his guns were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rest of good ones, sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our lives of Italy
For beauty that made heaven the swall'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, wanting,
The bloom of Venus, or straight plain, Minerva,
For wisdom, that made all the rules of men,
A slave of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for: I beseech thee, that hook of writing,
Armament which unites the eye:
Loves woman for; I beseech thee, that hook of writing,
Armament which unites the eye:

Cym. I stand on fire.

Cym. Comes to the matter.

All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st live quietly.—This Post
(Most like a noble lord to love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint,
And, not displeasing when we pray'd, (therein
He was no calm as virile,) he began
His mistress picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brag
Wore crack'd as kitchen truth, or his description
Post'd us unconfess'd,
Nay, no, to the purpose.

Ah! your daughter's charity there it begins.
He spake of her as Diana had not dreamt,
And she alone was eft: Where, I, wretch!
Made appoint of his praise; and water'd with
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore.
Upon the honest's finger, to attain
In suit the piece of his, and was this ring
By her and mine affinity: be, true knight,
No lover of her honour's false,
Then I did truly find her, staker this ring;
And would so, and it been a cartouch
If Pulchra's clear, and makes us satisfy,

I have all the worth of his car.

Cym. Post I in this design: Well may you, or,
Remember me at court, where I was taught.
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
Twixt amorous and villainous. Bring this ring
Of hope, not imitating Italian brain
Rian in your father Britain operate.
Most virtu: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevalent,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonidas mad,
By warming his belief in her renown
With tokens this, and these: removing miles
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her breastlet,
O, cunning how I get't! my heart, some marks
Of secrecy no less private, that he could not
But think her head of chastity quite crack'd,
I having taken the forfeit. Whereupon—
Mother, I see thee none.

Post. Ay, so thou dost, Comin from abroad.
Italian hear!—Ah me, most cerebrul fool,
Egregious murder, thot, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To comfort me, give me one, or knife, or poniard,
Some upright justice! Thou king, wait out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That kill'd thy daughter—villain-like, I lie;
That slave of mine than mine; I am Lathumus,
A most ungrateful stripling; so to do
Of virtue was she; yes, and the herculean

Sult, and drew stones, cast miles upon me, but
The dogs of the street to buy me: every wretch
Be sold!—Ischamadesion:
Be villany less than 'twas!—O laugh!
My queen, my life, my wish, if I'm given

Fate. Peace, my lord! least—
Post. Should have a play of that! Then suf

There lie thy part.

[Shrieking] No!—

Fate. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these strangers on us?

Fate. Oh!—

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to make us
Death with mortal joy.

Fate. How shall I lose mine

Cym. O get thee from me:

Post. Gave'st thee poison: danger doth join
Breath not where poison'ssummer.

Fate. The time of Jove,

Cym. Lady, the gods those stores of sulphur on me,
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Post. New matter will

Fate. I know'd it.

Cym. O gods!

Post. Leave out one thing which the queen could
Which most approve thee honest: if Flaminia
Have, and she liewed his mistress that communion
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is not
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Corinthus?

Post. The queen, sir, very, very.

Cym. To tempt penance for her, still possessing
The admission of her beauty, why
In killing creatures, men, and trees?
Of my esteem: I, sir, that doth purpose
Was of more danger, it's a companion her
A certain stuff, which, being in co, won't come
The present power of a: but, of that date,
All officers of nature should again
Do their due functions; have you seen of all
For me. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Eur. I had a motive for it.

Cym. What shall I say, Pety-

Eur. Who do you fear from your world-lady from you?

Cym. I think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Thou again. Eury.

Eur. [Exeunt banks]

Cym. Hang there, in the yard, my boy,
Tell the tree due.

Cym. How now! my boy, my child!
What, makes'thun do me a devilish in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Fate. Your body, sir. [Exeunt banks]

Cym. Though you did love this youth, I blame

Eur. You had a motive for it.

Cym. Your tears that fell.

Eur. My lady that fell.

Cym. Proof but water on thee! I imagine
Thy mother's dead.

Fate. I am sorry for thy sake.

Eur. She was brought up long after this, that we meet her so strangely.

Fate. She was brought up long after this, that we meet her so strangely.

Cym. I, I, we know not how, nor when.

Eur. My lord.

Fate. Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth.

Cym. I pr'ythee, lady's missing, come to me
With his sword drawn, brandish'd at the north.

Cym. If I discover'd not which way she was gone
It was my instant death: By accident.
I had a forgetter of my master's
Then in my pocket: I brandish'd him
To seek her on the mountains near to Florence;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master’s garments,
Which he inform’d me of, and in my post
With whistle, knell, and with oath to violate
My lady’s honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

God. Let me tell the story: I saw him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods before! I would not do the good deeds should from my lip
Pluck a harsh sentence: pr’ythees, valiant youth,
Deny’t again.

God. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

God. A most unfort’nate one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing grizzleke; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me shun the sea
It could no more, the old I cast off; my head.
And so right glad he is not standing here
To tell the tale of mine: I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn’d, and mine.

Endeavour our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That handless man
I thought had been my lord:

Cym. Blind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king: This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descendeth as himself; and had
More of thee merited than a bond of Cymbeline.
Had ever seen:—Let his arms alone.
They were not born for bondage: To the Guard.

Bel. Why, old soldier,
With these arms the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tainting of our wrath? How of descent,
So good a one?

Arc. 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 have given him bite.—My sons, I must,
For mine own parts, indulge a dangerous speech,
Though, happily, well for you.

Arc. Your danger is
Our.

God. And our good his.

Bel. Have at him then.

By leave:—Thou hast, great king; a subject, who
Was call’d Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A handish traitor.

Bel. He is it, that both
Assured this age; indeed, a handish man; I know
not, nor, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence!

Bel. The whole world shall not save him.

Not so fast.

First pay me for the nursing of thy son!
And let it be compound all, so soon
As I have receiv’d it.

Cym. Nursing of my son!—

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy, have I?—But
Ere I arise, I will protest my son;
Then, even the king,

Arc. That is, your son.

These two young gentlemen, and call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your bins, my hope,
And blood of your beguiling.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father’s. I, did Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish’d;
Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment,
Itself, and all my treasure: 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; these are they have, as I
Could get into them: my hand-feeding was, sir, as
Your highness kno’t:—Their nurse, Evirgilde,
Whom for the best I waited, stole these children
Upon my submission: I now’d her to ’t;
Cymbeline.

ACT IV.

Scene I.殷

Gyr. My peace we will begin.——And, Cym!—Luc. Although the victor, we submit to meet,
And to the Roman empire: promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were disdained by one wicked man;
Whom heaven, in justice, (both alone and hers)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Cymb. The harmony of this peace. The scene
Which I made known to Lucius, and the rest
Of this most happy change in Britain:
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on west, wing soaring high,
Lucius himself, and in the bosom of the men
So vanish'd: which beforehand our peace
established.
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines more in the west.

Cymb. Let us the gods in these.--Let us the
And let our crowded smoke climb in their nest.
From our view'd althar. Publishers are the pens
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British amicis wave
Friendly together: so through Latin is
march'd;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify. Go, and with songs—
Set on there.——Never was a war so come.
Ere hands were wash'd, with such a jest.

Cymb. A SONG,

Sung by Gower and Arviragus over the
sacrifice.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fulvia's gracious brow,
Soft smiles and blushes bright shall bring,
Each wave'd in question; while the blue
And vibrate all the breathing spring.

No laughing jest shall dare appear.
To use with shrinks this kind guest;
And shepherd's looks assemble here,
And melting virgin's own love.

No other'd witch shall here be seen,
No golden head their nightly crown;
The female joys shall heighten the groans,
And dress they graces with sorrow亵.

The rusted seat of al musick hours
Shall strictly tend his little site,
With hoary cane, and golden flowers,
To deck the ground where they are laid.
When hunting seizes, and hunting rule,
In tempests shakes the sulphur cell;
Or under the shade on every side.
The tender thought on this shall have
With most tender air, thy virgin's daughter,
At Cymbeline.

Which we call mildness; and the mildness
We term it nothing: which mildness I dive,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were ship'd about
With this most tender air.

This hath some seeming.

Cymb. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards made Emperor of himself.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCIUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

ALARBUS, Chiron, Messenger, and Clown.

DEMETRIUS, A Captain, Tribune, and others.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

QUINTUS, \emph{Curtiss}, Son to Titus Andronicus.

MARCUS, \emph{Curtiss}, Son to Titus Andronicus.

LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lavinia.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.


ACT I.


The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.

Enter, below, Saturninus and his lieutenants on one side; and Bassianus and his followers on the other, with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patriots, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my necessary title with your swords: I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indiginity. 

Bar. Romans, brothers, friends, followers, lovers of Rome! If ever Romans, Caesar's sons, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Kept sacred the peace of the Capitol; And sturdy not disdaining to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, constancy, and nobility: But let desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes—that strive by factions, and by friends, Arbitrarily for rule and empire,— Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have, by common voice, In election for the Roman empire, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Paucis. For many good and great deserts to Rome; And nobler men, a braver warrior, Lead out this day within the city walls: He by the senate is accosted home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his son, a terrors to our foes, Hath yoked a mighty, train'd up in arms. Ten years are spent, since first he undertook The cause of Rome; and chastised with arms Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd from Egypt to Rome, bearing his valiant sons in columns from the field; And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the go-d Andronicus to Rome, Reunited Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat—By honour of his name, Whose, wertly, you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore,— That you withdraw you, and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers, and, as sallies should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. Sat. Here, when the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts! 

Bar. Marcus Andronicus, so I do ask In thy uprightness and integrity, And so love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people's favour, Commit my causes in balance to be weigh'd. 

Bar. The tribunes and I, and some others. 

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you all; and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause. 

Enter the Senators and others, to the Capitol. 

Bar. Marcus Andronicus, with the Crown.

Bar. Romans, meet and let me in. 

Bar. Tribunes! and me, a poor subject. 

Sat. And thus do I go into the Capitol, and present with Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter a Captains, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus. 

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battle that he gains, With honour and with fortune in his hand, From where he circumambled with his sword, And brought to yoke, the succours of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets. 

Enter Minius and Martius; after them two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then Quintus and Lavinia. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

2nd. Here, Rome, victorious in thy stormy wars! Lo, as the bark that hath discharge'd her freight, Returns with precious laden to the bay. From whence at first she weight'd her anchorage, Comes Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To reconquer his country with his tears:
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thus, great deliverer of the city,
Stand guarantors to the rights that we inherit—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Pyramus had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Sulla has given me leave to sheath my sword.

Thus, seditious and careless of our woes,
Why sufferst thou thy sons, undisciplined yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

There groan in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in their country’s war;
Oh, never more may such be my joyous
Sweet solace of Pisces and mortality.
How many sons of mine have died in store,
Thou dost not suffer to be so dear to me!

Let this be given thee; the noblest that survives,
This, the third of my sons, O Caesar, take.

Thus, stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Tito, rule the tears I shed,
A mother’s tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think not on to be so dear to me.

Suffocati nos, that we are brought to Rome,
To beauty thy triumphs, and return,
Capitum to, and thy Roman voice:
But must my sons be slaughtered in the sweets,
For valorous dying in their country’s cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonwealth
Were easy in time, it is in thee.

Andronicus, staid not the tomb with blood,
With them draw near the nature of the gods!
Draw near them then in being meritorious;
Sweet mercy is solidly’s true badge.

Turas-nobilis Titus, spare my first-born son.

Titus, Pardon youself, madam, and pardon me:
These are their brethren, whose you Gothas beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they seek a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked; and die be met,
To appease their graving shadows that are gone.

Loc. Away with him! and make a fire straight.
And with our arms upon the gods of wood,
Let’s law his limbs, till they be close consum’d.

[Erastus Lucius, Quintus, Marcellus, and Titus, Mutins, with Alarbus.]

Titus. O cruel, reigious plea!

Chin. Who ever Scythia had so barbarous a Deitie

Deitie. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Romans.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive.
To triumph under Titus’ threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv’d; but hope withheld.
The scitumn gale that arm’d the queen of Troy
With appress of sharp revenge.

Upon the Taurins tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tatiara, the queen of Gods.
(When Goths were Gods, and Tatiara was queen.)

To quit the bloody wreckage upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Ausonia, Marcellus, and Mutilus.

Luc. Soe, lord and father, how we have perform’d?
Our Roman rains; Alarbus’ limbs are lopp’d,
And entrails feel the mordant fire.
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Romans sought, but to inter our brethren, and with fond manner welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Tell thisIon, how well in this city

In peace and honour rest ye all, my sons;
Romus’ revelant triumphs, impos the tears you rest;

That which came with wondrous gladness and joy
Here lurks no treachery, nor any such thing,
Here grow no dammed groves; but let us as engines.
No secrets, but silence and sound sleep.

Enter Lucius.

Titus. Lucius. 

In peace and honour rest ye all, my son.

Luc. In praise and honour live Lord Titus!—
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Let it be thus my voluntary verse
I render, for my brethren’s salvation:
And at thy feet I bend with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome!
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
As Andronicus best in arms appears.


The council of many ages to my home—
Lucius, live; outlive thy father’s name.
And hence the reverend sites, by thine own praise.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Alarbus, Antias, and Lucius.

M. Or, long live Lord Titus, my honour’d brother.
Gracious triumphs in the eyes of Rome.

Tv. The noblest gentle tribune, once hee Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, recompence from immortal war.

That thou survive, and yee that shall be left.
In praise, your fortunes are alike in all.
That in your country’s service may your parts
But sofer triumphs in the imperial house.
That hath required to humble’ss happiness.
And triumphs wear change, in iron a_—

Andronicus, the people of Rome.
Who in just defence han come our own,
Chide thee by me, their ennemies, and their great,
And humankind in election for the empire.
With these our last defence,

He candidates them, and, let it be.
And he that shall to set a head as princely Rome,

Tv. A better head her glorious body has.

Titus. Let him that that for his hope and hospitall,
Than his, that at this age and hopeless;—
What should I thus dislodge this wise and good prince?—
Be cleasned with peace.

Tv. To morrow, yield me your wild, resolve my life.
And set new bounds, and new Bounties.

And Lucius, I have been thy subjecte long years,
And saw one twenty wondrous men,
Knights in field, slain respectfully in
In right and service of their subject country;
Give me a staff of honours for my service,
But not a sequence to a mangled world.
Uplight he held it, lanced, that held it lost.

Arr. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask on.

Stas. Proud and ambitious Lucius, e’er to thee.

Patriarchs, draw your sword, and thrust them not.

Ttv. Patient, Prince Saturnius.

Sat. Romans, do we right—

Andraertse Lucius, Marcellus, and Mutilus.

Luc. Soe, lord and father, how we have perform’d?
TITUS ANDRONICUS

SCENE I.

My faiths, if these strengthen not my friends, I will meet a lawful day, and set them free. Of noble minds, is honourable meet. Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribune! I come to you in my profoundest grief, in my sorrow, and myжаление. How will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus? Trin. To gratify the good Andronicus, and graeculate his safe return to Rome, the people will accept whom he admires. Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make. That you create your emperor's eldest son, Lord Saturninus; whose virtues will, I hope, redress on Rome, as Titus's rays on earth, and ripe justice in this commonwealth: Then if you will elect, by my advice Crown him, and say,—Long live our emperor! Mar. With voices and applause of every sort, Patricians and plebeians, we create Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor; And say, Long live our emperor Saturninus! [A long flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favour done To us in our election this day, I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, And with deeds requite thy kindness; And, for so must, Titus, to advance Thy name, and honourable this day. Luc. Venus will make me emperor; Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart, And in the sacred palace her residence. Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee? Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match, I hold me highly honoured of your grace: And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturninus— King and commander of our commonwealth. The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners; Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord; Receive them then, the tribunes that I owe, Mine honour's deeps and humblest at thy feet. Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life! How proud I am of thee, and of thy gift, Rome shall respect; and when I do forget The least of these unspeakable desires, Rome must, first every day, will use thee well. Ter. Now, madam, are you prisoners to an emperor? [To Tamora. To him, in that for your honour and your state, Will use you nobly, and your followers. Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the love That I should choose, were I to choose woman. Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance; Though chance of war hath wronged this change of cheer. Then canst not be made a worse in Rome: Privyly shall be thy usage every way. Rea. on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you. Can make you greater than the queen of Goth. Luc. Queen, you are not displeas'd with this? Lex. Not I, my lord; this true nobility Crowned with so rare, and worthy in my countenance. Sat. Thanks, sweet Lucina.—Romans, let us rain cướis here we set our prisoners free. Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum! Bors. Long Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [Seizing Lucina. Tit. How so? Are you in earnest thus, my lord? Bors. Ay, noble Titus; and resolve withal, To do myself this honour and this right. [The Emperor courts Tamora in blank verse. Mar. Seven years captive is our Roman prince: Whom he shall punish, he shall know. Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucina live. Tit. Traitors, avast! Whence is the emperor's son gone?

Prosen, my lord; Lavina is surpris'd. Sat. Surpris'd, by whom? Bors. By him that justly may Bear his betrayer from all the world away. Luc. [Enter Marcus and Titus, still Easy. Mal. Brothers, help to convey her hence away. And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. [Exit Lucius, Quiditus, and Martinus. Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back. Mal. My lord, joy pass out here. Tit. What, villain boy! Bors'去了 me my way in Rome. Luc. This little Musas, Help, Lucius, help. Re-enter Lucius. Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than unjust, In wrongfull quarrel you have slain your son. Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any son of mine; Tito, restore Lavina to the emperor. Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, That is another; he has promised me, and God. Sat. No, Titus; no; the emperor needs her not. Nor her; nor life, nor any of thy goods: I'll trust, by his honour, him that mocks me once; Then never, nor thy treacherous, heavy sons, Confessate this all to dismount me. Was there none whom in Rome to make a tale of? But Saturninus I fell well, Andronicus, Agra the deals with that proud brag of thine, That wouldst, I begg'd the empire by thy hands. Tit. O monstrous! what represend words are these? Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece To him that furnish'd for her with his sword: A villain son-in-law thou shalt enjoy; One fit to marry with thy lawness sons. To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. Tit. These words are reason to my wounded heart. Sat. And, therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goth. That, like the stately Pheon amongst her nymphs, Dost grace on all the gallant damos of Rome.— If thou be pleas'd with this my audacious choice, Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will this day live with thee. Speak, queen of Goth, dost thou applaud my choice? And here I swear by all the Roman gods,— Sun priest and holy water are no more. And tears borne against, and every thing to readiness for Hymen and Mars. I will not realise the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from this place I had espoused my bride along with me. Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear. If Saturninus advance the queen of Goth, she will a handmaid be to thy desires, A loving nurse, a mother to thy youth. Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Panthus.—Lords, secondary. Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for princes Saturninus, Whose woman is the most renowned: There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt Saturninus, and his Followers; Tamora, and her Son: Ivaron, and God. Tit. I am not bid to wait upon the bride; Titus, whenwert thou wont to wait alone, Dishonour'd thus, and shamed of wrong?— Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quiditus, and Martinus. Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what they hast done! In a had quarrel slain a virtuous son. Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Tit. What would you bury him in his deserts?
Quin. He that would would not in any place but here.
Tit. What would you have him buried by
Mor. No, noble Titus; but entreat of that
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast stuck upon my
crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded.
My foes I do repulse you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mor. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.
Mor. Brother, for in that name doth nature
speak.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature
speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will
speed.
Mor. Renowned Titus, more than half my
soul,
Luc. Dear father, soul and subsistence of us all;
Mor. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Then art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax.
That slew himself; and wise Lavinia's son
Did gravely plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be bared his entrails here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise;
The dismal day is this, that ever I saw.
To be dishonoured by my son in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[Mutius is put into the Tomb.
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
Ali. No man shed tears for noble Mutius.
He lives in fame that died is virtue's cause.
Mor. My Lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—
How comes it, that the under queen of Goth
Is of a sudden thus miraculous in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?—
In rest to you, and
ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

AAR. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; sit still, and
Sicken of thunder's stroke, or lightning's shaft;
Advanc'd above pale envy’s threatening reach.
As when the golden sun subites the morrow,
And hasting sol in ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glittering coach,
And oversees the highest peering hills;
So Tamora--

Upon her wit so earthly honour wait,
And root those steps and trembles at her feet.
Then, Aaron, are thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial morn,
And mount thy pitch; when thou in triumph
Hast prisoner held, Nation's in amorous claims:
And lesser bound in Aaron’s charming eyes,
Thas is Prometheus tied to Ceansus.

Away with shallows weeds, and every thoughtless
Inexposed, and borne by that bright flame
That wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I, to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis—this myrrhe,
This sire, that will change Rome's Saturnine,
And make his sloperek, and his commonwealth's
Holos! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Dumerilus, bearing.

DUMERILUS. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am guest?
And may for sight thou knowest, addressed be.
End. Dumerilus, then dost everlast in all:
And so in this to bear me claves with trews.
Thou not the difference of a year, or two,
And yet as now a graceless, thou were fortunate:
I am as able, and fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that the world upon shall approve,
And plead my passions for Latins' love.

AAR. Chiron, dost thou see these lovers will not keep
the peace.

DUMERILUS. Why, boy, although our mother, undaunt
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friend here.

GOLO. Have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

DUMERILUS. Now, my son, with that lath skil, I have
full well shall then perceive how much I have.

AAR. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? They dress.

GOLO. Why, how now, lords?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit.  The hunt is up; Thanatons is bright and gay,  The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:  Forests and meadows, and let us make a joy,  And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  And mose the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,  That will all the court say echo with the noise.  Sound, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  To lead the emperor's person carefully  I have been troubled in my night's repose,  But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns wind a Peal.  Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Dumitres, and Attendants.  

Tit.  Many good morrows to your majesty;—  Madam, you are as many and as good;—  I promised your grace a hunter's peal,  Sir. And you have rang it lustily, my lords,  I am ready, as well as I am able,  For new married ladies.  

Bass.  Lavinia, how say you?  

Lau.  I say, so;  I have been abroad awake two hours and more.  

Come on them, horse and chariots let us have,  And to our sport!  Madam, now shall ye see  Our Roman hunting.  

To Tamora.  

Tit.  While I have dogs, my lord,  Will raise the proudest panther in the chase,  And climb the highest promontory top,  And I have horse will follow where his game  Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.  

Dum.  Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse and food,  But hope to place a dallyie due to ground.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.  A desert part of the Forest.  

Enter Aaron, with a Bag of Gold.  

Aar.  He, that had wit, would think that I had none,  To have so much gold under a tree,  And never after to inherit it.  

Let him, that thinks of me so object,  Know, that this gold must come of a merchant;  Which, cunningly affected, will begat  A very excellent piece of villainy;  And to impose, sweet gold, for their snares.  

[Hides the gold.  That have their arms out of the empress' circuit.

Enter Tamora.  

Tam.  My lovely Aaron, wherefore hast thou left  When every thing doth make a good feast?  The birds chant mediately on every bush;  The snake has relaid in the shadowed war;  The green leaves flutter with the making wind,  And makes a smothered shadow on the ground;  Under their sweet shade, Aaron, lie we so;  And, while the babbling echo makes echoes,  Replying still and still more answering,  As if a double heart were here at ease.—  Let us sit down, and work their voices wise.  And when the king mixeth with our speech,  The wandering princes and idle men may see:  With a happy moon they watch espied.—  We may, each shrilled in the other's arms.  Our pastimes done, roseate a golden dawning;  While white, red, and laurel, and rust, rust, rust,  Birds, be unto us, sae is a plentiful  Of innumberable species.  

Aar.  Madam, though Venus gives you all  Sculls is the imitator over wise;  What signifies my wildly singing,  My silences, and my song?  

Tit.  My madam, these are but casual signs;  Vengeance is in my heart, death in my soul,  To do the emperor the last harm I can.  

No, madam, these are but casual signs;  Vengeance is in my heart, death in my soul,  To do the emperor the last harm I can.  

If it be so, I will, and know you as you are.  

Tam.  The day is done, for Bassianus;  His Philumus must live to bear today;  He may be happy, and I his mother happy.  

Aar.  No more, great supercilious Bassianus;  Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy son  To back thy quarrels, whatever they be.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.  

Bass.  Who have we here?  Bassianus' royal res-  

Tit.  That lady of her well becoming troop?  

O is it Dian, habit to her  

Who hath abandoned her holy grove,  

To see the general hunting in this feast?  

Then, Scaucus controller of our prasp ants!  

Hast, and, as any, any, any, any  

And should drive upon them the transformed lines.  

Unanimously intruder at them all  

Under your gentle presence, gentle emperor,  

To his father, and I am glad his father  

And to be doubly, that you—more and you—  

Are single forth to try experiments.  

Love should to your husband from his leisure to-  

To pire, they should take him for a stag.  

Tell, believe me, queen, your servant Chri-  

Deth make your honour with his body's heat,  

Fosters suited, and whom else you will.  

Why are you assequi'd from all your gods?  

Diamonds from your source-wetted flashy godly  

And this and that, the other, for innumerable  

Accompanied with a barbareous noise.  

If foul desire had not conducted you)
Scene IV.

Titus Andronicus.

Lan. And, being interdicted in your sport, Great reason that my noble lord be rated For sauciness—I pray you, let us hence; And he that joy his raven-colour'd love! This valley fits the purpose passing well. Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this. Lan. Ay, for these slaughters have been made him note long. Good king; to be so mightily abused! Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gra- Full of the breath of ... "The voyage was not without some surprize Phillp Acras, and it was vexation to them. And thus they told this bally tale. But straight they told them, they would blame them here. Unto the body of a disread yew; And leave me to this miserable death. And thus they cried me, foul scabrousness, Laziness, sloth, and all the other noxious vices. That ever ear did hear to such effect. And, had not you by wondrous fortune come, This plague did you but they executed. Revenge it, as you love your mother's life. Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children. Dem. This is the misfortunes that I am thy son. Chis. And this for me, straw; [Shakes him likewise.] Lodging him likewise. Luc. Ay, come, Samaramis,—nay, barbarous Tam. For no more fits thy nature but thy own. Lan. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her; First, thrust the corn, then after burn the straw: This minor stood upon her charity. Upon her maiden vow, her loyalty, And with that painted hope brares your mightiness: And shall she carry this unto her grave? Chis. An if she do, I would I were a croune. Drag hcence her husband to some secret hole, And make his dead trunk pillow to our last. Tam. But when you have the housy you desire, Leo. not this way outwre, us both to sting. Chis. I warrant you, madam; we will make Come, mistress, now, perfec, we will enjoy That no-preserved hymny of yours. Lan. O Tamora, what woman's face? Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her. Lan. Sweet Lords, entreat her bear me but a word. Dem. Lan. Lan. fair madam: Let it be your glory To see last tears but be your heart to them, As unhinging flint to drops of rain. Lan. What? when the tiger's young one makes the dusk? O, do not learn her wraith: she taught it thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble; Even at thy feet those hard thy tyranny.— Yet end this, thou bloodless son of a witch! Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To Chiron. Chis. What! wouldst thou have not prove myself a bastard! Lan. That woman: the very dews not hatch a hawk! Yet I have heard (O could I find it now!) The lion never with pity, did endure To hide his princely brows from all away. Some say that ravens utter forlorn children, Whose whilst their own birds furnish in their nests; O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! Thus I know not what it means; away with her. Lan. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake, That gave thee life, when well be might have shone, Be not so oblerate, open thy deaf ears. Tam. Had they in person ne'er offended me, Even for his sake and to do thee as, remember boys, I would forth bear in vain, To save your brother from the sacrifice; But hence. Andronicus would not relent. Therefore away with her, and mother as you will; The worse to make it better, for me. Lan. O Tamora, be call'd gentle queen, And with thine own hands kill me in this place: For 'tis now too late, I have no means to beg: I was slain, when Tamora died. Tam. What beg'st thou then? hast woman, let us. Lan. The present death I beg: and one thing more; That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: O, keep me from their worse than killing lust, And tumble me into some laudable pit; Where never man's eye may behold my body: Do this, and be a sharable murderer. Tam. So should I roo my sweet sons of theirfow: No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long. Lan. O no grace; no womanhood! Ah, beautifully creature! The blit and swiney to our general name! Confusion fall!— Chis. Nay, then kill me too;—Then my husband!—O revenge of La Vaughn! This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. Tam. Farewell, my soul; see that ye make her sure. Ne'er let thy heart know merry cheer indeed, Till all the Andronicians be made away. Now will I houses, to seek my lovely Mucen, And let my spider-snares this trull devour... [Exit.

Scene V. The same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Luc. Come, Cassius, my lords: the better foot before: Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit, Where I spy'd the tormentor fast asleep. Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it beles. Mart. And there, I promise you: 'tis not for shame. Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. Quint. Well: what, art thou fathm? What estate hold is this thing? Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers? Upon whose leaves are drops of new and blood, As fresh as morning's dew distil'd on flowers? A very fatal place it seems to me. Beck, brother, hast thou with the full? Mart. O, brother, with the dimmest object That ever eye, with sight, made heart impatient.
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find him here.

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother,
Which of them I will not commit me, and help me out.

From this unhallowed, and bloodstained hell? 

Quint. I am surprised with an unlook for:
A chilling sweat overspreads my trembling joints;
My heart, suspects more than mine eye can see.

Marti. To prove them have a true divine heart,
Aaroun and then look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaroun is gone; and my compassionate heart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereas it trembles by surprise:
O, tell me how it is; for never till now Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Marti. Lord Basianus lies embrowed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detestable, dark, blood-dripping pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Marti. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth give some life to the dead man's earthly bones,
And shows the ragged entails of this pit:
So pale, so white, as never my Pyramus,
When he by night laid bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fasting hand,—
If one but more as slight a touch as this I have, it hath,
Out of this fall devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coelius' misty moon.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out.

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be push'd into the swallowing wounds
Of this deep pit, poor Basianus' grave.

I have no strength to thrust thee to the brink.

Marti. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
Thou art a lorn afo, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Exit in.

Enter Basianus and Aaroun.

Sat. Along with me—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unnatural hour,
To find thy brother Basianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest.

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Twas not an hour since I left them;
Marti. We know not where you left him all the while.

Sat. But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tum. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tum. Where is thy brother Basianus?

Sat. Now in the bottom den thou search my wound;
Poor Basianus here lies murdered.

Tum. Then all the base I bring this fatal wit.

[Going a Letter.

The compleat of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.]—If we must to mislead him handsomely,—
SCENE I.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
And might my gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson rose, I would not,
Like to a building fountain stirr'd with wind,
Dost rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Titus hath devour'd thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy

Ah, now doth turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titus's face,
Blushing to be encountered with a clown.
Shall I speak for thee, or shall I say so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast
That I might nail at him in ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd;
Dost turn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fool Philocolum, she lost her tongue,
And in a labourer's sawdust saw her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
A swartier Titus, crass, base thou art,
And heath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better saw'd than Philotus.
O, read the monstrosity, little lady's life,
Trouble, like aspen leaves, upon a late,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He who did not weep at them, I'll tax him.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue Bali missiled,
He would have stopp'd his knell, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye!
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant seeds;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eye
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning case thy misery.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Junta with Marcus, unarmed, proceeding to the Place of Execution. Thus going before, speaking.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! I doles tribunes,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous war, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed
And for all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for all the bitter leaves, which you see
Filling the sad wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned son,
When I am suffer'd to be all the while his
Through myself on the Gronze.

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's and tears;
Let my tears wash the earth's dry appasie,
My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Enter Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Plebeians.

O earth, I will refund thee more with rain,
That shall drain from these two eminent arms,
Thou loathful April shalt with all thy showers
In summer's thought, I'll drop upon thee still:
In winter's eye, with warm tears I'll moist the snow;
I'll keep my heart insatiable, insatiable,
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unleashing my son, reverse the doom of death!
And let me say, that never went before,
My tears are now pour'd out in your rain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man says,
And you are innocent of your stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead;
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bloodless unto them.
Therefore I tell my snores to the stones
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 yet it is in some sorts better than the tribunes;
For that they will not speak for the tree.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and soon to weep with me:
And, were they but silent in grave words,
Rome could afford no tribune like these.
A stone is as wise as tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone's silent, and oftentimes not
And tribunes with their tongues draw men to
death.
List: whereas stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death.

Tit. For what offence, the judges have pronounce'd
My evening doom of banishment.

Tit. O, Marcus! didst thou imagine that,
That foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tiger?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey:
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devoures to be banish'd!

[Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Are not this child my son?

Tit. Paint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her—

Speak, my Lavinia, whataccursedhand
Hath made thee handle in thy father's sight?
What foul bath added water to the sea?
Or bring'st thou a dagger to bright burnish? Thy
My grief was of the height before thou came'st.
And now, like Nicias, it disheartened before.
Give me a sword, I'll clip off my heart too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in rain;
And they have made thee we, in healing life;
In bundles prayers have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effect me use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other—
"This well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For, hands, to do Rome's case, are but vain.

Luc. Speaks, gentle sisters, who hath marry'd thee
There?

Lav. O, thou delightful engine of her thoughts,
That bend'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is turn from forth that pretty hollow cags
Who love a sweet melodious bird, it seems
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, my thon for her, who hath done thee
hurt?

Max. O, thou I found her, straying in the park,
Shaking to hide herself, as on the floor she
Was in such a sudden and unregarding wound.
To. It was my door; and he, the would, her,
Hardly more, not, he'll not deatid for now
I stand as was upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the wailing tide grow wave by wave,
Exceeding ever when some anxious surge
Will in his breast alarms;
That way to dwell in my wretched sons are gone;
Have stands my other son, a banished man;
And here, my brood, weep, wring your poor sorrow;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spasm,
Is dear Lavinia; deeper than my soul—
Had I not seen thy picture in that plight,
It would have made me mad: What shall I do
Now I behold thy lovely body in me?
Then hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hast martyred thee:
Thy hair he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by that—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Fell upon her head; and she, as dead and drowsy
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
Their last anchor:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, thou be joyful
Because the law hath taken revenge on them—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Men cannot weep so that their sorer make;
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; or
Make some sign how I may do thee ease—
She for the good uncle, thy brother Lucius,
And thus, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our clasps
How they are staid in love; I live heedless, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long;
Till the fresh tea taken from that clearness,
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears;
Or shall we carry our hands, like thine;
Or shall we weep, and groan, and wail aloud?
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Not some devil of error—
To make us wonder’d at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cure our tears; for, at
This very hour,
See, how my wretched sister soaks and weeps.
Mar. Pity, dear son—good Titan, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus! Marcus! brother, well I wit,
My napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thee, poor man, last drown’d it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Marcus, Marcus, mark! I understand thereto;
Had she’s tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother, which I said to thee;
His napkin with his tear so full of love,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks,
O, what a sympathy of woes is this!
As far from help as limbs is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aen. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor;
Sends thee this word—Then, if thy sons be lost,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any son, come, and lay open thy heart,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their guilt.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever so fair a song so like a look,
That gives sweet feelings of the soul’s uprise
With all my heart, I’ll send the emperor
My hand—
Good Aaron, will thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father; for that nobly-hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will hold the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore let us save my brothers’ lives.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And hurt the bloody butchesses

Writing destruction on the enemy’s cheek?
O, now of both high through his hand;
My hand hath sent but little; let it serve
To ransom my two infamous free souls:
Then say to me it is at thy request.
Aen. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,
For we are still before their pardon curses.
Mar. My hand shall go.
Luc. To whom, my dearest, it shall go:
As well defined here as those
Are suited for pisking: and therefore will
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be here again—
More I will test thee; but let it be I
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Mar.—And, for our father’s sake, and mother’s
Now let me sow the father’s love in thee.
Tit. Agreement here: I will open my hand.
Luc. Then I’ll go with so, my son.
[Exeunt Lavinia and Marcus.
Tit. Come, brother Aaron! I’ll discourse here
Let me thy hand, and I will give thee wise
Tit. If that be called wise, I will; he shall;
And never, whilst I live, discards me so—
But I’ll discourse you to another sort.
And that you will not, over one hour you pass.
[Aside. With the Rims and Titus.

Enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your smiles: what shall we, a

Good Aaron; take my majesty by hand;
Tell him it was a base man that made me
From thousand dangers; and lost his boy—
More he is nearest, that let him have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them:
As jewels parch’d at so easy price;
And yet dear too, because I sought most much.
Aen. I go, Andronicus; and by thy hand,
Let them come hither, that may speak with thee—
Their heads, I mean—

Both let me with the very thought of them.
Let fools be good, and fair men still be true;
Aaron will have his soul black like his beard.

Tit. O, here I lift up my hand in heavens,
And bow this thistle root in the earth;
If any power plies against my men,
To that I call—What, shall I hasten thee
Up to the heavens?—

Luc. Do thou, dear heart; for heaven shall have our

Luc. Or with our sighs we’ll breathe far within him,
AndFunc the soul with his breath, as the soul
When they do hang him to their promised doom.
Aen. O brother, speak with power;
And do not break into these eyes again.
Tit. It is not my serve deep, saving besides;
Then he’s in heaven, or heaven is under the heaven.
When they do hang him to their promised doom.
Aen. O brother, speak with power;
And do not break into these eyes again.
Tit. If there were reason for these reasons,
There were no reason would be held the worst.
When heavenExact with words, when earthExact
o’er him:
If the wind were strong, doth not the sea not wave,
Throughout the valley with his high-dollar hair?
And with them there be a river for this and that;
I am the sea; have, have, have thy sight dollar!—
She is the weeping wetness, I think, that—
That must my eye be moved with her sight;
Then must my heart with her motion—
Become a glut, overflow’d and drown’d;
For why? my bowler’s low side with her seat.
But I have still the end of my hand,
Then give me heart; for heaves will have how
To ease their stomachs with these happy issues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Helmets and Armour.
Aen. Worthy Andronicus, and we are equal
SCENE II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

For that good soul thou savedst the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to their sweet sake;
Theirs was the grief thy repentant mouth could:
That was mine to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

Exeunt.

Tit. Now let this Alba cool in Sicily,
And be my heart a ever burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep dishonour some dear,
But sorrow floated is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detest me not shrink thereat,
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe?

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that love is so fruitless,
As from water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slander have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, but I love: Die, Andronicus;
Thus dost thou slumber; see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy daughter's hand: thy mournful daughter here;
Thy other daughter, with this dear sight
Streak pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I.

Luc. Look on that thing, cold and calm.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs;
Rend off thy hair, tear, other hand
Outwilling: and set me in this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes
Now in the depth of storms; why art thou still?

Tit. He, he, he, he.

Marc. Why doth thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And wed in upon my weary eyes,
And mock them with violent tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads at last do speak to me:
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be returned again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do:—
You heavy people circle me about;
That I may turn me to encounter you,
And swear unto my soul in right your wrongs.
The voice is made:—Come, brother, take a head:
And in this hand the other I will bear:—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things:—
Bear this my hand, sweet vengeances, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;—
Thus art an evil, and thou must not stay:
He to the Gods, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful end that ever liv'd in Rome!—
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lavinia come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister!—
O, wouldst thou weep so thou before hast been!
But how our Lavinia, or our Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and ended griefs,
If Lavinia lives, he will requite thy wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his emperor
Bag at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Gods, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Romans and Saturninus.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, eat now all, and look, you eat no more:
Then will I preserve just as much strength in us
As will remove the weight of our woes.
Marcus, unbind that sorrow-wracken knot;—
Thou steals and I, poor creatures, went our heads;
And cannot passionate me tender grief,
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to sustain upon my breast my heart's mock'd;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Bears in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I dump it down.

Tit. Thou map of two, that thus deal like in signs!

Thou map of two, that thus deal like in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still
Wound it with sighing; girl; I kill it with grosses;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink; and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting feel in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie: teach her not thus to say
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. Why now has sorrow made thee side already!

Marc. Here, Marcus, no man should be sad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands—
To bid, Eneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burn'd, and he made miserable;
Or, handle not the theme to talk of hands;
Let us remember still, that we have none—
Fie, fie, how wantonly! square my talk!
If we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not save the world of hands—
Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is drink! Drink, Mark, what shame's I can interpret all her marriage signs,—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears.

Marcus, with her sorrows, mangle upon her cheeks—
Speechless complainant, I will learn thy thought
In thy dumb action I will be as perfect
As bagging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to bemoan:
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of those, will wrench an alphabet,
And by thine action, thy meaning.

Boy. Good gran'teuse, leave these bitter deep imprints

Tit. Peace, tender saying, thou art made of tears,
And tears, we quickly wind thy life away.
[Marcus circus the Dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart.

Marc. Nay, chains are ey'd with view of tyranny;
A duel of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get these gone,
I see, thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have not kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And bat lamenting doings in the air?
Poor fly, poor fly.

Marc. That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd it.

Marc. Forbear me, sir; I was a black ill favour'd fly.

Tit. Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Tit. Poor poor poor; for reproaching thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insin on him:
Fluttering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come him and fall:—Come him and fall.

Marc. There's for thyself, and that's for Tameo.
ACT IV.


Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter Young Lucius, Lavinia running after him.

Titus. Why, boy, go we to dinner? Lavinia says that's what we are going to.

Marcus. Good morrow, my lord, I can rise early.

Titus. And she is right, I'll rise early. Come, let's go to dinner. Good day, my lord.

Young Lucius. Good day, my lord.

Titus. Come, let's go to dinner. Good day, my lord.

Marcus. Good day, my lord.

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Marcus. Good day, my lord.
SCENE II.  O, heavens, can you hear a good man's prayer?
And not relent, or not compassion him?
But, aye, aye, in his own heart.
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than women's marks upon their Ivory shield:
But yet no less, that he will not revenge—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one Door; at another Door, Young Lucius, and
an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Veris writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
I have brought him to the Emperor.
Aar. Ay, some news message from his mad
grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus—
and pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Ando. Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; What's the
news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the
news.

For villains mark'd with rage. [Aside] May it please
you.
My grandfather, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest of his armament,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome: so let he take my say;
And do I hope with his good presence
Your kindness, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And I leave you, with [Aside] with grace-like deadly vil-


Let's see;

Farewell, fate, perfidious farce,
Non est muti jurae, non armata.
Chi. O, it's a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the gymnasium long ago.
Aar. Ay, just—[Aside] a verse in Horace—right, you have
it now.
What is it, that is to be an end?
Here's no sound blade! the old man hath found
their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with

That sound beyond their feeling in the quick
But sure our angry emperor'll read it.
She would applaud Andronicus's council.
But let her rest in her unace's bower,
And now, young boys, west at us a happy star
Led us to Rome, summer, and house thoselt
Captive, to be advanc'd to this height!
It did me good, before the place was

to leave the trouble in her brother's hearing.

Dem. But more good, to see a great a lord
Beaten down, and sent to gains.
Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Chi. He is not a little daughter very tenderly.
Dem. I would, we had a thousand Romans in

At such a day, by them to serve our host.

Chi. A charter'd youth, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let me see; and pray to all the gods
For our noble mother in her present.

Pray to the devil; the gods have given

J. Ford. Dem. We do the enemy's troops to Smouth thus.

Chi. Behold, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in
her Arms.

Mors Good morrow lords.

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or, as I know'd at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or we beseech thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and tumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our enemies' shame, and stately Rome's dis-

Peruse, she is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Dem. To whom?

Aar. To Horatius,
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Why, shall she live the devil's dam? a joy-

ful sight.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful

Here is the bale, as loathsome as a stench
Amongst the fairest breasts of our clime.

Nur. Do your limbs send it to him the sun,
And hide their chastises with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blouoe, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Reap what thou hast sowed.
Nur. Does that which thou Canst not undo.

Chi. Then hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her lostest

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Dem. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Aar. I'll teach the tajude on my master's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon de-

Aar. Sower this sword shall plough thy bow-

Take the Child from the Nurse, and drawre.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shine so brightly when this boy was got,
He doth upon his master's shifty point.
That touches my first-born son and heir!
Tell you, younglings, not E rarely:
With all his raving hand of Typhon's breed,
Nor great Abravus, nor the god of war,
Sure worth my prey; and as his father's hard.
What, what say you, shallow-hearted boy?
Yes, what shall I do: ye unblest painted soul?
Yea, black is better than another hue,
In that ye have to bear another hue.
For all the wars in the ocean
You never turn a swan's black leg to white,
Although she have them many in the flood.
Tell the emperor from me, I am of age
To keep my own; scarce it shall she can.

Dow Wathin loving thee, noble mistress thou?

Aar. My mistress is my mother, this, myself;
The emperor, my kinsman, that, myself.

This, take all the world, do I prefer;
This, you must all the world, will I keep safe,
For more or less, shall not none for it in Rome.

T hym, this unchristen'd foster ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will deem her
death.
Chi. We'll blush to think upon this ignorance.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty


ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Scene I. Before the tent of Aaron, in the camp.

Aaron. Be not of afeard, my master; here I am. Come, let us see how the battle goes, and what news we may hear.

Titus. Marcellus, take a look at the army, and see what news we may hear.

Marcellus. Well, master, I have seen the army.

Titus. What is the news? What do you see? What do you hear? What do you think? What do you suppose?

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SCENE IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

What's this, but belling against the senate,
And blaspheming our sacred gods in every tongue?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But, if it live its times,
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll as awake, as she in fury shall.

Turn. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, remainder of my thoughts,
Shall despatch the faith of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd
And rather comfort his oppressed spirit,
Thus prosecute the meanest, or the best.
For these disasters. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to plesse with all:  [Aside.
But, Titus, I have found the key to the spile,
She life-dish'd out; if I now you be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with me?

Clon. Yes, sir; by all the descent of noble men,
And by the grace and lordship that is in me,
I come to beg a piece of charity.

Tit. What wouldst thou have?

Clon. A lodging for the night, sir; and victual to eat.

Tit. I'll give thee victual; I will, if thou wilt.

Clon. I will, sir; and I will take the lodging also.

Tit. Then wilt thou lodge with me to-morrow?

Clon. No, sir; I go hence to-morrow morning.

Tit. What? Art thou gone already?

Clon. Yes, sir; I have a journey to make to-morrow.

Tit. Then farewell, my good friend.

Clon. Good night, sir; I will not be forgotten.

Tit. Then farewell;—I pray, my lord, farewell.

Enter Titus, and the Tragedians.

SCENE IV.  The same.  Before the Palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, a Train; and a Messenger, with the Arrows in his Hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus murdered,
Troubled, confounded thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, null in such confound?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbances of our peace
But in the people's ears, there sought their peace.
But, even with law, against the will of men
Of old Andronicus. And what doth
His swords have that they cannot all be
Shall we be thus afflicted in our wrath?
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Scrip. See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;—
Sweet sericles to fly about the streets of Rome!

Turn. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, remainder of my thoughts,
Shall despatch the faith of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd
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ACT V.

SCENE I. Plea near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and Goths, with Drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receiv'd by letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what late they bear their em-
peror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Impeccable, and impartment of your wrongs;
And, whereas Rome hath done you any wrath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
I have brought you, by my tale from the great
Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our con-
fort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingratitable Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be hold to us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like lingering bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be speeded on curs'd Tamora.

Goth. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty God?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his Child in
his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,
To gaze upon a royal monastery;
And as I chanced to fix mine eye
Upon the wated building, and at sight,
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
Their crying be control'd with this discourse:
Peace, lovely one; half five, and half thy day!—
Did not thy breath bear what brat thy heart,
Hath nature brought thee, but thy mother's look;
Villain thou mightst have been an emperor;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do begot a coal-black calf.

Luc. O worthy God! this is the familiar
story.

That noble Andronicus of his good bold
This is the piece that pleased thy emperor's eye;
And here's the very beast of his bosom's knee.
Say well, will'st thou, whether would'st thou say
This giving image of thy foul-bitch?—

Luc. Say on: and is it please me which thou speak'st?

Thy child shall live, and I will set it aright.

Luc. An if it please thee? why, none, none, Lucius.

Luc. Willst thou thy soul to hear what I shall speak?
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, infamous deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villains
Ruthless to hear, yet punctually performed:
And this shall all be buried by my death.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Luc. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thus believ'ing as

That granted, how must then believe an oath?

Luc. What if I do so? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, for I know thee an religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With seventy popish tricks and consequence,
Which I have seen thee most in earth, I
Therefore urge thy oath.—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his tongue for a god,

Luc. If that shall, then I will swear.

Luc. To say that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt now
By God sawn god, what god enter' st he,
Then shalt thou:' and hast thine conscience
To save my boy, to descend, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover proof in thee.

Luc. First know thou, I forget him on the em-

Luc. O most insatiable, luxurious woman!

Luc. Turn, Lucinus! this was but a deed of

To that which thou shalt hear of me again:
Two are two sons that murder'd in Rome;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her;
And cut her hands; and triumph'd as they did:

Luc. Is it despicable villain? call'd they that
triumphant?

Luc. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
To trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!—

Luc. Indeed, I was their victim to impose them.

Enter Tamora, Titus, and Demetrius.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sadablution,
I will encounter with your bitter gaze.
And, say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his horrid wrong:
 smirk at his latest, who he keeps,
To ruminate strange pleasure of revenges;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusions on his enemies.

Enter Tamora, above.

Tam. Titus, who died midst my contemplation?
Is in thine trip, to make escape the door
That so my soul doth raise may fly away,
And all my soul is he so sleek!

Tit. Why, brother, come, for what I mean to do,
If not my sister, you'll have more too,
And he if I don't know, then wouldn't

Tam. Titus, I am not mad: I know thee well enough,
Witness this wreathen stamp, these crimson lines
Witnesse these tresses, made by grief and care;
Witness the tender gashes, and heavy wound;
Witness the blood where I have set it down;
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora,
Is my thy mother for my other hand!

Tit. I know them now not Tamora,
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge: sent from the infernal kingdom,
To make all these griefs, or thy mind,
By working wanton vengeance on thy foes,
Come, and welcome me to this world's light,
Light, conquer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vast obscurity, or misly vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape
Can go for fear; but I will find thee out,
And in their cells tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the fool effacer quakes.

Tam. Titus, I am so: therefore come down, and welc—

Tit. Do me no service, sir, for I come to thee:
by thy side where Rape, and Murder stands;
I shall not be afraid art Revenge, to lay
Stab them, or tear thee on the sharpest wheel;
And then I'll come, and in thy waggon,
And go among with thee about the globlese.
Prose thy proper palmy, black as he,
To lose the waggons, and in thy waggon,
And set down with thee about the globees.

Tam. Titus, I am Revenge, and come with me:
And by day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So then destroy Rape and Murder hence.

Tit. I do not think, nor come with me:

Tam. Titus, I am Revenge, and come with me:

Tit. This closing with him: his nose is foul:
Whether I forget, to feed his brain with blis,
Do you pattern not his speech with these?
For now he fancy takes me for Revenge.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT III.

Titus. I know them all, though they appear not.

And will surround them in their several devices.

A pair of cousin bent-breeches, and their wives.

[Exit.]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; labour not.

Titus. Farewell, Andronicus; Requiem ever.

To lay a simplest to betray thy foe.

[Exit.]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet revenge,

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tun. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chl. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I will send him to the devil.

Tun. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,

And I will send them to the devil.

Thou look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.

Go to thou with his blood, and when it is thy lap,

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapee, stab him; he is a rascally.

Go to thou with his blood, and when it is thy lap,

In the emperor's court,

There is a queen, attended by a Moor:

Well mayst thou know him by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death.

They have been violent to me, and mine.

Well hast thou done so; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy dear valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the emperor and his sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they weep and kneel,

And on them shalt thou cause thy angry heart

What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! Titus calls Titus.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephews Lucius:

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:

Tell him, the emperor and the emperor too

 Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,

As he regards his father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

Tit. Now will I hance about thy business,

And take my manner along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder say with me.

Or else I'll call my brother back again,

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tun. Whatever you, boys; will you abide

Where I go tell my lord the emperor,

How I found out our detested deed? And let

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

And tarry with him, till I come again.
SCENE III.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

So now bring them in, for I will play the cool
And see them really paint their mother come.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Caius, with Aaron, Priamus.

Luc. Oh! uncle Marcus, how my father’s mind,
That repairs to Rome, I am content.

1. Caius. And ours with thine, unfill what fortun
t will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the emperor’s face
For testimony of our joint proceedings:
And see the scaffold of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Ace. Some devil whisper comes in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my warring heart.

Luc. Away, unmanish dog! I Unbelieving slave!
Sir, help our uncle to convey him in—

Enter Caius, with Aaron, Priamus.

The trumpets show the scaffold is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hast the firmament more sins than
Luc. What heaps the sun, to call thyself a son?
Mar. Rome’s emperor, and nephew, break the
pace.

These warrants must be quickly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Tisch
Harold did to an human creature’s end.

Aege. Peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw near, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hostalps sound. The Company sit down at Table.

Enter Titus, dressed like a Cook, Lavinia, Relief,
Young Lucius, and Others. Thus places the
Bisbee on the Table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome,
dread queen.

Relief. Ye warelike Caius: welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the shows be poor,
’Twill fill your stomach: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I weigh you have to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your emperor.
These are a beholding to you, good Androni

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
My lord the emperor, receiveth me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginia.
To play his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, snared, and deceived?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason mighty lord
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant.
For me, most watchful, to perform the like—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and un-

Tit. Kidn her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as well as Virginia was;
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish’d, too, who did the

Tit. Will please you eat? will please your
highness feast?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
the

Tit. Not I; twain Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish’d her, and cut so many tongues,
And they, ’twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them thither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bathed in that

Wherefore their mother daftly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath laid.

Tit. True, the true; witness my knife’s sharp
point.

[ Killing Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, but this accursed
died.

[ Killing Titus.

Luc. Can the son’s eye behold his father’s blood?

There’s need for mead, for death a deadly deed.

[ Killing Saturninus. A great Tyrant. The
People in confusion dispers’d Marcus,
Lucius, and their Parians, second the
Steps before Titus’s House.
Mar. You sad-bel’t men, people and sons of Rome.

By uper never’s, like a flight of foal!
Scatter’d by winds and high tempestuous gouts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again,
This scatter’d corn into one natural sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Let Rome be Rome, and hang unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court’d to
be, like a二字 and despairs causeway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my treaty signs, and chaps of age,
Grove witness of true experience,
Cannot induce you to sit to me a words—
Speak, Rome’s dear friend; [To Lucina] as
sent our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To investock Dido’s and attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning is,
When with Greeks surprise’d King Priam’s

Tell us, what since hath bewitch’d our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal burning in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil war:

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I inter all our bitter grief;
But flood of tears will presently my misery,
And break my very utterance: even in’ the time
When it should move you to attend me more,
Lending your kind considerations,
Here is my captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will yield and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble andylic, be it known to you,
That saved Caius and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor’s brother;
And they it were that rendez’d us sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were bereaved;
Our father’s tears despised; and blindly cow’d
Of that true band, that sought Rome’s quarrel
on
And sent her spangles unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly being tossed,
The gates shut on me, and torn’d weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome’s enemies;
Who dry’d their eyes, to show their true test
And spuld their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the torn’d-forth, let it be known to you.
That have preserved her welfare is my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy’s point,
Shewing the steel in my adventrous body.
Alas! I know, I know, I
My scars can witness, though almost all this,
That report is just, and full of truth
But, soft! methinks too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, \[two Lords of Tyre.\]
ESCAVES.
SIMONIDES, King of Peripolia.
CLEON, Governor of Tharsis.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALGARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dinnyza.

A Pedlar, and his Wife. Boult, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISIA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thais.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina. DIANA.

SCENE—dispersely in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From times ancient Gower is come.

Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes
It hath been sung at festivals,
On embassies, and holy days,
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have had it for restorative;
SCENE I. Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquitas, se nos.

If you, born in these latter times,
Witless wit's more cups, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest and
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say)
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to enucle his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made those words (flatter frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow: Which
(To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whom ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, but lost his life:
So for many a night did die,
As you grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. Antiochus. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

And young Prince of Tyre, you have at large
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Kept quiet as to the glory of your praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, cloathed as a bride.

For the encomiums even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (all Eurines reigned,
Nature this dower gave to glad her presence.)
The planets all did sit,
To knit in her highest perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue given renown to men
Her face, dark blue of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Borrow where ever read, and festive wrath
Could smother in him comparison.
Ye gods that make one man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To take the foot of your celestial maze.
Or die in the adventure, be my help,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness?

Ant. Prince Pericles.

Per. This was the wish to great Antiochus.

Ant. Is there's your skill, you far Hesperus,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For, as it were, like here thine hand
Her face, like heaven, entice thee to view
Her countenance glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without, he made those eyes
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must use
You sometime famous princes, like Empyrean,
Drawn by report, adventur'd thy desire:
Tell they with speechless tongues, and solemnise
pale:
That without covering, save you field of stars
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's war
And with dead cheeks advise thee to doubt,
For going on death's net, when none resist.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My fruit mortality to know itself.
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, is what I must;
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error,
I'll make my will then; and as ask men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling
woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as ev't they did;
So I beseech, with a happy grace to you.
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unsought fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.
Then ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Per. Read the conclusion then;
Which read not and expostulated, his deceased
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.
Dough: In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous?
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists.
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]
I am a singer,
On mother's fish, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which inbore,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and get his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, receiv'd I you.

Sharp physic is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countess eyes to view men's
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this he term, which makes me pale to read it? Fair glass of light, I joy'd you, and could still,
Takes hold of the hand of the princess.
Were not these glorions cases, you'd all
But I must tell you, now, my thoughts revolve;
For he's no man whom perfection waits,
That it may enter, which doth not touch the gods.
You're a fair visi, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would pluck heaven down, and all the gods to
heaven;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Heil only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good north, I care not for you.
And Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest.
Your time's expir'd;
Either expelled now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king.
Few love to hear the sins they have to act.
Twould bend your heart to hear for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more seen than any, that such is; for
For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus clear.
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mire
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd
By many oppression; and the poor wors deth
die not.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their
and
And if Jove stray, who dars say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse to smother
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Scene I. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Hecuba, and other Lords.

Per. Let no one disturb us. Why should this change of thought?

And that composition, sleep, ye madly, melancholyly, by me so sound a guest is, not as two,

In the day's glorious walk, or pleasant night.

For the most wise of grace, should sleep.

Here pleasures court mild eyes, and wise eyes

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arms seem far too short to let me hear

Yet neither pleasure's art can ease my pain, nor

Of the passion of the soul.

That has for its first cause blindness by chance,

And what was first but fear what might be thus.

And be wise of our age, and wise of our years.

And so wish it,—the great document

(Grace whom I am too little to account

Since he's so great, and can make his will so felt.

I will think me speaking, though I swear it is

Nor vows it to me to say, I have sworn it,

If he suspect I may dissemble him;

And what may move a heart to holy fear:

He'll stop the course by which he might be known;

With hostile forces he'll o'errun the land,

And with the current of war will he ascend,

Assessment shall drive courage from the soul;

Our men be vanquished, as they are now.

And unsubdued, that he has thought of

Which care of them, not pity of myself,

(Who am no more sure but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend

Makes both his body pine, and soul to languish,

And punish that before that he would punish.

A Lord, joy, and all comfort is your mortal breast.

And keep your mind, all you return to us;

Peace, peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.

They do applaud the king, that favor him;

For flattery is the helmsman upon the

The thing which is better, but a spark,

To which that breath gives heart, that's stronger glowing.

Which does repose, obedient, and in order.

Thus kind as they are stern, for they are wise.

When Signor Scourch here does proclaim a peace,

He fattens thee, makes war upon your life;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

All leave us else; but let your own look

What shipping, and what laden is our haven.

And then return to us. [Ernest Lords.] Hecuba,

Iath moved us: what west thou in our lords?

He. Angry lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' hands,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our host?

He. How dare the plants look up to heavens

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power

To take thy life.

Per. [Kneeling]. I have ground the axe myself.

Do you needs that we the blow.

Per. Also, pygmy rage.

Sit down, sit down; thou dost not gain.

I thank thee for it: and high heaven forgive.

That kings should let their ears hear their faults.

But, I's a pit, counselor, and servant for a prince,

Who by thy wisdom maketh stiles to prince thy arms.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean

To have his head.

He must not blow his trumpet forth my infancy,

Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin

In such a lustful manner; and therefore this prince must die;

For by his fall my honour must keep high.

Who attends on us there? [Exit Antiochus.]

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thallard, you're of our chamber, our mind.

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

Thallard, behold, here's prison, and here's gold.

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,

Because we bid it. Say, is it then?

Thal. This done. [Exit Messenger.]

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

My Lord, Prince Pericles is dead.

[Exit Messenger.]

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot

From a well experienced archer, his the mark

His eye doth level at, so, say return,

Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,

I'll make him say, so farewell to thy highness.

[Exit.]

Ant. Thallard, adieu till Pericles be dead.

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Hecuba, and other Lords.

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Whose arms seem far too short to let me hear

Yet neither pleasure's art can ease my pain, nor

Of the passion of the soul.

That has for its first cause blindness by chance,

Have after-enrichment and life by ease;

And what was first but fear what might be thus.

Groves older new, and care not he do not.

And so wish it,—the great document

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Since he's so great, and can make his will so felt.

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Who by thy wisdom maketh stiles to prince thy arms.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. 709

SCENE IV.

PERICLES. What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. With patience bear and forbear, as you do lay open to receive thyself.

PER. Then speak as I a physician, Helicannus; let all ye speak towards me.

HEL. Then wouldst thou have me receive thee?

PER. Attend me then: I went to Antioch, Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death, I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty. From whence an issue I might propagate, Are arms to prince, and bring to subject joys. Her face was in mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest (that in thine ear, or as black as treason) By which my knowledge found, the sinner showed Not to strike, but smooth; but smooth, but then known this;

"To me to bear, when tyrants mean to kiss."

Which foolishly I did, I either smote, Under the covering of a careful night, Who seem'd my good protectors; and being home, Beleaguer'd me what what past, what might ensue.

I knew her dreariness: and tyrants' fear Decrease not, but grow faster than their years, And should he doubt it (as no doubts he doth), That I should open to the licensing air, How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unfeared. O, the top that seiz'd the head with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him.

What all, for mine, if I may call it fortune, Most swift war's no blow, who spare not innocence; Whose love to all (of which thyself art one), How now report'd me for it—

HEL. Dost. A man, sir! Per. Dost draw deep out of mine eyes, blooded from my chambers?

Musingly into my mind, a thousand doubles How I might stop this tempest, win it some; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it prudently charitable to grieve them.

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak.

Per. Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you bear, And jovily too, I think, you bear the tyrant, Who, either by public war, or private treason, Will take away your life there.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot. Or Demetrius do out his thread of life. Your ruling rule to any: if it is not, Day serves not more faithful than I'll be.

HEL. Per. I do not doubt thy faith; But should he wrong any liberties you have—

HEL. We'll wring blood both in the earth, From whence we have our being and our births.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to

Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had and have of subjects' good, On thee I lay, whose wisdom's hand can bear it. I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; With this much thanks, to the more deserve both. But in our sets we'll live so round and safe, That time of both this truth shall never convince, Thou show'st 'bout a subject's sake, I a true prince. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Tyre. An Ante-Chamber in the Palace. 

Enter Tharsus.

THARSUS. So this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here Pericles is, and shall I do now? I am sure to be hang'd at home: it's dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and that being led to see what he would at the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a vassal, he is bound by the indigence of his oath to be one. Hence, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicannus, Eunuch, and other Lords.

HEL. You shall not mind, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further in relation to your king's departure. His safe and salvation, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel. [Aside.]

THARSUS. Well, if further you're satisfied, Why, as it were to collect our loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

THARSUS. What from Antioch? [Aside.]

HEL. Royal Antiochus (as what cause I knew not.)

Took some displeasure at him; at least he joug'd me.

And doubting lest that he had err'd or am'd, So puts himself unto the shipman's till, With whom each minute threatens life or death. Well, I perceive [Aside.] I shall not hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it must please, Being at Antioch, to give his grace to you, But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre! Lord Tharsus from Antiochus is welcome. [Aside.]

Enter Tharsus.

THARSUS. With message unto princely Pericles; But, since my landing, as you have understood, Your lord has turn'd his hand to unknown travels, My message must return from whence it came. We have no reason to desire it, since Communicated to our master, not to us.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire. As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionysus, and Attendants.

CLEON. My Dionysus, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if we teach us to forget our own? DIONYSUS. That's war to blow at fire, in hope to quench it.

CLEON. For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain, to set up a higher. Of my disdained heart, even such our guide: Here they're but fall, and men with most eyes, But like to groves, being top'd, they higher rise. DIONYSUS. The very rakes, which wanton food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish. Our terrors and surfeits now o'erswell our wits into the air; our eyes do weep, till longer. Faint breath that may proclaim them lower; if the gods be fond, while their creatures want, They may make their helps to comfort them. Till then discover our ways, felt several years. And wasting breath to speak, help me with tears. DIONYSUS. I'll do my last. [Aside.] This Tharsus, 'tis for which I have government.

Tharsus. To show a sorrow, would conceal himself; Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish. And strangers not behold, but wonder'd at; Whose men and dames so jocund and subdue'd, Like men and dames on sudden wrath. Their tables were all full, to stand the sight, And not so much to feed on, as delight. All present to see their state, to see and pity so great. The name of help grow'd odious to repeat. DIONYSUS. "It's too true."
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT II.

Enter Governor.

Governor. Have you seen a mighty king?

Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Pericles. Welcome, governor, to our city Tyre. We have heard of your greatness, and feared your majesty, and we come in submission to your graciousness. And see the beauty of your streets! No storm can ever reach your land, and our ships shall return safe. With joy, we shall rejoice at what you bring to our country. And give us life, who are hungered and thirsted. And have the gods of Greece protect you!

Pericles. We do not fear your power; we rise, we pray you, rise; and have courage for us, our ships, our country, and our people. The time when any shall not grate, or pay with unthankfulness in thought, is it our wives, our children, or ourselves.

Your praise is welcome in our town and us.

Pericles, welcome, we'll keep; first have a while.

Until our stars that drew, lead us a smile.

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Pericles, welcome, we'll keep; first have a while.

Until our stars that drew, lead us a smile.
Scene I.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. 711

3 Fish. What say you, master?  

Per. Let me go, lest now I come away, or I'll fetch thee with a whassoon.  

3 Fish. Master, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.  

Per. Also, poor souls; it grieves my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us; to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.  

3 Fish. Nay, master, said no! as much when I saw the paraps, how he bemoaned and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them, they're never come, but look to be wash'd.  

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.  

1 Fish. Why, as men do a land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich mines to nothing so fitly as to a whole 's plays and tumults, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all in a monstrous feast. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gapin; till they've swallowed' the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.  

Per.  

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.  

2 Fish. Why, man!  

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have given a loud shout, but at the belly, that he should never have left, till he cast bell, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides was my mind—  

Per. Simonides!  

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drunkards, that rob the base of her honey.  

Per. How from the sunny summit of the sea,  

These fathers tell the infirmities of men;  

And from their watery empire recollect  

All that may men approve, or men detect—  

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.  

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day's fit you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.  

Per. Nay, sir, the sea hath cast upon your coast—  

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!  

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,  

Lay, like a vast tumult, hath made the ball.  

For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  

His asks of you, that never use to beg.  

1 Fish.  

Per. You cannot but see 'tis here, in our country of Greece, grow more with hastening, than we can do with working.  

3 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?  

Per. I never preach'd it.  

1 Fish. Nay, thou seest what you say: for here's nothing to be got nowadays, unless thou canst fish for'.  

Per. When, I have been, I have forgot to know:  

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;  

A man shrou'd up with cold; my veins are cold,  

All have no more sense than a fish,  

To give you tongues that beat, to ask your help;  

Which if you shall refuse, when we are dead,  

Per. I am sure you are right.  

1 Fish. Die gaunton? No gods forbid! I have a groan here; come, put it on; keep these wars.  

Now, swear me, a hardy fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for every day; and more profusion and chaplains, and thou shall be welcome.  

Per. I thank you;  

1 Fish. Hurrah, my friend, you said you could not beg.  

Per. I did not crave.  

1 Fish. But then I'll not crave thee, and so I shall scarce praying.  

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?  

1 Fish. Nay, they say, 'tis for all.  

Per. Better off, than to be dead. But, master, I'll go drive the fishes.  

[Enter two of the Fishermen.  

Per. How well his honest mach takes between their basins!  

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?  

Per. Not well.  

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, our capital city; the good Simonides.  

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?  

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.  

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the names of good, by his government.  

How far is his court distant from this shore?  

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he had a last daughter, and in un-row is for birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and turnery for her love.  

Per. Were my fortune equal to my desires, I must wish to vintay one there.  

1 Fish. And what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.  

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.  

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a great ball of steel in the law; it will hardly come out. Let it be, sir; come at last, and it's turned to a rusty arrow.  

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.  

Thanks, fortune, got, that after all my crosses,  

Thus giveth me somewhat to repair myself.  

And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,  

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  

With the strict charge (even as he left his life,)  

Keep it, my Pericles, in th' best of a shield.  

'Twixt me, and death (and pointed to this bronce)  

For that it said me, keep it: it in like necessity,  

The which the gods protect thee from: it may defend thee.  

It kept where I kept, I dearly loved it;  

Till the rough seas, that gnere not say ease,  

Took it in rage, though call'd, have given it again.  

I thank you for't; for my shipwreck's now no ill;  

Since I have here my father's gift by will.  

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?  

Per. To you, kind friends, this post of worth.  

For it was sometime target to a king;  

I know it by this mark. He bow'd me dearly,  

And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  

And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  

And if that ever my life be not a water,  

I'll pay your bounties till then, rest your debt.  

1 Fish. How, by, will that turnoy to the lady?  

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.  

1 Fish. Why, do you take it, and the gods give you more;  

I am sure you are right.  

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friends; twas we that made up this present garment through the rough sea's of the waters: there are certain condemnations, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember it.  

Per. Believe't, I will.  

Now, by your famine, I am cloth'd in steel,  

And sport with all the repose of the sea,  

This jewel holds this hanging on my arm:  

Unto thy will I will amount:  

Upon a charter, with the great officers  

Shall make the game joy to see him stand.  

Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  

Or at least, you'll supply that wants.  

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT II.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he cometh To see his master's daughter, and is strangely Hasted to see her. Shall we now accept him? Until this day, to assure it is too late.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that maketh us sons.

The courtier habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw into the gallery.

Sim. [Great aloud, and call up.] The man knight

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Duet

Enter Simonides, Thales, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the approach?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,

Be here, like beauty's child, whose nature gat

For men to see, and set wonder at.

That. I present you, my father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's love.

Sim. This fit it should be: for princes and a model, which heaven makes like to itself;

As jewels how their glory, if neglected,

So princes their renown, if not respected.

The now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight, in his device.

That. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter A Knight: he passes near the Stage, and the Spiret presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

That. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Zeppelin, reaching at the sun;

The word, Lux et ad iris.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

That. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, is Spanish, Fies per diabros que

Passe per fueras. [The third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third?

That. A burning torch, that's turned upside

The word, Quod me aest, me aequantis.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power

And will, which can so well inflame, as it can kill.

That. The fifth, an hand environ'd with cloud;

Holding out gold, that's by the torchstone tried;

The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which is the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

That. He seems to be a stranger; but his present

Is a witter'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, In hac vesta.

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the deserted state wherein he is,

He hopes by him his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward

Can any way speak in his just command;

For, by his merry outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the wheelwright, than the lance.
SCENE V.

PEREGRINES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might contrive to half his worth.
Now, what is it, you, Thes?
Thes. What is it?
To me, my father?

[Enter, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one they chance
to honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to goats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wond'red at.
Therefore to make's entrance more sweet
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine
to him.
Thes. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my profile take for an off'ence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

[Enter, Thes.
Thes. Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better.
[Exit, Thes.
And further tell us, we desire to know,
Of whence he be, his name, and parentage.
Thes. The king, my father, sir, has drank to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thes. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thes. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Peregrines; my station being in arts and arms)
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas raft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
Thes. He thanks your grace; names himself Peregrines.
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortunes of the sun has been here
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

[Enter, Thes.
Thes. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will make him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, sit too long on thrones,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Local music too harsh for ladies' hearts;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip:
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that please them, they are, my lord.

[Enter, Thes.
Thes. O, that's as much, as you would be duc'd.

[The Knights and Ladies dance.
Of your fair courtesy—Unclasp, unclasp!
Thanks, gentlemen, is all; all have done well;
But you the best. [To Peregrines.] Pagues and dignes, consider.
These knights unto their several lodgings; Yours, sir,
We have given order to be mett own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Thes. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speaking of their best.

SCENE IV.

TYRE. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter, Helicannus and Eneas.

Hel. No, no, my Eneas; know this of me,—
Antichus will not live long,
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to these heinous capital offences.
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seized, and his daughter with him,
In a charter of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and strive'd up
Their ladies, even to loathing; for they were too stately,
That all those eyes ador'd them set on fire.
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Eneas. 'Tis very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king was great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's small; but sin had his reward.
[Exit.
'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 Lord. And curse he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicannus, a way.

Hel. With me? and welcome! Happy day, my lord.

1 Lord. Know, that our grieves are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. You are great; for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicannus.

But if the prince do live, let us salute him.

Hel. Or know what ground's made happy by his breed.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, given cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censers;
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
(Like greaty buildings left without a roof),
Will seem to run full, your noble self,
That least know'd how to rule, and how to reign;
We thus admit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicannus!

Hel. Tyr, honour's cause, forbear your suppliant,
If the prince Peregrines, forbear your
Take your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A seventeen thousand, let me then excuse you;
To forbear, chides it the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, be not return'd,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke;
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search such noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicannus enjoins us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then, love us, we you, and we shall reap
Whom pears that knft, a kingdom ever endurance.

[Enter Simondias, reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simondias.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know;
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake A marvelous life.

[Exit.

Which from herself by no means can I get.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT II.

3 Knight. May we not ask access to her, my lord?  
Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her seclusion, that it is impossible
Of twelve months more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.
3 Knight. Though death to bid she scarcely, we
Take not leaves. [Exeunt.

Sim. So
They'll weep and dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter;
She tells me here, she'll weep the sterner knight,
Or come more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mind;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's lab's
Not missing neither I think; as or not,
Well, I commend her choice;
And will not longer have it disdained.
Soft; here she comes—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!  
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night; my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delicious pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to command;
Not my desert.
Sim. You are my music's master, sir;
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
Sir, of
My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess—
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day is summer: wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, as well, sir, that you must be her master.
And well she be your scholar; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; parse this writing cles.
Per. What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
"To the king's daughter, to have my life. I bed."
O, seek not to extort, my gracious lord,
A stranger, and disguised gentleman,
That never sir, nor, to love your daughter,
But lent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and,
thereat.
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir,
Never did think of mine eye's offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.
Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),
That calls me traitor, I return the like.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[Aside.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never spoke of a base deservant.
I came unto your count, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And like that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's her enemy.

Sim. No—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did not entreat of him by hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thaisa. Why, sir, as you say it.
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

Usher brings you in subjection—
Will you, not having any counsel, know
Your love and your affection a strange
(Who, for it, I know the trouble)
Or think, may be by great ambassado's holded?
Hear therefore, temperate, from your wish to mine—
And you, sir, hear you—Either here I am,
Or I will make you—man and wife—
Nay, some; your friends and fate must end it
letter;
And you, sir, hear you—Either here I am,
Or I will make you—man and wife—
Nay, some; your friends and fate must end it
Thaisa. Yes, if you hear me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my count that speaketh
What's, are you then agreed?
Sim. Yes, you, please your majesty.
Sim. It pleases me as well, I see you well.
Then, with what haste you can, you get to bed,
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Simonides and Pericles at door, with
Attendants:—A Messenger runs in, speaking, and
Pericles a Letter. Pericles opens it to
Simonides; the Lords run in the temple.
Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lydium.
Simonides shows his daughter to the
Cesar:—she reads Pericles's letter to
Therese, and depart. Then Simonides, 4to—

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Per. I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside.] Yes,

(Verse answering the lusty sound of music.)

Twice court of King Simonides
Are letters brought by the master there;
Anothes and his daughter's death
The men of Tyre, on the head
OfHeliocampus would set out
The crown of Tyre, but he will not
The many there he cannot oppress;
Says to them, if you love me, you shall have them;
Come not home, in twice six months.
He declared to their counsels,
Will take the crown; the sum of this,
Brought hither to Tyre, to
Y-rodeo the reaction
And every one with clear arm sound,
Our heir apparent is a king;
Who's yours, who, of thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which she with herself) almost on
Omit all their dole and wo
Lydius, her more she takes;
And so an end. Then follow
On Neptune's bower; half she went.
Scene II.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

They had their boat; but fortune's mood
Was as again the stag-fish's north.
Disgorge such a tempest forth;
Then, as a duck for that does dive;
Shake up and down the poor ship's driving.
The lady shudders, and, well-near!
Duck fall in travel with her fear:
And what ensues in this tell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I will relax; action must
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, its ship, upon whose deck
The sea-boat prince appears to speak. [Exit]

Enter Pericles, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Then God of this great vast, rule thou these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that bear
Upon the winds command, blow them in banks,
Call'd from the deep! O still thy deal's-wind.
Thy drear full thunder: gently quench thy almighty
Rolling furnace flashes!—O low, Lychnus,
Haste does my queen.—Then storm, thou I venomously—
With then snort all myself!—The seaman's whole
Is as a whisper in the ears of death.
Undertow.—Lychnus!—Light!—Our
Element pandemic, hold not me, gentle,
To those that try by night, convey thy deely
Abroad our dancing fleet, and make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travaile.—Now, Lychnus.

Exit Lychnus, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing:—Too young for such a place, who if it had
Consent would die as I am like to dye.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
Per. How, Lyc?—Lychnus!—Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Per. Here's all that is left living of your queen.—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and be silent. O you god!
Why do you make us lose your godly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
We honour with yourselves.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Nay, mad may be thy life?
For a more bottomless hath never been
Quiet and gentle thy conditions,
For then are the revolting women's to this world,
That ever was prince's child. Happy what folow
Jow.

You seem as chiding a master,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald this from the womb: even at the first,
Thy lust is more than can thy portcullis quit,
With all thou canst find harrow—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the storm;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sailor,
Woe, it would be quiet.
1 Sail. Shake the booms there; thou wilt not,
with them? Bloom and split thyself.
2 Sail. But keep them, an the moon and cloudy
bellow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 Sail. sir, your queen must overboard; the
ship works high and wild, and will not
let the ship be clearest of the dead.
Per. That's your expectation. 1 Sail Parley, us, sir; with us at sea it still
had been observed; and we are strong in com-   
mon; There's nothing else yield her; for she must
overboard straight.
Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A true child-bred boat thou hast, my dear.
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee fellow's pity to thy grave, but straight
Mint cast thee, scarcely collid, in the coals;
Where, for a moment upon thy bosome,
And eye-stingling lamps, the boiling whale,
And humming water must overwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple seats. Lychnus, bid Nestor bring me his spicery, fax, and paper,
My satchel and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin: lay the bale
Upon the pillow: kiss thee, while I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly—woman.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a sheet breast the hatches,
could't be and blear ready.
Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
reach't?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsas.
Per. Sell. Fairer,报er, nearer.
After thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O make for Tharsas.

Lyc. Here will I visit Cloon, for the sake
of the ship; for I shall hold out to Tyre; there I'll leave it.
Attentive morning. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently.

[Exit Lychnus]

Scene II.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipperched.

Cor. Philemon, ho!

Per. Dost thy lord call?
Cor. Got fire and meat for these poor men; it
has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Sire, I have been in many; but such a night
as this I
Till now I've never endur'd.
Cor. You must mean this dead eve ye return you?
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'parkhe-y,'
And tell him how it works.

[Exit Philemon.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.
2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cor. Gentlemen, why do you sit so early?
1 Gent. Sir, Our lodging, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake; the very
maine did seem to read,
And all to topple; dare surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
2 Gent. Then is the case we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our irregularity,
O, you say well.
1 Gent. But I must marvel that your lordship,
Shake from the golden number of repose.
It is no strange
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not competitive.
Cor. I held it ever.

[Cor. Virtue and coining were enemies greater
Than physical rule; counteracts her
May the two later darken and expand;
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

But immortality attends the former.

Making a scene of it.

To the know ledge, I ever

Have studi'd physicke, through which secret art,

By turning over authorities, I have (together with my practice,) made familiar

To me, and to my mind, the blast inuins

That dwell in vegetibles, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the discourses

That nature works, and of her cure—which gives me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be buried after tumbling honour,

Or to my renowne in silke bags,

To please the fool and death. &c.

2 Gent. Your honour has throurd through Ephesus

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd;

And all your knowledge, personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Corinon

Such strong renowne as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. Sir, lift here.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the seas toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wretched.

Cer. Set it down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin is—

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straitly; if the man's bones be charg'd with gold, it is a good constraint of fortune, that it belies us upon.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'twas cou'dnd, and blitned—

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a bilow, as 'tis upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrest it open; if it is a chest.

O you must pole gold! what's here? a chest—

1 Gent. Most strange—

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and

entranced With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollon, perfect me! the characters—

Unfolds a Scroll.

Here I give to understand—

[Reads]

If ever this coffin drizz a hand,

1. King. Pericles, have lot

This presents worth more than my combinate cost.

Who found her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

In these our days, and for a fe

The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, then hast a heart

That even tracks for we—This channel to

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Serv. Nay, certainly to-night:

For look, how fresh she looks! They were too

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may murmur on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The overpress'd spirits. I have heard

Of an Egyptian, had nine hours len dead;

By good appliance was recover'd.

Enter A Servant, with Boxes, Nappins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths—

The rough art of making music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The victor more:—How thou art, then bring

The music there. I pray you, give her air—

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature unstrung a wound

Breathed out of her: she hath not been revisit'd

Above five hours: how she turn to live

Into life's flower again?

2 Gent. The heavens, sir,

Through you, increase our wonder, and set up

Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,

Her cypher, came to this heavenly prize

Which Pericles hath lost,

Begun to part their raiment of bright gold;

The diamond of a most precious stone.

Appear, to make the world twinkle out. God, and

And make us weep to hear your tales, my son.

Here as you seem to be!—

Thrice.

Dion. Where am I?

Where's my lord? Where's my lady? Where's

Cer. Is not this strange?

Dion. Most rare.

Cer. He seemed neighbourly:

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber her

Get linen; now this matter must be thus:

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, now;

And Escalante guide us!—

Enter, carrying Tales. 

SCENE III.

Thanasi. A Room in Cer's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Diogenes, Lykurnus, and Marion.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I most much in

My two months are expire'd, and Tyre stands

In a dangerous piece. You, and your lady,

Take from any heart all shouldfulness! The gods

Make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt

Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your renouned guest:

That the strict fairest had pleased, had brought

her hither,

To have been mine eyes.

Per. We cannot but see

The powers above us. Could I reign and roar

As both the sea she lies in, yet the rest of

Must be as 'tis. My wife Mariana (whom,

For she was born at sea, I have marred) here

I charge you charity withal, and leave her

The infant of your care; beseeching you

To give her princely teaching, that she may

Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Pears not, my lord, but think

Your grace, that fed my country with your care

(For which the people's prayers will fail upon

you.)

Most in your child to be thought on. If negligence

Shall therein make me wise, the common body.

If you refus'd, would force me to my duty;

But if to that my nature need not a spur,

The gods reverse it upon me and mine,

To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;

Your honour and your goodnesse teach me well.

Without your vows. Tills she be married, maiden,

By bright Diana, whom we honour all,

Uncleard shall this half of mine remain,

Though I show will in 't. So I take my leave,

Good madam, make me bless'd in your care

In bringing up my child.

Cer. I have one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect,

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace where she may

The shoes:

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptunus, and

The greatest winds of heaven.
SCENE IV.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears, Lycedoriti, no tears! Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter. —Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House. Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cerv. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your cofier; which are now At your command. Know you the character? Thais. It is my lord's.

Cerv. That I was shipwreck'd, I well remember, Even on my coming time; but whether these Delivered or not, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles, My wedded lord, I never shall see again, A vessel's journey which will take me to, And never more have joy.

Cerv. Madam, if thy purpose as you speak, Diana's temple is not distant, Where you may abide until your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a piece of mine Shall attend you.

Thais. That. My remembrance is thanks; that's all: Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrive'd at Tyre, Welcome'd and settled to his own desire. His woful queen leave at Ephesus. Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marah bend your mind, Whom our last growing scene must find At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters, who hath gai'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But slack! That monster envy, of the froward Of learned praise, Marah's life, chas'd by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even time for marriage fight; this maid Hight Philiten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marah be: Be't when she wean't the shielded silk With flos'ers long, and of the white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambric, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the late Sun, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moon; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Diana; still This Philiton contents in still With absolute Marah: so With the love of Paphus the crow Wier feathers white. Marah gets All praising, that are paid as delds, Not as given. This so darks In Philiten all graceful marks, That Cleon, as well, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marah, that her daughter Might stand secure from this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stand, Lychedoriti, our nerve is dead: And cursed Dionysa hath The pregnant instrument of wrath For her: then, if any sudden event I do commit to your contest; Only I carry winged time

Post on the same feet of my rhymes That never could I o'erbear, Unless your thoughts went on my way— Dionysa does appear, With Leonides, a murderer. —[Enrages.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. An open Place near the Seashore. Enter Dionysa and Leonides.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it; 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing 'tis world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom Inflame too nicely: nor let pity, which Even woman have cast off, melt thee, but he A soldier thy purpose. Leon. 'Tis done; but yet she is a good creature. Dion. The better, then, the gods should have her. Wrapping herself in her husband's death. Thou art resolved? Leon. Leon is resolved.

Enter Marah, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her woad, To steer thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues.

The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy gray. While summer days do last. Ah me! I poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marah? Why do you keep alone? How chance your daughter is not with you? Do not consume your blood with sorrowing: you have A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd With this unprofitable wight! Come, come, Give me your wreath of flowers. See the sea, Marah, Walk forth with Leonides; the air is quick there, Piercing, and sharpen'st well the stomach. Come, Leonides, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Dion. I will not bereave you of your servant. Leon.

Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself. With more than foreign heart. We every day Expect him here; when he shall come, and find Our paragon to all reports, thus blaz'd, He will repeat the breadth of his great voyage: Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion, which did stay The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go but yet I have no desire to it. Dion. Come, come. I know 'tis good for you, Walk half an hour, Leonides, at the least; Remember what I have said. Leon. Leon. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while; Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood: What I most have a care of you for. Here.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam. —[Exeunt.

Is this wind westerly that blows? South-west.

Leon. When I was born, the wind was north.

Was not so 

Leon. My father, as nurse said, did never fear, But, cry. Good seaman, to the sailors, calling His kindly hands with haling of the ropes; And, clasping to the mast, entered a sea.
That almost bust the deck.
Leon. When was this.
Mar. When I was young.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes a
caravanclimber. Has she one, out? And
With a gathering district they slip.
From noon to noon: the hoistain whales, and
The master calls, and tracks their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray! but be not loathen.
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn.
To do my work with base.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill’d?
No, as I can remember, by my truth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake but words, nor did ill turn.
To say: believe me, I never kill’d a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I went for it in every true, we shall never prosper.
Wherein my death might yield her profit,
or
My life imply her danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but to do it.
Mar. You will not do for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour’d, and your looks forebode
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
With the green case except, when thou didst
Goodness, it show’d how well; you do so now:
Your lady seeks my life: come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn.
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.
8 Pirate. A prize! a prize! [Pirates.
9 Pirate. Half-part, maste, half-part. Come,
Let’s have her aboard suddenly.
[Exit Pirates with Marina.

SCENE II. The same.
Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These raving thieves serve the great pi-
rate Valide;
And they have seiz’d Marina. Let her go;
There’s no hope she’ll return. I’ll swear she’s
dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I’ll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish’d, must by me be slain.
[Exit.

SCENE III. Milotene. A Room in a Bredsid.

Enter Pandcr, Bawd, and Boult.

Bawd. Boult. Sir.
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Milotene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this
mart, by being too wenchish.
Bawd. We are not so much out of crea-
tures. We have but poor three, and they can
do no more than they can do; and with con-
tinu’d action are even as good as rotten.
Pand. Therefore let’s have fresh ones, whate’er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience
to be touch’d, we shall have something we go loose.
Boult. Thou say’st true; it’s not the bringing
up of poor butards, as I think I have brought
up some elevens.—

Boult. Ay, so clever, and brought them down.
Bawd. Search the market, sir; an thou seest, we
shall have nothing.
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so
poorly.
Pand. Thou say’st true; they are too unworth-

some, a necessity. The poor Turnspurn’s
stem, that way with them. We shall have
Boult. Ay, she quickly poised her; she made
him trust mean for women—but I’ll go search
the market.
Pand. Three or four thousand days were
as pretty a proportion to live quiet, and we go
on.
Bawd. Why, in give over, I pray you, it is
shame to get when we are old.
Bawd. O, our credit men can not in this com-
modity; nor the commodity wages not into
danger; therefore, if in your goods you
pick up some pretty creature, beware! there’s
no doing but keep your door hatch’d. Besides, the
time we stand to the goods, the gods will be angry
with us for giving over.
Bawd. Come, other such offends as well as we.
Bawd. As well as we! and, hang you; we
offend worse. Neither is our profession my
trade; it’s no calling;—but here comes Miss
Bawd. Enter the Pirates, and Bawd, dodging in

Bawd. Come your ways. [Miss Milotene.
Bawd. As to the last. You rascal, you say she’s a
virgin?
Bawd. O, sir, she is not a.
Bawd. Master, I have grown through for the
piece, you see; if you like her, I, and I have
lost my trade.
Bawd. Bawd, has she any qualities?
Bawd. She has a good face, stout, well, and
she has been but a blackhead, and in the world she
never was. Even the necessity of qualities can make
her as noised.
Bawd. What’s her price, Bawd?
Bawd. I cannot be bored one dot of a thou-
sand pieces.
Bawd. Well, follow me, my master; you shall
have your money presently. Why, take him in;
instruct her what she has to do, that she may
not be raw in her entertainment.
Bawd. Enter Pandcr and Bawd. [Exeunt.
Bawd. Boult, take you the mark of her; the
colour of her hair, complexion, height, age,
warrant of her virginity: and cry, Be that you
will most, shall have her first. Such a un dread-
head were no cheap thing, if men were as they
have been. Get this done as I commanded you.
Bawd. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so
slow!
(He should have struck, not speak;) or that these
pirates,
Not enough barbarous) had not overpassed.
thrown me, to seek my master.
Bawd. Why intrusted you, peace one?
Bawd. That I am pretty.
Bawd. Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part
in this.
Bawd. I assure them not.
Bawd. You are set into my hands, where you are
like to live.
Bawd. The more my fault.
Bawd. To name his hands, where I was like to de-
Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.
Bawd. No.
Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and have good-
men of all fashions. You shall have well; you
shall have the difference of all complexes.
What! do you stop your ears?
Bawd. Are you a woman?
Bawd. What would you have me be, as it
is a woman?
Bawd. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goddam! I think
shall have something we go loose.
Bawd. Marry, an honest woman, or not a woman.
Bawd. Well, I come to the market; and some
may as well as others.
Bawd. Do not your eyes fear me, but fear
your hearts.
Bawd. If he please the gods to defend you
men, then, if he please, let God cut you, man and
man, man must sit you up.—Boult’s return.

Some return, and are incensed; and, it is said,
Boult. What else, man? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so
poorly.

Bawd. Thou say’st true; they are too unworth-

you are a young sociable person, and men or
women who have not much time to search the market.
Bawd. The gods defend men!
Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you
men, then, if it please, let God cut you, man and
man, man must sit you up.—Boult’s return.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

SCENE IV.

Enter Boult.

Boult. Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market? Boult. And send her to the number of her hours; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Boult. And I pray thee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Boult. We shall have him here to-morrow with him.

Boult. Tonight, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that owns 't the house?

Boult. Who? Mousier Verole?

Boult. Ay: he offered to eat a caper at the proclamation; but he made a gross at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Boult. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in his shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Boult. Pray you come hither swift. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begins you a good opinion, and that opinion a profitable profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take your home, mistress; take her home: those blues of hers must be quarrel'd with some present practice.

Boult. Thou say'st true, 'tis faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is in her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Nay, some do, and some do not: But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint. —

Boult. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spirit.

Boult. I may so.

Boult. Who should deny it? Come, young one; I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. By faith, thy faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Boult. Boult, spend thou that in the town: repit thou never a word to the gods, thou'lt lose me nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what one, though you have her, and then beat the harvest out of thine own repit.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the feels of rels, as my giving out thy beauty trim up the lowly-inclined. Till bring home less to thee to night.

Boult. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Until I still my virgin knot will keep,

Diana, art thy purpose.

Boult. What have we to do with Diana? [Exit.]

Diana. Pray you, will you go with us? [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionysa.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be unknown? Cle. O Dionysa, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the glorious world, I'd give it to thee in the dead. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, If the justice of compare! O villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too! If thou hast been drunk, it was in a kindness Becoming well my fest: what cannot thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child? Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the nurses To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She dast at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the impious innocent And for an honest attribute, cry out, She dast by foul play.

Cle. O go to. Well, well, Of all the foals beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. He is one of those, that think The pretty virgins of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble spirit you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation did, Though not his pre-constent, he did not flow From memorable courses.

Dion. Be so then: Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But cast their eyes on Mary's face; Whilst ours was burnt at, and held a malinor, Not worth the watch of time. It pierced me a thorough soul.

And though you call my course unnatural, You suit your child well loving, yet I find, It grieves me as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it! Dion. And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her heart, And yet we mourn; her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaph In glistening golden characters express A general praise in her, and marks us At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth wear those angel's face, Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that supernaturaly

Dush the water to the gods, who will the fishes; But yet I know you'd do as lasdively. — [Exit.

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short; Salt seas in cookies, have, and wish but salt;

Making (quicks your imagination) From hours to hours, region to region. By your being pardon'd, we commit no crime To use our language, in all such occasions Where our severe soul live. Do be bewray you To learn of me, who stand'd the gap to teach you The stages of our story. Pericles is now again thraving the wayward seas (attended on by many a lord and knight.) To see his daughter, all his life's delight. Old Eaces, whose Holimans late Advance'd in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, That Heicus of goes along behind;

Well sailing ships, and loudest winds, have brought This letter to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought) So with his steersman shall your thoughts grow with.

To seek his daughter home, who first is gone. Like motes and shadows see them more awhile; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.
Enter a dumb show.

Enter at one door, Pericles, with his train; Chiron and Dicyon step in from the other. Chiron shows Pericles the town of Massina; whereof Pericles makes lamentation, says he is sick of Sophocles, and says he will depart. Then Chiron and Dicyon retire.

Dumb show.

Enter Lydus.

Lydus. How now? How is a dream of virginity?
Bawd. Now, the god is here! now you have him.
Bawd. I am glad to see your house is in good repair.
Lydus. You may see; all the better for you that your resources stand upon sound legs: but now, wholesome inquiry? Have you that man may deal within, and daily the like? But there never comes any man to the house.
Bawd. If she did she'd do the deeds of wickedness, you wouldn't say.
Lydus. Your honour knows what is a way well enough.
Bawd. Well; call forth, call forth.
Bawd. For dead and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she was a mislaid, if she had not—
Lydus. What then, Thyreus? Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest. Lydus. That signifies she means of a hard, as it signifies he gives a good report to an underling at chaste.

Enter Marins.

Bawd. Here comes one that grows in the walk—never glanced yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?
Lydus. Paints are as prevalent these days after a long voyage at sea. Well, there you see her—
Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave; I send for a word, and I'll come presently.
Lydus. I beseech you, no.
Bawd. First, I would have you know this is an honourable man.
Lydus. To Marins, whose he is, and—
Mar. I desire to find him, so, that I may worthily note him.
Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this county, and a man whom I am bound to.
Mar. If be the governor the county, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is that, I know not.
Bawd. Nay you, without any more vulgar fencing, will you use him kindly? He will use your apron with gain.
Mar. What he will do generously, I will thankfully receive.
Bawd. But I have divinity preached there did you ever dream of such a thing? Mar. No, no, come, I am for no more such business; may be the last day. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of cutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Mitylene. A street before the brothel.

Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
Gent. No, nor ne'er shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
Gent. But to have divinity preached there? Did you ever dream of such a thing?
Gent. No, no, come, I am for no more such business; may be the last day. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of cutting, for ever. [Exeunt.
Scene VI.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; if purchase you, make the judgment good. That thought you worthy of it.

Pericles. How's this? how's this?—Some more—be sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most urgent fortune Hath placed me here within this heartless city, Where, since I came, dumpan's been sold— Dearer than physic, O that the good gods Would set me free from this unlawful place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That lies in the purer air!

I did not think Thou could'st have spoken so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had answer'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee. Forever still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee! Mar. The gods preserve you! Pericles. For me, be thou imagined That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very gods are days of favour vis'd. Farewell! Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not thy training hath been noble— Hold! here's more gold for thee—

A curse upon him, die he as a thief, That rob's the thy goodness! If thou hear'st it, It shall be for thy good.

[As Lyssimachus is putting up his Purse, Boult enters.]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me. Pericles. Ah, thou dammed doorstep keeper! Go thy ways.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your plentiful charity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be galloped like a spangled

Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have my maidservant taken away, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We are no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. How now! what's matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has heard some holy words to the Lord Lyssimachus.

Boult. O abominable! Pericles. Marry, hang her up for ever! Pericles. The noblemen would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too. Pericles. Boult, take her away; see her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest manageable.

Boult. As if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Pericles. Harsh, harsh, you gods.

Boult. She counsels; away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang her up for ever! Pericles. She's born to undo. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays.

[Exit Pericles.

Pericles. Marry, pray, tell me one thing first. Boult. Come now, your one thing. Pericles. What cause dost thou have to be? Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better uses in their command. Thou hast not a place, for which the palm'd fist fêted

Of heat would not in reputation change: Thou'rt the dammed doorstep-keeper to every ostrel That hither comes inspired for his tit; To the cholerick Dent of each rogue thy ear Is liable: thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. Boult. What would you have me? I go to the war. Pericles. Mart, I wish it. Boult. Marry, seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him. Pericles. Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty Old receptacles, common senners, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a balancer, Could be but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from the place Deliver me! Here, here a gold for thee. Boult. I will undertake all these to fetch. Marry, I can proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from beast; And I will undertake all these to fetch. Boult. I doubt not but this populous city will yield many scholars. Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of? Pericles. Marry, I am to take him home again, And prostitute me to the honest housewife That don't requite your house.

Boult. Well, I'll see what I can do for thee; I can place this, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Marta, thus the brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admirers lays: Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her scale composes Nature's own shape, of both, bird, branches, or here.

That even her art sisters the natural roses: Her inkle silk, twin with the ribbed cherry! That purple you the mole of noble robes, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain She gives the crosset's kiss, it is a maiden's place, And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost.

Whence driven before the winds, he is arriv'd Here where his daughter dwelleth: and on the coast Supepose him now at anchor. The city's saved God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whose

Sirius, our Tyrian ship repays, His benowsable, triumvird with rich espadas; And to him his bargains with her life. In your supposing once more yet your sight; Of heavy Pericles think this the last;
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' Ship, off Mytilene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it. Pericles within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them Helicanus.

Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can receive you. [To the Sailor of Mytilene.

O, here he is.

Sail. There's a barge put off from Mytilene, and in it is Lyons, the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will? That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Give me your answer.

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you.

To receipt fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

Enter, from the scene, Lyons, Helicanus, and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Hel. Sir, this is the man that can, in sooth, you would, Resolve you.

Lyons, Hall, reverence, the gods preserve you! And you, sir, to entitle the age I am, And die as I would do.

Hel. Sir, you wish well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumph, Seeing this godly vessel ride before us, I unde to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lyons. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:

A man, whom for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance,

To preserve his gout.

Lyons. Upon what ground is his distempers?

Hel. Sir, 'tis too teediously to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lyons. We may not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir;

But hould your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lyons. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir; [Pericles discovered.

This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night

Drew him to this.

Lyons. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hall, royal bier.

Hel. He is in vain: he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene, I

durst noter,

Wool win some words of him.

Lyons. 'Tis well behought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony

And other stony attractions, would allure

And make a battery through his deaf'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd;

She is all harm in the latest of all,

And, with her fellow make, is now upon

The holy shelter that shifts against

The island's side.

Who speeches one of the attendant Lords—

Enter, Lord Helicanus, the Governor of Mytilene.

Hel. Sure all's effectual; yet nothing we 'lum.
The more she gives them speech—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
Mar. And how achieved you those embellishments, which you make more rich to hear?
Per. Should I tell my history, I would seem like less skilled in the regarding
Pr'ryther speak.
Mar. Patience cannot come from that, for those look at
Moe, or judge, and then somet'ns'c a pair
For, the crown'rs' truth to dwell in: I'll believe
And make my sense credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible: for such look at
Like one I here'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Per. Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back
(Which was when I perceived thee, that thou
From good descension?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Would thou have me parent, that thou saidst
Thou hast been too'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'sh thy grief might equal
Or both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thought
Did warrant was likely.
Per. Tell thy story.
If those consider'd, it is the thousandth part
Of my endurance, upon a man; and I
Endure'd with the girt: yet there does look
Like patience, going on king's graves, and smiling.
Excruciatingest, and the heart.
Mar. What were thy friends?
How long thou dost me, I thy name, my most kind
Virgin?
Per. Or here I'll cease.
Mar. Nay, I'll be patient; and
Now know'sh how thou dost nurse me
To call daylight大理石.
Mar. The name of, but why?
Mar. Who gave me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
Mar. And call'd Martha.
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a trouble of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you rash and blind?
Have you a meaning pulse, or are you b'lost,
So notion? Well, I'll speak on. Where were you born?
And why call'd Martha?
Mar. I was not born at sea.
Mar. At sea?
Mar. Your mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born.
As my good nurse Lycophrida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop, those a little! This is the rarest dream that I shall sleep
Did mock and fade withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [A couch] Well—where
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Per. You'll scarce believe me; two'ns'c so cold
Did give way.
Per. I will believe you by the ear.
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Pharos leave me.
Tell lord Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wou'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Thought me to Mytilene. But now, good sir
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
Per. You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. N Pe'ra, Helicasus!
Per. Call'd my gracious lord?
Hel. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this means, or what is like to be,
That thou hast made me weep?
Per. I know not; but this
Here is the regard, or, sir, of Mytilene.
Speaks nobly of her.
Lyse. She would never tell
Her parentage; being commanded that,
She would at still and weep.
Per. O Helicasus, strike me, hoarse'nd sir!
And drawn me with their sweetnesses.
Per. Then, does he know he that did thee best;
Then, that was born at sea, named me Tharsus;
And found at sea again! O Helicasus,
Down on the knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threaten'rs; This is Marble—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confound'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. Thy name is tith?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My dream'd green's name, (as in the rest thou hast
Beauteous perfect) thence the heir of kings
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be thy daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Tharsus?
Tharsus was my mother, she did say,
The minute I began.
Per. Now, bless me on thee, rest; then art I thy
Child.
Give me a look, I put me in present pain;
Have you a meaning pulse, or are you b'lost,
So notion? Well, I'll speak on. Where were you born?
And why call'd Martha?
Per. I was not born at sea.
Mar. At sea?
Mar. Your mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born.
As my good nurse Lycophrada hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop, those a little! This is the rarest dream that I shall sleep
Did mock and fade withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [A couch] Well—where
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And never interrupt you.
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Did give way.
Per. I will believe you by the ear.
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
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Tell lord Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wou'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Thought me to Mytilene. But now, good sir
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT V.

He sought to murder; but her better star
Through other paths to Ministers of Fate
Riding, her fortune brought for itself alone
Where, by her own most wile and wondrous courage
Mused known herself her daughter.

Thou, Venus! bless her!—
You are—you are—O royal father!

Per. What means the woman! I do not love her, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's story true,
This is your wife.

Reversed spermata;
I threw her overboard with these very words.

Cer. Upon this coast, I was warning.

Per. The most death
Cer. Look to the lady! O, she's but very ill! Early, one blustering storm, this lady's thrown into this ship; she's mad, and found there rich jewels; promis'd to be, as I do believe.

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you in my house.

Whither I invite you. Look! Thou art Recover'd:

Thou, O, let me look! It he be none of mine, my money
Will I my asset head no longer wear,
But turn it, spite of seeing. O, my Lord,
Are you not Pericles? Let him you speak.

Like him you are: Did you not meet unawake,
A birth, and death?

Thou.

The Voice of Death: This is

Drowned.

Per. Immortal Diana!

Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Penelope
The king, my father, gave me such a ring.

[Draws a ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall be well,
That on the touching of her lips, I may
Meet, and on mine be seen. O, mine, be buried
A second time within these Arms

Mar.

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Knocks to Thaisa.

Per. Look, who knocketh here! First of thy back,

Thaisa.

Thy honors at the sea, and all'd Marins,
For she was yielded there.

Thais. Blind'd and senseless! Ha! Hal, madam, and my queen!

Per. I know you ask.

You have heard me say, when I did by

from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient nuptial
Can you remember what I called the man?

I have nam'd him forth.

Thais.

Two Hellenas there.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he;

How possibly preserve'd, and whom to thank,

Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reversed sir,

The god have no martial officer

More like a friend; but, let me see—

You will decide

How this dead queen resives?—

Cer. I will, my lord,

If I chose you, fast go with me to your lady.

Where shall be shewn you all was founded with her.
SCENE II.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Purr Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night obligations to thee. Theseus,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lord's Marsia, slip to form;
And what this fourteen years no raker touch'd
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll bestirry.
That. Lord Caecus hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.
Per. Heaven make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We celebrate their nuptial, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.
Lord Caecus, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[Exeunt.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF Gloucester.
EDGAR, Son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, Brother to Gloucester.
CURAN, a Courtier.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester.
Physician.

POOL.
OSSWARD, Steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL, REGAN, Daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, A Knight attending on the King, Officers,
Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the
Duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to me: but now,
in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which
of the dukes he values most; for equalities are
so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make
choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge:
I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that
now I am brazen 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 sort for her cradle, ere she had a
husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue
of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law,
some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer
in my account: though this brave came somewhat
suddenly 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.—Is there any man, which, 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 see to know you
better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away
he shall again:—The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan,
Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloucester. Your son, I mean, my son.

Gloucester. I mean this Goneril and Edmund.

Lear. Mean term we shall express our darker
purpose.

Give me a map here.—Know, that we have
divided
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our flat that intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Confer them on younger strength, while w
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of
Cornwall.

And you, our dear and 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
Noises;

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell my
Daughters.

(Since now we will divert us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state.)

61.
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend,
Wherein did duty most conspire. —Generil.
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Cor. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the
master,
Deeper than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
and honour.
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech un
able
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cor. What shall Cordelia do I Love, and be
silent.
Lear. Of all these bonds, even from this line
to this,
With such a forest and with such a
rich'd,
With plentiful rivers and with wide-skirted
meads.
We make thee lady: So think it, and thyself.
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 prizest me at her worth. If 'tis my true
heart I feel, she names my very dead love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of some
possession.
And thou, I alone solicitate
To your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure, my love's
More rich than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever.
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure.
Than that confer'd on Goneril. —Now, our joy.
Although the last, not least: to whose young
love
The views of France, and milk of Burgundy.
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to
her?
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing? No matter;
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak
again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot please
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond: nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? lend your speech
unto
Lend 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 husband'd, if they say;
They love you, all! Haply, when shall I 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 this goes with thy heart?
Cor. O, not to see, to think my lord
Lear. So young, and so tender
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 blood;
Prosperity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The bastard
Stepchild
Or he that makes his generations cease
To gorge his appetite, shall near decay.
Be as well neglected, plotted, and reliev'd;
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon
and his wrath;
I love her most, and think to set my seal
On her kind nature. —Hence, hence, you, all my
sight! —
[To Cordelia.
Lear. So by my grave my peace, as last I gave
Her father's heart from her,—Call Frendr
Whose stirr'd?
Call Burgundy,—Cornwall, and Albany.
With my two daughters dowry'd dignify this
Let pride, which she calls pleasure, marry me;
Do I love you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminent, and all the large effects
That trespass with majesty.—Yourself, by present
A hundred thousand, by you to be sustained.
Make you with them by due terms. Only will
retain
The name, and all the additions to a king:
The way I took,
Revenue, execution of the rest.
Beloved sons, be yours: which to exalt,
This crown your part, your part.
[Going the Crown.
Lear. Whom I have ever housewif'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master followed,
At my great patron thought on in my prayers,
How is the heart bent and drawn, cause make
the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the first rule
The region of my heart: be Kent and secure
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,
old man?
Think'rt thou that thou shalt have grace to
speak,
When power to flattery bows? To pleasure
honesty's bound
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
course,
And, in thy best consideration, check
This bold rashness answer my life my judg
ment?
Thy youngest daughter doth not love thee least;
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollownes, lend their
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never hold but as a pawn
To wage against those enemies, nor fear to lose
The penny. Safety being the motive.
Lear. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blinder of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,
Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou sweart thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! missered!
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.
Kent. Do you
Kill the physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revenge thy gift;
Or, while I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, restor'd
On this allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our
(Viola shall not never yet,) and, with such
To come between our sentence and our power.
(Viol,a our nature nor our place can lust
Our potency made general, take thy revenge.
Five days we do allow thee, for provision.
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to this they hasted back
Upon our voyage: if, on the tenth day follow ing,
The banish'd trunk to be found in that dominion,
The moment is my death; away! By Jove, This shall not be remov'd.
Re-enter Gloucester; with France, Burgundy, and attendants.
Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address ourselves, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: What, in that least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cause your queen of love?
Burg. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will I under less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is small'd; 'Sir, there she stands;
If it wouldst in itself, standing remnant,
Or all of it, with our displeasure join'd,
And nothing more, may billy like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Burg. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those insignities she owns,
Enriched, new-adapted to our bairn,
Dower'd with our curse, and stronger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Burg. Pardon me, my royal air.
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then take her, sir; 'for, by the power
That made me, I tell you all her wealth—For you, great king,
That nothing from your love make such a stir,
To match you where I have; therefore beware
You to avert your liking a more worthy way.
France. This is most strange! That she, that swallow'd new was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this truce of
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dimindle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monstrous in, or your face-could'st affliction
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracles
Could never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
Offer I want that gift and city art,
To speak and purpose not; sure what I well intend,
I'll do before I speak: that you may know
It is no violent blot, murder, or foulness,
As cursedness to, or, shadow'mour'd step,
That hath deprive of your grace and favour:
But seen for want of that, for which I am richest;
Still soliciting, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath left me in your liking.
Lear. Better than
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased
Better than.
France. Yet, but this! a continence in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
About from the entire point. Will you have her? She is herself a dowry.
Burg. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propound,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing, I have sworn; I am firm.
Burg. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.
Cor. I am sorry, my lord, that we are so
With Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Say Cordelia, that art most rich,
Being poor;
Most choice, forsworn; and most lov'd,
Hopeful; That any virtuous
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! his strange, that from their cold'at neglect
My love should kindle in disdain'st respect—
That ever tearless daughter, dear, to my claim,
In'squess of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the units of this fair France shall
Shall buy this surprise's precious maid of me—
But them farewell, Cordelia, though unmind'd:
Your lesson here, a better where to find.
Lear. Then hast her, France: let her be thing;
For we
Have no such daughter, shall we ever see
That face others again—Then therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizone—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burg., Cor., All., Glo., and attendants.
France. I bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia hussar: I know you what you are:
And, like a saint, with most holy to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father,
To your professed honor I commit him:
But yet, alack! I stand within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Gow. Prescribe not us our duties.
Reg. Let your study
Is, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's alone. You have obedience scarce,
And yet are worth the want that you have
Cor. Time shall mould what please cunning hand
Who cover faults, at last shames them divulges.
Well may you prosper.
France. Come, say fare Cordelia,
Gow. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
What most nearly apprehend us both. I think,
Our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That's most certain, and with you I next month with us.
Gow. You see how full of changes his age is;
The observation we have make of it hath 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 been ever so, absolutely known himself.
Gow. Well, we suppose of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from this age, not alone the imperfections of impe ngrated condition, but therewithal, the usu
waywardness that often and churlish years bring with them.

Reg. Such unseasonable starts are we like to have from him, as this is of Kenny's behaviour.

Glo. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. "Pray you, let us hit together; if our father carry authority with states dispositions as he be, this last successor of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Glo. We must do something, and do it soon.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thus, nature, art, my goddess; timely have My services been bound; Wherefore should I Solid in theatricals of occasion; and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moons Log of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

Whil'st any dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest mother's issue? Why brand they us With base? this is some, as this villany dare base?

Whoe'er the beauteous story of vocation, take More composition and forces qualify, Than doth, within a dull, state, tired bed, Give the readings a whole tribe of hope, Get serious and wise.—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land; Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Free word,—Legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter aged, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall up the legitimate. I grow; I prosper; Now, gods, stand up for bastard!

[Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent hardly! thus! And France in cholerEnnied! And the king gone to-night! arrested his power! Confined to exhibition! All this done Upon the god!—Edmund! How now, what news? [Pulling up the Letter.]

Edm. So please your lordship, now.


Glo. No? What purpose then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the reality of nothing hath not each 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 as yet read; for as much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looked.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I am afraid, 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 his virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] This policy, and reverence of eggs, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our eldest son should come. I begin to see the state and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyrannies; and I am so, 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 still, I would him, you should spring half his re
SCENE IV.  KING LEAR.

evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whomsoever man, to lay his goodliest crow to the ground. If you cannot do't of your own grace, my father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nature was under mine major; so that it follows, I am tough and teemorous.

Tut, I should have been that I am, and had the mainest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and put he comes, like the catastrophes of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these epilipics do portent these divisions! ha, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contempt you have to read this other day, what should follow these epilipics.

Edg. Do you know yourself with that? Edmund. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: as on unnatural explosions between the child and the parent; death, death, dissolutions of ancient unions; divisions in state, revolutions and embassiations about king and nobles; insolent differences, tumults of friends, dissipation of cohorts, mutinous breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a secty astrologian?

Edmund. Well, well, well. What should follow these epilipics?

Edg. Come, come; when saw you your father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Past Roberts in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Betake yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my courtship, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant is raged in him, that with the mischief of your person it would severely fray.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a cautious forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, chuse with me to my lodging, from whence I will duly bring you to know my name, and answer for you here's my key: —you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Arm'd, 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 fairly: 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 Edgar.

A reverend father, and a brother noble, whose nature is so far from being tyrannous, I have been none now on't, whose honest honesty my practise rids now: —I see the business.

Let me, if not by birth, have hands by wit; All with me' ternent, that I can fashion it.

SCENE III.  A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentlemen for which he had the soul of his foot?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night I hear wrongs; every minute my ears are lighted up; I flasches into one grave crime or other, That were us till at odds: I'll not endure it: She begins to rumour, and himself upheaval us.

On every stripe: —When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him: say, I am sick: —

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Exeunt within.

Gon. Puts on that weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to quee if he dislike it, let him in my sister. —Then: Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are use, Not to be overrided. Mr. old man. That suit would manage those authorities, That he hath given away! —Now, by my life, Old fools are babies again; and must be noddled With cheeks, as flatteries, —when they are seen slighted.

Remover what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam. Gou. And let his knights have colder looks amongst you.

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows,

I would brood from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: —I'll write straight to my son.

To hold my very cours: —Prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  A Hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. Thus as well I order scarce borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent Many carry through itself in that bold name For which I rase'd my likeness. —Now, stand'd, Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand ere-drawn, (So may it come) by my master, where thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of stent.

Horse within. Enter Lear, Knighth, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not say a jest for dinner; go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with my majesty?

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 in fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If he be as poor for a subject, he is for a king, than am I poor enough. What would'st thou then?

Kent. Services.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. No one.

Lear. Dost thou know me, follow me?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would take call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep house soundly, ride, run, and a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain messageblundly: 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, is love a woman for flattering? I was old, to dose her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me: thou shalt serve me: if I like thee, thou shalt have the carriage of the rest from thee yet; —Dinner, no, dinner! Where's my knee? I feel my foot: I go, and call my foot bolder.
Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where’s my daughter?
Stew. So please you.—[Exit.
KING. What says the fellow there? Call the jestspul back.—Where’s my foot, boy? I think the world’s asleep.—How now? where’s that mongrel?
KING. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.
KING. Why, why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?
KING. Sir, he answer’d me in the roundest manner, he would not.
KING. He would not?
KING. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, by my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that sermonization 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 daughters.
KING. Ha! say’s’t thou so?
KING. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think the highest wrongs are committed.
KING. Then be it so remember’d, me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglection, by which I have rather blamed all mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretense and purpose of meekness: I will look further into it.—But where’s my foot? I have not seen him this two days.
KING. Since my young lady’s going into France, sir, the feel hath much gone away.
KING. So much of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Do you, and call hidden your feet.

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?
Stew. My lady’s father.
KING. My lady’s father! my lord’s knave; you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! Since I am now of this my lord, I beseech you, pardon me.
KING. Do you forcibly look with me, you rascal?
[Striking him.
Stew. I’ll not be struck, my lord.
KING. Nor whip’d neither; you base foot-tall player.
KING. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I’ll love thee.
KING. Come, sir, arise, away: I’ll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lady’s length again, tarry; but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so.

KING. Do you forcibly look with me, you rascal?
[Enter Foot.

Foot. Let me hire him too!—Here’s my ex-combat.
KING. Give Kent money.

Enter Foot.

Foot. Truth is a dog that never fouls! it must be whipped out, when lady, the brach, may stand by her fire, and sit still.

KING. A present grace to me.
Foot. Sirrah, I’ll teach thee a speech.

[Exit.

Foot. Mark it, uncle!—Have more than thou dreamt, speak less than thou knewest.
KING. Least less than thou sayest.
Foot. Riches more than thou guess’t.
KING. Lear more than thou knowest.
Foot. But less than thou thinkest.
KING. Leave thy drink and thy where, and keep in-door.
Foot. Speak less than thou thinkest; give me nothing for nothing.
KING. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.
Foot. I will presently appear.
KING. The one in melody, here.
Foot. The other found out there.
KING. The difference gives thee light for thy feet.
Foot. All thy colleagues hast thou given away; that thou wast bare with.
KING. This is not another foot, my lord.
Foot. No, faith, beds and great men will not let me; if I had a mercenary eye, they would have part’d in: and ladies too, they will not let me have all foot to myself; they’ll be matching—Give me an egg, muscle, and I’ll give thee two crowns.
KING. What two crowns shall she be?
Foot. Your grace, after I have cut the egg—th’middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou cutest thy crown the middle, and givest away half thine. Then hast thou one on thy back over the dirt. Then hast’t little self thy bald covered crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. I’ll speak by myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it.

KING. Fool had her sixpence in a year; [Singing. The wise men are grown foolish; And knaves have learned how to smile, Their manners are so apiece.
KING. When were you wont to be so full of song?
Foot. I have used it, uncle, ever since my eldest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rev, and put down him own breeches, then they for sudden joy did sleep. [Singing. And I for sorrow sang. Then the slyer fell, the song—sigh, And go the fools among.

Frythor, muscle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy feet to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

KING. If you lie sirrah, what shall you whipt?—Fool. I marveU, what harm thee and thy daughters are; thou’lt have me whipped for speaking true, thou’lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometime, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any other thing, than a fool; and yet I could not be three; many men but
Enter Albany.

Alb. Wo, that late espied,—O, sir, are young? Is it your will? [To Ab.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Incumbilis: thin their heart-hearted hand, More hitherto, when thou show'st thine in a child, Than the sea-monster! [To Gen.]

Pray, sir, be patient. [To Gen.]

My train are men of choice and rare parts, That all particulars of duty know: And in the most exact regard support The worship of their service.—O most small fault, How ugly dote thou in Cordelia show! Which, like an engine, wrenched from frame of time From the fixed place: drew from my heart all love.

And add to this the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Sit at this gate that let thy folly in: In striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out. The rest, my person.

Alb. My boy, 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 hearse! suspend thy purpose, [To Gen.] Then this intent to make this creature fruitful Into their middle convey surviv'd

Dry up in her the organs of increase: And from her place of spring. A bate to honour her! if she must mean, Create her child of age: that it may live, And in a thwarted temper to her part let it stand, in wrinkles in her brow of youth; With empty beards (yet 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! [To Gen.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereat comes this? Gen. Never affix yourself to know the cause, But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, this of my followers, at a clap? Within a fortnight? Alth. What's the matter, sir? Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death! I am that thou hast power to shake my manhood; That these hot tears, which break from me—erewhile Should make them worth these—Bliss and legs upon life! The unfeigned woundings of a father's curse. Pfiestruck must I now ask thee!—Oh fond eyes, Weep'st this cause again, I'll pluck thee out; And ask thee, with the waters that thou lose, To temper clay. Ha! it's a means to that! Let it be so!—Yet have I left a daughter, Won, I am sorry, kind and comfortable; Where she shall hear this of thee, with her saddle She'll fly thy wholesome visage. Thou shalt find, That I'll remain the shape which thou dost think I have none; all for ever; thou shalt, I wean thee: [Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

Gen. Do you mark that, my lord? Alb. I cannot be so particular, Genet. To the greatest love I hear you.—Gen. Pray, you, content.—What, Oswald, be he Yet, sir, more knave than fool, after your master! [To the Fool.]

Fool. Uncle Lear, uncle Lear, sorrily, and take the fool with you.

A box when one has caught her.

And such a daughter,
KING LEAR. ACT V.

Lear. Because they are not right!

Poul. Yes, indeed; those would make a good foot.

Lear. To take it again perchance!—Manors, ingratitude!

Poul. If those were my foot, indeed, I'd have them beaten for being said before my time.

Lear. How's that?

Poul. Thou shouldst not have been old, when thou madest them wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, not mad!—

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Poul. She that is maddest now, and longest at my departure,

Shall not be a madman, unless things be cut shorter.

Scene V. Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Poul.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester, with these letters: acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing that you know; that 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.

Lear. Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, weren't in danger of kites.

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I percy, be merry; thy wit shall not go abroad.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Smite me, thy other daughter will use thee pitiful; 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 not, why one's mouth stands? the middle of his face?—my lord.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; what that a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did that wrong—

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a mall has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns for no case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. The axes are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stables are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.
KING LEAR.

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out,
Moulting of wicked charms, conjuring the
muses
To stand his auspicious mistress:
—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I think.

Glo. Where is the villain Edmund?

Edm. That this we are, sir. When by no means
he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho.—Go after. [Exeunt.]

Edm. Persever me to the murder of your
good

But that I told him, the revenging gods,
Gave particulars did all their wonders bend;
Spoke to his heart, and with new friend,
The child was found to him the father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lightly you speak I good;
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprospersed body, had mine arms
But when I saw my best alarm'd, spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rent to the encounter,
Or whether gusted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fell.

Glo. Let him by far:

Not in this land shall he remain unsought;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my
master,
My worthy 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 confounds him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him right to do it, with curs'd speech;
In truth to discover him, He replied,
Thus replying:—What meaning hast thou! dost thou think
If I would stand against thee, would the result
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make my words false?—No, what I should
do,
(As this I would, ay, though thou didst pro-
duce,
My very character, I'd turn it all)
To thy suggestion, plot, and shameful practise;
And thou make'st a devil of the world;
If they not thought he was the cause of my
death
Were very pregnant and potential sperm
To make thee seek:

Glo. Strong and instant'st villain! Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

(Hark, the duke's trumpet! I know not why he
comes—

All ports: Pardon, the villain shall not escape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his pic-
ture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have the note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, 'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.
Corm. How now, my noble friend? since I

Glo. (Which I can tell but now) I have heard
many strange oves.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short.

Glo. Which can persuade the offender. How does, my
lord?

Reg. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is

Glo. What did my father's gendarm speak your
life?

Reg. He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. 'O lady, shame would have it hid!?
KING LEAR.

Glo. Why, what a preposterous fellow art thou, to 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 know'st not me? Is it two days since, when I tripped upon thy path, and gave thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, the moon shines: fill a cup of the monarch's wine; you know thy pernicious measures, draw. [Draws his sword & stabs away.]

Glo. I have nothing to do with thee. Kent. Draw, you rogue: I will show thee what letters I have written against the king; and take vanity the pope's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so curst at you with curses:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Kent. Help, ho! murder! murder!—Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Serjes.


Glo. What are you doing? What's the matter here?—Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies again; what is the matter?—Edm. The messenger from our sister and the king:—Corn. What is your difference?—Speak.

Glo. I am scarce in breath, my lord. Kent. No marvel, you have so bounder'd your solemnity; you are flat, and your natural discipline in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. This is a strange fellow: a tailor made a man.

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stout-clapper, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been two hours at the trial.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?—Glo. This ancient tradition, sir, whose life I have clouded.

At unit of his gray beard,—Kent. Then whorson and thou unexpressed letter—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will rend this emboldened villain into mortar, and dash the words of a jokes with him.—Shake my gray beard, you wagtail!—Corn. Peace, scurvy!—Kent. You basely knave, know you no reverence?—Corn. 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 atawa Which are so intune with thou unseemly passion That in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring all to fire, none to their colder moods; Rescue, afford, and turn the cunning beasts With every gale and wary of their masters, As knave doth, lightning, like dogs, but following A plague upon your slippery visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Gown, if I bid you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Canevel. 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, 'twas 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 prate'd for himness, doth affect A same simplicity: and manifestly, the most from his manners; he came hence last:—Ah, honest mind and plain —He is not a knave: if they take him, so; if not, he's holier: These kinds of knaves I know, who is a devil Harbour more craft, and more sanguinary Than twenty slyly staking owersome, Kent. Stretch their dusky vizards.—Corn. Go out of my door, which ye do compromised so much. I know, sir, ye no longer: he that beggar'd you, in a single word, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should wish your impiety to meet it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?—Glo. What was the offence you gave him?—Enter Cornwall.

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KING LEAR. 735

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
KENT. By Jove, no, I say.
Lear. They dare 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
They might pursue, or impose this usage,
Coming from us.
KENT. My lord, when at his home
I did command your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was rien from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Saw'd in his haste, half breathless, panting.
From Goneril's mistress, salutations:
Deliver'd letters quite signed; I would have
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They shunn'd up their meaning, straight look'd for
Lear. What's this?—Do you speak with me? I am sick?—The image of revolt and flying off!
Patch me a better answer.

Glo. You know the fiery quality of the duke; how unmerciful and fiendish he is in his own cause.

Lea. Revenge! plague! death! confusion!—

Glo. What quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster, I spoke with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed them.

Lea. Informed them! Doest thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lea. The king would speak with Cornwall; the queen therewith;

Glo. With his daughter speak, commends her service:

Lea. Are they informed of this—My breath and blood—!

Glo. The fiery duke! Tell the hot duke, that—No, not yet, yet—may be, he is not well; Unhappiness shall neglect all office.

Lea. Whence our health is bound; we are not sure.

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind,

Glo. To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

Lea. And am fallen out with my more heafer will, To take the不及格'and sickly fit

Glo. For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

Lea. Should he sit here? This act persauds me,

Glo. That this remonance of the duke and her Is practice only. Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'll speak with them,

Lea. Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me.

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Glo. Then we shall die. Sleep to death.

Lea. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,

Glo. I'll go and see how you are.

[Exit.]

Glo. I am glad to see your highness pride

Lea. Regan, I think you are; I know what person

I have to do with: if thou shouldn't be glad,

Lea. I would divorces me from thy mother's tomb,

Regan. My sister's naught; O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

Lea. I can scarce speak to thee; then I'll 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,

Lea. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least

Lea. Would fail her obligation: If, sir, precedence,

Regan. She hath restrained the rapt of your followers,

Lea. On each ground, and to seek wholsome end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lea. My curses on her!—

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Regan. Of her confines: you should be ruff'd, and let

Lea. By some disputation, you may say

Better than you yourself. Then sir, I pray you,

Lea. That to our sister you do unite reason;

Reg. You have wrong'd her.

Glo. All her forgivens.

Lea. Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Glo. Dear daughter, I confesse that I am glad:

Lea. As in unecessary; for now say I know

Reg. That you'll anon exactly was ranciled, but that!

Lea. Good sir, no more; these are weighty tricks:

Glo. Return you to my sister.

Lea. No, Regan; She has abated me of half my trust;

Glo. Look'd black upon me: struck me with her longest

Reg. Most sensibleness, upon the very heart:—

Lea. All the scowl's vengeances of heaven fall

Glo. On her ignominy top! fleck'd her young brow,


Lea. You nimble lightnings, that you blend

Glo. Into her scornful eyes! fisted her breast,

Reg. You fetch'd'd fogs, dry'd by the prudish sun,

Lea. To fill and blush her face!—

Glo. The first guest.

Lea. So will you wish on me, when thrashed and base.

Glo. No, Regan; those that now have my curse;

Reg. Thy tender, delicate nature shall not give

Glo. These to hardeness; her eyes are keen to

Reg. Do cowards, and not born to 'tis not in the

Lea. To frudge my pleasures, to cut all my time,

Reg. To bandy hasty words, to stand my soul,

Lea. And, in conclusion, to oppose the best

Reg. Against my coming in: then better know'd;

Lea. The offices of nature, bound of childhood,

Reg. Effects of courtesy, dues of gradation;—

Lea. Thy half of the kingdom last thou not forget,

Reg. Where thou shall omit.'

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lea. For what meagre's that

Regan. Let who put my man in the stocks,

Corn. What answer's that?

Lea. Enter Servant.

Reg. I know'st, my sister's; this approves her heart.

Lea. That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lea. This is a slave, whose eye-honor'd

Regan. Dwell in the sickle grace of her as follows—

Lea. Earl, vartel, from my sight.

Corn. What means your grace?

Regan. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have

Corn. Then didst not know of it. Who comes here?

Lea. O heavens,

Regan. Enter General.

If you do love old men, if your sweet eye

Lea. Allow obedience, if yourselves are old;

Regan. Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

Reg. Art not ashamed to look upon this heart?

Regan. O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Lea. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I

Regan. All's not silence, that disputation funds,

Lea. And disgrace, and the issue of your wills.

Regan. O, sirs, you are too tame!

Lea. You will yet hold!—How came my son to

Regan. My curse on th'earl! is his own disorder

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorder

Regan. Desert much less advancement.
LEAR. You did you? 
REG. What need you? 
LEAR. O, reason not the need: our base-born beggars Are in the poorest things superfluous. [gaze Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's; then art a lady; If only to go warm were gorgeous, Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous warrant, Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need.
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, As full of great 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 timely; touch me with noble anger! O, let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural bags, 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 terror of the earth. You think, I'll weep; No, I'll not weep;—I have enough of weeping: but this heart Shall break into a thousand thousand twains, Or ere I'll weep;—O, fool, I shall go mad! 
COR. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm. 
REG. 
LEAR, Gloster, Kent, and Fool. 
CORN. This house Is little; the old man and his people cannot Be well bestowed. 
To his own blame; he hath put himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly. 
For his particular, I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower.
So am I prepared 
Where is my lord of Gloucester?
REG. 
GLO. The king is in high rage. 
REG. He calls to horse; but will I know not whether. 
CORN. He's bent to give him way; he leads himself. 
My lord, instruct him by no means to stay. 
Wilt thou the sight come on, and the black whelps Dosorry roles; for many miles about. 
REG. The king, or, to witful men, 
GLO. He means with the weather, most unquiet. 
CORN. He is attended with a desperate train; And what they may require him of, being apt To have his ear shud'd, wisdom bids fear. 
Shut up your doors, my lord: I'm a wild ass. 
My Regan consents well; comes out of the storm. 
[Exeunt.]
Enter Seward.

Seward. You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

KING. So please you—[Exit.

Seward. What's the follow there? Call the chimplack back. Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep. How now? Where's that mongrel?

KING. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Seward. Why? Can't you get the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

KING. Sir, he answer'd me in the roughest manner, he would not.

Seward. He would not?

KING. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affectation 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.

Seward. He! say'st thou so?

KING. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord; if I am mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Seward. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather hinted as mine own careless curiosity, than as a very presence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KING. Since, your young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much praised away.

Seward. No more of that; I have heard it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, and call hither my fool.—[Exit Seward.

Resenter Seward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither; Who am I, sir?

Seward. My lady's father.

Resenter. Seward. My lady's father! my lord's house; you where's my lady; you seven times you can ever.

Seward. I am your good servant, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Resenter. Seward. Do you bawdy looks with me, you rascal—[Striking him.

Seward. I'll be struck, my lord.

Resenter. Kent. Nor,解读 a little; you have bawdy looker, Physician. I think theler, fellow, thou servant me, and I love theler.

KING. Kent. Come, sir, arise, I'll teach you differences; away, away: if you will measure your age, go touch again, tarry: but away, go: Have you wisdom? so.

Resenter. Kent. Come, sir, arise, I'll teach you differences; away, away: if you will measure your age, go touch again, tarry: but away, go: Have you wisdom? so.

Resenter. 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 coax.

Resenter. Kent. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou now?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coaxcomb.—[Giving Kent his Cap.

Resenter. Kent. Why?—For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thee cannot smile as the wind stirs, th'catch cold shortly. There, take my coaxcomb: Why, this fellow has handled two of his daughters, and yet the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coaxcomb.—How now, sirrah?—I would, had two coaxcombs, and two daughters.

Resenter. Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. If it stand all my living, I'll keep my coaxcomb myself; There's more; but another of thy daughters.

Resenter. Kent. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.
LEARN. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on thy bosom? It is too much of late 1st the frown.

LEAR. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hast no need to care for her frowning: now thou art an O without a figure: I am betier than thou art. Come, come, a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, farewell, I will hold my tongue: so your face. [To Goneril] bids me, though you say nothing. Much, much.

Ha that keeps nor crust nor crum, Worry of all, shall want some. This's a steals. [Producing to Lear] GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licen't feed, But other of your insolence room. Do hourly carp and quarrel; I bring forth in rank and not-to-be-asserted rite. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By whatsoe'er late law speak and done, That you protest this course, and put it on. From your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redress sleep; Which in the tender of a watchman west, Might in their working do you that offence; Which else were shewn, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding. Fool. For your love, sir, in my judgment, The hedge-sparrow that thee seeketh so long, That it ha's head bit off by its young. So, comest thou the caudle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you my daughter? GON. Come, sir, in my judgment, it would make me 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 so be know when the cart draws the horse? Wootch, Joss! I love thee. Lear. Does any here know me? Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his dressings are lethargy — Sleeping or waking? — Ha! sure he's not so. Who is that can tell me who I am! Fool. Lear's shadow, — Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false pretended I had daughters. Fool. Which they all pretend, but one chaste father. Lear. Your name, fair gentleman? GON. Come, sir; The admiration much of the favour Of your own new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright: I pray you, do not be angry; Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires: Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this credit, infected with their manners, Shows like a rancious inn: epicurean and lust. Make it more like a tavern or a brothel, Than a court of palace. The same self doth speak For instant remedy: Be thou desired By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquiet your train; And the remainder, that shall still beyond, To be so much as may desert your eyes, And know themselves and you. Lear. Fool, this knavery and devil! saddle my horses; call my train together. [Degradingly] bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet hence I l'd leave both. GON. You strike your people; and your disorder'd rabble Make servants of their better.
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

LEARN: Because they are not right.
FOOL: Yes, indeed: They would make a poor
LEARN: To take it again perhaps!—Must I, in
gratitude.
FOOL: If thou wert so, my lord, I'd have
these beaten for being odd before thy own.
LEARN: How's that?
FOOL: Thou should'st not have been so odd, then
thou hadst been wise.
LEARN: O let me not be mad, not mad, not mad;
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

GENT. Ready, my lord.
LEARN. Lead on, my horses.

FOOL. She that is maddest now, and begins at my
departure, Shall none of a madly issue, unless things be cal
shorter.

SCENE I. Court before the throne.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

LEARN. Go you before to Gloster, with these let
ers: acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you hear, 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.

FOOL. If a man's brains were in his heels, waint
not in danger of kibes?

LEARN. Ay, boy.
FOOL. Then, I pr'ythee, be mercy; thy will
shall not go slipshod.

LEARN. Ha, ha, ha!
FOOL. Shall we, 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.

LEARN. Why, what causeth 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 in the middle of his face?

LEARN. No.

FOOL. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he
may spy into.

LEARN. I did her wrong—

FOOL. Canst thou tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEARN. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

LEARN. Why?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughter, and leave his house
without a case.

LEARN. I will forget my nature. So kind a
father!—Be my horses ready?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about ten. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven
Is a pretty reason.

SCENE II. A Court within the Castle of the
Dukes of Cornwall and Albany.

EDM. Save thee, Cornwall.
CORN. And you, sir. I have been with your
father; and given him notice, that the Duke of
Cornwall, and Regan his daughter, will be here
with him to-night.

EDM. How comes it thus?
CORN. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the
news abroad; I mean, the whispers, for they
have not yet come to ward; twixt the Dukes of
Cornwall and Albany.
EDM. Not a word.
CORN. You may, in time. Fare you well, sir.

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, a precious question,
Which I must act—Blindness, and fortune,
work!—
Brother, a word; descend.—Brother, I say;

EDG. My father watches.—O sir, by 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?

CORN. He's coming hither; now, it's the night, P d h
And Regan with him; Have you nothing more
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?

EDG. I am sure not, not a word.
CORN. I leave my brother coming.—Farewell
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now give

YIELD.—Come before my father.—Light, his
here!—
Fly, brother.—Torches! torches!—So, so
well.—

EDG. Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavours; I have not

Drunkards
Do more harm in the sport.—Father! Father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with Evelyn

GLO. New, Edmund, where's the villian?
SCENE II.

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword from his thoughts.
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon.

To stand his auspicious mistress.—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir; I hear him.

Glo. What? Where is the villain Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When he be means—

Glo. Pursue him, ho,—Go after.—[Exit Servant.]

By no means,—what?

Edm. Pursued me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
Gainst perjuries did all these thievish bonds;
Sware, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how longly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in set motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unsustained body, home to mine ears;
But when he saw my least alarm'd spirits
Hold in the quarrant's right, rose to the encounter,
Or whether gusted by the noise I made,
Fell suddenly he fléet.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found.—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch-patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it.
That be, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderer coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I Disabled him from his intent,
And found him sight to do it, with most speed;
I threatened to discover him: He replied,
Thus unpersuading hastard: dost thou think
If I should stand against thee, would the report
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make the words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character. I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice.
And thou must make a devil's work of the world;
If thou not thought the profit of my death
Were very pregnant and potential space
To make thee seek it.


[Trumpet within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he doth
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not escape.
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 kind,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make him 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, Regan.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,

Which can pursue the offender. How doth, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek you?

Edm. Whom my father nam'd? your Edges?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
KING LEAR

SCENE. Why, what a monstrous fellowery then, thus to rale on one, that is neither known of thee, nor known there.

KENT. What a drawn-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two years ago, since I uipt up thy knees, and best thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue! so far though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop of the impudent ship of your draw, you whom torment, contently banner-monster, draw. (Drawing his sword.)

KENT. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king; and take mastery the papers' part, against the royalty of her failure: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonate your shanks:—

KENT. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you must strike, strike. (Bending his arm.)

KENT. Help, help! murder murder!—

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.


Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll help you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! Arms! What's the matter here?—

Kent. Peace, upon your lives; He dies, that takes again. What is the matter?—

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Kent. What is your difference? speak.

Kent. I am scarce in breath, my lord. For by your leave;—you are not you?—twelve years?—You owrely raised, nature declined, is thee; a sailor made thee.

Kent. Thou art a strange fellow: a sailor made a man?—

Kent. Ay, a sailor, sir; a slave, either, or a painter, could not have made none with, though they had been two hours at the trade.

Kent. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?—

Kent. This present rolling, sir, whose life you have spared,

Kent. At will of his gray beard.—

Kent. This is his uncertain letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will read the uncertain villain into master, and show the world a letter with him.—Spare your gray beard, you waggot!—

Kent. Peace, Sirrah; you beastrously know, you know no reverence?—

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Kent. Why art thou angry?—

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Kent. Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Kent. Love rats, o'er the hole the corda swain They which are too intimate! uncase: smooth every passion

Kent. To the nature of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, sowe to their colour masses; Revenge, affright, and turn their hair by names.

Kent. With every Gale and every of their minds,

Kent. As knowest thou, like dogs, but following—

Kent. A plague upon your epileptic visage—

Kent. Smile on your speeches, as I were a fool?—

Kent. These, if I beat you upon senseless pains, I'd drive ye valckling home to Camelot.

Kent. What, art thou mad, old fellow?—

Glo. Say that.

Kent. No contrary hold more antipathy,

Kent. Than I and such a knave.

Kent. Why dost thou call me knave? What's his offence?—

Kent. His countenance like me not. No more, more, more, more, more, more.

Kent. This is some fellow, who having been prattled he blamest, and

Kent. A saucy rogue, and dangerous for gods.

Kent. He comes here; he comes;—

Kent. And most vexont be plain;—too most vexont.

Kent. They will take it, my love, not half a knave.

Kent. These kind of knaves I know, and a few

Kent. Harriers more craft, and more cunningriles,

Kent. Than twenty silly dressing chimney.

Kent. That scratch these duties nearly.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in good sooth, I see it,

Kent. Under the allow of your great process.

Kent. Whose influence, like the water of rising

Kent. On shadowing Pleasant head;—

Kent. What monarch is this?—

Kent. To go out of my way. It is so unknown to me; I know, Sir, I am the envoy sent to this that beseech you, in which matter was a plain signal; which, for my part I put not out, though I should with my favor invest me to it.

Kent. What was the service you gave him?—

Kent. Now say.

Kent. I praised the king his master, my lord.

Kent. To strike me, and his officers his officers.

Kent. When he conjuncted, and sate in his crags, Triple's crags, I praised the king his master, my lord.

Kent. And put upon him such a kind of zeal,

Kent. That worthy him, on praise of the king his master, my lord.

Kent. And, in the solemnity of this present age,

Kent. Drew on me here.

Kent. That these requites, and rewards.

Kent. But Ajax is their tool.

Kent. Pouch forth the medals, I send them excellent,

Kent. Youishone against them, you send them excellent,

Kent. We'll teach you—

Kent. Yes, Sir, I am the old one here.

Kent. Call not your snuffs the snuffs; I am the king;

Kent. On whose employ must I send you to.

Kent. Whose employ must I send you to.

Kent. I'll send you to the walls against the grave and person of your master.

Kent. Shooking his messengers.

Kent. Faint finds the snuffs.

Kent. As lies and honor, there shall be all light and all credit;

Kent. Reg. Till now! all right, my lord; all right now.

Kent. Why, madness, if I were your father's dog, you should not use me thus.

Reg. Sir, being his knees, I would.

Kent. Why, madness, if I were your father's dog, you should not use me thus.

Reg. Sir, being his knees, I would.

Kent. This is a fellow of the adventure.

Our sister speaks of Gloucester, being away in the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace to let me do.

Glo. The king is much, and the good king his master.

Reg. Will check him less: your regard his own

Reg. This is such, as komen and compassionate wounds.

Reg. For pilferings and most remorseful wrongs.

Reg. Are punished with: the king must take it;—

Reg. That he,—so slightly weighed in his message.—

Reg. Should have this reparation?

Kent. I answer thee.

Reg. My sister may receive it, much more.

Reg. To have your goodness about, answered.

Reg. For following her fortune,—Put in the stocks.

Reg. Kent is put in the stocks.

Glo. He is my lord; I am sorry.

Glo. I am sorry for the time;—for the ile,

Glo. He is my lord; I am sorry.
KING LEAR

KENT: O, pray, do not, sir; I have watch'd, and
I cannot sleep; the rest will pluck me.

A good man's forsook may grow out at feet:
Give you good morrow.

GIVE THE DUTIES. "An this be true, I'll be ill attuned."
KENT. Good morrow, that must approve the common seen.
Then out of heaven's beaconsion com't.
To the warm sun.
Approach, then reason to this under-globe,
That by thy comforting beams I may
Pierce through this intermarriage of chaos.

But misery — I knew 'tis from Cordelia.
That has most fortunately been interred
Of so observant course; and shall find time
From this sumptuous state — seeking to give
Loues their ramblades; — All weary and over
Vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shamful lodging.
Fortune, good morrow! smile once more; turn
thy wheel.

KENT. Good morrow, sir.

SCENE III. THE PART OF THE BEA.TH.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR. I heard myself proclaimed; I
Ask, by the long hollow of a tree,
Kneel'd for a post; no post is, no place,
That gazed, and most unmanly elegance,
Wrought not at my request:

The woods, and pictures of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent;
Of his来回 beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Sights in their mounds, and manifest arms
Fring, wooden pickles, nails, spears of rosmary.

And with this marvellous object, from low forms,
Beneath the vintage, sheep-cotes and wells,
Sometimes with imitable knees, sometimes with prayers,

Enforce their charity. — Poor Turkisgood!
Poor Tom!

That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am.

KENT. What is he here?

SCENE IV. BEFORE GLORIA'S CASTLE.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

LEAR. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And send back my messenger.

FOOL. He, he, he; look! he wears arid sandals!
Horses arch'd by the heads; dogs, and bears,
By the neck; monkeys by the hands, and men by
The legs: when a man is over-busy at legs, then
He wears wooden sheep-breast.
LEAR. What he is, that hath so much thy place amongst
To act these here?

KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, no; they would not.
KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

KENT. By Jupiter, I swear.
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 discover, & they imposing this image,
Coming from me.

LEAR. My lord, when at his home
I did commend your highness' letters to his.
Ere I was risen from the place the show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a raving post,
Slew'd in his haste, half breathless, fainting forth.
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Delivered certain pile against I would,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They commended up their money, straight took
What they had left.

Commanded me to follow, and aiding
The behave of their answer I gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other again.
Whose welcome, I perceive'd, had polish'd some where
(Being the very fellow that of late Display'd so suavely against your highness.)

With more men than that should now,
He rais'd to house with loud and concord cries;
Your son and daughter found this requir'd, which
The shame which here it suffers.

LEAR. What's not gone yet; if the wild goose
Fly that way.

FAther's, that wear rags,
To make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear termagants,
Shall see their children kind.

Fool, there's that remain where
Ne'er turns the key in the poor.

LEAR. O, how the mother swell'd up toward my heart.

HYSTERICS PASSING; down, than clenching spruce
Thy elements' below; — Where is this daughter?

LEAR. With the east, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; —

FOOL. Make you no more offence than what you speak of?

KENT. None.

LEAR. How chance the king comes with so small a train?

FOOL. An thou hadst been at the stocks for that matter, thou hadst well deserved it.

LEAR. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set this to school to an act, to teach thee there's no humouring in the winter.

LEAR. Doth any of them love me, that I might know who is friend or foe?

LEAR. O, thou dear child, how dost thou love me?

FOOL. Not the stocks, fool.

LEAR. Dost thou love me? I am sure they are sick,

LEAR. What! thou art sick.

LEAR. Dost thou love me? I am sure they are sick,

LEAR. Thou art the disease,

LEAR. Dost thou love me? I am sure they are sick,

LEAR. Thou art the disease,

LEAR. They are wrong, I am sure the disease,

LEAR. They are wrong, I am sure the disease,
KING LEAR

Pothick me a better answer—

Glo. My dear lord, you know the beauty of the duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Glo. 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

him so.

Lear. Informed 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

Are they informed of this?—My breath and blood?

Glo. The very duke! Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity does still neglect all offices,

Whereas our health is hold, we are not ourselves,

When nature, being opprest, commands the mind.

To suffer with the body: I'll forebear;

And all on foot out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit.

For the sound man. Death on my state! where are

Look! Here is the duke. Search on Kent.

Should he be there? This set persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Presence only. Give me my servant now:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'll speak with

them now, presently; bid them come forth and hear

me.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Servants.

Corn. Good morrow to you both.

Reg. Hail to your grace.

Glo. [Kneeling] Is it not Liberty?

Lear. I'm glad to see your highness.

Reg. I think I know you.

Glo. Have I so thought: if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divide from thy mother's tomb,

Sequestering an adulteress—O, are you free?

Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath led

Sharp-saw'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

Of how deprey'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have

hope,

You less know how to value her desert,
Then she to send her duty. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least

Would call her obligation: If, sir, please you,

She have restrained't the riots of your followers,

Tis on such ground, and to such wide-some end,

As clears her till from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her comfort; you should be rul'd, and be

By some discretion, that of course you may;

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;

Say, you have wrong'd her, by all our knowledge;

That you'll encompass me ruin'd, man, and

food.

Reg. God shall make it known; there are mighty

tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Regan, Regan:

She hath abashed me of half half my man;

Look'd black upon me: wrack me with her

rage.

Reg. Most serpentlike, upon the very heart—

All the aforesaid embraces of deceit fall;

On her ingrateful top! She was my young love,

You taking airs, with haughtiness!

Corn. [Aside.] Fig. So be it.

Reg. You mingle lightnings, that your blandish

flames

Into her searching eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fanc'd it so false, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!—

So will you wish to me, when the moon most is in

peace.

Lear. No, Regan, then shall never have my

trust;

Thy tender-bosom nature shall not give

Thy over to hardeness; her eye are tears, love,

Compost, and not tears! To grudge my pleasures, to

Cut off my own

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bull

Against my coming in the house beneath to

The offices of nature, brand of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dunes of gratitude:

Thy hold o' the kingdom thus doth not forget,

Wherein I then saw'd you.

Reg. Good sir, to the purposes;

Trumpets within.

Lear. Who put my man 'l the stocks?

What trumpeter's that?

Enter Servant.

Reg. I know it, my sister's; this approves her

letter

That she would soon be here—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride

Dwell's in the sable grace of her he follows:—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stand'd my servant? Regan, I have

good hope

They did not know of 't.—Who comes here?

O heavens,

Enter General.

If you do love old men, if your sweet away

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my

part

Art not ashamed to look upon this heard.

To General.

O, Regan, will thou take her by the hand?

Corn. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I

affected! All's not offences, that indirection finds.

And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

Reg. Will you yet hold?—Heaven name my man! the

stocks?

Corn. I am here; there; sir; but his own disease

Deserve you much less advancement.
LEAR.

You! did you?

Reg.

I pray you, father, being severe, see so.

If, till the expiration of your mouth,

You will return and journey with my sister,

Dismissing her; your train suspect me;

I am now from home, and out of that provision

Which should be useful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men disturb'd.

No, rather I adjure all coats, and choose

To wage against the enemy o' the air;

To be a command with the wind and wave.

Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

Why, the hottest blood, that ever dottered took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To kneel his throne, and, sunitrike, pension beg

To keep base life about.—Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

To this detested ground.

[Looking on the Steward.]

Gen. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I would not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll enmore 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 boll,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee:

Let sinence come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not hold the thunder-throwing done.

Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove;

Mead, when thou canst: I fear not thy licence:

I can be patient: I can stay with Regan,

I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not anotherly, so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor provided:

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must, in content, think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Reg. I dare averch it, sir: what, fifty followers?

Is not well? What should you need of more?

Yes, or so many? I think both that charge and danger

Speak against so great a numbers? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands, be held safely? To the point; almost impossible.

Gen. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendants,

From those she calls relations, or from mine? Why not, my lord? I if then she chanc'd to

We could control them: If you will come to me

(Por now I say a danger,) I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty; so no more.

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Gen. In good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositories,

But kept a reservation to be follow'd;

With such a number: What, must I come to you

With five and twenty, Regan? I say no so?

Reg. Deal speak it again, I, my lord; so more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well forward.

When Spare are more wicked; not being the

Stands in some risk of grace:—Pilgrims with thee;

'TO GENERAL.

Thy fifty yet hostle double five and twenty,

And thus artifice her love.

Gen. Hear me, my lord;

To follow in a house, where twice as many

Have a command to lend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our nearest beg-

In the poorest things superfluous: [gaze

Allow not nature more than nature needs.

Man's life is cheap as beasts; thou art a lady;

If only to go warm,-warred gorgeously.

Why, nature needs and what thou gorgeous

Which means to keep thee warm.—But, for true need,

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age;—wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much.

To bear it tensely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not woman's weapons, water-shots,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural

I will have such revenge on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do much things—

What they are, yet I know not, but they shelter

The towers 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 else I'll weep;—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.

Corn. Let as withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm heard at a distance.

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people

Can be well bestow'd. His own blame; he hath put

Himself from rest, and must needs take his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'l recurate him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gen. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Re-enter Gloucester.

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 horses; but will I know not whither.

Corn. The best to give him way; he lends himself.

Gen. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Aye, aye, and wish some comes on, and the black winds

Do weary mile; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, toウィld men, the

The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their recompense: Shut up your doors;

He is attendant with a desperate train;

And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abroad, wisdom hind's face.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a wild act.

My Regan consuls well; come out of the storm.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, wrestling.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather? Gent. Gentleman, the weather, most an
tinely.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Coupling with the fearful element:

Rides the worst blow the earth into the sea;

Or swell the curled waters' brave the mains.

That time, that change, or cease: 'tis hard while high.
KING Lear.

ACT IV.

Lear. Nay, you, elements, with sudden rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Surest of the little world of man, you gods,
This turn-of-the-season kindling wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cab-drawn bear would come.
The lion and the belly-pitiful wolf.
Keep their fur-dry, unconfound be rain,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

Kent. You are the sun of your own heaven.

Kent. You must, by this, lead your horse.

Kent. Nay, I will not.

Kent. And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Kent. I will talk with further you. No, do not.

Kent. For confirmation that I am much more,

Kent. Than my own will, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,

Kent. And she will tell you who your fellow is.

Kent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all these:

Kent. That, when we have found the king (in which your

Kent. That way! I'll this! he that first lights o' th' wind,

Kent. [Exit Lear and Kent.]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! fly! rave!

Lear. You terrorists, and harriers, spout,

Lear. Till you have done withKod's sleepless, drown'd the cock!

Lear. You whelps, and thought-executing fires,

Lear. Striks that the thick rotundity o' the world!

Lear. O morn, oark, holy-water in a dry house

Lear. Like th' bear's belly full of berries and fruit,

Lear. Whom, though I spake, in the search of love,

Lear. Storm, my good boy. Come, let us bear us

Lear. This is a brave night to cool a conscience.

Lear. When prints are more in word than meat,

Lear. When breeves mar their mirth with water;
SCENE IV.

LEAR. In, boy; go first.—I to the Fool.—You household, Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[Exit Fool below.

Poor naked wretches, whomsoever you are,
That hide the pelt of this pitiful storm,
How shall your household be, and moles, sides,
Your keep'd, and window's raggard, dish'd you.

From storms, such as these? O, I have'ten
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel:
That thy blood be as the blood of them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Enter Kent and blood, blood, and half. Poor Tom!—

[The Fool runs out from the House.

Fool. Come not in here, wench; here's a spirit. Help me.

Kent. Go! go!—Kent.

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there if the straw?

[Exeunt Fool, Kent, and Edith.

ENTER Edgar, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the fool shall follow me—

Through the sharp hatchets blows the cold wind.

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom this fool should have left through fire and through flame, through sword and whirlwind, over bag and quartern, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and hails in his pew; set nations by his sovereigns mades: made him proud of heart, to ride on a boy-trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to cause his own shadow for a traitor;—Thus they live with their sow's milk.—O, do, do, do, do, do,—Thus they live in whirlwind, warbling, and taking! Do please Tom some charity, whom the fool endued! Those there could I have him now;—and there, and there again;—and those continuous! Those continuous men's faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. The hath no daughters, str.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing hadst thou not

To such a banquet; that his unprofitable—

In the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have their little mercy on their flesh?—

Indignant punishment! I twas this fresh beggar.

Those pitted daughters.

Edg. Tillcock sat on tillcock's bill—

Holler, help me, joy!—

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take Tom.

The head of the fool's head! Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn word; set with thy sweet heart on proud savoy! Tom's a cold.

Lear. What hast thou done?

Edg. A sorrowing, mad, in heart and mind; that caused my heart; were given to my rap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of drugs with her face as many such as I spoke words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; love, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wished to do it: Wino lived deep—

439—dissolutely; and in woman, paramcour-

PAR. 439-sc. 15: 'dissolutely' reads 'dissolutely'.
LEAR. Why, thou wert better to die than to answer with thy uncourteous body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. These sewn the wrinkle no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no fur—surely there's one of us as sophisticated as this thing itself—once-accommodated man is no more but such a piece, bare, tooted monstrosity as thou art. Oft, oft, you lend me your nonsense—impudent here.

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SCENE VII.

KING LEAR.

LEAR. A king, a king!

POUL. So, a gentleman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a madman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with red banners
Come hailing in upon them:—

POUL. The fool front him on his back.

LEAR. He's mad, that trusts in the lazziness of a wolf, a horse's heels, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done, I will arrange them straight:

COME, sit thou here, most learned justices:—

To Edgar.

EDG.  

LEAR. Look, where he stands and glares—Would thou thou eyes at trial, madman?

FOOT. Her heat hath a look,
And she must not speak:
Why she dare not come over in thee.

EDG. The foot shall haunt poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Helpless cries in Tom's belly, for he has seen a clock, a black angel; I have no heed for thee.

LEAR. How do you, sir? Stand you not so cold?

EDG. Will you be down and rest upon the couches?

LEAR. Puff see their trial first—Being in the evidence—

Then rode man of justice, take thy place:

And thou, his roke-fellow of equity.

To the Fool.

FOOL. Speak by his side—You are of the commission, sit you too.

To Kent.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

SLEEPER, or awake thou, fully shepherd:
Thy sleep be in the corn;
And for one blight of thy whet stone, Thy sheep shall take on hare.

Kent. The cat is gray.

LEAR. Arise, and strike the General. I have taken my oath before this honourable assembly, she kinded the poor king her father.

POUL. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Shakespeare?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a jested.

LEAR. And here's another, whose servitude looks as she's proclaimed.

What more her heart be made of—Shall you there? arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justice, why hast thou her wages?

EDG. Blame thy_five_wits.

Kent. O pity—Sir, where is the patrician now, That so oft has tasted to retain it?

EDG. My tears begin to take his part as much, They'll mar thy commending.

ASSAULT.

The little dogs and all, Trey, flame-fear, and Sweetheart, we, they bark at me.

EDG. Tom will throw his head at them:

Argue over the town, sound the bell, Fire by mouth or black or white, TOUCH that polon in it lice; Maudlin, thorough-manured glee, Hound, or spaniel, brach, or tyr; Or lobstred tyke, or brandy-tailed.

Tom will make and walk. FOR, with throwing thus my head, Dogs keep the hutch, and all are tied.

Do thy, sir. Come, search to make and calls, and market town—Poor Tom, thy brach to turn.

LEAR. Then let them commande Regan, see what breads about her heart; is there any cause in that, that she came to these heart?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only

I do not like the fashion of your garments: you shall tell me, which your own Persian where I have changed.

To Edgar.

LEAR. Kent, now, good my lord, his face, and rest awhile.

LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, So, we'll go to supper? The morning: So, so, so.

POUL. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Glaster.

GLO. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

LEAR. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLO. Mark, I pray thee take him in thy arms:
I have overheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a murder near.
And drive towards Dover, friends, where thou shall meet
Both wealth and protection. Take up thy master,
If thou shouldst daily half an hour his life,
With bibles, and all that do reform to defend him.
Stand in assured fear, take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision thou shalt quench.

LEAR. Oppressed men sleep.

Fair men, ye shall have them in your broken noses, Which, if convenient, will not allow,
Stand in hard care—Come, help to bear thy master.

LEAR. Thou must not stay behind.

To the Fool.

GLO. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, hearing of the king.

EDG. When we our fortunes do bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our lives.
Who alone suffers, suffers most in the royal:
Leaving fine things, and happy shows, behind;
But then the mind much sufferance dasheth over,
When grief hath mate, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king low:
He chidest, as I father!—Tom, away:
Mark the high terms; and thy soulourney,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee.
In thy jest prove, repeal, and recondite.
What willhap more to-night, safe snatch the king!—

LEAR. I mark, I mark.

SCENE VII. A room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Edmund, and Servants.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—The army of Yaranes is landed—Seek out the villain Gloucester.

REG. Hang him instantly.

CORN. Examine him to say displeasure—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenue we are bound to take upon your treasonous father, are not fit for you to handle it. Admire the duke, where you are going, to a most secret preparation: we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift; and intelligently know us. Farewell, dear sister—farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

Stewart. Now how 3 Where's the king?

LEAR. My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence.

CORN. Some five or six and thirty of his knights
Hot questions after him, met him at gate:—
When we came other Englishe men,
Dry gone with him towards Dover; where they leant.

To have well armed friends.
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

And now and then an angle birdied down Her delicate cheek! 'twas a sort of grace, she was a quaint Theodolite, or a wise, most ridiculous, saunter to be king over her.

Kent. What? O, that is a fool's name.

Kent. Not to a rage! passion and sorrow

Who should express her griefs? You have seen

Shinebright and melt at once; their smiles and tears

Were like—a bright way. Those hours, madam,

That gentle sisters were in her eyes; 'twas those

As pearls from diamonds dropped.—Be kind, sorrow.

Would be a rarity most beloved, if all

Could so become it.

Made she no vocal groans? Kent. Faith, once, or twice, she had her

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, Sisters! sisters! —Shame of Heav'n! Kent. Father! sisters! What? I say the storm

Let pity not be baseless!—There she stood

The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clambering misery, and man away the earth.

To deal with grief alone.

The stars above us, govern our conditions; Else one self mate and mate could not be:

Such different shows. You spoke not at the

Kent. No.

Was this before the king return'd? Kent. No, since.

Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear at the town:

Who stand him, in his better state, remember;

What we come about, and by us meant

Will yield to see his daughter. Kent. Why, good sir! Kent. A sovereign shame so only allows him: his

This strip'd her from her brightness, tore her To foreign nations, gave her dear rights.

His heart's these things abasing, His mind so venomous, that burning shame

Dennis him from Cordelia. Kent. Black, poor gentleman! Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

What afield, and you are slept.

Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master

And leave you to attend him; some four times

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known yourself, shall not more

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me.

SCENE IV. The same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was not so now. As webest the wind was pouring abroad; Crown'd with rank furze, and furrow wheat.

With hawks, hawks, ducks, geese, cock-sneck Dutch, Daniels, and all the idle words that grow

In our sustaining corn—A century send forth;

Search every show in the high green field

And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—

What can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring of his benumbed sense?

He, that help'd him, took all my outward word.

Pay. There is means, madam: Our foster-nurse of nature is gone,

The which he lacks: that is a stroke in him, Are many simple operative, whose power

Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All blem'd, secret.
KING I. FAR.

Edg. You du climp it up it now : look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. How do you hear the sea?

Glo. Horriblt steep.

Edg. Nor truly.

Glo. Why, then your other senses grow imp.

By your eyes' angelus.

Edg. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st in

In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much decoy'd: in nothing am

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place—stand still—

How fearful

And dasy 's, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crew, and thoughts, that wing the midway

Show scarce so great as beetles: Half way down

Hangs one that gathers amber: dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fisherman, that walk upon the beach,

Appears like mice; and yet, tall anchoring back,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: The murmuring

Surge, that on the nummher's idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard, and yet I look no more;

Lost my brain in turn, and the deficient sight

Turn'd down headlong.

Edg. Let me where you stand.

Glo. Give me your hand: You are now within

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would not I leap upright.

Edg. Let go my hand.

Here; friend, is another place; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking; Fairies, and
gods, Prosper it with thee! go thou further off;

Hold me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good air.

Glo. I seem to go.

Edg. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I tride thus with his despair,

Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renoance: and, in your sights,

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To spurn'd with your great opression wails,

My am, and loathed part of nature, should

Bury it self out. If Edgar live, O bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[Edg. ka, and falls away.

Edg. And yet I know not how concrey may nob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: Had he been where he

thought.

By this, had thought been past—Aliva, or dead?

Ho; you are! I friend!—No you, sir?—I speak:—

Thus might he pass instead: Ye! he revives:

What are you, sir?

Glo. O you.

Edg. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had's thou been aught but gosmom, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Then had's thou with'd like an egg: but thou dost burst

That heavy substance; blest'st not: speak'st not;

Art sound.

Ten mastes at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpetually fell;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But here I fallen, or no.

Edg. From the dread summit of this rocky bourne

Look up a height: the shill-gey's reck as far.
KING LEAR.

CANNOT be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—Is that the greatness deriv'd from honest? To rear myself by death? Twas yet some comfort, when misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, and frustrate his proud will.

Edg. I partly hear, but I seem to understand.

Glo. Give me your arm:—Up!—How is 't? Feels you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness:—Up! on the crown of 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 full of blood; he had a thousand voices, and every voice would tell the end of the world:—It was some god; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them, honour our impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; hitherto I recall Affliction, till it did cry out itself, Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak, I took it for a mean: often 'twould say, 

The fowl, the fowl: he led me to that place.

Edg. A beggar and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with flowers.

The safer sense will never accommodate the master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining: I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's abuse is in that respect—There's your green money. That fellow handles his bow like a cross-bowman; I draw me a chaster's yard,—I look, look, a monster! Peace, peace!—This piece of toasted cheese will do it.—There's my gauntlet; I'll peer on it a giant—Bring up the brown billa—O, well flown, bird!—I the clown; I the clown; bear up!—Give the word.—Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Shall I know that voice?

Glo. I know not that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonzago!—with a white beard!—They fatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard; and he black ones in his; here. 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 must dwell. Up to, they are not men of their words: they told me I was everything: 'tis a lie; I am not a four-footed.

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.

Glo. I am the man in's life: what was thy cause?—Adultery?

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:

The wrong eyes at 't, and the small gilded fly

Does lether in my sight.

Let cupulation thrive, for Gonzago's bastard son

Was kinder in his father, than my daughters

Get 'twixt the lawful sheets.

To 't luxury, bellum, for I lack soldiers.—

Rebuke your amorous dames.

Whose face between her forks presages snow;

That which is virtuous, and does shake the head

To bear of pleasure's name.

The Atchew, nor the rolled horse, goest to 't

With a more righteous appetite.

Down from the waist they are careless,

Though women all above;
KING LEAR. 747.

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well; You shall have a senn’r. Let me have a surgeon, I am cut to the bone. 

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, At, and for laying autumn's dust.

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridgework. 

Gent. I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Lear. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, you get back; you shall get it by running. So, so, so, so.

[Exit. Attendants follow.]

Lear. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch.

Past speaking of a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeemeth nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Lear. Sir, your son? What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear, sir, of a battle toward? 

Gent. Must I and valour: every one learns what I learn.

Lear. Not, but, by your favour,

How near 's the other army?

Lear. Near, and on slippery ground, the main 

urcey.

Stand on the hour's thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Lear. Thugh that the queen on special cause 

Her army is mov'd on. I thank you, sir.

Glo. You ever gentle sir, take my breath from me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Lear. New, good sir, will you instruct you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows:

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am present to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some hiding.

Glo. Hearty thanks: the bounty and benison of heaven To boot, and loot! 

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proverb'd print! Most happy! That eyes of head of thine was first fram'd thee To raise my fortunes—Thou old unhappy hound, Briefly th' eye will remember—The sword is out That must destroy thee.

Edg. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it. [Edgar opposes.

Stew. Therefore, hold pleasant, 

Doth thin support a publish and treaty between; 

Let the infection of his fortune take 

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'illa not let go, sir, without further season.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go thy gall, and let poor volt pass. And ch'illa be swagger'd out of my life, 'twould not have been so long as 'tis by a worth'night. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, she won't, or she try whether worst. Must any man be the haracter: Ch'illa be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill! 

Edg. Ch'illa pick your teeth, sir; Come; no matter your folly.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me!—Villain, take 

my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; 

And give the letter, which thou find'st about me, To Edmund, earl of Gloucester: seek him out 

Upon the British party:—O, unkindly death! 

Edg. I know thee well: A servile villain; As innocent to the viers of thy mistress, As business 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 sorry only He had not other daughters. Let us see:

Leave, gentle wax; and, sinner, blame we not;

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more useful. [Reads.] Let us send our words to be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if you will send not, time and place will be suitably offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my grave. To the kindewarm thereof deliver me, and supply the place for your honour.

Your wife (see I would say) and your affectionate served. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

At Versailles. 

A Tent in the French Camp. 

Lear on a Bed, 

一分钟: Physician, Gentleman, and Others attending: 

Enter Cordelia and Kent. 

Car. 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'er-pain'd; All my reports go with the modest truth; No more, nor clout'd, but so. 

Car. Be better solaced; These weeds are memories of these winter hours; I tryREFIX WHAT THEY MEAN.

Car. To the Physician.

Edg. Give me your hand: For off, methinks, I hear the beating drum. 

Car. Father, I'll beseech you with a friend. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

A scene in the French Camp. Lear on a bed, asleep: Physician, Gentleman, and Others attending: Enter Cordelia and Kent. 

Car. 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'er-pain'd; All my reports go with the modest truth; No more, nor clout'd, but so. 

Car. Be better solaced; These weeds are memories of these winter hours; I tryREFIX WHAT THEY MEAN.

Car. To the Physician.
KING LEAR

ACT V.

Lear. Am I in France?

Edm. In your own kingdom, sir. Do not abuse me.

Lear. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage

You show, is caused in him: and yet it is better
To make him even with the time he has lost.
Desire him to go on: he will breathe him as men,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will I press your highness with it?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget, and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Edm. The absent Lear, Cor. Phys. and Madam.

Gent. Thy liege is come, sir. That the Duke of Cornwall was at this time.

Edm. Yet, my lord, the Duke of Cornwall is at the board. Who is confidant of his people?

Lear. Is he not mad, sir?

Gent. The bastard son of Gloucester. They say, sir, have you been with the Earl of Kent in Glastonbury?

Cor. Report is changeable.

Edm. This is the time to look about: I will the powers to the board.

Approach the scene. Theard: the audience is to be of a high

Fare you well, sir: sir. Kent. My point and purport will be thoroughly brought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's business brings.

SCENE I. The Chamber of the British Board, near Dover.

Enter, with Dresses and Carew, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the Duke, if his last purpose

Or, whether since he is advised by night
To change the course: He's full of alterations,
And self-reprehension: bring his counsel to the

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly unseated.

Edm. The chuck jotted, madam. Reg. You know the goodness I intimated upon you:

Tell me, but truly, but that upon the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In her husband's love.

Reg. But have you not found your brother's way

To the pretended place?

Edm. That thought abounds.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been

And bewooded with her, as far as we will have.

Edm. No, by mine inconstancy, 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, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than the sister

Should be known him and me.

Edm. All our very loving sister, well be not.

Sir, this I hear: -The king is come to his daughter

With others, whom the rigour of our state

Ford's to cry out. Where I would not be known,

I never yet was valiant: for this business, it

Not holds the king: with others, whom, I fear,

More not and heavy caucuses make ample.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly. Why is this caused?
KING LEAR

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:   
Glo.    

and they're true too.   

SCENE III.  

The British Camp near Dover. 

Eden.  Some officers take them away; good 

Guards.

Eden.  Until their greater pleasures first be known 

That are to consume them. 

Eden.  We are not the first, Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the world.  

For this, opprest king, and I cast down,    

My self could also outwear fate's fortune's brow: 

Shall we not see these daughters, and these six 

Lear.  No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to 


to the prison: 

We two that will sing like birds in 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 ridged butterflies, and hear pourrous 

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 well'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,    

That sit and talk by the hour main.  

Eden.  Take them away. 

Lear.  Upon so much majesty, my Cordelia!    

The gods themselves throw innocence. Have I    

caught thee? 

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from hea- 

ven,    

And fire his house, like bricks: Whose thin eyes:  

The conjurers shall devours them, flesh and bone,    

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them    

starve first. 

Eden.  

Eden.  I'll do't, my lord. 

Eden.  About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.    

Mark—say instantly: and carry it so,  

As I have set it down. 

Eden.  I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oaks:  

If he mean't his work, I will do it.   

Eden.  Some officers, and attendants. 

All.  Sir, you have shown today your valiant 

And fortunate led you well: You have the captives 

Who were the opposites of this day's strik: 

We do require of you; as we see them,    

As we shall find their merits and our safety    

May equally determine.   

Eden.  Sir, I thought it fit to send the old and maimable king 

To some extremity, and appointed guard: 

Whose age has charm'd in it, whose title more, 

To pluck the common blemish on his side, 

And turn our impres'ry chance 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.
KING LEAR.

"Where you shall hold your session. At this time We sweat and bleed! the friend hath lost his
And the best quarters, in the heat, are curst'd
By those that feel their sharpness.--The question of Cordelia, and her father, Requires a finer place."

"Ah! by your patience, I told you but a subject of the way, Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
For you had spoke so far. He led our powers; Boyed the commission of my place and person; The which immediacy may well stand up, And each instruct your brother.

"Gon. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights, we are invested, to campañares the truth.

Gon. That were the most, if he should honour you.


Gon. Holla, holla! That eye, that told you so, lock'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; I glad I have awak'd
From a full lowing stomach. General,
Take my my soldiers, prisoners, patroonship;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thin;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Osen. Mean you to enjoy him? I am
The last alone lies not in your good will.


"Osen. Half-blooded fellow, yea."

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title.

"Edg. To Edmund.

"Ah! Stay yet; hear reason!--Edmund, I as
Not thee
On capital reason; and, in thine, attend
This gilded serpent: [Pointing to Gon.] for your
claim, fair sister.
I hear it in the interest of my wife;
The she is subcontrived to this lord,
And, I, her husband, continue your ban.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespake.

Gon. An interlude!

Ah! Then the arm'd, Glaster;—Let the trump-
et 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,
Yet I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sack, O, sack!—

Gon. If not, I'll never trust poison. [Adda. Edna. There's my exchange: [Throwing down a Glove.] What in the world he is
That namas me traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet; he that dare approach,
On him, on thee, [who not?] I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Ah! A herald, ho! Edna.

Ah! A herald, ho, a herald!
Ah! Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All sworn to my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Ah! She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan 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, suppressed son of Gloucester, that he is a natural brother, let this be his commission to the trumpet: He is held in his defence.

Edna. Good.

Her. Again.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Ah! Ask him his purpose, why he appears
Upon this call of the trumpet.

Edg. What art thou? Your name, your quality? and why you appear
This present summons?

Edg. Himself;—What art thou to him? Edg. Dear thy count;
That, if my speech attend a matter;—Thy arm may do these justice: here is a mis-
beheld, it is the privilege of men honour,
My oath and my profession—[prays;]—My heart;
Mango thy strength, resol, place, and snippet;

Edg. Despite thy sister armed, and be are humane;
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a valour;
False to thy gods, thy country, and thy king;
Conspirator against this high majestic crown;
And, from the extremest upper of my head,
To the against most beneath thy feet.
A mast toad-spotted treason. Say thus, No;
This sword, this arm, and my last and best arm
To prove upon thy heart, whereas I speak,
Thus hast.

Edg. In wisdom, I should ask the name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and wattle,
And that thy tongue serve as any way of breathing
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons in thy head;
With the hell-haunted lie wherein thy heart;
Which, e'er they yet glance by, and severely
burns,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest, for ever. [Trumpets speak.
[Alarm. As they fight, Edna falls.

Ah! Save him, save him

Gon. This is more practice, Glouce.
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opponent; thus art not vanquish'd,
But oon'sd and beguil'd.

Ah! Shut your mouth, dast."

Or with this paper shall I stop it—Hold, sir—Thou worse than any name, most true son
Edna. Most monstrous!

Ah! Ask me what I am.

Gon. Say, if I do know the words are mine, not those
Who shall arrange me so?

Ah! Most monstrous!

Gon. Know'st thou this paper?

Ah! I ask not what I know. [Exit. Edna. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her,

Ah! What you have charg'd me with, this
I have done; And more, and more; the time will bring out;
That past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art able
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange thanks.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;"
SCENE III.

The time will now allow the accomplishment
Which very mariners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Edm. Great thing of us forgot—
Spenk, Edmund, whom's the king? and here's a
Sect thou this object, Kent? [Corinna.]

Kent. Ah, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd;

Kent. The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew himself.

Edm. Even so—Cover their faces.

Edm. I prithee, for life—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. I quickly said—
To bid thee in—To the castle for my writ.
Is on the list of Lear, and on Corinna—
Now, and this instant.

Edm. Run, run, O run—
Edm. To who, my lord?—Who has the office o' th' prison?

Thy token of revenge.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it to the captain.

Edm. Breathe thee, for thy life. [Exit Edmund.]

Edm. He hath commission from my wife and me
To hang Corinna in the prison.
And to lay the charges upon her own disgrace,
That she sent herself.

Edm. The gods defend her! Bear her hence with all speed.

Enter Lear, with Corinna dead in his Arms; Edgar, Officer, and Others.

Lear. How, how, how, how, how!—O, you are
men of stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them as
That heaven's vault should crash—O, she is
gone for ever—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead sere. [Enter a looking glass;]

If her breath will stifle or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promise'd end?

Edm. Or image of that harvest
Fall, and cease.

Lear. This leather skin,—six lives! if it be so,
It is a life that does redeem all sorrow.

That over I have fell.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.]

Lear. Were 'twas your enemy.

Edm. This noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I
I mourn have said her; now she's gone for ever.

Corinna, Corinna, say a little. Ha!
What is't they say at?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low:—an excellent thing in wom-

but she did not, nor did her slave the hanger there.

Edm. O, the first day, with my good lady's blessing,
I should have made them ship: I am now soon,
And these same crosses spell me. Who are you?
I am the very gods are none of the last.—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. But fortune bring of two the loved and

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull night: Are you not Kent?

Edm. Your servant Kent: Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear. Caius, a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll write, and quickly too—He's sated
and rotten.

Kent. He, my good lord, I am the very man—

Lear, I'll use that straight.
ROME AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona. 
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Son to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, Head of Two Houses at war with Capulet. 
CAPULET, An old Man, Uncle to Capulet. 
ROMEO, Son to Montague. 
BERNOLONE, Son-in-law to Montague. 
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet. 
PHILIP LAWRENCE, a Friend to Romeo. 
PRIOR JOHN, of the same Order. 
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo. 
SAMSON, Servant to Capulet. 

SCENE—during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity, 
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, 
From ancient grudge, a new Exchange, 
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal issue of these two foes, 
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life; 
Whose mangled vesture's pitifully thrown, 
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, 
When the continuance of their parent's rage, 
And 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.

Greg. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Samp. No, for then we should be colliers.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE 1.

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gros. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. They shall feel, while I am able to
stand: and, with this, I am a pretty piece of
the family.

Gros. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy sword;
here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarell, I will
back thee.

Gros. How I turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gros. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let
them begin.

Gros. I will draw, as I pass by; and let them
take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as you dare. I will bite my thumb
at them; which is a disgrace to a man, if they
gear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Do I bite my thumb, sir?

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir;

Sam. Is this the law of our side, if I may say?

Gros. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you,
sir; but give me my thumb, sir.

Gros. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarell, 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.

Gros. Say—better; here comes one of my
master's kwonwh.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember
thy swash-blowing speech.

[The Fight.

Ben. Pari, fools; put up your swords; you
know not what you do.

[Draw down their Swords.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. Why, what art thou drawn among these
hears?

Benv. 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.

[Enter several Partisans, of both Houses, who
join the Fight: then enter Citizens, with Clacks.

Tyb. Clack, bills, and partisans! strike! beat
them in;—

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.

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you
for a sword?

Cap. My word!—Old Montague is come, and
furnish'd 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 quit one foot to seek
a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prio. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Provokers of this neighbourhood-stained steel,—

Will they not hear—what heat you hose, you
braves?

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins.

On pain of torture, from these bloody bands

Throw your mispent weapons to the ground,

And bend the instance of your moved prince—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet and Montague,

Have three distemper'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cost by their grave beheading ornaments,

To work old partisans, in tears as of

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.

If ever you disturbe 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, contents must needs be,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

To rumour our pain of death's close donner.

[Exit Prince, and Attendants: Capulet,


Mon. Who set this madness in the wits of men?

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. He scarce were the accredited of your adversary:

And yours, close firing ere I did approach—

I draw to part them; in the instant came

The merry Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd—

Which, as he brash'd his edges to the ear,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Now round his body, now above his head,

No bing bout withal, but hung him in swan:

While we were interchanging threats and blows,

Some 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 worship'd sun

Peep'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of Apollo,

That westward roosteth 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 base when they are most alone—

Perfort'd by passion, not pleasing his,

And gladly shun'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With trencher and cup, when the sun's ripe dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But all as soon as the all-seeing sun

Should in the further west be hid.

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light seal'd home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself invisible to men.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

What is he gone?—I'll not hear the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importunity him by any means?

Mon. Both by my friends and this fair cousin,

But he, his own affection counsellor,

Is to himself—I'll not say, how true—

But to himself so sorely:

So far from musing and discovering,

As in the best bet with an ominous worm,

Ere he can spread his name to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrow

grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So pleased you, step
aside.

I'll know his grievances, or be much denied.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene I. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is here also, as I

Pars. Of honourable reckoning, are you both?

Cap. And pity 's my lord at so cold a time,

Pars. But I have no such joy to report.

Cap. By saying, 'O child, when I think of this,

Pars. My child is yet a stranger in the world,

Cap. She hath not seen the half of all her years;

Pars. Let two more summers wisteria thrive in your pales,

Cap. What wilt thou send in your care to France?

Pars. To speak your joy, and to receive more news.

Cap. And so much more we shall receive more news.

Paris. I have seen her, and she is the hopeful lady of my joy.

Cap. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

Pars. For mere as old as we are to keep the peace.

Scene II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is here also, as I

Pars. Of honourable reckoning, are you both?

Cap. And pity 's my lord at so cold a time,

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Scene III. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

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Pars. But I have no such joy to report.

Cap. By saying, 'O child, when I think of this,

Pars. My child is yet a stranger in the world,

Cap. She hath not seen the half of all her years;

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Cap. What wilt thou send in your care to France?

Pars. To speak your joy, and to receive more news.

Cap. And so much more we shall receive more news.

Paris. I have seen her, and she is the hopeful lady of my joy.

Cap. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

Pars. For mere as old as we are to keep the peace.

Scene IV. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is here also, as I

Pars. Of honourable reckoning, are you both?

Cap. And pity 's my lord at so cold a time,

Pars. But I have no such joy to report.

Cap. By saying, 'O child, when I think of this,

Pars. My child is yet a stranger in the world,

Cap. She hath not seen the half of all her years;

Pars. Let two more summers wisteria thrive in your pales,

Cap. What wilt thou send in your care to France?

Pars. To speak your joy, and to receive more news.

Cap. And so much more we shall receive more news.

Paris. I have seen her, and she is the hopeful lady of my joy.

Cap. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

Pars. For mere as old as we are to keep the peace.

Scene V. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is here also, as I

Pars. Of honourable reckoning, are you both?

Cap. And pity 's my lord at so cold a time,

Pars. But I have no such joy to report.

Cap. By saying, 'O child, when I think of this,

Pars. My child is yet a stranger in the world,

Cap. She hath not seen the half of all her years;

Pars. Let two more summers wisteria thrive in your pales,

Cap. What wilt thou send in your care to France?

Pars. To speak your joy, and to receive more news.

Cap. And so much more we shall receive more news.

Paris. I have seen her, and she is the hopeful lady of my joy.

Cap. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

Pars. For mere as old as we are to keep the peace.

Scene II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is here also, as I

Pars. Of honourable reckoning, are you both?

Cap. And pity 's my lord at so cold a time,

Pars. But I have no such joy to report.

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Cap. What wilt thou send in your care to France?

Pars. To speak your joy, and to receive more news.

Cap. And so much more we shall receive more news.

Paris. I have seen her, and she is the hopeful lady of my joy.

Cap. But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

Pars. For mere as old as we are to keep the peace.
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have now some business; thou shalt bear our counsel, thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. If thou sayest, I can tell her age into an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my ten be it spoken, I have but four.

She is not fourteen: How long is it now To Lambent-side?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even so much, or at least. At all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve, at nine o'clock, she shall be fourteen; Susan and she.—But rest all Christchurch souls!—

Stair. Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God; but she was good for me: But, as I said, On Lammas-eve at nine o'clock, she shall be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

To Since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was, indeed,—I never shall forget it,— Of all the days of the year.

Stair. For I had then laid wormwood to my dog, Seeing the sun set under the dole-house wall, My lord and you were there at Masket;—

Nay, I do bear a brain—but, as I said, Wins it slid take the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty full: To see it etch, and fall out with the dog. Shake, shake the dole-house:—tunes no need, I know.

Shake, shake the dole-house:—tunes no need, I know.

To bid me rejoice.

And since that time it is eleven years; For she then could stand alone; ay, by the good soul, She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she took her bread And then my husband—God bless his soul!—

She was a merry man,—took up the child; Yes, quamby he, dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more out.

Wilt thou not, Juliet? and, by thy holy-dam, The pretty witch left crying, and said—Ay? To see now, how a year shall come about! I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, Juliet? And, pretty soul, it stipples, 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 she should love crying, and say—Ay? And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow.

A bump as big as an honest man's stone; A paroxysm; and it cried bitterly. Sorry, quamby my husband, fail'nt upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou cain't go age?

Wilt thou not, Juliet? it stutted, and said—Ay. Jul. And quaht thee no more. I trust, now, nurse, say l

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou wantest the priest's bace that ever I heard:—

As I might live to see thee married once, I have my wife.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry in the very tyme

I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands thy disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour were not thou alone only nurse, I'd say, thou hadn't swoln wisdom from thy breast.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; you 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 now you are then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks ye for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower: in such a very day.

La. Cap. What say you, I can you love the gentlewoman?

This may you shall behold him at your least.

Read of the various young Paris's face,

And find your game with beauty's pen;

Exam in every married constant,

And see how one another you can entreat.

And what she is: in such a woman's les,

Fond at all the marriage of his heart,

Turns, in some of our house, and lover,

To bear thy blushing, my boy, the sword:

The forebear in the heart and his descent,

For he was kind with the same kiss as his:

Till thou canst make eyes of every glory,

The more to begin, not the gold in every flowery:

She's happy in making as noble,

Lastly, in making the noblest.

Nay, Nurse, I say: in such, woman's beauty:

La. Cap. Rude, gentle, young Paris,

Jul. I know it not: the young man is not ruder.

But he himself, I think, is not so courteous:

Thou say'st not, in grace, excellent, but thy

La. Cap. Within, he goes: the young man's come, supper

Serv. Mamma, the guests are come, supper

Segretti. Supper is tendered, my young lady: my

Serv. Within the party, and everything

Jul. I have no thought; I know not, nurse.

La. Cap. We follow here—Juliet the county

Nymph, girl, a happy night to happy

SEX. IV.

Act I

Romeo. Come, hie us, and enter: and remember,

But every man to take his love in sight.

Friar. Approach the more; it was with much respect;

Tieke the solemn oaths we have taken.

For I am persuaded to it a gradual course—

I'll be a canker-fly, and, there am I

The game was never so fair, and I am

Friar. Till then, we must be, as useless's

If thou art fun, we'll work from thee fortune.

Of this (share reference) law, where thou didst

Up to the same—Come, we are capacity.

Rome. Nay, that's not so.

Friar. We must use the highest, and enter:

Take our guest's entertaining for the same.

Friar. Twice to one that, are, in me.

Rome. And we intermingle grave and

Friar. The vespers: we go.

Rome. What a saint,

Friar. I am no saint: and we are

Rome. Will, what was your

Friar. That business agreed.

Rome. Inter in this expostulate you understand

Friar. What more, I will speak to the

Rome. Inter in it; young man, I am

Friar. What more, I will speak to the
SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a tender! he scrape a tender!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unswathed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the curtis eyebbard, look to the place—good dups, save me a piece of marble; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindadum, and Neil—Antony! and Potpan.

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You look for and called for, and called for, and sought for, is the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer River take all.

Enter Capulet, 3d, with the Groom and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome I ladies, that have their toasts unsplag'd with corns, will have a bout with you. When now day to dance I she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentleman! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a rose; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as will please:—'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentleman! Come, music makers,

A hall a hall a give room, and foot it, girls,

To music, dance, play, and dance amain.

More lights, ye know; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is green too hot;

Ah, circhus, this un-solhed-for open comes well.

Nay, sit, say, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days;

How long at now, since last yourself and I

Where in a mask?

2 Cap. By lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! I 's not so much, 's not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Laetitia,

Come pentacost as quickly as it will,

Some are and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is older; his son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

Cap. He was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand;

Of yonder knight?

Sera. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she did make the torches to burn bright!

'Thought she was hang upon the cock of night

As rich a jewel in an Ethipian's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for each too dear!

So shows a snowy dove troping with crowes,

If younger lady o'er her fellows shows,

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching here, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now I wore it, night!

For I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy—What! dores the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To feer and scorn at our solemnity:

Now, by the stock and honour of my lin,

To stroke him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore stir you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is a bower come in place,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee then, good coz, let him alone;

His bears him like a portly gentleman:

And to say truth, Verona brings of him,

To be a virtuous and well-grown youth:

I would not for the wealth of all this town,

Here in my house, do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take me no note of him:

'Tis my will; the which if you respect,

Shew a fair presence, and put off those frowns,

An ill-becoming semblance in your face.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;

I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endured.

What goodman boy?—I say, he shall!—Go to!—

Am I the master here? you'll not endure him;—

God shall mend my soul—

You'll make a humour among my guests?

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why uncle, 's a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to.

You are a sassy boy!—Let's go, indeed?

This trick may chance to seal you—I know what,

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts!—You are a prince;—

Go;—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame! I'll make as much quiet; What I—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience performe with willful choler meeting.

Makes my fair theme tremble in their different greeting.

I will dispair: but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

To Julie. This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet. Good pilgrim, do your worship hand too much;

Which I must ever show by my countenance;

For saints have hands that pilgram's hands do touch.

And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips don what hands do;

They pray, they grant, then, lest hitherto despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though great for prayer's sake.

Rom. Then move not me, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis so, sir.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

64
Romeo and Juliet.

Scene I. An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Enter Romeo's Messenger and Mercutio.

Mess. Romeo! what news from Mantua?

Merc. He is warm; and, on my life, hath taken his lover's hat.

Mess. He ran this way, and kept this window well.

Romeo and Juliet.

Scene I. An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio and Friar Lawrence.

Merc. He is warm; and, on my life, hath taken his lover's hat.

Benv. Give me thy hand, and let me see thy face.

Friar. Come, come; for we shall see much to-morrow.

Enter Juliet above.

Merc. Shall we not stay and follow her, the night?

Friar. No, she Dwells between this world and heaven.

Act II.

Scene II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Rem. Go, then: for 'tis in vain to seek him here, that means not to be found.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Rem. But, no! what light through such a window breaks?

Mur. It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Rem. Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief.

Mur. That she may see my face again for her sake.

Friar. He ne'er was puffed, since she is gone.

Rem. Her vestal livery is but sick and green.

Friar. This is the very lady of my dream.

Rem. O, she is yet too cold for my sweet love.

Friar. Come, shall we go?
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Up into the white-spotted wonder's eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-moving clouds,
And stands upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo I wheresoe'er art thou,
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt but hearken to my words,
And wilt no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though none do call thee such.
What's Montague is to thee, I am.
By My name, dear saint, is more familiar.
Because it is an enemy to thee;
He therefore I will wrong; and thou shalt hear
That name again, even in my triumphant voice.

Rom. Will you, juliet, stand upon this word?

Jul. I will, upon my word.

Rom. Then as I am no son of thee,
I never will acknowledge thee my sister.

Jul. But I will, Romeo, I will.

Rom. Then, as I am a man, I'll prove a贱.
As true a better man as ever my time hold.

Jul. Verily, I thought you would not say so.

Rom. I love you not, because I would.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

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Rom. Then were I not to be loved.

Jul. But I, I love you not, because you love me.

Rom. Then were I not to be loved.
RO|MO|E|O|A|N|D| JU|LI|E|T.

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy
loaths.
\[Retiring slowly.\]

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. \[Rising.] \[Rising.] Romeo, hush!-O, for a falconer's
voice.

To hear this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Esme \[hushed voice\] I saw the cares where echo low,

And make her tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. \[hangs his head.\] It is my soul, that calls upon my name;

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night.

Like solaced music to attending ears!

Jul. \[Rising.] Romeo! My sweet!

Rom. \[Rising.] At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Jul. \[Rising.] At the hour of nine.

Rom. \[Rising.] I will not fail; its twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. \[Rising.] 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. \[Rising.] The last morning, I would have thee go

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in a twisted yoke,

And with a wild threat pleads it back again,

So loving-jealous of her liberty.

Rom. \[Rising.] I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. \[Rising.] Sweet, so would I;

Yet should I kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet

sorrow.

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

Rom. \[Rising.] Sleep, when thou canst, \[in her bed.\] I would,

Were I as sweet as _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. From Laurence's Cell.

Friar. \[Friar Laurence, with a Basket.\] Friar. The garth of her mouth and a on the tower

bearing night.

Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of

And decked darkness like a drunkard's 

from youth's 

\[in her path, way, made by Titan's

\[now, \]

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The sky is clear, and many-hued dew dry,

I must fill the censer ere the doors

\[waited on, and \]

\[words, \]

\[words, \]

\[words, \]

\[words, \]

\[End his dance, \]

\[End his dance, \]

Narrate the time, and call all \[time, \]

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SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Beatrice and Mercutio.

Merc. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Bn. No; to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Merc. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.

Terments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Bn. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
From hence sent me to his lady's house.

Merc. A challenge, on my life.

Bn. Romeo will answer it.

Merc. A man, that can write may answer a letter.

Bn. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, bring he shall desire.

Merc. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead;
Stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the heart with a love-song;
The very jot of his heart's blood with the blind bow-boy's butt-shot.

Bn. Is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Merc. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
He is the courageous capstone of caplings.
He holds the wing of proud scorn, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minstrel rest, and the chant in his bosom;
The very butcher of a silk button, a deceitful, deceitful;
A gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and servile cause:
Ah, the immortal pantomime! the pantomime reverence! the hay!

Bn. The what?

Merc. The page of such antick, lying, affecting fantomseas; these new turners of accurate—by
Jesus, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good singer!—Why is not this a lamentable thing, grandam, that thus afflicted with these strange fire, these fashions,
O, where are our pardners and my page, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their base, their base!

Enter Romeo.

Bn. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Merc. Without his rose, like a dried herring;—
O, fiend, fiend, how art thou fadathred!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowered in:
Laura, to her Lady, was but aitches wench;—
marry, she had a better love to be-romans her:—
Dido, a dewly; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, nuptials and harlots; Tituba, a gypsy eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French satirist to your French slip. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfei
th did you give ye?

Merc. The slip, sir; the slip: Can you not con
ceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courteys.

Merc. This is as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hands.

Rom. Meaning—to court you?

Merc. No, he is but kind.

Rom. A most courteous explication.

Merc. Nay, I am the very peak of courtesy.

Rom. Pigs of a flower.

Merc. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my trump well flowered.

Merc. We'll follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the joint may remain after the weariness; solely singular for the singleness.

Rom. Single-sold jest, solely singular for the singleness.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Scene V. Capulet’s Garden

Romeo. Juliet, the clock struck nine, when I did end the nurse’s story. In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance, she cannot meet him: she’s not as she is wont to be. O, she is lame! love’s heralds should be prompt; Which ten times faster glide than the swiftest gnat.

Driving back shadows over learning’s face. Therefore do humble-pie and do not weep. And therefore hath the pensive Capulet no more. Now is the sun upon the highest hill. Of this day’s journey: and from a merciful hour to another hour. Had she affections, and warm youth in blood, She’d be as swift in motion as a mariner. My words would sound bawdy to her in her own ear. And his to me:

Blest enters. Many a sprig in many a verdant leaf. Unawares, about, heavy and pale as death.

Romeo and Nurse.

God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? Sweet thought was away. Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. Nurse. Now, good sweet nurse,—O love, why look’st thou so sad? Though news be sweet, yet tell them more. If good, thou shouldest have a true, strong true, by playing at it to my heart, even so.

Nurse. I am sorry, true: the true is true. For, how my bones ache! What a jart have I had!

Romeo. Juliet! I would thou hadst my bones and thy news.


Nurse. To me—thou art out of breath. The nurse, that thou dost make thy way, Larger than the true, that thou canst escape. In thy way goest: when thou dost answer: Say either, or I will stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied, it’s good or else! Nurse. Well, it you have made a simple story, you know not in to choose a man. Reason not, nor be he, though he be better than thy man’s, yet the good one that is mayers hand, and a fast and a healthy—though he’s not to be taken out, yet they are just now. He is not the flower of courtship, Luke; I warrant him, as cheap a bantam—as thy upon the hon. Nurse. What, have you seen it home?

Romeo. No, no: is it all this? I know not what

Nurse. Lord, how my breasts aches: what a sad

blows as it would fall in twenty pieces.

Nurse. Ah, moister! that’s the dog’s name. R. is for the dog. No, I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the passion signification of it, of you and rosemary, that a week do you good to hear of her.

Romeo. Complied me to thy lady. [Exit Nurse. And, ay, a thousand times—Peter.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and gather.

Scene VI. Capulet’s Garden

Nurse. What that? both with an R.

Romeo. Ah, moister! that’s the dog’s name. R. is for the dog. No, I know it begins with some
And a courtier, 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? I know she is repast!
Your love says she is an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God’s lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I pray; Is this the patience for your aching bones?
Heavens for your health of yourself.

Jul. Here’s such a coil,—some, what says Romeos?
Nurse. How you got leave to go to shrift today?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then be you hence to friar Laurence’s cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They’ll tell the news straight at any news.
His you to church? I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by which your love
Must climb a bird’s nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toll in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden now as night.
Go, I’ll to discourse: his you to the cell.

Jul. To his high fortune! honest nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeos.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow ushers in not:
To-night, oh, to-night! then all is well;
There shall no cloud or shadow interpose,
It cannot counterball the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives us in her sight;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-drowning death do what he dare,
It enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends;
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
As, when a lamp is put to an6d, it burns
Which, as they kiss, consumes: The sweetest honey
Is base in his own deliciousness.
And in the taste breeds them the envious; Therefore, love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will not be heard over the everlasting flint:
A lover may straddle the Gunners;
That sill in the wanton summer air,
And yet not lift as light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fro. Juliet, upon my knees, take thy daughter, for I, 

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be past thy mind, and that thy spirit be more
To blest it, then swear with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music’s tongue
Unfold the imagin’d happiness that both
Restive to other by this dear encounter.

Jul. Content, more rich in matter than in words,
Bridge of his substance, not of ornament;
They are no 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.

Jul. For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt.
Romeo and Juliet.

Act II

Scene I

[Enter Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee.

Doth much excuse the appraising rage,
To such a grudging man—why dost thou diese?
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou knowest me not.

Tybalt. Good, this shall not excuse thy injuries.

Romeo. Those thou hast done me; therefore turn, and

draw.

Romeo. I do protest, I never injured thee;

But love the better thy consort doth devise

To shed the blood of thy so dear offense!

And so, good Capulet,—which name I brend,

As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Merc. O God!大厦, inscrutable, with sublimities

In eloquence warries it away.

Drus. Tybalt, you rat catchers, will you walk?

Tybalt. What wouldst thou have with me?

Merc. Good morrow, noble sir, nothing but one

of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold

withal, and, as you shall see me hereafter, do

the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your

sweet out of his pitcher by the ears I make

more, but more he without your ears are not to be

out. Tybalt. I am for you.

[Drawing.

Rom. Gentleman, let the weapon draw no more.

[Exeunt. She draweth Benvolio.

Romeo. Peace between us!--Gentlemen, for

Thee and me, and for our noble kinsmen.

Forbear this outrage.—Tybalt!—Mercutio!

The prince expressly hath forbidden this brawling

in Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

Exeunt Tybalt and Mercutio.

Romeo. I am hurt.

Benvolio. A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benvolio. What, art thou hurt?

Romeo. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; scarce, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Romeo. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Merc. 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 peeped, I am war-

ranted, for this world:—A plague o' both your

houses!—Swords, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat,

to scratch a man to death! I braggart, a rogue,

a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!

And, by the devil, the slave you bring me! I was

hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

Merc. Help me into this house, Benvolio; Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!

They have made woman's meat of me; I have it, and sooned too.—Your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Romeo. This day's black fate on more days doth

 depend;

This but begins the wo, others must end.

[Re-enter Tybalt.

Tybalt. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven!Cap, sweet, sweet love! And
fire-eyes to be my conduct now!—

Tybalt, take the villain back again,
I have an interest in your letters proceeding. My blood for your pride-bride-wedlock lies a bleeding.

But Pitt answers you with as strong a frown:
That you shall all repeat the lost of mine: I will be dead to pleading and excuses;
Nor ears, 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 his body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning them that kill.

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. Gallip space you, forlorn-footed streets.
Toward hanging house; 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 wish; and, Romeo I leap to these arms, untold of, and unseen —
Lovers can see to do their numerous rise.
By their own bosoms: or, if love be blind, It last agrees with night.—Come, civil night. Then, sober-keeping morrow, all in black, And learn love to love a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidens; Host my unwoman'd blood-bating in my cheeks, With thy black mangle; call strange love, grown bold.
Think true love acteth, simple massey.

Come, night. Come, Romeo! come, then 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 may 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, Yet not yet lesse'd: so tell's 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 Cordial.

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 cordial
That Romeo hate thee fetch? O, ay, the cordial

Nurse. (Threw them down.)

Juliet. Ah me! what news! why dost thou bring thy hands? —

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! 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 kill'd.

Juliet. Can heaven be so unsmiling?

Nurse. Though heaven cannot: —O Romeo! Romeo! —

Juliet. What wilt thou do, that dost torment me then?

That torture should be vaid by dismal hell. But, what appal thee, or what appal me? I and that bare words shall pain more than the death-daring eye of cockatrice: I am not I, if thou knowest such an I: Or those eyes dull, that make thee answer, If he be slain, say I: or if not, no.
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or we.

Nurse. I saw the wound; I saw him with mine
eyes. —

Save the mark here: on his hand there is a piteous score, a bloody piteous score: Pale, pale as ashes, all pale with blood, All in gore blood; I saw blood at the sight.

Juliet. O, break my heart! — poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes! I ne'er look on liberty! Vile earth, to earth resign; and mean here! And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy blow! —

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead! Juliet. What storm is this, that blows so contrary? Is Rome's daughter dead? is Tybalt dead?

Nurse. Romeo, Romeo dead: —Tybalt dead! I —

Juliet. How then? how then? — Tybalt dead! —

Nurse. Romeo, that kill'd him, he's banish'd.

Juliet. O God! — did Romeo's banish dead Tybalt's blood? Nurse. If it did, it did: alas the day! it did.

Juliet. O aurora heart, hit with a burning face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrants! good Serges! —

Nurse. Love's light was given to the rising lamb: Despised substance of divine show! —

Juliet. Just opposite to what thou newly seem'st: A damned saint, and his irreparable villain! —

Nurse. Nature! what hast thou done to do well,
When thou didstower the spirit of a band In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever book, containing such vice matter, So fairly bound? 0, that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace! Nurse. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd, All forlorn, all painted, all unamiable. Ah, where's my man? I give me some word of these griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.

Shame comes to Romeo! Juliet. Blister'd be thy tongue, For such a wish! he was not born to shame; Upon his brows shame is ashamed to sit; For 'twas a throne where honour may be crown'd Side monarch of the universal earth.

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy heavy notes? When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it Not whereby, villain, didst thou kill my enemy? That his cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish man, back to your native spring. Your obsequy dress, and your sacred end; Which you, misstaking, offer up to joy. My husband's life, that Tybalt would have slain; —

Juliet. Tybalt's dead, and Romeo claim my husband:

All this is comforts: Wherefore wert thou, some word there was, woman, than Tybalt's death. That could comfort me: I would forget it false; But, O! 'tis pressed to my memory;

Like damsel guilty deeds to sinners' minds, Tybalt's dead, and Tybalt's death accomplished; That—banish'd, that one word—banish'd, Both slain in the one Tybalt. Tybalt's death Was not I, if I had it: I —

Juliet. — or, if we do delight in fellowship, And need be would rank 'em with other griefs. Why follow'd not, when she said— Tybalt's dead,
Trys ... his mother, say, or both.

Which modern language might have moved it?

For, with a resounding following Tybalt's death,

Tyranny is banished: not speak that word.

If father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet;

All slain, all dead—Roméo is banished.

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound;

In that world's death; no words can too round

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you tidings.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine

shall be spent,

When there are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up these cords—Poor ropes, yet are begin-

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled.

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, must make your way for mine.

Come, corin; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed.

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

Affection is grained out of thy parts,

And then art waked to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow crevices acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such mix company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A judicious judgment vanish'd from his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. His! banishment! be merciful, say,

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death; do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from these lines art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, tortures, hell itself.

Hence banishment is banish'd from the world.

And world's exile is death—then banishment

It death mist'red—calling death—banishment,

Thou canst not find my hand with a golden axe,

And smit upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy traitor law calls death; but the kind

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment;

This is our mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. In 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 Romey may not.—More validity,

More honourable state, more courtly livings

In servitude, than Romey: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessing from her lips;

Well is it seen in earthly mortals.

Still blush, as thinking their own kinsmen sin;

But Romey may not, he is banished.

Close may the devil, whom from this must fly,

They are free men, but I am banished.

And say w. them yes, that smile at our death?

Had I no more to mind me of the great

knife,

No more terrors of death, though we remember,

But—banishment—to kill me! how much!

O friar, the diamond one that ever was told

Never so bright; 'tis time to lose the men

Being a diviner, a gladly contented,

An abuser, and my friend prov'd.

To mingle with that word—banishment.

Fri. Thus read and mark; here let me spot a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee some remembrance to keep all that.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished!—Hear me philosophy!—

Unless philosophy can make a Priest.

Divine us into a new heaven and earth.

It helps not, it prevails not, not so much.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have voices.

Rom. How should they, when the wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of that matter.

Rom. How canst thou not spend of what thou dost not feel?

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt merchant,

Dying like me, and like me banished.

Then mightst thou speak, thou mightst then
tear thy body,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now.

Taking the measures of an unknown grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good morrow, life.

Rom. Not; unless the breasts of found er's groves,

Midlike, unfold me from the wench of eye.

Fri. Knocking.

Rom. Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's

your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall

know my death.

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome thou.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O lady face, O old sun, lady fair,

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Rom. There on the ground, with his own hand

made broken.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case.

Just in her case!

Fri. O, wisdom pityed!

Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so, so she,

Hither and hither, weeping, weeping and hithering,

Stand up, stand up; stand, as you be a man;

For Juliet's sake, ye who have seen and said;

Why should you fall into so deep an ocean?

Rom. Nurse! Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's at the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Dost thou not think me an old murderer?

Now I have pierc'd the heart of our madman,

With blood remove'd but little from her own.

Where is the grief? and how doth she? and what

Is to come, but that our certain love be

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but suspected wrong.
Scene V. Romeo and Juliet.

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder mee; as that name's cursed hand Murders his kinsman.—O tell me, sir, tell me, For what vice part of this anatomy Dowth my same name lie? tell me, that I may sack The haughty mansion. Dressing his Sword.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!

Art thou a man? thy spear cries out, thy act: Thy tears are sorrow; thy wild note doth denote The unreasonable fury of a beast: Unreasonably, in a seeming man! Or ill becoming fear, in seeming bold? Thou art amazed; wouldst thou not hate me? I thought thy discretion better toward'st: Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou thyself avenge? And stay thy lady too that lives in thee, By doing diameht haue upon thyself? Why raiseth thou on thy birth, the heaven, and each? Since truth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet In these once at once; which thou at once dost lose.

Fri. He, he, they shranieth thy shape, thy love, thy life; Which, like a seer, abounded in all, And most among those that true men indeed Should courteously receiv'd thy shape, thy will, Thy mirth is a form of war, Expressing from the womb. Thy death is an end; Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury, Kissing that love which thou hast vow'd to the sky.

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Misdress'd in the conduct of them both, Like poisons is a skillful soldier's hand, Is set on fire by thine own ignorance, And thou discern'dst with their own defence: What, rose thee, man? thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou went but hardly dead; There act thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee, But thou dost slayst Tybalt; there act thou happy too: The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend, And turns it to exile: there act thou happy: A pack of blessings lightens upon thy back; Happiness pursues thee in her best array; But, like a misbelov'd and sullen wench, Though ye'art upon thy way because thy love? Take heed, take heed, for such is the miserable. Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, bless, 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 brace thy marriage, reconcile your friends, Her pardon of the prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou wast wont in lamentation. Go before, pursue; compound me to thy lady! And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Rom. I pray you, sir. O Lord, I could have stood here all the night, To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!— My lord, I'll tell thy lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Now, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir; He you, make haste, for it grows very late. Eark Now. How well my comfort is rev'd by this! Fri. Go home a good night! and here stands all your state; Either gone before the watch be set, Or here by the break of day dispair'd from hence: soultours in Mantua; I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time. Every good wish to you, that chance classes Give me thy last adieux!—O, farewell; I'll find you good night.

Rom. But that a joyous joy calls me out on me, It were a grief, as 'twere to part with thee: Farewell; I Edward.

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, she loved 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 could have been a-bed an hour ago.

Paris. Those times of our affections no time to woes, Madame, each night: commend me to your daughter. Cap. My lady, I'll keep, and know her mind early to-morrow. Paris. To-night she's new'd up to her heaviness. Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child, if you will take her, by my soul In all respects by me: any more, I doubt it not. Sir, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her hereof of Paris's love; And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday next:—Fri. and what? What day is this? Per. Paris, my lord: Cap. Monday? Is he here?— Well Wednesday is.

O Thursday let it be: O Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble lord.— Will you be ready? do you like this house? We'll keep no great feast:—a friend, or two:— For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be lawless, therefore, most inveterately, Being our kinsman, if we revel much, Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, And there will end. But what say you to Thursday? Per. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow. Cap. Well, get you gone:—O Thursday be it then. Go you to Juliet are you got to bed, Prepare her, sir, for this wedding-day. 1 Fri. and my lord, Light to my chamber, but for me, it is so very late, that we can't do it early and by—Good night.

Scene V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

JUL. Well bring he gone? is it not yet near day? It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That sung the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on ye powerless tree; Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale; look, love, what admirers steal Do have the morning crowds in yours ear and sight; Night's stables are burnt out, and second day Stands upright on the many mountain tops; I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, it Is some matter that the sun exchale, To be in this thing a torch, I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say, you grey is not the morning's eye, But the breast of the new-born Lark bright. Nor that is not lark, whose notes do beat The vaultry heaven so high above our heads; I have more care in it how to come. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet will it so. How is it, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; his bosome, be gone, away:
It is theark that sings so out of tune.
Bravishing harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Romeo says, theark makes sweet division:
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the ark and the drowned toad chang'd
Some say the ark and the drowned toad chang'd
some ark and the hawk.
O, now would they had chang'd their voices too!
Set their arm from arm that voice doth on allay,
Hunting them hence with horse-up on the day.
O, now we gone; more light and light it grows.
Rome. More light and tight—more dark and dark one owns.

Enter Nurse.


The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rome. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Re-enter Nurse.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love; art not! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day? 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.
Rome. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. Art thou gone so? we shall ever meet again?
Rome. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in their time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-deviling soul!
Michalina, I see thee, now thou art below,
As our dead in the bottoms of a tomb;
Either my eye sight falls, or thou look't pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Alien! avisier!

[Exit Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is remov'd for faith! Be fickle, fortune;
For thou, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within]. Ho, slaughter! 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 unaccustomed case procures her hitter?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou dost, thou dost 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 shalt you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so less, the last.
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
Rom. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What, the Villain madam.
Jul. Villain and he is a most vile, scorpion.
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
And yet no man like he, doth gripe my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
PROOF.—And, I thank you; and, I thank you.

And yet not proof.—Mistress Milon, you.
Thank me no thankings, nor prove me no proofs;
But setting out from Jonson's 'Garden' Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Yet, you green sickness carried out, you bag-
gage.

You tollow face!

Mut. Fix, 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 baggages! disobedient
wretch!
I tell thee what—get thee to church! Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers 'Ch.—Whir, we scarce thought us
breath,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see the one is 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 widow? Hold your
peace;
Good produce, snarrier with your gonips, 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 over a goose's bowl,
For here we need not.

Mut. 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 case hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of propery, parentage,
Of fair descent, youthfull, and madd train'd,
Such'd (as they say) with honorable parts,
Provid'd as one's heart could wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining maimer, in her fortune's tender,
To answer I'll not wed.—I cannot love,
I am too young.—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, as you will not well, I'll pout you:
Here you will see, you shall not house with me;
Look, look, 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, and the streetes;
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee;
Nor what is mine shall never be thy good:
Trust to't, bethank you, I'll not beGrow.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That were in 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 bidental bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lie.

Mut. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;

Do as thou wilt, I have done with thee.

Jul. O God! O nurse! how shall this be pre-
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send't me thence by
Leaving my earth to comfort me, console me;
Alack, alack, that heavens should practise stra-
gery.

Upon so young 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 dare not come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the country.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dashing kinsman to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so great, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart.
As living here, and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew thee both.

Jul. Amen! ! To what?

Nurse. Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having dispatched my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
To disguise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor.
Thou and my brother here shall be in-want—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Paris. Friar, on Thursday, sir! the time is very short.

Friar. Your father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Paris. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Unseen is the course; I like it not.

Friar. You incommodely she warns for Tybalt's death.
And therefore here I little talk'd of love.

Paris. For Venus smiles not in a bed of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much away;
And, as his wish, discharge his marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Who, too much moved by self alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Friar. I warrant, I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Juliet. Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Juliet. That may i.e. sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thurs-
day next.

Juliet. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make me confession to this father?

Juliet. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Juliet. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. Be so, you are sure, that you love me.

Juliet. If I do, it will be more of price.

Par. Bring'st behind your back, this to your face.

Juliet. Your soul, thy face is a neck shall with	

Par. I'll do so, the tears have got small victory by that;

Juliet. For it had enough before your sight.

Par. Thou wrongest it, too, as much, as tears, with that report.

Juliet. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slain it.

Jul. It may be so; for it is not mine own—

Are you sure, for you are holy father, now?

Shall I come to you at evening then?

Fri. My house serves me, pasture daughter, now—

My lord, we must entreat the time of me.

Par. Godshield! I should insisting devotion—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I come you:

Till then, be kind and keep the holy time. [Exit.

Jul. O, thus the door and when thou hast done so,

Come near with me; Past hope, past cure, past good.

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me to put the compass of my wish;

I hear thee moan, and nothing must provoke it.

On Thursday next [married in this country.

Jul. Tell me no, nay, tell me, thou hast said of this,

Take thou the love I have for all time,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join my heart and Romeo, thou art mine.

And ere this mood, by thee to Romeo said,

Shall be the label to another deed,

In thy true heart with treacherous breath,

Turn to animosity and steer them both.

Therethrough, out of thy long expiring time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

Twist my extremities and use this bloody knife,

Shall play the unpremeditated that

Which the ceremony of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true hour bring.

Be not as long to speak; I long to do,

It what thou speakst but speak out of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do say, a kind of hope,

Which came in despite of an execution

As that respectable which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

I turn the strength of will to say myself;

Then do I like your wish, take mine to take mine.

A thing like death, with whole away the shame,

That shall not do, I give thee my kiss.

Jul. Of the field, and to dishonour many Paris,

From that, the settlements, say, kill thee,

Or walk in each way, or lose thy life.

Wherever his other mother with thee, or true,

That thou may be happy in a single death.

O, quite with dead men's cutting hours,

With my poor shanks and yellow choppy beard,

Or other more now in a grave to see,

And he must with a dead man's heart be.

Things meaner must have made me mean.

And I will, with a rot in my sight,

The coming and filling of none at all.

Fri. Hold them, thou girl, be merry, give credit.

Tennyson Paris: We have done; come, marry, give credit.

Tourne a night has that does from above;

She thought the time of marriage, and I.

And the, the, the, the, the, the.

Wilt thou be married with me to-night?

As fair a thing as living, to the law,

Whose light it is, to have the marriage, keep.

Here, now, be therefore as you please, and come;

N. with me, away, let live; the marriage, keep.

The coming and filling of none at all.

Uppenry and gone, where is that night?

The day is up, the marriage, keep.

Shall I be in bed? the marriage, keep.

Sit by the hearth and have a pleasant sight

Now when the light grown in the morning comes

To rose, their breath, there with the light.
SCENE V.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 omens
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of air.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessary
As are beforehand for our state to-morrow;
Besides, you see now it is later on;
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.

Good night!

Get thee to bed; and I rest; for thou hast need
Of rest, good nurse. [Exit Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a thousand fearful thoughts in my veins
That aim at preventive the best of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse, was I, I,—What should I do here?
My dismal soul some needs must act alone.
Come, ghost!—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the count?
No, no,—this shall forlorn it—it shall be there—
[Leaving down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Surely hath munister'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 release me?—there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be staid 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 concept 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 tyr'd ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloodly Tybalt, yet green in earth,
Lies fronting in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort,—
Alack, alack! it is not like, that I,
No easy working—what with loathsome smell,
And shrieks that manifest the turn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad—
O, I wak'd! I was not fast asleep,
Embrace me; and I shall not forget this night.

[Aside.] And playly with my maidservants' joints!—
And pluck the manikin Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some greatanus's head,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brain?
O, look! methought Lady Capulet and Lord
Seeking out Romeo, that did sport my lady
Upon a paper's un—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! I thank 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 spurs,
Nurse. They call for dances and queries in the pastry. [Exit Nurse.

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 bed's meats, good Angelina:
Spare not for cost.

La. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quar, go, get you to bed; 'tis time, 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 causes, and 'never been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your youth;
But I will watch you from such watchings now.

Cap. A jealous-hound, a jealous-hound—is, Now,

What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spirit, Lamps, and Baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know

Cap. Make haste, make haste.

1 Serv. Shrrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Exeunt Servants.

Nurse. Nurse!—Wife;—what ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Go, waken Juliet, and go, trim her up;
I'll go and call with Paris.—He, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom is come already;
Make haste! I say!—

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress,—what, mistress,—Juliet—fast, I warrant her, she—
Why, do you think why, lady—see, you sing a bed—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart, why, bride!

What? as a word?—you take your pennyworth now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That ye shall rest but little.—Did 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 not it be so?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady! lady!
And, alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead—
O, well and well, thou say'st I was born—
Some aquavitae, bo—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Exeunt Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.
Nurse. Madam, her death, decease'd, she's dead: allack the dead.

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Romeo and Juliet.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams present some joyful scene at last;
My homeland's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unseasonable mildness
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strangers tell me that a dead man here is think)
And breatheth much life with Kneiss in my ear;
uenta to this contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in—and, madam, go with him.

And go, fair Paris! every one prepare To follow this fair course on her grave.

The instruments, in melancholy sound,
Our bridal dance, to a sad martial strain;
Our solemn hymns to soften grave changes;
Our bridal flowers move for a brevial voice,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in—and, madam, go with him.

And go, fair Paris! every one prepare To follow this fair course on her grave.


deed's a vision seen of night;

Most men no more, by opening their high will.
SCENE III. Romeo and Juliet.

How fares my Juliet? That I ask again; For nothing can be ill, if she be well:
Her body sleeps in Capulet’s monument,
And her immortal part with angel’s lives
I see her last love in her kindred’s arms,
And presently took post to tell you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news
Since you still live at this my alter’s air.
Just as you told me:—so be it, upon me.
Thou know’st my lodgings; see me back in port,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.
But, pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your house is pale and wild, and so import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Would you have all this?
Pertinacious, I swear.
Well, then, I do not despair.
Just as you told me:—so be it, upon me.
Let Juliet, well I will tie with these to-night.
Let’s see for means.—O, mischief! thou art well.
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereaus he dwells,—whom late I saw in
His father’s shop. He had exceeding long brows,
Curling of simples; mesage were his books.
Sharp mosity had worn him in the house:
And in his eyes he wore a certain look.
An alligator set’d, and other skins
Of all sort’d fishes; and about his shalves
A leggarded account of empty boxes.
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Brassicae of pick-brood, and old cakes of rum.
Were these, as scatter’d, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself it said—
And if a man did need a poison now.
Whose sake is present in death, muts.
Here lies a califf wretch would sell it him.
O, the same thought did but forever my need.
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Bearing holiday, the beggar’s cloak is sluic’d—
What, but an apothecary?

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—see, that thou art
Hold, there is forty doones; let me have
A dram of poison; such secres-spacing gear
Will disperse itself through all the veins.
That the life-were taken very fall dead;
And that the shriek may be discharging’d with
As violently, as heavy powder’d
Dath hurrying from the fatal cannon’s wound.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s
Law is, death, to any he that uttereth them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of witchcraft?
And fear’st to do’t? I famish in thy cheeks.
Need not so stir up stars to 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:
Yet be not poor, but break it, and take thus.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consists
You want’st a dram for’t:—so be it, upon me.
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 your straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to man’s souls.
Doing more murders in this last-homely world,
Then by those poisons that thou’st never let life.
I will that poison, thou hast bad me none.
Farewell, my food, and get thyself in flesh—
Come,cordial, and not poison I go with me.
To Juliet’s grave, for there must I use these

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Francis, friar I brother, he is
Enter Friar Laurence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be athwart, give me his letter.
John. 0, sir, he sent one love brother, out
One of our order to acquaint me,
He had a letter that was sent to me in the friary.
One of our order to acquaint me,
In this very city visiting the sick.
And findeth there some signs of the town,
Suspicious that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign.
Seal’d it up the doors, and would not let us forth.
So that my speed to Mantua there was nay’d.
Law. What, was your letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it, here it is again.
No get a messenger to bring it thither.
So fearfully was they of infection.
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge.
O, dear import, and the morninging it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence,
Get me an inn crew, and bring it straight.
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I’ll go and bring it there.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will deliver me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these occurrences.
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her not at any cost till Romeo come;
Poor living course, close’d in a dead man’s tomb.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Church Yard: in it a monument belonging to the Capuletts.

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 yonder cross lay thee all along.
Holding there ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall we sit upon the churchyard stile
(Being close, unform’d, with dirge upon our brows.)
But then shall hear it whate’er then to see,
As signal that thou hast not sequestered approach.
Give me these flowers. Do se I had thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone.
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure

[Retire.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I love thy head best.
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity.
Fair Juliet, that with an image remains,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living favour thee, and, being dead,
With funeral prayers in above thy tomb.

[The Boy exults.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot Hurrieth this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love’s rights?
What, with a torch—such evil be the night.

[Retire.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the whacking iron.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

The Nurse tells Romeo that Juliet is alive and sends him to the Capulets' garden to see her. Romeo is overjoyed and promises to visit Juliet immediately.

Scene 2.

Romeo and Juliet meet and declare their love for each other. They decide to marry immediately and plan to elope to Mantua later.

Scene 3.

Romeo and Juliet plan their wedding and arrange for a priest to perform the ceremony. They also plan to have a secret ring exchanged as a symbol of their love.

Scene 4.

Romeo and Juliet are married and spend the night together. They plan to live together in secrecy and await a chance to return to Verona and be together.

Scene 5.

Romeo and Juliet are both dying, but they are determined to be together. They hold hands and express their love for each other.

Scene 6.

Romeo and Juliet are both dead, and their bodies are discovered by their friends. They are mourned and buried with great ceremony.

Scene 7.

Romeo and Juliet are remembered by their friends and family, and their love story continues to be told.

END.
Scene III.

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

Fri. He comes, he comes; and here he is.

And there I am.—Where is my Lord Romeo?

[Enter Paris.]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, calamity, and unconsidered sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict:

That thwarted our intent; come, come away;

Thy husband in thy bosom lies dead.

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a cluster of holy vows:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet.—[Nolens volens.—]

I dare stay no longer.

[Exit.]

Jul. O, Sir, is this his house?—[Enter Paris.

What's here?—a cup, child, in my true love's hand?

Poeins, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

O shrew! drink all; and leave me friendly drop,

To help me after—[I will kiss thy lips;—

Haughty, some passion yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

[Reads his lines.]

Thy lips are warm!—

1 Watch. Within! I laden, laid, lie—Which way?—

Jul. Yes, noise—then Dost thou not come?—O happy

Because Restoring Romeo's Dagger.—

This is thy sheath—[Stabs herself;—] there rise, and let me die.

Go, tell the prince, run to the Capitol,—

Raise up the Montagues, some others search.—

[Exit other Watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these pitious woes

We cannot without circumstance discern.

Enter some of the Watch, with Haltsaar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him

in the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that troubles, sighs, and weeps;

We took this matlock and this splice from him,

And he was received into the neighbouring aisle.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

[Enter the Prince and attendants.]

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our persons from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so early abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street are—Romeo, Romeo, Juliet, and some—Paris—and all run,

With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this that wakes in our heart?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris's

plain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Worm, and now mild'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder came.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughtered

Romeo's man.
HAMELET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIO, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son to the father, and Notep to the present King.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
LAEDES, Son to Polonius.
VOLTAIO,
CONELIUS, Courtiers.
ROSCRANTZ.
GUILDENSTERN.
OSRIC, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.

BERNARDO, an Officer.
FRANCISCO, an Officer.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain, an Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Pages, Grocers, Diggers, Sailors, Musicians, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco on his Post. Enter him Bernard.

Bert. Who's there?

Franc. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Bert. Long live the king!

Franc. Bernardo?

Bert. He.

Franc. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bert. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Franc. This relief, most welcome, but brief, and I am sick at heart.

Bert. Have you had quiet guard?

Franc. Not a mouse stirring.

Bert. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Mardelas, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Mardelas.

Franc. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Bert. And gentlemen to the Dane.

Franc. Give you good night.

Where is the Queen's counsel? Captain! Mardelas!—

What means this silence?—Captain! Mardelas—

Is a young man now upon your seas?

That heaven finds means to fasten your joys with love!

And I, for watching at your chamber doors,

Have lost a brace of virgins, young and maids.

This is my daughter's fortunes, let me see

How she is answer'd. I must speak with you.

Merc. But I can give you more:

For I will speak more truly in your part:

That while you live by that name is known

There shall not figure at such rare past

As that of true and honest man.

To whom as rich shall return by his lady's hand,

Pore sacrifices of our country!

Good night, good night! The sun cometh with it:

The sun for sorrow will not shine his head;

Go beneath to learn more dark of those that tread;

Some shall be perished, and some punished:

Ere never was a story of more woe.

This is of Julliet and her Roman.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE I.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Mar. How like is't?—it harrowes me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Hor. Speak to it, Horatio.

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march? I charge thee, speak to him.

Mar. It is a spirit; answer it.

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 trouble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe, Were it not for the sure and true avouch Of mine own eyes.

Mar. But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This somde strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good night, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, Why such a strict and most observant watch So nightly and so insomuch to study the mind of the land? And why such daily cast of women's eyes, And foreign mart or implements of war? Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sure task Does not divide the Sumpter from the week? What might be toward, that this army bears This light and busie labour with the day? Who's that, that can inform us?

Hor. 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, The son,黑夜's trick'd on by a most cruel and desperate day, Dare'd to the combat; in which our valiant

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone!—[Exit Ghost.

Ber. What dost thou think on the occassion?

Mar. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. This here!—[Exit Ghost.

Hor. It is evident that this is some great thing, For which they say, you spirits walk in midnight, Wherein the current and the crowning of the cock.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?—

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Mar. This here!—[Exit Ghost.

Ber. Shall I strike it with my partizan?—

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Mar. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding voice Awake the god of day: and at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, Extravagant and erring spirits his To his confine: and of the truth therein This present object made probation.

Mar. It failed on the crowing of the cock.

Ber. Some say, that ever'gainst that season comes Wherin our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then they say no spirit dare abroad;The night Hath no place for a lighted spirit: no fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So it is I have heard in part believe it.

Ber. But, look, the morn, in misty mantle clad, With purple head and bourn red breast, hastens To wake the sleep of night;—the cock's first cry Breaks our sweet watch up; and, by my advice, Let us import what we have seen to-night Unto the ear of 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, being our duty?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act I.

Scene II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter the King, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and attendants.

King. Thus have you writ, Hamlet.

Pol. Thus have I writ, my lord; and thus much more.

Ham. And you have writ so much more, Laertes?

Pol. And so much more, my lord.

Laertes. And so much more, my lord.

Ham. Your safety, that you know, young Fortinbras,

(Re-enter Officers with Despatches.)

Ham. How now, officers! what news from England?

Off. My lord, we come from England. We have seen the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and they have written us a letter, which they desired us to shew you.

Ham. What is the letter about? Unseal it, and read it to me.

Off. My lord, it is a letter for your highness, containing news of your brother who is dead, and of your sister who is married to his murderer.

Ham. I know the news of my brother's death, and I care not. I know my sister is married to his murderer, and I care not. I care not, I care not, I care not.

(Enter Hamlet and Laertes.)

Ham. What news from England, Laertes?

Laertes. My lord, we come from England. We have seen the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and they have written us a letter, which they desired us to shew you.

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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With an attest ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvell 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 waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your
Armell at point, exactly, cap-a-pie, [father,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goest slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surpris'd eyes,
Within his trochanthus's length; whilst they, dis-
 till'd,
Almost to jolly with the set of fear,
Steady their speech 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.

All. 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 loud
And at the sound it shrank 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, sir, 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. What look'd it shrouded in?

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 made much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like.

Hor. Very like.

Ham. Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Hor. Law, longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was gray'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A white silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Hor. Frechwance, 'twill walk again.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And but we hold our peace till he shall speak;
Without an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your beauteous. Ha, ha, ha!
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Fie, fie.

Ernest Hor. Mar. and Bern.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were

SCENE III. A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neatness are embriqu'd; fare well.
And, sister, as the wind give benefit,
And cover is constant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more;
For mine, crecent, does not grow alone,
In thron, and bulk; but, as this temple wanes,
To make way for other. Perhaps, her beauty now!
And now no soul, nor cause, doth bend again;
The virtue of his will, but not a favor;
His greatness weighty, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, indeed, in absolute person,
Cards for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of the whole state;
And, what his choice is circumstanced
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he love

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in particular act and place
May do or say such: which is no further,
Than the mean act: Damericks is such:
Then worth what los'my human may content,
If with too constant heart and his song,
Of love your heart; a year choose in such a sense
To this unseason'd impertinence.

Fear not, Ophelia, for, in me, not sister;
And keep you in the rear of your attentn,
Out of the shot, and often in the phe.

The chance may be to a mischance,
If she burns free, in the vain and vain;
Virtue itself is a thing too much resk'd:
The carter calls the mistress the sprig,
Two or three times, before she is speak'd.

And in the mean and mis'st of youth
certain distrests are most unman'd,

Oph. I could the effect of it do as well keep,
As watchman in my heart: But I must shew,

Show me the string and manner way to heaven.
Whole, like a puffed balloon, and so sore

Himself the poet, and part of sniffam-tread,
And rocks not how I read.

I stay too long: But here my father comes.

Enter Pol. The time invites you; you part not now.

Laur. Farewell, my love; and over-speed the hour

What I have said to you.

Oph. I can no more;
And being myself shall put the key.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia? What is this 

Oph. The heart.

Pol Merry, well-steady,

To me, to me; I will not speak.

All that I have till you, and have
given late time to you, and a promised
have of your audience, and now make you answer.

If it be so (are you sure?)

Pol. The time invites you; you part not now.

Laur. Farewell, my love; and over-speed the hour

What I have said to you.

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And being myself shall put the key.

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All that I have till you, and have

given late time to you, and a promised
have of your audience, and now make you answer.

If it be so (are you sure?)

Pol. The time invites you; you part not now.
SCENE V.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The better to beguile. This is for all. — I would not, if it were not expedient, dissemble from this time forth, Have you so slender any moment's leisure, As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet. Look, you! I charge you; course your wages. 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 snipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. The moon is up.

Ham. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed I heard it; it is then draws near the season,

Wherein our spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordinance shot off within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night; and takes his horse,

Keeps watch, and, the swaggering up and spring,

Keeps watch, and as he drains his draughts of Rhine down

The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't so.

But to my mind—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

Which is agreeable in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,

Makes us tradtual'd, and ta'ed of other nations:

They chide us, draggle us, and, with wanton phrase

Soil our reputation; and, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though performed at height,

The pith and marrow of our attributes.

So oft it chanced in particular men,

That, for some vicious mone of nature in them,

As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose her origin),

By the over-growth of some complexion,

Off breaking down the jades and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'erleaves

The form of pleasant 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 dream of base

Doth all the noble substance oft ensue

To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: 0, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canon'd bones, soiled in death,

Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd,

 hath o'erpast the gimmers of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition.

What thoughts didst thou give to the reaches of our souls?

Sav'ge reasons; or was't to fret the 66
HAMELET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

To earn of flesh and blood. - List, List, 0 List -
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,

Ham. O heaven! Revenge his soul and most unnatural 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 winged speed,
As meditations, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And daller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in earth, the which the whale,
Would then not sit in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis give, rent, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent sung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forced process of my death.
Rashly aliquot noble youth, the serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my father's spirit! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterateest,
With wicked witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce! I won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen;
Q. Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was at that dainty,
That went hand in hand even with the vow
I made in his marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be more,
Though less'd is court in a shape of heaven,
So bad, though to a natural and lank'd,
Will saw wood in a colloquial bed,
And pray on garbage.

Ghost. But yet I know the mending,
In the meaning air:
I know the singulars, ere my shroud's
My curtain always of the event,
Upon it we woe in the unlucky
With peace; I shall be lovd in a vault,
And in the pithes of us our end did pour
The generative discretion,
Hold such an enemy with such a term.
That, swiss to quite dissemble, it comes through
The natural rates, and clime of the souls
And with a minute vigour, a joyous soul,
And cool, like lap, by the arms of virtue,
The thin and where the foal, to did the

But we'll be ready,

Most kind and gentle Ophelia,
All my sweet lady,
This was a good use, being a beauteous hand,
Of like-doctrine, say not so much so; he.
Cutfold in the base in my, or I then,
And I love, when I love, I love,
No reconnoitring, as true to my count;
Without my imperfections on my head,
O, fear, I, heart's delight! so there, if
When then has none from thee, 'tis not;
Let not the vail'd at Denmark's
A much the most, and always better;
But, however that pass't, this act,
Taint't by the hand, in sooth the evil-conceive.

Abe, there the weight's against, love, love, love;
And to those means that in his bosom bear
The park, and sing her; - I thee well at once!
The cheat worm does the must to be near;
And time to pale the much of foul
Abe, when I come to remember me. [Exit wame."
Ghost. O, you hast not heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hall? - I see! Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my swears, grew not instant old,
SCENE I. HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. No, no, boy! say't thou so? art thou there, true penny? Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consort 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. He's a traitor! 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, but, old man; I cannot work 'tis 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 so'er I hear 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 thus head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As, Will, we'll, we know not, or, We would, or, if we list to speak, or, There be, or if they might,— Or such ambiguous going out, to note That you know aught of me:—This not to do, swear;

So grace and mercy at your most need help you! Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

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

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius' House. Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

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

Reyn. I will, my lord.

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

Reyn. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look querulous, Inquire me first what Danakers are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, by what company, at what expense, and finding, By this acquaintance and drift of question, That they do know him, 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, Reynado?

Reyn. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not well:

But if 't be as 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 disannoy him; take heed of that; But, sir, such wanton, wild, and mean slips, As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Reyn. As, gambling, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling.

Dribbling: You may go so far.

Reyn. My lord, that would disannoy him. Pol. Fairly, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incertainty; That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quietly, That they may see the taints of liberty; The flash and outbreak of a fery mind; A savagery in unreckoned blood, Or general assault.

Reyn. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

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

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift; And, I believe, it is a feath of warrant: You laying these slight slanders on my son, As 'twere a thing a little solid'd 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, he saunter'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.

Reyn. 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 something:—Where did I leave it?

Reyn. At, closes in the consequence.

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

I saw him yesterday, or 't other day, Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you may,

There was he gazing; there o'took in his roose.

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of ale (Videlicet, a brothel) so forth.

See you now: Your bait of falsehood takes this earp of truth: And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With windlasses, and with assam's of bias, By indications find directions out; So, by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Reyn. My lord, I have.

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

Reyn. Good my lord,—


Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Reyn. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

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

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

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act V.

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet—his doublt be unbraced; No hat upon his head; his hands clasp'd, Ungarter'd, and down-girt to his ankle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in perjury, As if he had been houset of hell, To speak of hunting—comes before me.

Pol. Mad for my love?

Oph. But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard.

Then quitted he the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face, As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, a little shaking of mine arm, And thence his head thus waving up and down,—

He ran'd a sick so piteous and profound, As did seem short to scatter all his bulk, And all his being: That done, he lets me go; And, with his head o'er a shoulder turned, He seems to find his way without his eyes; For step'd upon his door he went without their help, And, to the last, bend'd 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 bereaves itself, And leaves the will to undertake undertaking, As oft as any passion under heaven, That does affect the nature. I am wonder:

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 desist Hecate to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with such cool and ingenuous, I had not sought my exit; had, had he but telle, And meant a wreck the; but, neither my power shoul'd.

It seems, it is a dress to our age

To see; I am upon it; and I am sure,

As he is young, and the young'uns are so.

To a usurpation. Cries, God, God, to the King! The more the woman, which seems kept of a man, the more he looks for; the more he looks for, the more he shew'st

More clear'ly, than hate to cut his love.

Enter King.

STERN 
A Room in the Castle.

KING. Whence, Lords? Where have you been, gentlemen? We have to hear your names, and to learn And now we have to see you, gentlemen. Our last doing. Nothing how ye heard

Of Hamlet's terms of motion, and event,

Now is the time. The time to one's business. What doth affair.

Methinks it's time I offered that thus hath put

Something in the understanding of myself, I cannot think I treat you both.

That, the neglect of so young days brought up with him;

And, since, as neighbours to his youth and humane,

That you observe your rest here in our court. Some help times as by your own minds

The more, or less, they gather, the bolder, Come much as from occasion you may seem.

Whether not to continue, or else such as,

That, especially without certain

KING. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you; And, as I am, two men there are not living,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

When it prov'd otherwise? Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.

If circumstance lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

How may we try it farther? Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours

Here in the lobby.

Quean. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to

By you and I behind an array 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 casters.

We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch

Pol. Away, I do between you, both away;

I'll board him presently. — O, give me leave.

Ham. Dost thou know me, young lord Hamlet?

Pol. Have you, my lord?

Ham. Excellent you; you are a fiddler. —

Pol. Not I, my lord.

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

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk 'tis the sun: conception

is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,

friend, look to't.

Pol. How any you by that? [Aside.] Still harping on my daughter — yet he knew me not

first; at last, I said, I was a fiddler: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered

much extremity for less; 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. None, sir: what the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slonders, sir: for the artificer rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their

faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,

and plum-tree gum; and they that have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak

ham: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully

and patently believe, yet I hold it not

honorable to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you

could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's a

method in 't. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the

air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. — How prognostic

sometimes his replies are! a happiness that

often matures hitherto, which reason and sanity

could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will

leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of

meeting: I'll present King, and my daughter. — My

honorable lord, I will most humbly take my

leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any

thing that I will more willingly part withal; ex-

cept your life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Those tedious old fools!
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

Ros. God save you, sir! [To Polonius.] Ought I not to go and seek him, sir?

Pol. You must. And what, I pray you, what is your business with the Lord Hamlet?

Ros. My honourable lord,—

Ham. My excellent good master! How dost thou?

Ros. God save you, sir! The Lord Hamlet wants you; good Lord, how do you both?

Ham. As the children of the earth.

Ought. Happy, in that we are not envious happy; on brother's cup we are not the very button.

Ham. Not the souls of your host.

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her ward, or in the middle of her domain?

Ought. Faith, by private we.

Ham. In the secret paths of love? O, most happy, you are a summerer. What is some news?

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

Ham. Make me do marvel near: But your news is not true. Let me procure more in particular:

What have you, my good friends, deceased at the house you the city of fortune, that she sends you to publish?

Ought. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A giddy one, in which there are many confusions, wars, and dangers; 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.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it so.

Ham. That too wary for my mind. For who would be wise, andliv'd in this world, must put his fingers in his ears, not that he should not hear, but that he should not be heard.

Ham. Truly, my lord; but I have a head full of questions.

Ham. Then come to the point:—I hope there is no man in the land that knoweth some word, and cannot talk it blind, that to the least whisper of a thing, so that it is also a great objection: Shall we to this room, my lord, by myself?

Ros. I am ready, my lord.

Ham. Nay, then have I a purpose of you. [Aside.]—If you love me, be not afraid of it.

Ought. My lord, we were met.

Ham. I will take you both, and what my suspicion prevent your discovery, and we are to talk of late that, whereby I know you well enough. I do not think, my lord, you have been so impudent as to give money to any of your order. But if you have, I have a sum of money here, which you must presently return to me; and, when you understand, I will deliver you to the king. What say you?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

him while my father lived, gave twenty, a hundred ducats, a piece, for his little.<n> And, if you must, it is something something, of this sort, at this moment."

[Hymn of Trumpets within.
asure are the players.

Hymn, you are welcome to Elc

are the players.

Hymn, you are welcome to Elc

...what, my lord? I am lost and shipwrecked west; when is sootherly, I know a hawk from a

Enter Polonius.

Him to you, gentlemen, and you

Him to you, gentlemen, and you

...in his honour.

Him to you, gentlemen, and you

...but in his honour.

Enter Flour or Fire Players.

Him to you, gentlemen, all;—

...to see thee well—welcome, good

...‘tis a very thing I saw thee last; Cantin’d thou in

...[Dunmarch—What my young lady call By-th’-by, your ladyship? Mather

...this part, and the other below. As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder

...be, and without. A cloud revenge set him new a work; and

...we were once, against some storm.

...You know you are all welcome, and I like French falconets, fly as any

...We’ll have a speech straight; and our livelihood: come, a speech.

...What will, my lord? I heard loose speak me a speech once—

...never asked, or, if it was, not above the uariable: the pleasa not the

...n the general; but I received it, and other, whose judge-ship matters, err’d in the top of mind.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III

SCENE I. A Room in Gertrude's House.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, and some Speech of the players.

King, And can you, my noble and dear son,
Tell me, why is this play stopped, so suddenly,
And what thoughts or meditations have you
About the death of your father?

Queen, I pray you, my lord, be patient with me.

Polonius, I have heard that the players
Have been most rudely used; and I have
Sent them hence in great contempt and shame.

Ham, Your Grace is welcome. I am glad to see you
With such a company; and I pray you,
Give me your grace a cup of wine.

King, I thank you; but I was not used to drink.

Ham, O, my lord, how now! this is a mistake.

Queen, How now! this is a fault.

Ham, My good mother, what is this? Are you
So sick of our society! give me my book.

King, Why, what an am I! The new bear
That I, the son of a dear love, made
Prompted to my revenge, by what you said;
Must, like a whire, mock at my尽管,
And fall a cursing like a very fox.

A scullion, For upon't! fetch! about my brain. Reap! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, acting in this play,
Have, by the very cunning of it, shown
The very vectories of my tongue.

They have promised me theaggession
Of your false uncle; I shall let him know
That I know your meaning. The greater love,
May be a deadly sin, and, in the end,
True love finds out itself in the injury.
Out of my weakness and my endowment,
(As he is very poor with good instinct)
Abuses me to death. I'll give the player
More relative than this. The Poet's soul,
Wherein I'll call the_countenance.

Remembrance, murtherous, bloody, hateful.

Why, what an am I! The new bear
That I, the son of a dear love, made
Prompted to my revenge, by what you said;
Must, like a whire, mock at my despite,
And fall a cursing like a very fox.

A scullion, For upon't! fetch! about my brain. Reap! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, acting in this play,
Have, by the very cunning of it, shown
The very vectories of my tongue.

They have promised me the aggession
Of your false uncle; I shall let him know
That I know your meaning. The greater love,
May be a deadly sin, and, in the end,
True love finds out itself in the injury.
Out of my weakness and my endowment,
(As he is very poor with good instinct)
Abuses me to death. I'll give the player
More relative than this. The Poet's soul,
Wherein I'll call the_countenance.
SCENE 1.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

That your great beauty is the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtue
Will be the means to his worsted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. How much I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Ham. Ophelia, walk you here—currant, or please you,
We will bethrow ourselves. Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your fondness—we are on't to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's
Usage, and yours办事, we do sugar over
The distil hurricane.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A task that speech doth give my conscience!
The bar is close, beautified with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it;
Than my dead to my most painted word:
O, heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them—To die,—to sleep—
No more toil

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 despit'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the undeserving takes,
From fortune's hand to man.

The bowdler love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the scorn
That patient merit of the undeserving takes,
From fortune's hand to man.

Thus mirth and company, jests, gaieties,
Insults, injuries, false questions, jests,
False answers, taunts, the idle mirth of time,
That mirth and company, jests, gaieties,
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Insults, injuries, false questions, jests,
False answers, taunts, the idle mirth of time,
HAMLET, PRINCE OR DENMARK.

ACT III.

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, seemingly in the tongue; but if you thought it had none other use, throw it into your native language; and then, speak again. As you read it, consider it the act of a madman; read every word of it to me; if you had been writing it, you should have written it so. The part of his mind is by his page, and by his page you must judge him.

Pol. Aye, my lord.

Enter Polonius, Re-enter Hamlet, and Gertrude.

Ham. But, as you look, we have returned that part of it already.

Pol. And the rest too, and that presently.

Ham. Had the players made haste?

Enter Polonius.
SCENE II. HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. Do you think, my lord, it may not country matters? I think now my father's making, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's 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? I 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 silks. O heavens! I die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then, thy noble hopes, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'th's, he must build churches then; or else shall be suffer'd not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby horse is forgot.

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers, and, seeing him asleep, leaves him.

Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and, with power in the King's ear, persuades him to go again, seeming to lament with her. The King returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionable action. The Poacher, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poacher sorts the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwillingly; but, in the end, accepts his love.

Enter Prologue.

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

Pro. Will he tell us what this show meant? We hope we shall see what you'll shew us: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell what it means.

Ham. You are naught, you are nought; I'll mark the play.

Pro. sir, for our tragedy, here stooping to your clemency,

Ham. Is this a prophet, or the post of a rat? Oph. To his brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Thorvald's coat gone round Neptune's salt wash, and Telleg's oiled ground; and thirty dozen mows with borrowed sheen. About the world have run twice eighteen bees. Since love hath our hearts, and Hymen did our hands, Unite communal 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, we are me, we are so sick of late, So far from cheer, and from your former state, That I do think. Yet, though I distrust, Do comfort you, my lord; it nothing must: For women love too much, even as thy 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 sir'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the little doubts are great; Where little fears grow great, great love grows short.

P. King. (To Ophelia.) I must leave thee, love, and shortly too. My servant paves their functions leaves to do; And thou shalt live in this fair world behind Hamon'ts, bed; and, happy, one as kind For husband shalt thou be.

P. Queen. (To Ophelia.) confound the rest! Such fear love must needs be treason in my breast; In second husband let me be secure! Now we the second, but who'll kill the first?

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage more,

Are brave respects of thrift, but none of love;

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kiss me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you say:

But, what we do determine, off we break.

Purpos is but the slave to memory;

Of violent tooth, 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 in ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion passing, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy,

Their own mucosses, with themselves destroy;

Where joy most reveals, grief doth most lament:

Grief joy, joy grief, on sudden accident.

This world is not for eye; nor is not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

A question left us yet to prove:

Wisher have heard fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite,

The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a bellow tried doth try,

Directly weans him his enemy.

But, order to end where I began,—

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends trace of our own;

So think us wity 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 lack from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope;

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Must what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wise!

Ham. If she should break it now?

(To Ophelia.)

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while, where I began;

My spirits grow dull, and pain I would bothe

The tedious day with sleep.

Sleeps.

P. Queen. Keep rock thy brain; And never come miscarriage between us twain!

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

P. Queen. The lady doth protest too much, me thinks.

Ham. (To Ophelia.) she'll keep her word.

Ham. Have you heard the argument? Is there an offer?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poisons in jest; no offences in the world.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act II.

Scene I.

Enter Claudius and Hamlet.

Clau. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a monster done

Baptista: you shall see none; 'tis a heathen piece

of work. But what of that! your majesty and

we that have free souls, it touches us not; Let the
galled jade winces, our wits are unwrong—

Enter Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Luc. You are good as a church, my lord. I

Ham. I could interpret between you and your

love, if I could see the puppet dialling.

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

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

Luc. Still better, and worse. (claps edge

Ham. Do you mistake your husbands—begin

murderer: leave thy damnable face, and begin

Come—

The croaking ravens

Doh bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, bands apt, drugs fit, and

time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Then mixture rank, of midnight woods collected,

With Hecest's thine drowsy, these infecte;

They snarl and thrice, and darg and Faery

On wholesome life, nay, immediately.

[Enter the Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Ham. He plants himself in't the garden for his es
tate. His name's Horatio: the story is extant

and written in the third Italian: You shall

see anon, how the murderer gets the love of

Horatio's wife.

Ham. The king rises.

Hor. What frighted with false fire

Ham. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give me the play.

Ham. It gives me some light—away!

Pol. Light, light, light!

Ham. Why is the strumpet leer so gross,

The wretches that abuse their good essay?

For some hot watch, while some must sleep;

Thus, mark the word very—

Woe to him, who, in the heat of lust,

Of any lust, by any lust, I mean,

Like the good monk, in absence here,

Vainly, he thought, to take the ghost

who is the sounder, and doubt perceived

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the playing,—

Hor. I'll do very well, my lord.

Ham. All, ha'ab tone, some music; c'ho is not

the reader—

Pol. The king now at the comedy.

Hor. Why then, brake, he fiends of mercy.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Coun. Your majesty.

Coun. God is my lord, send home a word with

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Ham. Ay, or what of him?

Ham. In a most solenn, trevellous state:

Ham. With drunkard.

Ham. No, my lord, with cheer.

Ham. You shall know that, since it was

more rewarded, to study like the old doctors; for

me to put him to his profession, would, perhaps,

prove him a more cheer.

Ham. Good my lord, put, your discourse into

some frame, and start not in wildly from my

admir.
SCENE IV.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

POL. He will come straight. Look, you lay before him:
Tell him your 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 o'er here,
'Pray you, be round with him.'

QUEEN. Fear me not — withdraw. I hear him shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand,
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood? -
Is there not naught enough in the starry heavens
To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves
mercy,
But to the visage of offence; - and that's in prayer but this two-fold force —
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall
Or perish'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 partur'd, and retain the offence
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may move above 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 its true nature: and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and throbbed of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rent's
Try what reparation can: What can it not?
Yet what durst I, when one cannot repeat
A wretched state - I bosom, black as death!
I limed soul; that struggling to be free
More engag'd I: disabled angels, make away!
Bow, stubb'd kneels and bow, with heart, with strings
Of steel,
As soft as show'st of the new-born babe.
All may be well!' — [Retire and kneel.

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET. Now might I do it, and now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and now he hath put on heaven;
And now am I revenge'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 circumstances and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then revenge'd?
To take him in the purging of his soul,
Must have his fit and season for his passage;
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid bent;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, or hunting, or about some act
That has no relief of salvation in';
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereunto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic does distil: O, how this乃y slacks
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. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the door I'll convey myself;
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him house;
And so, as you said, and wisely was it said,
To meet, that some more audacity than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of variance. 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 Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal guilt indeed upon it;
A brother's murder! — Pray God, I may not,
Though inclination be as strong as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause while he shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand,
Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much affected.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much on

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. I swear, 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 a queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And I am your son, your mother's son.

Queen. Nay, then I'll see thou to that thou canst speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit down, thou shouldest not budge;
You go not, till I see you up a glass
Where you may see the same part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not much speak.

Ham. Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Aside.] What, ho! help ho!

Queen. How now, a rat? [Drowns.

Ham. Dead, for a douce, dead.

Pol. [Aside.] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Queen. What is the king?

Ham. [Aside.] Let up the arrows, and draw forth the Polonius.

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.

Then wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

Queen. To Polonius.

I thought for him the better; take thy fortune;
 Thou contented to be too hasty, 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.

Save me, and haver who's near with your wigs.

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figures?

Queen. [Aside.] O, he's mad.

Ham. Of stratagems and patches:

Save me, and haver who's near with your wigs.

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figures?

Queen. [Aside.] O, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your lady's resemblance,
That, lack'd in time and passion, pass'd by go by The important acting of your steward shrewdly?

O, say!

Queen. Do not forget! This occasion
Is but to what thy kinsman thought purpose.
But, look! amissness on the mother side-O, step between her and her lighting soul;
Confess in word the tender sense. O say!

Ham. To Polonius.

Pol. I am slain.

Queen. Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Ham. Ah, me, what a state,

That roars so loud, and thunder in the index?

Look here upon this picture, and on this;

The wondrous presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this mower:

Hyppernion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, in threatenings 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,
SCENE IV.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Wou'd make them capable.—Do not look upon me;—
Least, with this piteous action, you convert My stern affectation: then what have I to do Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.—
Queen. To whom do you speak this?—
Ham. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Queen. Nor did you nothing hear?—
Ham. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Queen. Why, look you there! I look, how it suits away!—
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!—
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!—
Queen. This is the very coinage
Of your brain:—This bedridden creation cutty Is very cunning in.

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape, To try conclusions, in the basket creep, And break your own neck down.

Queen. So then smother'd, if words be made of breath.
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe Th' what thou hast said to me. Thou art not, I know that?—
Queen. I?—
Ham. I had forget; 'tis so concluded on.
Queen. There's letters scald'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 it is sport, to see the wretches Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard, But I will silver one yard below their mines, And bless the man that shall be foremost, When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing. I'll leg the dust 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 pestling knave. Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—Good night, mother.

[Exit secretly: Ham. dragging in Pol.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these signs; these profound heavings: You must translate: 'tis we understand them: Where is your own?—
Queen. Knows this place on so a little while.—
To Ros. and Guild. 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 mischiever: In his lawless fit, Behind the armoir bearing something air, White out his rapier, cries, A rat! a rat! And in this hearnish apprehension, kills The unseen old man.

King. O heavy deed!—

It's been so with us, had we been there: His love in all his threats to all:—
To you yourself, to me, to every one. Alice! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd? It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, restrained, and out of bounds. 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 disguising, let it feed.

Even on the pitch of threats to all;—
[Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:—
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore, Among a show'r of metals base, Shows itself pure;—he weeps for what is done.]

King. O, Gertrude, come away!—
The sin no more shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both convenience and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!—

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join with you some further aid: And thus in madness, with both Polonius slain, And from his mother's closest hath he dragg'd him:

[Go, meet him out; speak fair, and bring the body]
AMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

Scene II. Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, how I hate this word!—Where's Rosencrantz?—
Ros. Within, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

Ham. Bring him before me.

Ros. Ho, Guile gammel! Young is my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

Ham. Now, Hamlet, where's Rosencrantz?

Ros. As I live, my lord, here's Rosencrantz.

Ham. At supper? Where?

Ros. Not where he eats, but where he sleeps; a certain acquaintance of yours, my lord, has seen him at the leper-house, charades, and a like place. You are safe, I hope, my lord, in the hospital.

Ham. O, come away! and dismiss the rest.

EXECUT. Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet and Rosencrantz.

Ham. Nothing, but to speak. Have you a king may go a progress through the gate of a beggar's house, as though he went to visit the sick in the hospital. So it is, if they knew not your purpose; I see a scholar, that says them; but, or England, Farewell, or mother, Come, what speed?—[Exec.]

Ham. Follow him as fast; tempt him with sup-no banquet. Delay is no, I'll have him home to-night; for every thing is done and done. That else leaves on the affair: Pray you, make haste. [Exec. Ros. and Guild.]

Ros. And, England, if my love thou hearest at aught, as my great power thereof may give thee sense; since yet thy civil suits look red and raw. When the Danish sword, and thy true sun Pays homage to us, then may'st not only set our sovereign process; which imports at all, by letters according to that effect. The present death of Hamlet. Do, it, England; for like the hecket in my blood he rages, and must come near me; Tell me how 'tis done. How's my haja, my joys will no more begin.

SCENE IV. A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Portia, and Forces, marching.

For. O, go, captain, from me grant the Danish king; Tell him, that, by his license, Portia claims the conveyance of a personal march. Over his kingdom. You know the readiness. If that his majesty would agree with me, We shall express our duty in his eyes. And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. I know not why. [Exec. Portia, and Forces.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Go, see if those young fellows are there? I tell you, they are of Norway, sir. How purport'd, sir? I pray you?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. 797

Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures
yield them, indeed would make one think, there might be
though nothing more, yet much unhappily:
Queen. Twice good, she was spoken with;
for she may swear
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.
To my sick nature, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prelude to some great amiss;
so full of unwise jealousy is guilt,
It spells itself in fearing to be split.
Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-

Queen. How now, Ophelia? of

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his head a grass-green turf,
At his knee a stone.

O, ho! Nay, but, Ophelia, 

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larg'd all with sweet flowers;

Which sweet to the grave did give,
With true love's shower.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God bless you! They say, the owl
Was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what
We are, but know not what we may be. God be
At your table!

King. Consent 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 and rise, and don't dishevel,
And clap the chamber door;
Let the maid that out a maid,
Never go to bed faster.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
end o' it.

By God, and by Saint Charity
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By coo, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.

He answers, 

So would I be done, by wonder seen,
As then hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patience: but I cannot choose but speak, to think,
they should use him! the cold ground: My bro-
ther 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, and good night.

King. Follow her close! I give her good watch,
I pray you.

[Exit Horatio.
HAMELTON, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III.

Of this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father’s death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrow comes, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone: and he most violent author
Of his own just removal: The people unsaddled,
Thick and unaweakened in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius’ death; and we have done but
slowly.
In hugs and sobs to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without which the we are pictures, or mere
beasts.
Let not our hearts be much slumbering as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feels on his wonder, keeps himself in silence,
And wants not leisure to infect his ear.
With piteable speeches of his father’s death;
Without meanness, of gentlelogg’d.
Will nothing stick our persons to arrange
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this
Is a thing to mix a courtier’s piece.
Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Atossa.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the
door.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
The clouds are black with more inquested haste,
Than young Laertes, in a roustic head,
Ourselves your officers: The rabble call us
lord,
And, as the world was now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The outlaws and props of every word.
They cry, [Exit and Laertes; shall be king?]
Cups, bands, and tongues, applaud it to the
shouts.

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king! [A noise.
Queen. How heartily on the false trait they
cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Lear. Where is this king?—Sir, stand you all
without.

Dan. No, it’s come in.

Lear. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.

Lear. I thank you.—Keep the door. O thou
vile king.

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Lear. That drop of blood, that’s calm, pro-
claims me bastard;
Cries, cockadoodle, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chase unsheathed bow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes?

Thy rebellion looks so giant-like— Let
him go, O Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There’s such divinity doth hedge a king;
This treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art that insens’d?—Let him go, Ger-
trude—

Speak, man.

Lear. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Lear. How came he dead? I’ll not be juggled
with;
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Consciences, and grace, to the polluted pit! I
[This speech is lost.
That both the worlds I give to submission,
Let come what can’t be wrong’d
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. When shall we see you?

Lear. None but his enemies
May see my father’s face.

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I’ll spread my
arms;
And like the kind life-rending piles,
Repeat them with my blood.

King. What, you shall seek
Like good child, and a true poulterer.
That I am guilty of my father’s death,
And am most sincerely in grief for it.
It shall as level to your conscience be
As day does to your eye.

Queen. [Aside.] Let her come in.

Lear. How now! What news is this?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress’d with Ferns
and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my heisses I never summer will
Burn out the sense and virtues of mine eye—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with
weight.

Till the scale turn the beam. O true of May!—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is it possible, a young maid’s sin
Should be as mortal as an old man’s life?
Nature is fine in love; and, when in love, it
wounds some precious instance of self.

Lear. They love him hereafter on the beare—
Fare well, my daughter.

Oph. How do you, my lord?—

Lear. In his grave, my lord, and didi persuade
It could not more thus—[revenge.

Lear. You must not, Ophelia, as you call him a-lover of me. O, how the wheel becomes it! is the fall a steward, that ride his master’s daughter?

Lear. This nothing’s more than water.

Oph. There’s remembrance, that’s for remem-
brance; pray you, lessons, remember; and there
is paynes, that’s for thoughts.

Lear. A document to madness; thoughts and
remembrance fill’d.

Oph. There’s brand for you, and calculations—
there’s rue for you; and here’s some for me—
we may call it, horse of Greece and Sunday:—you
may wear your rue with a difference.—There’s
a daisy—[I would give you some violets; but
they smell their father’s smell.—They say, he made a good end,

For honey sweet Robin is all my joy—

Lear. Thought and affection, passion, hell
itself;
She turns to favour and to precious.

Oph. And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead.

Go to thy death-bed:

Lear. Thought and affection, passion, hell
itself;
She turns to favour and to precious.

Oph. And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead.

Go to thy death-bed:

Lear. Thought and affection, passion, hell
itself;
She turns to favour and to precious.

Oph. And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead.

Go to thy death-bed:

Lear. Thought and affection, passion, hell
itself;
She turns to favour and to precious.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE VII.

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God bless you! Do you see this? O God! [Exit Ophelia.] Hamlet. 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 bear 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. [Exit]

LAERTES. [Reads.] Horatio, this letter contains the sense of the death of your friend; he that bore it, was killed by him. Do you know that, sir? [Reads.] Horatio, when you shall have call'd this letter once more, give these fellows same man's name to the king; they bear it for him. Here were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appearance in our eyes; finding our vessel too strong for sail, we put on a compiled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them; and when I leant on their gunwale, they gave me a blow, and 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 wouldst at death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bare of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their courses for England; of them I have much to tell thee Farewell.

He that know'st what thing, HAMLET. Come, I will give you way for these your letters; and do't the speedier, that you may direct me to him from whom you brought them. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

Hamlet. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you refer me in your heart for friend;

And as you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he, which hath your noble father slain,

Prunes my life.

It well appears. But tell me,

Why you proceeded not against these feats,

So criminal and so capital in nature,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV

We'll put on those shall praise your continuance,
And set a double vent to the base of art.
The Frenchman gave you; keep you, in the
together,
And wager for your heads: he, being chance,
Most generous and free from all meanness,
Will not yet use the fault; so that, with one,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unsheathed, and, in a press of princes,
Require him for your father.

And, for the purpose, I'll assault my sword.
I bought an instance of a Frenchman's
So normal, that but dip a blade in it
Where it draws blood, that he will follow me,
Collected from all samples that have borne
Under the moon, can save the thing done.
That is but scratch'd till' it wishes: I'll mend my
With the poorER own: then, if I fail my,
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this.

Lear. Weigh, what convenience, birth of time and
means,
May fit to our shape: if this should
And that our drift look through martial
performance.

"Two ways better not answer'd": therefore this project
Should have a touch, or several, and right held.
If this should burst in proof. So be it.
W'e'll make a solemn wager on your coming,
I was:
When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your brains some witness to that call)
And that the words, I'll have prepared
A challenge for the nonce: whereas but expiring.
If he by chance escapes your valiant work,
Our purpose may hold there. But, say, what

Enter Queen.

Queen. How now, sweet queen?

QUEEN. One we doth tread upon another's
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd,

Lear. Drown'd!" Where? Where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows amaze the
brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the gloiy stream:
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettle, posies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grover name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:
There pendent boughs her constant words
Clambering to hang, an evergreen olive branch:
When down her wendi twigs, and herself,
Grew in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
white:
And, mermaid like, awhile she harrow up:
wich time, she plucked snatches of old tune:
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a dreamer, and in such a trance,
Under that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Confirmed, by her bath from her melancholy
To mudi demish.

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

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lear. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia:
And thus I for my tears: but yet
It is our trick: nature her custom holds.
Let shame say what it will: when those are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that sconce would

Lear. But that, this filly drown'd.

KING. Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear, lest he give it start again
Without, let's follow.
SCENE II.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wiffully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. Yea, she shall; she is; therefore make her grave straight; the crowners hath set her on, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. Her will that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be so effectually; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself willingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself willingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, gentleman deliver.

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

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, man, that is the crowners-guest law.

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

1 Clo. Why there thou sayst: 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 gentleman but gardener, ditcher, or grave-maker, or old Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was, indeed, the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, then had none.

1 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 answerst me not to the purpose, confess thyself false.

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. Why, is he, that builds stronger than either the master, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallowsmaker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenons.

1 Clo. I tate thy wit well, in good faith: the gallowsmaker does well: But how does it well? does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the church is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallowsmakere may do well to thee.

To't again; come.

1 Clo. Who builds stronger than a master, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

2 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unknot.

1 Clo. May, now I can tell.

2 Clo. Thy, man.

1 Clo. Masters, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your shall am not must have his peace with leaving; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses, that he makes, last till doomsday. Go; get thee to Vaughan, and let me a sop of liquor. [Exit Clown

In youth, when I did love, did love, Methought, it was very sweet, To think, for, oh, for, oh, my behove, Dost thou not think so? [Exit Clown

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? [Enter Horatio.

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

Ham. 'Tis a son: so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his standing steps, Hath close set me in his clutch, And hath shipped me into the land, As if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could discourse: Once the knave's jewels to the ground, and if ye were Cæsar's jewelers, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which was as one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Of s. country: 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, man, sir; and now my lady Worms' chappell, and knocked about the mizzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, when we had the trick to see't. Did these bony bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at such a game: O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another: [Throws up a skull. Where the scull of a lawyer? Where his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave here now to knock him about the sculls with a derry shovel, and will not tell him of his action of estate? This fellow might have he 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recouvrements: I see the fire of his Bos in, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pale full of fine dirt I will his vouchers wotch him no more of his parches, and double one too, than the length and breadth and a pair of indentures. The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the incumbent himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Ay, my lord, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchement made of sheep-skins?

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

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek not assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir: [Throws up a skull. O, a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou livest not.

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

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

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

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Why, to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, I mean.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the ear, or equivocation will undo us. Be 's a gentleman. Hor. Fa! fie, for, oh, my behove, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? [Enter Horatio.

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

Ham. 'Tis a son: so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his standing steps, Hath close set me in his clutch, And hath shipped me into the land, As if I had never been such.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT V.

Enter Prince, the Proscenium, the Countess of Ophelia, Laertes, and Mourners. (Ham. the Queen, the courtiers. What manner of man is he?"

Ham. Why, how is he went into England?"

Cla. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his senses there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Cla. 'Tis seen in him there; there the more as 'tis not seen.

Ham. How come he mad?

Cla. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Cla. Faith, it was well doing his wife.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Cla. Very well in Denmark: I have been eaten by man, and toy, thirty years.

Ham. How long was a man left the earth ere he died?

Cla. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many people do, more or less), then is he ready. For, being mad, he will hurt you: one, two, three, one, two, three, a tumer, and so on, another year, or nine years, or good year.

Ham. Who is more than another?

Cla. Why, a wise man is, when he is wise, and a fool, when he is not wise. So, sir, has a wise man: Here's a June, and here's a May, and here's a twelve years, and here's a three years, and here's a two years.

Ham. Was it so?

Cla. A wonderous mad fellow it was; When he did not think it was.

Ham. Nay, I knew not.

Cla. A wonderous mad fellow he was. When he did not think it was. When that was, it was.
SCENE II.  

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. Zounds, show me what thou'll do:  
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't weep thyself?  
Woo't drink up Exile, eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't—Dost thou come here to whine?  
To outface me with weeping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of stones on us; till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Osmia like a wart! Nay, an thou'rt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.  
Queen.  
This is more madmen:  
And thus a while the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When her golden comets are disclosed,  
His silence will sit drooping.  
Ham.  
Hear ye, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I love you ever: But it is no matter;  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, the dog will have his Hind.  
[Exit.]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.  
[Exit 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 it lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilshoes. Reality,  
And prai'd as rashness for't.—Let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us.  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.  
Hor.  
Ham. Up from my cabin.  
My sea-gown, wet from me, in the dark  
Grope'd I to find out them; had my desire;  
Finger'd their pockets; and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,  
My tears forgave me most,  
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
A royal knavery: an exact command,  
Lardet with many several sorts of reasons.  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With not such large and goldings in my life,—  
That on the superintend, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
And should be struck off.  
Hor.  
Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.  
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?  
Hor. Ay, bee with you.  
Ham. Being thus bereft of villanies,  
Or could I make a prostitute to my brains,  
They had beguiled the play— I set me down;  
Dame, a new commission; wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our statutes do,  
On a beggarly paper, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning: but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service: With 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 rose-rish;  
As peace should still her wheaten garneted wear,  
And stand a common 'tween their amities;  
And many with like sense of great charge,—  
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
Without debate further, more, or less,  
He should the leasers put to sudden death;  
Not shringing time allow'd.  
Hor. How was this seal'd?  
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd;  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Pul'd the writ up in form of the other;  
Sunscribed it; 'tis the impression: place'd it safely.  
The changing order known: Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
You know not yet.  
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.  
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
They are near my acquaintance; their defeat  
Does by their own inscription grow;  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposers.  
Hor.  
Ham. Why, what a king is this!  
Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?  
He that hath kill'd my king, and whom's my mother;  
Pop'd in between the election and my hopes;  
Throw'd out his magpie for my proper life,  
And with such coteage; 'tis not perfect conci-  
Science,  
To quaff him with this arm; and 'tis not to be  
 dared'm,  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In farther 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 so more than to say, one.  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For by the image of my name, I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:  
But, sure, the dracary of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.  
Peace— who comes here?  
Enter Oertio.

Ost. 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 sister is the more grave; for 'tis  
A vice to know him: He hath made bard, and  
feudes; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crub  
shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough;  
but, as I say, scarce in the possession of dirt.  
Oer. Swift 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 bonets to his right use; 'tis for the head.  
Ost. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.  
Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind  
Doth naturally.  
Ost. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.  
Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and  
hot; or much company.  
Ost. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,  
—as 'were—I cannot tell how—My lord, his  
majesty bids me signify to you, that he has laid  
Great wager on your head! Sir, this is the  
matter,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act V.

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

Oser. Nay, good my lord; for any case, in good faith. Sir, here is now come to court, Laurence: he believes an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft and society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendrier of courtesy, for you shall find in him the contentment of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his disposition 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 soul. But in the verity of excellent, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his invention of such darts and stances, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who she would trace him, his umbroge, unerring more.

Oser. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

Oser. Sir.

Ham. Sir, let’s not possible to understand in another tongue. You will do, sir, really.

Oser. What import the nomination of this gentleman?

Oser. Of Laurence!

Ham. His person is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Ham. 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.

Ham. You are ignorant of this excellence

Laurence is:

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

Oser. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his need he’s unequalled.

Ham. What’s his weapon?

Oser. Rapier and dagger.

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

Ham. The king, sir, hath warr’d with him six Barbary horses against the which he hath impos’d, as I take it, six French rapiers and pistols, with their aguines, as gields, hangars, and so; Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hils, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal courage.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ham. I know you, you must be misled by the margin, ere you had done.

Oser. The carriages, sir, are the hangars.

Ham. The hangars would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangars till then. Hang, sir, hang, hang, hang, hang, hang, hang—

Ham. Why is this hang’d, as you call it?

Ham. 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 lardship would concease the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Oser. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your lardship in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of death. Let me let the title 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.

Oser. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your natures will.
SCENE II.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

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 ailed; and will no recompence,
Till by some elder masters of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name unscold'd: but till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not write it.

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

Lear. Come, one for me.

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

Lear. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Orrie.

Lear. 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
Since you were royst; we have therefore odds.
Lear. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all
A length!
They prepare to play.

Oo. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stores of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Lose all the battle, let the ordnance fire.
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an unicorn shall be thrown.
Richer than that which four acres wields.
In Denmark's crown have worn; give me the

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannon without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Lear. Come, my lord.

Ham. They play.

Lear. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oo. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lear. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink; Hamlet, this
pearl is thine.

Ham. Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[Trumpets sound, and Cannons shot off
within.

Come.—Another hit: What say you?

[They play.

Lear. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

Ham. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scent of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The queen comes to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,

King. Gertrude, do not drink
Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you pardon me.

Ham. It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

Aria.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam: by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Lear. My lord, I'll hit him now.

Ham. I do not think it.

Lear. And yet it is almost against my con.

Ham. Come for the third, Laertes: You do
but daily;

I pray you part with your best violets;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Lear. Say you so? I come in.

Queen. Nothing neither way.

Lear. Have at you now.

Laertes wounds Hamlet; then in array:

Ring, they change foils; and Hamlet

wounds Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Oo. Look to the queen there; he!

Lear. How! they bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Oo. How isn't, Laertes?

Lear. Why, as a woodcock to mine own

spring, Orrie.

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the cause?

Ham. She swears to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my

dear boy!—

The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd! [Dies.

Ham. O villain!—Hail to the door lock!—

Treacher! I seek it out.

Laertes falls.

Lear. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art

also!

No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacheries of men's hearts in thine hand,
Unhail'd, and evidenc'd: the foul practices
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

Evanson'd too!—Then venem to thy work.

Shakes the king.

Oo. & Lords. Tweason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murder'd, damn'd Dane,

Drink off this poison!—Is the union here?

Follow my mother.

King. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself—
Exchange forgiveus with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor on thee mine! [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 minxes 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 liest; report me and my cause aright
To the unassisted.

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

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-

bind me.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in thine absence I will drift my breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[Marching off, and Shot within.

What will the people think of this?

Oo. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come

from Poland.

To the ambassadors of England gives
This valiant volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite overflows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,

But I do prophesy the set light
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

No tell him with the occurrences, more or less,
DUKE OF VENICE.  
BRABANTIO, a Senator.  
Two other Senators.  
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.  
LODOLUS, a Moor.  
OTHELLO, the Moor.  
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.  
IAGO, his Ancient.  
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.  
MONTANO, Othello's Proctor in the Government of Cyprus.  

SCENE,—for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.

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,—shouldst not know of this,  
Iago. 'Good-bye, but you will not hear me.'—  
Have I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.  
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.  
Iago. Despite me, if I do not. Three great men of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Or cap'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 purpose,  
Cuts them with a bombast circumstance.  
Worse, to affront them, with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion, nonentities  
Of his meditations; for, certes, says he,  

And let me speak to the put unawaking soul,  
How these things came about: So shall plain words of equal, bloody, natural speech  
Of accidental judgments, most unlooked!  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and had none;  
And in this wisdom, purposeless!  
Pallute on the instructor's head: at the end am I  
Truly deliver.  

Duke. Let us hear him;  
And call the oaths to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my cause;  
I have some rights of memory in the cause,  
Which now to claim my servant doth prove,  
Duke. Of that I shall have some case to speak,  
And from his mouth, whose voice will give me more:  
But let this cause be presently pursued.  

SCENE,—for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.
Scene I.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Preferrment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Bleedst heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I am not just term an affair'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you; I follow to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dastard and knee-crooking knave,
That, doing on his own obscure bosomage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
can do no more.

Whip me this honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;
Their faces look not in the mirror. For some,
If they can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets: increase his kinship
And, though he be in fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is his father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do: with like innocent air, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is fed in populous cities.

Rod. What thought this brave Brabantio, and to BENVENUTO?

Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your

Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a Window.

Br. What is the reason of this terrible summon?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Rod. Why then, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are rob'd; for shame,
Put on your coat.

Your heart is burnt, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is toppling your famous ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandire of you:
Arise, I say.

Iago. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Iago. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is—Rodrigo.

Iago. The worse welcome: I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors;
In: what a time hast thou been absent?
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and dissembling drughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir?

Iago. 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.

Iago. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Iago, this is the house of 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 Babylon; you'll have your nerves
Nigh to ye: you'll have courser for cousin, and
Genista for German.

Iago. What profit is much art then?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter
and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Iago. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a moator.

Rod. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Rodrigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I be
not your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(as far as I find it,) that this your daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night
Transported—without worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the gross classes of a lascivious Moor.——
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and many wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebukes. 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,—

Iago. I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tiring her duty, being wise, not fortunate,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus dauling you.

Iago. 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, with a taper.)

Brabantio, Farwell; 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 embraç'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stand in not,) that, for their court,
Another of his faction they have not,
To lead their business—In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hate palmier,
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 Magistrate the raise'd search;
And there I'll be with him. So, farewell. (Exit.)

Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants, with
Torches.

Br. It is too true an evil: goss she is:
And what she is, in one time,
Is sought but bitterness. —Now, Rodrigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, sayes'th 0—Who would be a
father
— How did she know 'twas she? O, thou de-
cay'st me!

Vast thought—What said she to you?—Get more
capers,
Hail all my kindred—are they married, think
you?—
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. What? O Heaven—How got she out?—0 treason
of the blood?

Father, hence trust not your daughter's
minds,
By what you see them not—are there not
charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be secured? Have you not read, Rodrigo,
On this one thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had
her back!

Some one way, some another.—De 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 lost—Get weapons, ho!—
Are you gone to seek the special officers of night?
Oh, good Rodrigo!—I'll deserve your praise.

Enter Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff of the conscience,
To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity.
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had bet tho'ught to have yerdik him here under
the rose.

Oh. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he pratered,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms.
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, if you, sir,
Are you just married 7 For, be sure of this,—
That the scruple is much beloved;
And, both, in his effect, a voice potential.
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;
On the part I put forth is what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on.)
Will give him eels.

Oh. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an
shall promulgate.) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demeanour
May speak, uncomitted, 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 unbound free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seer's worth. But, look what light is

Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers
with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his
You were last in.

Oh. Not 1 ! I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?—
Iago. By Jaunes, I think no.

Oh. The servants of the duke, and my hia-

ian.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?
Cas. The duke is gone; yes, indeed.
And he requires your haste, promptness, prompt-
ness,
Even on the instant.

Oh. What is the matter, sir? what 0?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I am told:
It is a business of some heat; the pilots
Have sent at last to a distant head, and are
As the duke's already: You have been long
called for.

Oh. Where, being not at your helping to be head.
The same haste sent about three several posts,
To search you out.

Iago. 'Tis well: I am bound to you;
And we go with you.

Cas. Come, I am sure, what makes you;

Iago. Faith, he is to-night hath published a last
warrant;
If it prove lawful piece, he's made for over;
Cas. I do not understand.

Cas. He's married.

Iago. To whom?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marty, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Cas. Here comes another troop they do for you.

Enter Bardavio, Roderigo, and Officers
of Night, with Torches and Weapons.

Iago. It is Bardavio.—Generally, is it said;
He comes to bad intent.

Oh. What do you signify?
Iago. It is the duke's instance.

Br. The duke is out.

Oh. They are on both sides;

Iago. You, Rodrigo! come, sir; I am for you.

Oh. Keep up your bright swords, for the law
will rust them.

Good signal, you shall more command with
years,
Than with your weapons.

Br. O thou foul thing, where hast thou now my
dughter?
Dastard as thou art, thou hast enchanted her.
For I'll refer me to all things of sense;
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So long on what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on.)
Will give him eels.
Oh. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an
shall promulgate.) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demeanour
May speak, uncomitted, 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 unbound free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seer's worth. But, look what light is

Both you of my inclining, and the rest;
Were it my cost to fight, I should have known;
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Br. To prison! all at once
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call the man to answer.

Oh. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith supplied;
Whose messengers are here about my side;
Up to some present business of the state,
So bring me to his health?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy sir
The duke's in council; and your noble
SCENE III. OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How is the duke in council?

In the eight 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 it wrong, as ‘t were their own.
For such actions may have passage free,
Bond-servants, and pageans, shall our statemen be.

SCENE III. The same. A Council Chamber.
The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion’d;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galley.

Duke. Mine, and mine, two hundred:
And though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the sum reports,
In o’er with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judge;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do appear
In fearful sense.


[Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.]

Off. A messenger from the galley.

Duke. What is the business?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
Eadgardo Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By any way of reason: tis a pagrant,
To keep us in false grace: When we consider
The importunity 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 easy question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is shed in—If we make thought
Of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskillful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Nor selecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To work, and wage, a dangerous profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he’s not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. The Ottoman, reverend and gracious,
Standing with due course toward the isles
Of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought—How many, as you

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they return
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servant,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. Tis the certain thee for Cyprus,—
Macon Iachassa, be he not in town?

1 Sen. He’s now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post

Off. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant

Mess. Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ

Against the general enmity Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior.

We lack’d your counsel and your help before.

Duke. So did I yours: Good your grace,

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath recall’d me from my bed; nor doth the general
Talks hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so speed-gate and overbearing nature,
That it cannot come to admittance to other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what’s the matter?

1 Sen. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke. Ay, to me;

She is about, stil’d from me, and consequent
By spells and sorts he was brought of morose wights:
For nature so prepossession to err,
Being not deficient, by the power of sense,
Sama wearisful could not—

Duke. Woe is he that, in that soul profound
Hath thus beguile’d your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law.
You shall yourself read in the litter better,
After your own muse: yea, though our proper son
Stood in your actions.

Duke. Humly I thank your grace.

Here is thine, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special munish, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. What is, in your own part, can you say to

Duke. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most positively, grave, and reverend signior,
My very noble and approved good master,
That I have ta’en away this old man’s daughter,
It is my charge: true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rods am I in my

Duke. 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 said

Their dearest action in the tenant field;
And little of the great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of braul 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 and my come of love! what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg’d within,
I won her daughter with.

Duke. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Bnish’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 confine—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning Hell,
Why the should be. I therefore vonch again,
That with some miraculous power over the blood,
Or with some charm conjur’d to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vonch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more over test,
Can these thin habit, and poor likelinesses
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak—

Duke. Did you by indirect and fair considers
Subdue and poison this young maid’s affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
Othello, the Moor of Venice

I do perceive here a divided heart:
To you, I am bound for life, and honour;
I have done your work, and I will do it;
How to repair you; you are a beggar, now.
I am here for your defence: but here's my bond:
And from henceforward as my mother's son,
To you, preserving you below her feet,
I promise this, and this I tender you:
Othello.  Thou hast thine own.
Othello, the Moor of Venice. 311

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
In my soul and in my outward sense.
So far, dear lord, as if I be left behind,
A mouth of peace, and he goeth to the war.
The ruse, for which I love him, are here't, me,
And I a heavy interim shall support.
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oh. Your voices, lords—beauscch ye, let her
Hast a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it
not.
To please the palate of my appetite:
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
In me defined) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and monstrous, and do us
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For this, she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of bonder's Capid and with wanton dulness
My speech are to and fro, and my words
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skill of their healm,
And all humble and base silverworks.
Make head against my estimations;
She is as you shall privately determine,
Either for her sway, or going: the affair cries
most,
And need must answer it; you must hence to
night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Oth. This night.
Oh. With all my heart.
Des. Duke. At nine I' th' morning here we shall meet.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:
With what things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.
Oh. As a grace, be of honest and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what she meant your good grace shall
To be sent after me.

Des. Let it be so—
Good night to every one. And, noble friend,
To Brabantio.
If virtue no delighful beauty had,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona.
Bro. 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. [Fierce 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 lost an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To speed with Othello. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.
Red. Iago. 0. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Red. What will I do, think'st thou?
Jago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Red. I will think that I am drown'd myself.
Jago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!
Red. It isicknesse to think, and that live is a
terrorment; and then have we a prescription to die,
when death is our physician.
Jago. O villainous! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years; and since I
could distinguish between a benefit and an injury,
I have not felt the love of man in me. Ere I would say, I would drown myself
for the love of a gullion-woe, I would change
my humanity with a baboon.
Rod. What should I do if I confess, it is my
duty to do? shall I sign that I am not in writing
to amend it.
Iago. Virtue a feg? 'tis in ourselves, that we
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens;
and to the which, our wills are gardeners: we
'still
if we will populate them, or let them; set kye-
swap, and weed up thyme; simplify it with one
of another gender of herbs, or distract it with many;
whether
to have it still with idleness, or nourished with
industry: why, the proper and corrigible authority
of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our
lives had not one scale of reason to press
another of sensibility, the blood and beauty
of our natures would stand us to most pre-
eminent excellence; and if, on the other hand,
we have reason to cool our raging paroxysms, our
cares sing, our affrights loose; whereas I take that, you
call—love, honor, or action.
Rod. It cannot be.
Iago. It is merely a jest of the blood, and a
permission with us. I will, be a master;
Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies.
I have professed me thy friend, and I confess
I was menac'd: when I desired thee with calebish
of formidable threats; I could never bestend thee
One farthing of money in thy purse; follow these
ways; defeat thy friends with an answered
beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot
be, nor must, Desdemona should long continu
her love to the Moor;—more money in thy purse—

Now he is to her: it was a violent commencing
and, and thou shalt see an answerable acquiescence
—but put money in thy purse.—These
Mores are changable in their wills—fill thy
purse with money: the food that to him now is
as glorious as incests, shall be to him shortly as
bitter as complexion. She must change for
the youth; as she is swoln with his body, she
will find the error of her choice. She must have
change, she must; therefore put money in thy
purse, and do it: do it with more delicate way
than drowning. Make all the money thou canst; if solemnity and a
frail voice between a harpish and a
superb Venetian, be not too hard for my
wits, and all the tribe of hell, then shall enjoy
her; therefore make money. I pray, of drowning
thyself is it excels out of the way: seek
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy,
than to be drowned and go without her.
Rod. Will thou be fast to my hopes, if I
depend on this issue?
Iago. Thou art sure of me—is go, make
money—I have told thee often, and I retell thee
again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is
heard: these hath no less reason: Let us be
conjugative in our revenge against him: if thou
cannot excuse him, thou dost thyself a pleasure,
and it a sport. There are many events in the
soul of thee, which will be delivered. Tra-
vise: go; provide thy money. We shall have
more of this to-morrow.—Adieu.
Rod. When shall I meet thee? the morning?
Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.
Iago. Long is the way. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What say you? Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.
Rod. I can of thee? wilt thou come, me. 
Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in thy
purse. [Exit Roderigo.
Rod. I can never make my feel the more
out of me. For mine own gain'd knowledge should
pro-

fine.
If I would then: end with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my
sheet. He has done me great love hath it be true;
But I, for more suspicion in that kind,
That so approach the Moor: O, let the heavens
Give him defense against the demon.
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Cass. His bark is swiftly bound, and his pilot
Of very deep art, and approved discretion.
Therefore my hopes, not seldoms, do sink.
Stand in bold ears.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, and a sail.

Cass. What news? 

2 Gent. The town is empty; on the sea's vast
Stand ranks of people, and they cry — a sail.
Cass. My hopes do whisper him for the present.
2 Gent. They do disclose the sight of one sail.

[Exeunt Cassio and Two Gentlemen.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Seaport Town in Cyprus.

Enter Montano and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the caps can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
fool;
I cannot, twixt the heaven and the main,
Discern them.

2 Gent. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;
A fuller than ever shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffled up upon the sea,
What rib of wave, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the morsels what shall we hear of
this?

2 Gent. A segmentation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the burnish'd shore,
The shining billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monosoun'd
main,
Seems to cast water on the burning hear.
And quench the guards of the sav'd vex'd pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the exhal'd flood.

Mon. Be not exasperated; and, exasper'd, they are
drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done; The
desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their desig'nall hangs: a noble ship of
Venetian
Venetian, hath seen a grievous wreck and suffrance
On part of their fleet.

Mon. How is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in, A Venetian: Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commision here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad out: 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though be speak
of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor to save; 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 in the senate, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue
And inconstant regard.

3 Gent. For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cass. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
SCENE I.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. 813

Jago. Sir, would she gave you so much of her life?

Des. As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, You'lt have enough.

Jago. In faith, too much; I shall be sure to have her to sleep; Money, sir, for your journey, I grant, She parte with a gage in her heart, And so with thinking.

Des. What more little case to me so:

Jago. Come, come, come; you are pictures out of frame.

Des. Re-enter Othello, and Attendants.

Jago. O, my fair warrior! My dear Othello! It gives me wonder great as my content, To see you here so merry and so joy; If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd desiring me! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, Olympia high; and meet again as low in hell's fruit heavens; let us now to die, toere now to be most happy: for, I fear, My soul hath her content to nothing, That no other comfort like his.

Jago. O, you are well turn'd now: But I'll get down the peg that make this museck; As honest as I am.

Des. Come, let's to the castle—News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

Jago. How do our old acquaintance of this late time—

Des. Honey, you shall be well dear'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, I prattle out of fashion, and I tone,

Jago. Dost thou use your desarts in comfort?—A good lago, to be the bay, and disburth my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel;

Des. He is a good man, and a dechallenging service—Come, Desdemona,

Jago. Once, you shall meet at Cyprus.


Jago. Do they not meet me presently at the horse-

Des. Come latter. If they be't visitant as (they sly) bse men, being one, have then a little in their natures more than I'm within them—let me, the lieutenant not to might watches in the count of guard.—But, I must 't these things, and this dangourous mistress in love with him.

Des. With him? why, he's not possible.

Jago. Nay, they Hugh-such, and exult by soul be the moon, and the sun of the Moor, but for hanging, and setting; for his fantastical heart, and will be love him and as to the sweet heart think it here you may be fed; and what delight shall he have to laugh, and as to the soul? When he best be not with the soul, and with the moon be best.

Jago. Twice the moon, and chronicle small beer.

Des. He met the time and advised conclusion:—Do not leave him, Gentl., though he be thy husband. How say you, Oth., if he not be made a most prince and fairest cousin?—This he shall seek, and you may rely him more in the safer than in the scholar.

Des. [Aside.] He takes his, the pain; Ay, we will use this, while the Moor is in it, and this, while he is, and this, while he will, we shall use as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, Oth.; I will give thee in those three so suit-

Jago. You tay true; this so indeed: such tricks as these strip you out of your inside, it had been better you had not kissed your thumb. This now, you are such most apt to play the air. Very good; well kiss an excellent courtesie. 'Tis me, no, de-

Des. Yet again your fingers to your lips! would, they were cleft sharp for your sail! The Moor, I know his trumpet. Can. To truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Des. Let, where he comes!
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Even to madness. "Tis harsh, but you must know your place, and learn your ill.

Scene II. A Room

Enter a Herald, and a Messenger. Messenger follows:

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our wise and valiant general, that upon certain time and place, expecting the mere presence of the Turkish shaws, every man must band an image or a statue to chance, some to make haste, others to wait quiet and read, either to refresh them; for, besides these heretical acts, it is the worshipping of images, and not to address any space, and there is an idolatry learning, from this present hour of the 26th of July, to the 26th of August, and from the 26th of August to the 26th of September, Cyrus, and no under-ground3.

Scene III. A Hall in the Church

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

Desdemona. Did Michael, good night? To-morrow, with more love, let me have speech with you—Come, my true love, the parson's clerk made, the truths are to use; to Desdemona, Good night. [Exit Desdemona. Good night.] [Exit Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Iago. Myself, good night. We must in the world, Cassio. Not choose. It is an advantage to be o'er-stepped. I would not be over-looked. Our general was of the same, for the love of all his Desdemona; whom he was not allowed to sell the sight with her; and she is our proof for him. Cassio, she is a most excellent lady. Good night. [Exit Iago.

Enter Iago.

Iago. What an amiable! what a noble! what a health of presentiments. Come, An reviving eye; and yet something right suspicious.

Iago. And, when she speaks, it is not to alarm the sound. Come, She is, indeed, peculiar. Iago. Well, I am apt to know these things. Cassio, I have a voice at wheals; and here without his presence any thing of Cyprus, gentlemen think him have a measure to the health of the black despot.

Cassio. Not to-morrow, good Iago: I have some poor and trifling hopes for tomorrow: I must write, and I will write you something about our customs of entertainment.

Iago. Or, we are your friends; be not unhappy.

Iago. Have at the door, I pray you, and then do

Iago. Have at the door, I pray you, and then do.
Scene II.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Cas. I'll do't; but it will displease me. [Exit.

Jago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, When he has drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and silence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick soul, Rodrigo, Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side To Desdemona hath to-night court'd Petitions piteous deep; and he's to watch: Those seeds of Cyprus, o'er-shooting spirits, That hold their honour's in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle, Have in his sight those events not being sung, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, Am I to place also 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 Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Tis true heaven, they have given me a course already.

Mon. Good health to you, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Jago. Some wine, boys? And let me the common clink, clink; [Sings And let me the common clink: A soldier's song never ceases.

Cas. 'Tis true heaven, an excellent song.

Jago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most point in putting: your Dame, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander.

Mon. Drink, boys—there is no order to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman as expert in his drinking?

Jago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your Grace, and many a time he can overhang your Almain; he gives your Hollander a run, yet the most part can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Jago. Of sweet England!—King Stephen was a worthy peer, His brachet cost him had a crown; He held them expenses all too dear; With that he call'd the minister—twas, He was a weight of high renown, And thus art but of true degree;—The pride that rules the country down; Then take thought all must hold about these Some wine, boys?

Cas. Why, this is more a夸张able song than the other.

Jago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No, by the leave of my host; he is worthy of his place that does these things—Well, Messieurs above all; and there be such that must be saved, and I hope he souls must not be saved.

Jago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offense in the government, or any man of quality, I hope to be saved.

Jago. And so do I, lieutenant.

Cas. Why, 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.—For us are none of us—Gentlemen, let's look to our businesses. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient; this is my right honest; and yet mine;—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

Al. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think I am drunk. [Exit. Mon. To the, platform, masters; come, let's set the watch. Jago. You shall see this follow, that is gone before.

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cassio and give direction: and do but see his visage; 'Tis to his virtues a just similitude. The one is long as the other: the pity of him. I fear, the true Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity. Will make this interval.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Jago. 'Tis the overweening prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horridness a double set, If drink rock'd not his cradle.

Mon. It was well.

The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps, he saw it not; or he good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his vice; is not this true?

Enter Rodrigo.

Jago. How now, Rodrigo?

Mon. I pray you, after the lieutenant: go. [Exit Rod.

Mon. And his great pity, that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place, saith, even second, With one of an ingratitude infirmity: It were not honest action in me, or In the Moor.

Jago. Not, for this fair island I do love Cassio well; and would do much To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise? [Cry within. Help! Help! Help! [Cry within.

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Rodrigo.

Mon. You rogue! you rascal! How was the matter, lieutenant? [Mon. How?—there is no order to your English. Rodrigo. I'll beat the knife into a twinge bottle.

Rod. What! [Exit. Rodrigo.


Cas. 'Tis striking Rodrigo.


Cas. I pray you, sir, hold your hand. [Mon. Let me go, sir.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Dost know you a's the noble Moor? [They fight.

Mon. Away! I say go out and cry—[Exit Mon. Help, in the name of God—Help, masters!—Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, he Mon. Who's that that rings the bell? [Bells ring. The town will rise! God's will, lieutenant, hold, You will be shone—[Enter Othello and Attendants. Oth. What is the matter here? Mon. I heard all; I am hard in the death—[Enter Othello. Oth. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,— Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame! Oth. What? how now, ho! from whom arise this noise? Are we not here to guard and to ourselves to that, Which heaven hath for us the Ottomans? For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl! Ho! that wits next to carve for his own rage, Holds his soul light; but dies upon his motion—This may disarrange all. I lay the case From her propriety.—What is the matter, master?—Honest Iago, that look'st deal with grieving, Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know,—friends all but now, even now.

In quarterly, and terms like bridle and green,
Devising them for bed, and then, but now,
As if some planet had unmasted men,
Sowed out, and setting time at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak.

Any beginning to this perishing ship.
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 for

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Why, may God keep your ministry,
You must be sick; the gravity and stillness of your youth.
The world hath heard, and your name is great.
In months of utmost measure: What's the matter,
That you unlodge your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a man as you; the best assurance to it.

Cas. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you.

While I could speak, which speaking, which speaking
offends me—

Oth. Of all that I do know: nor I know I ought.
By me is said, or done, unless this night;
Unless self-charity be something a vice;
And be defended myself a sin, when violence accordance us.

Cas. Now, by heaven, my blood begins my safer gallery to rule;
And passion, having my best judg'd collated,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift up this last foot, you shall
Sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this first deed began, who set it on;
And be that is approve'd in this offence,
Though he had bin with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! is a town in war, yet wild,
The people's hearts brimful of feast,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In sigh, and on the court of guard, and safety.

Cas. I know not. To monstrous—this, you began this.

Man. If partially affid, or leagues in office,
Those that divers more than truth, that truth
That art no soldier.

Iago. Touch not so near me:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I presage myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, in general.

Othello and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following with determined sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his passage;

Cas. Iago, I know not. To monstrous—this, you began this.

Iago. Othello, I do not know.—Sir, I am a drunkard, and have been drunkard many months as Hyena, such an ass would eat me out of my eyes, and do a fearful work against you and me. For I tell you, I will make you to take your place again: I shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many months as Hyena, such an ass would eat me out of my eyes, and do a fearful work against you and me. For I tell you, I will make you to take your place again.

Oth. I will do the best I can, and do what I can; but, as I said before, I am not a drunkard, and have been drunkard many months as Hyena, such an ass would eat me out of my eyes, and do a fearful work against you and me. For I tell you, I will make you to take your place again.

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Cas. Othello, I do not know.—Sir, I am a drunkard, and have been drunkard many months as Hyena, such an ass would eat me out of my eyes, and do a fearful work against you and me. For I tell you, I will make you to take your place again.

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SCENE II. OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Joint between you and your husband, entrust her to splitrier; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this might 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 Ca.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, — I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,

Prob'd to thinking, and (indeed) the more

To win the Moor again! For 'tis most easy

To make him hate us. Iago, you have

In any honest suit she's fram'd and fruitful

As the free elements. And then for her

To win the Moor. — weren't to reconcile his

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— [tiam,

His soul is so suffer'd to her love,

That she may make, un, that she do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weak function. How am I then a villi

To conceit Cassio to this parallel course, [lath.

Directly to his good! Divinity of hell!

When great men since time put on. They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As do I now: For while the honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—

That she repeats him for her body's last; and,

By, how much she strives to do him good,

She shall unroll her credulity with the Moor.

So wilt I turn her virtue into pitch; and,

Out of her own goodness make the net.

That shall ensnare them all. — How now, Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a

Bound that hunts, but one that fills up the gry.

My money is almost spent; I have been to-night

Exceedingly well entertain'd; and, I think, the

This shall 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 would did ever heal, but by degrees? They know not we work by wit, and not by

withcraft; and wit depends on diurnal time.

Doesn't go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, and

those, by that small heart, hath ensnored

Cassio; though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet, see, that his heart will first be riper:

Contest thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morn-

[short.

Pleasure, and action, make the home seem

Retire thee; go where thou art biller.

Away, I say: thou shalt know more hereafter.

May I be as well advised. [Exit Red.] Two things

are to be done.—

My wife must move for Cassio to his mistress;

I'll set her on.

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart;

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Betwixt his wife; that's the move.

Durst not devise 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 ears.

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Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow.

Cas. You advise me well.

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Durst not devise 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 ears.
Is. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortitude, greatness,—shall we

Gent. We'll wait upon your basset.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou honest; 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. [Cassio

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cass. Honest madam, whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,

He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord.
You have known him long; and be you well

He shall in strange and bold no farther

Than in a political design.

Cass. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either last so
Or lead upon such nice and uncertain
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That, being absent, and my place supplied,
My place will fill my lord, and lose his

Des. Do not doubt it: but before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do know thy 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 lord shall see a school, a board a shrift:
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit; therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy soliciting shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes

My lord:

Cass. Madam, 'twill take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cass. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Uncertain for my own purposes.

Well, well,
Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hai! Like me not.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—

Oth. What was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot

think it,

That he would steal away so guily-like,

Iago. He do believe it was he,

Des. How now, my lord!

Iago. I have been talking with a minute here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Iago. Who is't you mean, good Cassio. Good my
lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face;
I pray thee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Iago. Ay, brother: so humbly,

That he hath left part of his grace with me;
I see the rest of his grace within him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
other time.

Iago. But shall he be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
SCENE III.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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 you give them breath,——

Therefore these steps of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knowe,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They are close denuncements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Oth. For Michael Cassio——

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Iago. I think so too.

Oth. Should he be so?

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none?

Iago. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Oth. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Iago. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Oth. Iago.

Iago. Thou art bound to every act of duty.

I am bound to that all slaves are free to.

To utter thoughts! Why, say, they are vile and

As where's that palace, whereinto fool things

Sedulously intrust no man who has a breast so pure.

But some uncleanness apprehend'st,

Keep lists, and law-days, and in sessions sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Then dost consult against thy friend, Iago.

Iago. If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st

his soul 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 my lord abuses: and, oft, my jealousy

Shapes fancies that are not——I entreat you,

From one that so imperfectly conjecture,

You'll take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble.

Out of his scattering and measureless observation

I was not for your past, 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

Am I lower:

Am I lower

To the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,

Nothing;——

Thieves more, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:

But he that fitches from me my good name,

Robes me of that, which none but cherishes him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. Iago.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!

It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make

The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,

Who, sure his wife, loves not his wronger;

But O, what damned misgives tales he tells,

Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly

Oth. O misery! (laments)

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;

But riches, endless, is as poor as winter,

To him that has, it he shall be so poor——

Good heavens, the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy! Oth. Why! why is this?
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Act II.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did you stay?—This honest creature, double.

Iago. And I knew more, much more than you unfold.

Oth. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour.

Iago. To scan this thing no further; leave it to time: And though it be that Cassio have his place, I pr'ythee, hide it up with great ability.

Oth. If you please to hold him off a while, You shall by that perceive him and his means: Note, if your lady stray his entertainment. With any strong or violent importunity; Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, I will your thought too busy in my ears. 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 mean more than take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exposing honesty, And knowing all qualities, with a learned spirit, Of human dealings: If I do prove his juggler, Though that his Jesset was my dear heartstrings, I'll whet his ear off, and let her down the wind, To piece in fortune. Haply, for I am black; And have not those soft parts of conversation That chamberlains have.—Oh, sir, I am declin'd; Great is the world's years;—that's not much; She's gone: I am about', and my relief Must lie in beauteous her. Some cause of marriage, That we can call these gentle creatures' pleasure. And not their appetite! I had rather be a toad and live upon the vagaries of a hundred Than keep a corner in the thing I love, For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones, Prevent'd are they less than the base. The destitute shamefully, like death; Even then this forbid plague is fated to us, When we do quench. Desdemona comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Iago. 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 bounties By you invited, do attend your presence. Oth. I am in haste to hear this.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not decent?

Iago. 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.

Iago. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.

Let it alone. Come, let us go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Enter Othello and Desdemona.

Em. I am glad I have found this napkin; This was her first remembrance from the Moor; My weep, my husband hath a hundred times Word'd me to steal it: but she do love the token (For he confus'd her, she would ever keep it) That she reserved it expressing but her To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work'ton cut, And give it, Iago;

Iago. What hell 'd we do with it, heaven knows, not I; I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you have alone?

Em. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you. Iago. A thing for me!—it is not a common thing.

Em. Has he?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SCENE IV.

Iago. O grace! O heaven, defend me now! Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense? Go, and wish w' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool! That I live must make thine honesty, a vice! O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, To be direct and honest, is not safe.—I thank you for this profit; and, from hence forth, I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence. Oh! Nay, say:— Thou shouldst be honest. Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool, And losses that it works for.

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 Venus's visage, is now begrimed and black, And mine own face.—If there be cords, or steel, Poison, or fire, or thundering streams, I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied! Iago. I see, sir, you are afeard with passion: I do repent me, that I put it to you. You would be satisfied? Iago. Would? say, I will. Iago. And may? but how? how satisfied, my lord? Would you have the supervisor, grossly gape on? Beheld her topp'd? Iago. Death and damnation! O! Iago. It was a tedious difficulty, I think, To bring it to that prospect: Damn them then, If ever mortal eye could see them together, 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 led as monkeys, As salt as wolves in pride, and feels as gross As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say, If imposture, and strong circumstances,— Which lead direct to the door of truth,— Will give you satisfaction, you may have it. Iago. Give me a living reason she's divorc'd? Iago. I do not like the office; But, sir, I am enter'd in this cause so far,— Prick'd in it by foolish honesty and love,— I will go on. I say with Cassio lately: And, being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep. There are a kind man so loose of soul, That in their sleep will mutter their affairs; One of this kind is Cassio: In sleep I heard him say—So sweet Desdemona, Let us be merry, let us hide our lives! And then, sir, would be gipsy and waving his hand. Cry, O, see this 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 stuck' d, and kiss'd; and then Cried, Cure villain cattle that goes thence to the Moor! Iago. O monstrous! monstrous! Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. Iago. But this denoted a foregone conclusion; 'Tis a straw'd doubt, though it be a dream. Iago. And this may help to thicken other periods, That do demonstrate thinly. Iago. Pray tell her all in pieces. Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet see nothing done; She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,— Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand? Iago. 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's handkerchief? Iago. No, and God forbid! Iago. If it be that,— Iago. If it be that, or any that was here, It breaks against me with the other side. Iago. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives! One is too poor, too weak for my revenge! Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago; All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 'Tis gone;—

Iago. Pray, be content. Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change. Oth. No, Iago. Like to the Pontian sea, Whose current and compassive course Never tiring eludes, but keeps due on To the Propontis, and the Hellespont, Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall never look back, nor go to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.—New by yond' marble heath, In the due reverence of a second vow, I here engage my words. Iago.

Do not rise yet.—

Witness, you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip as round aloof! Witness, that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To write the villainy, that Othello's service, To him comwood, and to obey shall be in me renounce, What bloody work we saw. Iago. I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance homorous, And will upon the instant put thee to'st: Within these three days let me hear thee say, Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request: But let her live. Iago. Damn her, lowd ming: O, damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the false devil. Now art thou my lieutenant. Iago. I am your own lieutenant. Iago. Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies? C1o. I do not say, he lies any where. Des. Why, man? C1o. He's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing. Des. Go to; Where lodges he? C1o. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where he is. Des. Can any thing be made of this? C1o. 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 inquire him out, and be edified by report? C1o. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer. Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well. C1o. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. C1o. Shews Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia? C1o. She remembers not, madam. Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse full of carassades. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of such honest As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him ill thinking. Is he not jealous? Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was seen, Drew such beauties from him!
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Act II.

Esipt. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be called to him.--Be it with you, my lord? Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady.--[Aside.] O, hardness to dispose! How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand! This hand is moist in my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues youthfulness, and liberal heart.

Hast, lust, and, moist; this hand of yours requires A sequent from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout.

Des. There's a young and seeming devil here, That commonly rebels. To 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 hand. But now our heraldry is--hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your prayers.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a soul and softer touch offends me; Lead me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. Have it not about you.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give; She was a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people, she told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her amiable, and suffer 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 spirit should After new fascines: She, dying, gave it me: And bid me, when my fate should have me wife, To give it her. I did so; and take heed of it, 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. It is true: there's magic in the web of it: A sigh, that had number'd in the world 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 dyed in mummy, which the skilful Conjur'd of mandrakes' heads.

Des. Indeed! let 't be true?

Des. Most valuable; therefore look't to't well.

Oth. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Des. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is it lost? Is 't gone? I speak, is it out of my way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what am 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; All is a trick I can do from my soul; I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
SCENE IV.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous:
Venial sin, a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here about.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio?

Cas. What make you from home?

Bian. How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Cas. Faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

Cas. What! keep a week away! seven days and nights!

Bian. Eight score hours? and lovers' about hours,

More tedious than the dial's eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Fardon me, Bianca;

But I shall, a more continuance time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.

Take this to him with my tenders thoughts bearer'd;

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?

Cas. This is some token from a newer friend.

Bian. To the felt absence I feel a cause;

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to! a woman,

Your touch are graves in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them.

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; and it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will) I'ld have it copied;

Take it, and dot; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave me! 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. 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 on your back, if I call you soon at sight.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you.

For I attend here; but I'ld see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstance.'

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. Before the Castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago? What?

Iago. To be in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kis.

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?

Iago. It is hypocrisy against the devil;

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,

Iago. Why then 'tis here, my lord; and, being here,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protector of her honour too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that they have it not:

But, for the handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—

Thou saidst, O, it came over my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Bidding 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 it?

Oth. Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who, having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary donation of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Iago. Hath any thing any thing?

Oth. He hath, my lord; but be you well advis'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. What, with her? what, with her?

Oth. Lie with her!—is on her!—We say, lie on her;

When they be hanged: Lie with her! that's finish;

Handkerchief,—council,—handkerchief.—

To confess, and hang'd for his labour:

First to be hanged, and then to confess:

—Tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus—

Fish!—Noses, ears, and lips!—Is it possible?

Iago. Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[Dies in a Trance.

Iago. Work on,

My medicin' work! thus cerebealous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,

All guiltlesse meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

Oth. My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cassio. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rant him about the temples.

Oth. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, I fear a storm at mouth; and, by and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, gentlemen? 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 homed 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 y'ld,

May draw with you; there's millions now,

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 secret close,

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know:

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT III.

Scene I.

IAGO, Desdemona.

Des. Stand you awhile apart.

Iago. What see you there?

Des. A woman with a child.

Iago. What see you in her countenance?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her dress?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her posture?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her motion?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her voice?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her face?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her eyes?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her mouth?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her hands?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her feet?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her hair?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her clothes?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her body?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her mind?

Des. A woman of her country, and of a gentle sort.

Iago. What see you in her heart?

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SCENE II.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Act II. Scene ii

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

[Enter Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago.--Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general! I am glad to see you, signior; welcome to Cyprus.

Iago. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much to ease him.

Lod. By my truth, I am glad out of duty.

Iago. O my lord! O my lord! I am glad to see you.

Des. I have not despaired of this;

Lod. Nor have I, my lord, this very much;

Des. But I am glad to see you mad.

Lod. How, sweet Othello? Is it true?

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly, an obdurate lady! I do beseech your lordship call her back.

Des. My lord?

Lod. What would you with her, sir?

Des. Who, I, my lord?

Iago. You did wish, that I would make her tan;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on.

Iago. And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,—

Des. Very obedient.—Proceed you in your turn.

Iago. I am commanded hence.—Get you away;

Lod. I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I do the manifest,

And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!—

Des. Iago, Desdemona, Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,

I do enjoin that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus—Goats and monkeys.

Lod. In this the noble Moor whom our full

Call—all-in-all miscreant!—This noble nature

Whom passion could not shake! whose solace

Lod. The shot of accident, nor darts of chance,

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

Des. What might he be,—if what he might, he is not,—

Lod. What, strikes his wife!—Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet, 'would I

Des. That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use? Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new create this fear?—Iago. Ah, alas!—

Iago. It is not honesty in me to speak

Lod. What I have seen and known. You shall

Des. And his own course will denote him so,

Lod. I may say my speech: Do but go after,

Des. 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. Yet, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard

Des. Each syllable that breathed made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Des. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Des. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, not nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Des. That's strange.

Emil. Othello, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Des. And lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Lod. Remove your thought; it doth abuse your

Des. Bid her come hither.—

Lod. She says enough,—yet she's a simple bawd,

Des. That cannot say as much. This is a subtle

Des. A close-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:

Lod. And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I have seen her

Des. Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Emil. 'Pray, chamber, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Des. Let me see your eyes;

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

Des. I have procurers alone, and shut the door:

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

Des. I understand a fury in your words,

Des. Why, what art thou?
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Act IV.

Scene II.

Desdemona. Your wife, my lord; your true
Cassio. Come, sweet'st, charm thyself.
Othello. Being like one of beaten, the streets them-
Desdemona. I must have some more; therefore be double
Othello. Cassio, come in.
Desdemona. Cassio, truly knows it.
Desdemona. To whom, my lord? with whom? Have
Desdemona. O Goddess!—away! away! away!
Desdemona. Also, the devil's way—Why do you weep?
Desdemona. Truly, you are the better
Desdemona. This time you may say it.
Desdemona. I pray you, tell me.
Desdemona. Truly, I am as much affected
Desdemona. What is your opinion?
Desdemona. What, you say you are
Desdemona. What, my lord?
Desdemona. What does your lordship mean,
Desdemona. Aye, aye, I say it.
Desdemona. Does it not make
Desdemona. Yes, it is a great misfortune.
Desdemona. How can this trick upon him?
Desdemona. I will be honest, if some certain thing was
Desdemona. Some heavy and instantaneous rape;
Desdemona. I am sure you have no
Desdemona. I pray you, tell me:
Desdemona. Is it possible?
Desdemona. O, be not so greedy, sir; I
Desdemona. I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

Emilia. What does this gentleman esteem it?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SCENE III. Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Iago, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Oth. Doth he look well? Doth his looks speak safety?

Emi. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona,—My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look, it is but a minute; I will be with you.

Des. I will, my lord.

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Des. I will, my lord.

Oth. What is the contrary? Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather, (as it seems to me) keepest me from all conversation, thou supplest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I therein to purge in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you have grace, Rodrigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much: for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With ought 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 virtuous; You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and expressions of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I found none.

Iago. Well: go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go ta! I cannot go to, man; nor is not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very sorry; and begin to find myself babbed in to.

Iago. Very well.

Iago. Tell you, Ius 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 seditious solicitation if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Rod. You have said well.

Iago. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intention of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on that a better opinion than ere before. Give me thy hand, Rodrigo; Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Iago. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and yet I confess I am without wit and judgment. But, Rodrigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this night show it; if then the next night following consequent not Desdemona, take her from this world with tranquillity, 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 my place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then, Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Oth. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and take with him the fair Desdemona, unless his enemies be laggards; he by some means, whereof none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him unaccountable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SCENE 1. A Street.

Enter Iago and Lodovico.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will be some news.

Lod. Iago, what news? I hear of many harms done by

Iago. And so I hear. But, for my part, I think it is

Lod. How says he? What news? What news, I say?

Iago. He says he hears of many harms done by

Lod. Iago, what news? I hear of many harms done by

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Lod. How says he? What news? What news, I say?
SCENE I.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Cas. Iago! O Iago! I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O, my lord! 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.

Rod. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.] O Iago, help me here!

Cas. That's one of the a.

Iago. O murderous slave!—O villain—

Rod. O damned Iago! O Unhuman dog!—

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. Iago. Iago, my liege, sir.

Iago. I spy you mercy;—Here's Casioi hurt by villains.

Dr. Casio? Iago. How is it, brother?—

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Merry, heaven forbid!—Light, gentlemen;—I'll bid it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is it that cries?

Iago. Who is that crier?

Bian. O my dear Casio! my sweet Casio! O Casio! O Casio! O Casio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Casio? 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. Let me a garter:—Sc—O, for a chair, to bear you home again hence!—

Bian. Alas, he's faints;—O Casio! Casio! Casio! Casio! Casio!—

Iago. Gentleman all, I do suspect this treason,

To be a party in this injury.

Pause a while. God save us—Come, come; let me a light:—Know we this face, or no?—

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman.

Rodrig. No:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! O heaven! O heaven! Lod. What, of Venice? Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. I am sure;—I know him, ay.

Iago. Sigerio Gratiano? I cry you gentle person,

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Casio? O, a chair, sir?

Gra. Manuel? Iago. He, he, 'tis he—O, that's well said:—

[To the chair.—[A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence:—I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mister.

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,

Was my dear friend;—What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the

Iago. [To Bian.] What, look you pale?—Bear him out of the air. —

[To Lodovico and Rodrig. Iago and Rodrig. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress,

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

She held 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. Casio! hath been set on in the dark,

By Rodrig. and fellows that are 'scap'd;—

He's almost slain, and Rodrig. deadly.

[To Lodovico. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Casio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia, go know, what Casio has here 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. Die; fie upon thee, strumpet!—

Iago. Iam so strumpet; but of life as honest, as you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I live! fie upon thee?

Iago. Kind gentlewomen, let's go see poor Casio dress'd—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale—

Emilia, run you to the sultan,

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 quits.

[Exeunt.


Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,

Let me but name it to you, you chaste stars:—

It is the cause—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor wear that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as unblemished alabaster.

[Aside.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

But on the light, and that—But out the light!—

If I quench thee, then farming minister,

I can again thy former light restore.

Should I repent me?—nay, that once put thine

Thou cunningest pattern of excelling natures,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light return. When I have pluck'd thy roses,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree—

[Aside.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuad

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after:—One more, and this the last;—

So sweet was never so fatal. I must weep,

Yet they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes as light doth love—she wakes—

 dever?—Othello!—

Ay. Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you prayed 'tis night, Desdemona?—

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you be thinks yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straightly.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well; do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

Would not kill thy supererogation spirit;—

No,—Heaven forsworn!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.


Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.


Enter Iago.

Iago. The Moor has kill'd his mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter Cassio, Iago, and Cassio's servants.


Enter Othello.


Enter Cassio.


Enter Iago.


Enter Cassio.

GLOSSARY

TO THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

William Shakspeare.
Glossary.

Adjuncts, the most servile and lowest of subjects.

Able, to pay dear for, to suffer.

Abstem, abstain, from the French abstinence, now obsolete.

Accede, to call in summons.

Acclimation, well-done.

Adams, the name of an outlaw, noted for his skill in archery.

A.M., Addam.

Addam Cupid, an allusion to the same person.

Address, ready, prepared.

Advertising, attentive.

Aery, or airy, a nest.

Afire, the latter, to practise al.

Afects, affects or passions.

Affected, a law-term for confirmed.

Afflicted, lotted.

Afloat, joined by affinity.

Afloat, sometimes, to face or confront.

Afy, to broil in marriage.

Air in like, a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point, from aiguilettes.

Airy, acknowledge, confess, avow.

Airl, a hawk’s or eagle’s nest.

Airy home, avid collogue.

Airless, preferred to all things: from lower left, dear, and older, of all.

Air of, at life.

Amazonian chin, a chin without a beard.

Amenity, the lowest chance of the door.

Amer, sunk, dispirited.

Ancient, an estate, or standard.

Angle, a fishing-rod.

Anne, caves and dune.

Annoy, to unparch.

Apple-John, species of apple that will keep for two years, in France, de-caise.

Approach, apputation, or sometimes, proof, confirmation.

Aquatic, probably, unripe.

Arnold bird, the phoenix.

Argentina goddess, reign of the silver moon.

Aries, Alpines.

Arias, ships of great burden.

Arrive, a vane, or be gone.

Ascar, a giant.

Ascend, ascend, abide, abide.

Asper, sprinkling.

Assay, to take the assay, applied to those who tasted wine for princes.

Assyria, an ax driver, a fool.

Asymp, a gentleman falconer.

At point, completely armed.

Atomics, minute particles discernible when the sun breaks into a darkened room.

Atter, called to task, censured.

Attent, attentive.

Aurare, a proverbial word, of doubtful meaning; perhaps from cerulean, arrogant.

Bale, bone, ruin, iniquitous.

Badger, a belt.

Bald, either bathe, or pile up.

Bawdys, i.e. land-lodg, a village dog, or mastiff.

Bay, a mustaph from tennis-playing, to examine smartly.

Bawling, cursing, commonly used in Scotland.

Bays, curves.

Bayes, the name of a dun.

Beast, a kind of well.

Bealter-monger, one who comports with barbers, a low fellow.

Berm, yeast, used in the middle counties, and in Ireland and Scotland.

Barnacles, a kind of shell-fish, growing on the bottom of ships.

Barne, a child.

Barren, full of impediments.

Barret, a kind of loose breeches.

Basket, 'tis enough.

Bat, strike or contention.

Ballet, the instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.

Ballet, to grow fat.

Barley, bramblewood, which fired, burns fiercely, but soon out.

Bason, perhaps from basin and cup, a jelly mould, or cock of the game.

Bay sadus, a bay hooked horse.

Bay sword, a bow sword.

Beadsman, chaplain, or person maintained by charity to pray for their benefactors.

Bear a brain, to have a perfectrememberance.

Berk, a salutation made with the heart: in the North, it means curiously.

Besotted, becoming.

Bequest, communis.

Beetle, to howl at.

Bidda, ancient mother.

Bick, becalmed.

Binders, endowments.

Be met, becumare.

Blanded, bedraggled.

Brandish, to feel or dirty.

Breast, furnished.

Beet, a box to hold salve, or simples.

Bible, ambassador.

Bolted, bedaubed, begrimed.

Bolting-hutch, a wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.

Bomber, a barrel.

Booster, ladies of pleasure.

Broes, state, or wounds.

Borne in hand, devoured, impressed upon.

Bony, woody; bony acres are fields covered with rough, stony ground; from bovus and bosporus.

Boat, worm in the stomach of a horse, in a light space, an inspiration.
GLOSSARY.
GLOSSARY.

Gosommer, the white exhala-
tions which fly about in sum-
mer.

Gouge, a French disem-
maker; a man in the busi-
ness.

Gout, dropsy. Fr.

Gourds, at every place, great

Grass, a solitary farm-house.

Gras, for whom he rejoiced in

Gras, a term in heraldry, red.

Gras, to taste.

Gras, to catch, to shake.

Gras, a kind of hawk.

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Knave, a figure into which part of a garden was dispos'd.
Knavish, sometimes for knave, scoundrel, or villain.
Knavery, sometimes for knave or villainy.
Knavishness, state of knavery.
Knavery, a state or state of knavery.

Law, a wager.
Lay, a name for a wage.
Lay, to lay hold of, to despair, to desolate.
Lay, the land.

Leaves, leaves, a common term for a leaf.
Leaves, leaves, a common term for a sheet.
Leaves, leaves, a common term for a flower.
Leaves, leaves, a common term for a plant.
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GLOSSARY.
This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.
A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.
Please return promptly.